NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

[illegible] 1928

JANUARY

No. [illegible] Vol. [illegible]

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SECRETARIAL

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COUNTRY

BOYS' SCHOOLS

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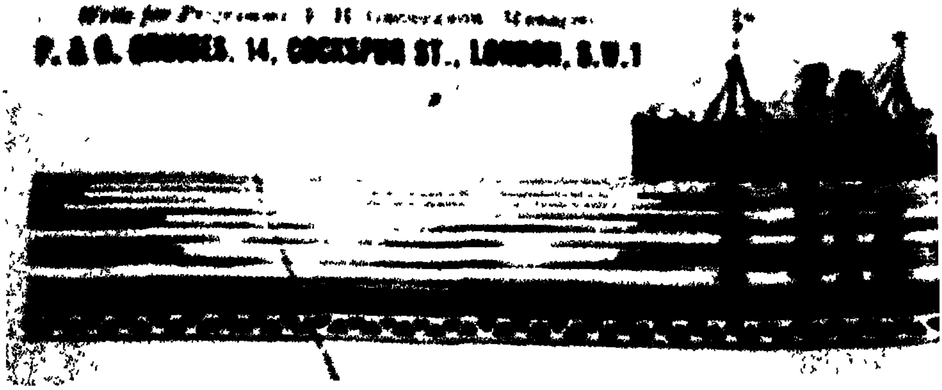
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No DCXI—January 1928

THE VATICAN, FRANCE AND L'ACTION FRANÇAISE

I

Editorial

'The Vatican, France and l'Action Française' was the title chosen by Dr W W Longford for an article which he kindly contributed to the November number of this Review. This article has occasioned a chorus of approval and a storm of adverse criticism, and as some of the adverse criticism has been directed against the Review and its editor, I feel called upon to make a statement.

Let me first clearly state the public criticism which has been made on the publication of the article. I shall concern myself with two journals only, the *Universe* and the *Tablet*. First, as to the *Universe*. This paper in its issue of November [illegible], [illegible], gives the greatest prominence on its front page to a report of a public

address, to the Catholic Evidence Guild, [illegible] by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

'As a heading these words appeared: "*His Eminence criticised the editors of three other journals for publishing misrepresentations about the Church—the School Guardian, the National Review, and the Nineteenth Century . . . the Cardinal pointed out that there is now going on a regular campaign of misrepresentation on the part of well-educated men which he said was inexcusable.*" In the body of the report appeared the phrases, "*the Nineteenth Century has been dealing with the same subject (l'Action Française) and that article, too, is a tissue of misrepresentation.*"'

It is plain from these quotations that the editor of *The Nineteenth Century* is reported as being accused of a campaign of misrepresentation.

Secondly, as to the *Tablet*. This journal on November [illegible] published an article quarrelling with Dr. Longford's essay and attacking *The Nineteenth Century*. The *Tablet* followed up its original article with three more in successive issues. The first of these, on November 26, was concerned with the *Outlook*, which had criticised the Cardinal for denouncing the *Nineteenth Century* article in general terms without condescending to particulars. The second, on December 3, was an attack, of a spiteful character, upon Dr. Longford. The third was even more wild. It repeated all the old suggestions of anti-Roman Catholic campaign and misrepresentation and made the fresh insinuation that there was some sort of league between the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Outlook*—that the *Outlook* was a kind of Belzebub to the *Nineteenth's* Satan—this is of course quite untrue.

Now I am not going to trouble my readers with a detailed answer to the *Tablet*: it contains much that is simply vulgar abuse—I only mention it at all because it is described in current year books as the *official organ of the Roman Catholic Church in England*, and I resent the suggestions made in it and appearing in the report in the *Universe* that I have indulged in any campaign or been guilty of misrepresentation, and I resent this for a very good reason.

The Nineteenth Century and After is conducted on the principles of an entirely free and open field, where all forms of honest opinion and belief (represented by men of sufficient weight) should not only be tolerated but welcomed: it is absolutely impartial and unsectarian, and comprises fully signed original articles only.

These rules were laid down by the late Sir James Knowles at the foundation of the Review, and they have always been obeyed. Manifestly they do not preclude publishing the view of one side on a controversial topic so long as the other side is not excluded. To some of my articles I invite a reply from the other side, to

[illegible] from attempting to take any side in this or any other controversy appearing in my pages. It is apparent, therefore, that my duty in this case is to say how Dr. Longford's article came into being and what has happened since.

The first mention of the article came from Dr. Longford, and I accepted it for publication. That Dr. Longford was a man of 'sufficient weight' is shown by these facts from the record of his career:

> Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford. First Class Modern History, 1904; Liddon Student, 1905, First Class Sacred Theology, 1906; University Exhibition and B.A. (First Class History), London. Cuddesdon Lecturer, Queen's College, Birmingham, 1906-7, Lecturer and Tutor in History, St. David's College, Lampeter 1908-9, Vice-Principal, Theological College, Lichfield, 1909-11. S.C.F. Twenty-first Army Corps, E.E.F., Despatches. Examiner, University of London, 1920-21-22-23-24. He is the Rector of Caversham.

There was no indication that his article was propaganda, and, in a letter, Dr. Longford has told me clearly and in detail that the article is the result of his own independent study and is in no sense propaganda.

After the publication of the article the Cardinal Archbishop delivered to the Catholic Evidence Guild the address to which I have referred, and in consequence of this Dr. Longford wrote to his Eminence, and these letters passed between them:

Caversham Rectory, Reading,
November 14, 1927.

My Lord Archbishop,

My attention has been called to the fact that you are reported in the *Universe* of November 11 as having said of my article in *The Nineteenth Century* that '*it is a means of misrepresentation*.'

This is a serious statement to make. May I request that you substantiate it in the next number of the periodical in question—over your own signature?

Otherwise I shall take it that your Eminence's words were meant only for such persons as were incompetent to criticise them, or to judge of their accuracy.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the editor of *The Nineteenth Century*.

I am, my Lord,
Yours very truly,
W. W. Longford.

To the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Archbishop's House, [illegible]
[illegible]

Dear Sir,

I gladly answer your letter without delay. I should deeply regret to misjudge the article in any way, but I am of opinion that my description of it is fair and accurate. To me it seems largely composed of unfounded statements not corroborated by proof. Interwoven with such statements are suggestions and epithets which, taken together, do constitute a tissue that completely misrepresents the present attitude of the Holy See.

I have the honour of knowing personally many of those who are referred to with criticism, and speaking with a knowledge that no one else in England can possibly possess, I affirm that they are seriously misrepresented. Bare statement can only be met by bare counter-statement. If any proof exists and is forthcoming I will readily consider it.

I am a very busy man, and my primary duties do not leave me leisure to write letters to the newspapers or articles in magazines. It is my right and my duty to deal in public utterances with matters affecting the Catholic Church. You are evidently unacquainted with the nature of the audience that I was addressing. Most of them were quite competent to criticise and judge my utterance. Some at least are better acquainted with the situation in France than most of those who write in our English daily and monthly Press.

If you and the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* would care to call upon me I will gladly point out the several matters of which I feel entitled to complain.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
Francis Cardinal Bourne,
Abp. of Westminster.

N.B.—I am away from home during this week and without books of reference. If on the envelope any title which belongs to you is omitted, be so good as to overlook the omission.

Caversham Rectory, Reading,
November 15, 1907.

My Lord Archbishop,

I beg to thank you for your reply to my letter complaining of the language used by your Eminence in regard to my article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, and reported in extenso in the *[illegible]* of November 11. I notice that you justify the accusation that it is a "tissue of misrepresentation" by urging that it seems to your Eminence largely composed of unfounded statements not corroborated by proof. May I point out that unfounded statements cannot be corroborated in any way whatever; and that it is no just proceeding, or of any value, publicly to declare statements unfounded because they seem so to the one who denounces them.

It is stated in the *Nineteenth Century and After* that letters will be considered which deal with criticism or amplification of articles which have appeared. I would therefore urge your Eminence in justice to myself to take that opportunity of making clear the precise number of unfounded statements upon which my appreciation of the present situation as to the

[illegible]

I am, my Lord,
Yours very truly,
W. W. Longford.

H.E. the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Dr. Longford then wrote to the Cardinal and asked for particulars of the misrepresentations which were said to have been made, and, since the answer which he obtained did not appear to him to be satisfactory, he sent me the above three letters between the Cardinal and himself with a request that I should publish them. I then wrote to the Cardinal as follows:

Nineteenth Century and After, 22, Orange Street,
November 18, 1927.

To His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

My Lord Archbishop,

My attention has been called to a report in the *Universe* of November 11 of a public address given by you to the Westminster Catholic Evidence Guild in which you referred to this Review and to an article by Dr. Longford in it. I hasten to say that, should you desire to write a reply to the article in question, I shall be extremely glad to give that reply the same prominence which was given to the original article.

Dr Longford has written to me asking me to publish the correspondence which has passed between you and him, and you will appreciate that neither he nor I are willing to leave an accusation of misrepresentation nor of being party to a campaign unanswered. I am however unwilling to publish correspondence between you and Dr Longford without respectfully giving you an opportunity to reply to Dr Longford's article, and to correct, if need be, the statements attributed to you in the *Universe*.

I have the honour to remain,
Yours truly,
Carroll Romer, Editor.

To this letter the following answer was received:

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
November 19, 1927.

Dear Mr Romer,

I have already explained to Dr Longford that I really have not time to write articles and that I am obliged to deal with criticisms of the Catholic Church for the most part when I have the occasion to speak to a public audience; but I am quite willing to see him and you, or you alone, to point out the serious mistakes in his article.

I most carefully avoided any suggestion of bad faith. I said that the statements might be inculpable but were inexcusable, for evidently he has not studied the other side.

So far as I am concerned there is no objection to publishing the correspondence provided that the printed proof is previously submitted to me so that I may see that what I wrote contains no misprint.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,
Francis Cardinal Bourne,
Abp. of Westminster.

N.B.—I notice your reference to a [illegible]. I do not think I ever [illegible] anything in the nature of an organised [illegible], but it is unquestionable that there are members of the Church of England, conscious, no doubt, of the very perilous condition in which the Establishment finds itself, who frequently misrepresent with some bitterness the attitude of the Catholic Church and of the Holy See on public questions. Whether they are acting in collusion I have no means of judging, and therefore have expressed no opinion.

I knew that the Cardinal had already invited Dr. Longford to go to see him, and I did not feel obliged to communicate this letter to Dr. Longford, and have not done so, but I sought an interview with the Cardinal myself, and had the honour of seeing him on November 21.

On the morning of this interview I received from Dr. Longford further letters passing between him and the Cardinal. These, as will be seen from the letter dated December 8 from his Eminence to me, in answer to my letter of December 7 to him, are here printed at the express request of the Cardinal Archbishop. Dr. Longford has given me his permission.

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
November 17, 1907.

Dear Sir,

I used the words 'to me it seems, etc.' solely out of consideration for you. My meaning is that I know many of the statements to be untrue and without foundation. If an opportunity arises for me to do so I will, in another public utterance, deal with them seriatim. Meanwhile I say again that I shall be very glad to see you and the editor of *The Nineteenth Century* to point out to you the unfounded statements and unverified reports which I find in the article. I regret that you do not withdraw the unfair suggestion contained in your previous letter regarding those to whom I was speaking.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
F. Card. Bourne,
Abp. of Westminster.

The Reverend W. W. Longford, D.D.,
Caversham Rectory, Reading.

Caversham Rectory,
November 18, 1907.

My Lord Archbishop,

I beg to acknowledge your Eminence's reply. You now state that in your letter of November 13 a form of words was used out of consideration for myself, which did not imply what your Eminence really intended. It is interesting to have such an admission, since your Eminence's letter purported to be a direct answer to a direct challenge. It may be added that private epistolary concern for my possible feelings is slightly belated [illegible] the time after public and widespread denunciation?

Your Eminence complains that I do not withdraw an 'unfair suggestion' in regard to those to whom you were speaking. If I ventured to draw your attention (in my last letter) to the [illegible] of [illegible] as to your audience it was because I took it then that you were

[illegible]

With the exception of any or all of the Westminster Catholic Evidence Guild neither I nor my letter was concerned. When your Eminence saw fit to dilate upon 'the ignorance of apparently well-educated men' (one is obliged to Louvain for the compliment) and 'their regular campaign of misrepresentation'—a proceeding stated by your Eminence as being somewhat outside the work of the Guild, 'as it ordinarily presents itself'—your Eminence made a special appeal to the Press. Obviously the Press was represented for the appeal to be made. Among other papers your Eminence's words were given special prominence in the *Universe*, a Romanist paper which flanks the Pope's blessing upon 'its apostolate of virtue for the good of souls' with an advertisement of two old topers drinking ale, and which is hardly up to the Vatican standard of decency in another type of advertisement. Does your Eminence suggest that the kind of person with whom this type of paper is a household word was not addressed in your denunciation? And what is the meaning of the possibility of '*another public utterance*' dealing with my untrue statements seriatim?

That is of course a safer way than reducing your remarks to writing. But I should be almost equally obliged, since it would give me the opportunity of an equally public defence, and would open up further interesting possibilities.

I am, my Lord,
Yours very truly,
W. W. Longford.

Let me now return to my interview with the Cardinal. At this interview I assured the Cardinal that there was no campaign and no intention to misrepresent anything, that I myself could not express any opinion about the dispute, but I had come to hear what objections he took to the article. I pressed him to write an answer, and he finally said he would cover the matter in a public address which he was about to deliver, and that he would send me for publication a copy of this address.

The Cardinal then made his points in detail verbally to me, and I took a written note of them which I subsequently sent to Dr. Longford. Dr. Longford sent me an answer to all these points, and I forwarded his answer to the Cardinal on November [illegible]. All this appears from the following letters.

Nineteenth Century and After,
November 21, [illegible].

To his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Dear Cardinal Bourne,

I write to thank you for granting me an interview and indicating the points in Dr. Longford's article to which you take exception. You said that you would have the kindness to allow me to publish something by you on this subject. May I say, therefore, that I am relying on receiving a

manuscript from you, and that I should [illegible] December 21? I say this because *The Nineteenth Century & After* is very anxious not to misstate any case and not to take sides. Dr. Langford's article has caused so much criticism that I am doubly eager to publish your manuscript.

I have the honour to remain,

Yours truly,

Carmel Rorke.

Nineteenth Century and After,
November 24, 1907.

To his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Dear Cardinal Bourne,

I thought it right to send the notes I made of the criticisms (which you made verbally to me) to Dr. Langford, the author of the article. I enclose his reply to them. I feel that the correct course is for me to publish in January the notes of these criticisms made by you and the answers (enclosed) together with the MS. which I look forward to receiving from you, in order that a complete statement may be before my readers.

Yours truly,

Carmel Rorke.

Subsequently the Cardinal delivered an address at Merthyr Tydfil, and of this he sent me a copy. At this time, and referring to this address, these letters passed between us.

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
November 26, 1907.

Dear Mr. Rorke,

I enclose a summary of what I shall say publicly to-morrow. Dr. Langford's last letter to me was so ill mannered that it is clearly impossible for me to enter into further communication with him.

The notes which you send me contain many further errors and show the carelessness with which the article was prepared. Apparently the organs of the Action Française are accepted as infallible.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

✠ Card. Bourne,

Abp. of Westminster.

N.B.—Of course your notes of my criticisms must, if you wish to publish them, be submitted to me before publication. It seems to me that Dr. Langford has not understood them. But it would be much better to publish the statement enclosed in this letter (the address at Merthyr) on condition that I am free to deal with any counter-statement of Dr. Langford.

Nineteenth Century and After,
November 29, 1907.

Dear Cardinal Bourne,

I am much obliged to you for sending me the print of the address which you have delivered. I have forwarded this to Dr. Langford and asked him if he will have the kindness to write a reply to it. When I receive this reply I propose to send it to you and ask you to have the kindness to send me a rejoinder—should you wish to deal with any of the points which he may make.

[illegible] Dr. Langford's reply, [illegible] I shall be dealing with the matter in the most impartial way.

Naturally I would not publish notes of your conversation which I made without submitting them to you, but it does not now appear that it will be necessary to publish these notes at all.

You will remember that the original report in the *Universe* was to the effect that *The Nineteenth Century* was a party to a campaign of misrepresentation. If I rightly understood you at our interview to say that you had not intended this, may I venture to hope that you will make this point plain either in such rejoinder as you may make to Dr. Langford, or in a letter to me?

I have the honour to remain,

Yours truly,

Carroll Romer.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

To this letter I received the following answer:

Archbishop's House, Westminster,

December 2, 1917.

Dear Mr. Romer,

I am obliged for your letter of November 29. I shall be going abroad at the end of next week so that if you wish to send me anything I ought to have it very soon.

I fear that there is a little misunderstanding in your letter. I am in no sense responsible for the reports in the *Universe* and other papers except on the very rare occasions when they reproduce a text which I have actually written and which has been handed to them. My complaint was entirely against the article which I cited as an item in a fairly widespread campaign against the Catholic Church—not against *The Nineteenth Century* or its editor. But just as you do not care to take sides, so you must not expect me to take sides if *The Nineteenth Century* is criticised by others for admitting an article gravely defamatory of eminent ecclesiastics who have no means of vindicating themselves in an English court. The matter is really very serious.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

F. Card. Bourne,

Abp. of Westminster.

Nineteenth Century and After,

December 3, 1917.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Dear Cardinal Bourne,

I have just received your letter of the 2nd instant and I have immediately communicated with Dr. Langford. He promises to let me have his rejoinder on Wednesday, and upon receiving it I will at once send it by hand to you. I hope this will be convenient.

Yours very sincerely,

Carroll Romer.

[illegible]

[illegible]

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

DEAR CARDINAL BOURNE,

Herewith I send you Dr Longford's manuscript. I have not yet had time to get it set up in type, so that it is subject to his proof corrections, but should you be pleased to write a rejoinder to it, for publication on January 1st, I shall not allow him to make any alterations of substance. For your information I mention that the 15th inst. is the last day on which I could receive a manuscript so as to get it into the January number; it would be a great convenience to receive MS. before this date.

A short summary of the history of this controversy beginning with Dr. Longford's article will have to be published by me. In it nothing will be said of the subject matter of the dispute, but in it I propose to print my letters to you of November 6 and 22, and yours to me of November 29 and December 2.

I am very much hoping to receive the rejoinder from you.

Yours very sincerely,

CARROLL ROMER.

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
December 6, 1927.

DEAR MR. ROMER,

I am quite willing that the correspondence should be published but on the express condition that the whole correspondence is published, including Dr Longford's letters to me and my replies to him. I cannot and do not consent to the publication of selected letters as suggested by you.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

FRANCIS CARDINAL BOURNE,
Archbishop of Westminster.

In accordance with the request of his Eminence I have published here all the correspondence. This has made a short summary into a long summary, but I hope that by this means the matter has been given the full light of day.

All that I am concerned to establish is that I published Dr. Longford's article in good faith, and that the *Nineteenth Century and After* is independent, is not a party to any campaign, and has no desire to misrepresent anything—for this is the tradition and the principle on which it lives.

It will be noted that in the footnote to the letter of November 29 (see p. 6) his *Eminence* explains what he meant by 'campaign' in his address to the Catholic Evidence Guild, while his letter of December 2 (see p. 9) says clearly that in the address he made no complaint against *The Nineteenth Century* or its editor. The report of his address in the *Universe* was therefore misleading.

As to the opinions expressed by Dr. Longford. He has written on a subject which is acutely controversial; whether

[illegible] Dr. [illegible]'s article is long and the Cardinal [illegible] shortly. I have neither suggested nor imposed any length for either article.

As to the last sentence in the Cardinal Archbishop's rejoinder (see p. 31). By reason of the Cardinal's letters to me of November 19 and December 2 (see pp. 6, 9) I had hoped that I as editor was removed from this debate. I can only say that had he thought fit and had the leisure to tell us some of the facts which he knows instead of confining himself to generalities, I might be made aware of my shortcoming. As it is, I give to the Cardinal's reproach the only answer I can, which is the article I now sign.

CARROL ROMER,
Editor, *Nineteenth Century and After.*

II

SUMMARY OF PART OF THE ADDRESS BY THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER AT MERTHYR TYDFIL ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

In the few moments that remained at my disposal at the end of the long meeting of the Catholic Evidence Guild on November [illegible] I made a summary allusion to the misrepresentations contained in certain recent magazine articles.

I spoke among others of an article in the *Nineteenth Century and After* on the Action Française as constituting a tissue of misrepresentation. The author of the article has protested to me against this description of his work, and the issue of the *Outlook* for November 19 calls attention to the matter, suggesting that my words are an attempt to 'browbeat members of this country into abandoning its right of free comment on all matters religious or secular.' I need hardly say that no objection is raised by us to any kind of free comment, provided it be truthful and mannerly. The *Outlook* suggests that I am acting on instructions. I have received no instructions of any kind from anybody. I spoke, and speak, from a personal intimate knowledge of the circumstances.

Now to return to the article in question. My description of it is accurate and fair, for it is made up of unfounded statements which, interwoven with suggestions, epithets and unverified reports, do make a tissue that seriously misrepresents the action of the Holy See and of various important persons who are mentioned by name.

I give some proofs of my statement:

(a) Cardinal Billot never lived at the American College. He lived indeed at the Collegio Pio Latino Americano, quite a different institute. I do not think that he has retired there. The *Osservatore Romano* could, as an official organ, hardly allude to his retirement, which cannot become effective until it is formally announced in the Consistory, which has not yet been held.

[illegible] to the [illegible] in Paris, I have never known the *Osservatore Romano* to concern itself with nominations of this kind, or the appointment of successors, so that silence on these points can have no significance whatever.

(2) The last resignation of a Cardinal was that of Cardinal Odescalchi in 1839, not that of Cardinal Caraffa.

(3) Monsignor Gerlach, whose history is well known, was never editor of the *Osservatore Romano*. Many things may be reproached to him, but there has never been any proof that he was in any way connected with the destruction of the cruiser *Leonardo da Vinci*.

(4) We now come to the point, which is the underlying thesis of the whole article—namely, that Cardinal Gasparri is a pro-German, who has imposed his views on the Pontiff, who in turn 'aims at securing worldly influence within the political sphere by friendship with Germany.' This is a legend invented by the Action Française, which has not an atom of foundation. It is directly contradicted by the known facts of Cardinal Gasparri's character and career.

The policy of the Holy See is plain and simple: that, while permitting to Catholics membership of any political party that is not openly hostile to the Church, she will not tolerate the identification of the Church with any political party, nor allow any political party to make use of the Church to subserve its party political aims. The members of the Action Française are perfectly free to believe in a monarchy and to seek to set up a monarchy by all constitutional means, but the Church will not allow herself to be identified with these purely political aims. The policy of Pius XI. towards the Action Française is identical with the policy of Pius X. towards the 'Sillon,' which sought to identify the Church with one form of democratic political aim. It is the policy which has been consistently followed in England by all the Archbishops of Westminster—a policy which had the warm sympathy of the late Cardinal Mercier in Belgium. Moreover, in the case of the Action Française the Holy See has seen at close quarters the moral danger of Catholics being led by a man like Charles Maurras, of unsound philosophical views, who neither professes nor practises the Catholic religion. Again members of the Action Française have associated themselves with dishonest and dishonourable methods of preventing or promoting nominations to the episcopate, so as to control them in the interest of their political views. The 'Action' is notorious for the unfounded accusations which it recklessly flings about.

(5) Now for some further inaccuracies in the article.

On p. 619 Fernand Passelecq is quoted as a prime mover in this trouble and is called a 'Germanophile.' I am assured by

competent Belgians that this epithet is quite [illegible]. However this may be, it is well known that it was the Belgian ecclesiastical authorities, who have no interest in French politics, who called the attention of the Holy See to the immense harm to young minds which was being wrought in Belgium by the influence of Charles Maurras.

It is said that 'the *procès verbal* of the Holy Office was drawn up under German auspices.' This is wholly misleading. The Secretary of the Congregation of the Index at that time, who had to deal officially with this matter, was the late Father (afterwards Bishop) Esser, O.P., who, though indeed a German, had left Germany in early life, owing to the religious persecution in that country, and afterwards was for long years resident in Rome, with the exception of a period passed as professor at Maynooth and subsequently at Fribourg, in Switzerland. So little was he regarded as a German that he remained unmolested in Rome throughout the war. With regard to the 'providential rediscovery of this *procès verbal*, the Pope himself has given the true history of it, and no further comment is necessary.

(6) It is said that the Nuncio to Paris was seen congratulating the German Jesuit Cardinal Ehre (it ought to be 'Ehrle'), after the Consistorial allocution of December 20 last. I was present on that occasion, and, as only cardinals are admitted to a secret Consistory, the anecdote is obviously false, for the Nuncio was not and could not be there.

(7) On p. 618 it is said that Leo XIII 'died of a broken heart', another obvious absurdity. In any case, he died at the age of ninety-three.

(8) There is no proof whatever of the further statement that 'it is in Germany, where Roman Catholic advance has been so rapid since 1870, that the Vatican sees the hope of the future.' Since 1870! Has the writer completely forgotten the '*Kulturkampf*' and the exclusion of the Jesuits and other religious orders? the imprisonment of Archbishop Ledochowski and many similar incidents?

(9) On p. 620 we are told that Cardinal Frühwirth resigned his office, and 'it is said that he was not too much pleased with having to issue the decree' of the Sacred Penitentiary. The fact is that on the death of Cardinal Cagiano de Azevedo, Cardinal Frühwirth was promoted to the very honourable and much higher position of Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, quite a different thing from resignation.

I think that I have shown conclusively that Dr. Langford's article is, in strict truth, a tissue of misrepresentation. It would be easy to multiply the proofs.

I may add that if anyone will take the trouble to read the

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] writer and Catholic, he will find there the judgment now passed by the Holy See on the *Action Française* was anticipated in almost every point fourteen years ago—that is, long before the war and its present consequences.

III

Reply to II

I

Cardinal Bourne's response to the request to substantiate his public assertion that the article in the November number of this Review entitled 'The Vatican, France and l'Action Française' was a 'tissue of misrepresentation' has now appeared in the form of an extended public statement made at Merthyr Tydfil on November 27. This statement may perhaps be held to be complete and final, since it is a considered statement following upon correspondence, while it has had more than three weeks in which to be matured.

Leaving aside the question as to whether 'a thesis which seriously misrepresents' is or is not meant to be a qualification of the original 'tissue of misrepresentation,' it is to be noticed that the Cardinal seeks to justify his charge along two lines—(1) an attack upon what he states to be 'the underlying thesis' of the whole article, (2) an exhibition of alleged inaccuracies of statement or suggestion. The basis of the charge in regard to some of the questions which arise under this latter category is not unconnected with the Cardinal's argument under the former head. This being the case, and the Cardinal having himself indicated where the weight of his argument may be held to rest, reply should necessarily begin there.

The 'underlying thesis' of the whole article, according to the Cardinal, is '*that Cardinal Gasparri is a pro-German, who has imposed his views on the Pontiff, who in turn "aims at securing worldly influence within the political sphere by friendship with Germany"*.' It has seemed to others, not excluding myself, that the title explained the thesis—that the Vatican had adopted a certain policy with an anti-clerical Government, with certain consequences described, and that the 'thesis' which the Cardinal insists upon was exegetic and not the primary thesis. However that may be, he shall be met upon the ground of his own choice. The last sentence of his statement, which is quoted verbatim from the article, is the only accurate part of it. I did not say that Cardinal Gasparri was a pro-German, but that his *policy* was

[illegible] I [illegible] that 'there is every reason to believe that Pius XI [illegible] the [illegible] policy of Cardinal Gasparri.' Yet I am made by Cardinal Bourne to assert that Cardinal Gasparri has imposed his views on the Pontiff! This does not come too well from one who is so urgent in the matter of charging another with inaccuracy and misrepresentation—the more particularly since I was obviously arguing that the present Pope is not the victim of his entourage in the passage in question. That is the view which I hold. I am well aware that another view exists. It could hardly be expressed more succinctly than in *La Libre Parole républicaine*:

> Les intrigues dans le Consistoire se sont achevées par un accord entre lui et le Pape actuel. Celui-ci régnerait sous le nom de Pie XI, et lui serait le maître incontesté, comme sous Benoît XV. (April 24, 1927.)

There is every reason to believe that the former part of this assertion is true; the latter part may be. But Cardinal Bourne should notice that I do not propound it, and that here it is not propounded by l'Action Française, but by a Republican paper.

'*This*,' says the Cardinal, '*is a legend invented by the Action Française which has not an atom of foundation.*' Let us continue to examine the Cardinal's accuracy of fact and representation. We will omit the Gasparri-Pius XI relationship just touched upon and take it that the Cardinal is referring to the allegation of a pro-German policy on the part of the Vatican, and the connexion therewith of Cardinal Gasparri. Are Cardinal Bourne's words merely the words of ignorance? If 'this,' even in its revised form, 'is a legend invented by l'Action Française,' why did Charles Maurras write to defend the Pope against the 'legend' in 1915 (as was mentioned in my article)? Has Cardinal Bourne no knowledge of the fact that Père le Floch, one of this year's notable victims of a policy which he had sought to exculpate, was set the task of demolishing this 'legend' which was so strongly stated in *La Revue de Paris* of October and November 1926? What is the connexion of *La Revue de Paris* with l'Action Française? And how is it that statements have arisen, adopted by *La Vie Catholique* and asserted by Mr Leo Ward, one of the Cardinal's original audience at Westminster, in the *Catholic* [illegible] (November 26), that Père le Floch was so closely connected with Action Française that he owed his retirement from the French Seminary to dishonourable practice on its behalf? I would invite the Cardinal's attention again to *La Libre Parole républicaine* of the date above given. Here is a writer who expresses himself as completely out of sympathy, as a Republican, with the aims and [illegible] of l'Action Française; of Cardinal Gasparri he says:

> Il [illegible] en effet avec toute sa [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] pour le [illegible] de l'Église, une [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Celui-là sait

La défense de la politique habile et opportune. La [illegible] tous ses actes. Il n'abandonna pas la idée de [illegible] Allemagne dépouillée de toutes les terres catholiques qui [illegible] le pouvoir temporel qui rendrait à la Papauté son antique éclat.

So much for the Cardinal's story of a 'legend invented by l'Action Française'—attacked by them in 1915, struggled against for more than ten years, and now only accepted because of the force of still accumulating evidence.

And now '*not an atom of foundation . . . directly contradicted by the known facts of Cardinal Gasparri's character and career.*' We will consider the latter statement first, since its truth or otherwise affects the preceding asseveration.

It would be possible to go further back in Cardinal Gasparri's career than when he commenced to be Secretary of State. His connexion with the Nunciature at Paris, however, is now a matter of many years ago, and the things then rumoured as to his grasp of possibilities under Canon Law in regard to matrimonial causes may have been merely clerical gossip. There is only the inference from more recent *causes célèbres* which has again connected his name with the Caraman-Chimay affair. It will be sufficient for our purpose to start with the Papal secretaryship, since it gives a period of review which allows both the historian and the Cardinal the one to manifest his ways and the other to weigh their significance in regard to the specific charge which Cardinal Bourne repudiates. The period divides, naturally, into war and post-war stages, and in that way it will be treated.

Whatever may be the situation as between the present Pope and Cardinal Gasparri, no doubt can be expressed as to the predominance of the latter during the pontificate of Pius XI.'s predecessor. Benedict XV. succeeded Pius X. during the opening weeks of the war, and Cardinal Gasparri's more public career began. It is impossible, for reasons of space, to deal in extended manner with the question before us. But here are some considerations which may help to determine whether Cardinal Bourne is just in his denials.

(1) On January 29, 1915, when things were as they were with Belgium and France, there was performed that notorious religious ceremony in honour of the Kaiser, with its solemn *Te Deum*. Attended by eleven cardinals, it may be held to demonstrate the position of the Vatican—the more so since the Mass arranged by the Belgian priests in Rome in honour of forty-two Belgian clergy shot by the Germans had no official countenance; no Cardinals attended. '"Ce n'est pas le moment!"' déclara le Cardinal Gasparri. [illegible] '"Pas de manifestation d'aucune sorte!"' Such is the [illegible] given by a friend of Cardinal Mercier of the reception of the Belgian request for official manifestation of sympathy.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of the German [illegible] was [illegible] a paid German agent,' is Cardinal Bourne aware of the relations which existed between this man and Cardinal Gasparri? If not, he should consult *Le Temps*, January 4, [illegible].

(3) What is to be said of the efforts made by the Vatican in April and May 1915 to prevent Italy from entering into a war of defence, and of the attitude adopted by the *Osservatore Romano* after the decision was taken?

(4) And then there is the Gerlach case. Cardinal Bourne urges that the history of Monsignor Gerlach is well known. I suggest that it is highly doubtful whether it ever will be well known outside those circles which are privileged to know. Who issued his false papers to get him safely back over the Alps? The Grand Penitentiary? But more is to be said later on this point.

(5) In the summer of 1917 the hopes of the Central Powers were not too rosy. The moment appeared opportune, and the Vatican in August issued its proposals for peace. This act was preceded by a secret understanding between Rome and Berlin. The history of this matter is not generally known in England, since the truth only came to be understood in 1921, and we were by that time occupied with our own post-war problems. But here we have one of those known facts which are so instructive in regard to Cardinal Gasparri's character and career—which appear to the writer to have certain points not without resemblance to the character and career of Giacomo Antonelli, Pius IX.'s Secretary of State.

The essential facts may be gathered from *Le Temps*, April 25, 1921. In that month a German Jesuit, Father Leiber, drawing by permission upon archives at the Vatican, published an account of the negotiations in question. He made it clear that before sending the proposals to the belligerents the Vatican had taken care to have their contents approved by the Chancellor and by William II. in person. A *démenti*—and from this it is possible to gauge the worth of similar exploits on the part of Cardinal Gasparri, and they are not few—was at once communicated through the Havas Agency:

> The Vatican affirms that the peace proposals of 1917 were made upon its own initiative and without any sort of preliminary understanding with the German Government . . .

But that was not all. The *démenti* went on to admit, since Father Leiber's words afforded no option, that there was a 'conversation' in June 1917 between the Nuncio Monsignor Pacelli on the one part and the Kaiser and the Chancellor on the other, but that its purport was solely to acquire information, and not to enter into any agreement whatsoever.

This interesting document, however, omitted to add what it endeavoured to hide. There was a second visit on July 24, 1917. On this occasion Monsignor Pacelli went to Berlin charged with the mission to deliver confidentially the Vatican's peace proposals. They corresponded in all points with a resolution adopted the week before by the Reichstag. Further *pourparlers* took place on July 25 and 26. The final German answer was delivered to the Nuncio on *August* 10. Cardinal Gasparri put the proposals forth publicly in mid-August. If we are not mistaken, *he had them dated August* 1!

(6) We have now been carried over the actual period of the war. But one other matter might be noticed. *L'Europe Nouvelle* (March 12, 1927) states that the French Government has lately come to have knowledge of ninety telegrams sent by Cardinal Gasparri to Monsignor Bonzano, Nuncio at Washington, during the time that the United States were still neutral, urging him to use all his influence not only to prevent the Americans from entering the war but to dissuade them from providing the Allies with supplies and munitions.

The reader will now be in a better position to judge whether there is 'not an atom of foundation' in regard to this matter of pro-German policy and how far Cardinal Gasparri's *character and career* justify Cardinal Bourne's declaration.

But what of the post-war situation? The resettlement of Europe is far from complete; nevertheless, despite certain confusions, it is becoming possible for those who have had historical training to appreciate certain tendencies and to grasp their significance. In regard to the Vatican, so far from having abdicated its past tradition of political pretension, of acting as a political power which, in Bismarck's words, 'has interfered with the greatest resolution and success in the affairs of this world which aims at such interference and has made it part of its programme'—so far from that, the Vatican has never been more active in pursuing its ends. Those who considered that the Papacy would never recover from the fall in popular esteem which it undoubtedly experienced outside Central Europe owing to its policy during the war did not reckon with popular forgetfulness, nor with the needs and manœuvres of political parties within European national life, nor with Cardinal Gasparri, nor, since 1922, with Achille Ratti, the former Nuncio in Poland and now Pius XI.

In welcoming the accession of the new Pope, one who had hopes of new things used the following maxim of Martial as a kindly warning: *Vaticana bibis, bibis venenum.* The warning, if ever heard, has gone by unheeded. Pius XI. and Cardinal Gasparri are remaking the Papacy on the basis of definite conserv-

tion with democratic polity determined in its praxis by the attraction of pan-Germanic possibilities. As my earlier article insisted, all that was not gained in 1870 is in process of being gained to-day. In his letter of January 5, 1927, to Cardinal Andrieu, Pius XI. speaks in high indignation (he is known to have a temper) of the attitude revealed in France.

Il s'est révélé une absolue absence de toute juste idée sur l'autorité du Pape et du Saint Siège et sur sa compétence à juger de son autorité et des matières qui lui appartiennent.

And then we have such indications as that given such prominence in *La Vie Catholique* (October 29 last)—the special organ of attack upon l'Action Française and the special voice of the new policy in France—I refer to the address of Monsignor Durand, Bishop of Oran, delivered to his clergy in North Africa on his return from audience with the Pope last August.

On us it depends whether after the nineteenth century—the century of Ultramontanism of Romanism—our twentieth century should be what, for want of a better name, I would call the century of Papism. Romanism will suffice no longer . . . we must have a Romanism which will be wholly devoted to the living Pope and which consists in going without hesitation with him *to the extremity of the wall* [illegible].

Shall we add to this that *La Croix* has already begun to accustom the eye of its readers to the title Vice-Dieu—one of history's little ironies when the connexion of the term with Voltaire is remembered?

And so the Vatican, not forgetting among other things a new temporal princedom (in which the Pope would have the opportunity of reigning as a Left Democrat (!)), has now embraced the Left Republican wing in France, is throwing sops to Mussolini, and in Germany instructs the Catholic Centre under the Nuncio Monsignor Pacelli to ally itself with the Right. It is the pacifist Left in France which offers least possibility of embarrassment to the non-pacifist Right in Germany. In the meantime there is a gradual development of a potential political comity between Germany and Austria where Monsignor Seipel is the Chancellor. It is beginning first, as these things have begun before, within the economic sphere. And more, the new Primate of Hungary, as announced in the *Osservatore Romano* (November 30), is Justinian Seredi, a collaborator with Cardinal Gasparri in the codification of the new Canon Law, and, according to *The Times* Rome correspondent, appointed only after strong pressure brought to bear by the Vatican upon the Hungarian Government. [illegible] signed article in *L'Impartial français* (February 1, 1927) contains the following estimate of the situation:

Dans une Allemagne victorieuse, le Centre grand d'appétits catholiques [illegible], belges et français aurait assuré une ascendance [illegible].

L'Allemagne a été vaincue, disloquée l'Autriche : qu'à cela ne tienne, une formidable Mittel-Europe germanique et catholique est encore possible, rayonnant sur le Rhin, dans les Flandres, en Pologne, et dans l'Autriche annexée au Reich.

It is significant that Cardinal Gasparri has issued *démentis* in regard to the Vatican's attitude towards more than one aspect of this possibility.

So much, then, for Cardinal Bourne's 'legend of the Action Française,' 'not an atom of foundation,' 'the character and career of Cardinal Gasparri.' It is not urged that the Vatican occupies itself solely with the pan-Germanic situation and its possibilities. South-eastern Europe has its share of attention, advantage being taken of the position of affairs arising from the present state of things in Russia. Nor does the Mediterranean escape from the Vatican purview. Would Cardinal Bourne explain whether there is any connexion between the recent strengthening of the British force in Malta and what happened in regard to certain 'dishonest and dishonourable' proceedings in the recent elections there?

But Cardinal Bourne is not content with establishing his own lack of acquaintance with the subject of which he affects to know everything. 'I spoke and I speak with personal intimate knowledge of the circumstances': with a rhetorical gesture he presumes to establish mine. To my assertion that Roman Catholic advance had been rapid in Germany since 1870 he exclaims with astonishment, 'Since 1870!' Has the writer completely forgotten the *Kulturkampf*?' Cardinal Bourne, if he read my article carefully, would find an earlier reference to the date of 1870, a crucial date marking the final loss of the Papal patrimony and the promulgation of Papal infallibility. One might also add that it was a decisive year in regard to the future of Germany. And the *Kulturkampf*? The formation of the Roman Catholic Centre Party, which had as a direct consequence the *Kulturkampf*, sprang from the new situation created in 1870. The revival of Roman Catholicism in Germany, which began then, has continued till this day. In Germany according to the latest statistics there are now [illegible],000,000 Catholics. There has been nothing like it since the revival associated with the Counter-Reformation. And Cardinal Bourne appears to know nothing of it. Bismarck himself was not able to hold the new development of Papalism in check. He came to his Canossa on May 14, 1872. One seems to remember that Archbishop Ledochowski became, after the Papal triumph, the recognised intermediary between the Vatican and Berlin. And was not Father [illegible], whom the Cardinal cites so convincingly of his German outlook, one of those who helped to assist the growth

understanding between the Vatican and the German Empire—an understanding which rapidly developed under Leo XIII. and his Secretary of State, [illegible]. In 1885 Bismarck made Leo XIII. arbitrator in the question of the Caroline Islands, and Leo XIII. conferred upon the Chancellor the Order of Christ. From 1885 until the outbreak of the war in 1914 there was well-nigh perfect understanding between the Vatican and Berlin. It is a matter of common knowledge that in 1904 William II. stood in a relation of particular amity with Rome. In France, on the other hand, since 1870, conditions well-nigh the opposite have obtained—developing anti-clericalism, disaster after disaster to the Church. The policy of Leo XIII. was turned to the Church's further disadvantage, and finally in 1904 diplomatic relations were broken off with the Vatican. From that date there naturally followed an even closer identification of the Vatican with Teutonic Catholicism.

II

Let us turn now to some of Cardinal Bourne's other points. They are almost as significant as his silences, which he covers by explaining that it would be easy "to multiply the proofs" that Dr. Langford's article is, in strict truth, a tissue of misrepresentation."

It must be admitted that the article had certain blemishes. Three or four errors in spelling were overlooked, and two not very vital words failed to get introduced. One was '*de*' before '*ecclesiae*' on p. 611; the other was 'late' before 'Nuncio' on p. 616. Out of the last quoted Cardinal Bourne continues to make public capital, though it has already been explained to him that the Nuncio in question was Cardinal Cerretti, correctly stated as 'late Nuncio' on p. 614. Cardinal Bourne urges as another proof of inaccuracy that I did not mention Cardinal [illegible]'s resignation in 1890 and so correct the quotation given from the *Popolo d'Italia*. It has already been pointed out to the Cardinal that I was summarising a quotation. Cardinal Bourne insists upon a further inaccuracy—the statement that Cardinal Frühwirth had resigned his office, though it has been pointed out to him that the resignation was announced as such in the foreign Press. Havas (Rome, September 26), after making allusion to certain statements appearing in the Italian Press in regard to the resignations of Cardinal Billot and Père le Floch, added the following:

Another recent resignation of a high dignitary of the Roman Curia has passed by almost completely unnoticed, that of Cardinal Frühwirth as Grand Penitentiary. We understand that the Cardinal has lately accepted the post of Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church.

Cardinal Bourne very curiously misrepresents what I said about Leo XIII.'s death. He suggests that *I* said that Leo XIII. died of a broken heart. I invite him to read the passage again. My suggestion that this 'might well be' was grounded upon a letter of Leo XIII. to President Loubet :

> Ce serait pour nous, parvenu au soir de la vie, une peine et une amertume par trop grandes, de voir s'évanouir sans porter leurs fruits toutes nos intentions bienveillantes à l'égard de la nation française et de son gouvernement, auxquelles nous avons donné des témoignages répétés.

These pathetic words of an old man then over ninety were written in 1900: in 1901 came a further blow, the expulsion of the Congregations and the ruin of his hopes. Broken-hearted? says Cardinal Bourne. 'Another obvious absurdity'!

Cardinal Bourne has been told that I accepted 'S. American' for 'American' College. My authority (he was told so) was an Italian paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, which said: 'Cardinal Billot, again become Father Ludovic Billot, of the Company of Jesus, has already left the American College where he lived. He has gone to Galloro.'

I did not suggest, as Cardinal Bourne insinuates, that Cardinal Billot had retired to this college. My words are: 'where *previous to his retirement* the Cardinal had resided.' But Cardinal Bourne goes beyond insinuating error where no error exists—he trades upon a double meaning of the same word. The silence of the *Osservatore Romano*, remarked upon in Rome itself, in regard to an ecclesiastical event unparalleled in modern memory—whether it be 88 or 120 years ago (a silence maintained amid a whole torrent of Press comment after the news had got out, and the more remarkable since the paper in question had not refused to allude to a far more obscure matter in regard to Cardinal Billot last autumn—a silence which I claimed to be significant following the *Stampa*). The news of the resignation of Cardinal Billot was scrupulously kept secret (The Pope, as well as Father Ledochowski, general of the Society of Jesus to which Cardinal Billot belongs, hoped to persuade him to reverse his decision)—this silence is denied significance and suggested to be perfectly normal in the following manner:

> I do not think that he has entered there. The *Osservatore Romano* could, as an official organ, hardly allude to his retirement, which cannot become effective until it is formally announced in the Consistory.

These words may have sounded convincing at Merthyr Tydfil. But it would be interesting to see how Cardinal Bourne would make this point in Latin!

We turn to Fernand Passelecq. Cardinal Bourne does not attempt to deny that Cardinal Andrieu's attack upon l'Action

Française was based, almost phrase by phrase, upon the attack of Passelecq. Cardinal Bourne must excuse me again when I point out that I did not suggest that Passelecq, but Cardinal Andrieu, was the prime mover—my word was 'protagonist.' The Pope's letter to Cardinal Andrieu (January 5, 1927) enclosing the decree 'providentially discovered' establishes this fact:

In the attached papers you will be the first to read a decree touching the grave question of l'Action Française . . . You have a certain right to this precedence, since among your venerable brethren of the French episcopate you have been the first to raise the question, and the first also to bear the consequences of such an initiative, side by side with Ourself, since the time that your cause became also Ours, that is, from the very first hour.

It is well known that certain Belgian ecclesiastical leaders had previously made representations. All sorts of representations have been made since the year 1905, mainly by the Christian Democrats whose *political doctrine* was threatened by the spread of the political doctrine of l'Action Française. Cardinal Bourne objects to the term 'Germanophile.' His residence at Louvain might have taught him that in Belgium there are Francophiles and Germanophiles, and that this fact is reflected in the Belgian Press. M. Fernand Passelecq's position on the *Libre Belgique* is well known, and the attitude of his paper is well known, and M. Fernand Passelecq is well certificated in Muller's *Politischer Almanach*, 1926.

We come now to the *procès verbal*. My article stated that it was drawn up under *German auspices*. Cardinal Bourne says that this is 'wholly misleading.' I nevertheless repeat my statement. The great part of the *procès verbal* rests upon the word of Father Esser. And who was he? Something has already been said. 'So little a German,' says Cardinal Bourne, 'owing to the time lived in Rome and Ireland.' But what an argument! 'So little a German' that he was unmolested in Rome throughout the war! And what Germans connected with the Vatican were tolerated except those like Von Gerlach, *maître de chambre* to Benedict XV., who had to escape the police? Does Cardinal Bourne suggest that the Vatican was not able to protect its German officials between August 1916 and the Armistice? I repeat again 'under German auspices,' and invite Cardinal Bourne to consider the date, January 1914, the relations of Germany to France, the influence of Germany in the Vatican, and the statement in *Le Temps* (January 10, 1927) cited as the words of Pius X.:

'They come in anger, like dogs, saying, "Condemn him, Most Holy Father, condemn him (i.e. Maurras). I answered them, Go; read your history; pray for him."'

l'Action Française. And the [illegible] of the [illegible] are won. The Nuncio at Paris has just lately announced that the pecuniary foundations for Masses which were taken from the Church in 1908 and handed over to departments, communes, and lay establishments may henceforward be applied to the purpose for which they were given *if the authorities now in possession so desire*. It is a somewhat empty gift, but this vague possibility on behalf of the departed has been won at the expense of excommunicating the living and depriving them of Christian burial!

Cardinal Bourne further urges that the policy of Pius XI. towards l'Action Française is identical with the policy of Pius X. towards the 'Sillon.' It is possibly for this reason that the old Sillonists take such satisfaction in the affair. '*On exaltera Marc Sangnier et on abattra Maurras*,' writes a discerning spectator of the fray. The Sillonists, it is true, did try to identify the Church with the type of policy which Pius XI. is approaching himself. L'Action Française cannot identify the Church with its policy, since it is a mixed body of Catholics and non-Catholics. Has the Cardinal overlooked this point? The Cardinal's accusation of the use by l'Action Française of 'dishonest and dishonourable methods of preventing or promoting episcopal nominations' is new to me. It may be true, but does not the remedy lie with the reform of a Vatican which is susceptible to this alleged manner of intrigue? It was known, of course, that intrigue had its place in the election of the Popes; it was not generally known that they were victims of the system in their appointments.

IV

On the Sunday following that upon which Cardinal Bourne endeavoured at Merthyr Tydfil to substantiate his charge against myself along the lines and by means of the methods which have been exposed, *Le Gaulois* (December 4, 1927) published the following leading article, for the receipt of which I have to thank a kind but unknown friend in Paris, who expresses his astonishment at the travesty of the situation which has been achieved by his Eminence. The article contains a letter to the editor from Père le Floch, who has at last found himself constrained to break silence in regard to the calumnies with which he has been pursued. M. Lucien Corpechot writes by way of introduction:

A scruple of conscience has caused us to hesitate for several days before publishing a letter which we have received from the former [illegible] of the French Seminary in Rome, Père le Floch. Readers of the *Gaulois* know that we deliberately refrain from intervening in the unhappy conflict which at this moment stirs the consciences of so many French Catholics. But in the particular case of Père le Floch it is no question of discipline or of dogma. Calumnies have been spread by articles in the French and [illegible].

[illegible]

Here is the letter of Père le Floch :

Dear Monsieur Coppinger,—I resigned for the same reasons as Cardinal Billot. They could not find a word, an act, or letter against me, but they held that I *had sympathies* with the side of monarchy and with l'Action Française. I had against me this long time past Cardinal Cerretti, formerly the Nuncio Cerretti. He held my views to be unsuitable. And, in point of fact, I was fighting against *Liberalism, Laicism*, the principles of the Revolution, *from the standpoint of doctrine*. Now by coincidence l'Action Française was fighting against these same enemies, *but from the standpoint of politics*. Cardinal Cerretti lacked the intelligence to grasp the distinction, and there lies the root of the matter.

Fancy, jealousy, spitefulness have set themselves the task of discovering causes for my removal from Rome. Here is the tale they have spread throughout France, chiefly among the clergy : that, as Consultor of the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office, I had the right to request documents from the archives. I must then have asked for, [illegible], for a study, the documents relative to the case of Maurras and Pope Pius X. These documents, it is suggested, I had hidden for a very long period, to keep them from the knowledge of the Pope, who sought them in vain. One day, however, the Pope called his chamberlain at 5 o'clock in the morning, for he had had a providential dream ! He told him to take two Swiss guards and two gentlemen-at-arms and to go to the French Seminary to charge Père le Floch to deliver up the documents. And it was necessary to repeat the charge three times.

It is unnecessary to tell you that the whole story is invented in every detail. But it is current in the clergy houses, the bishops' palaces, and even in the châteaux. A bishop also, the Bishop of Oran, in a conference with his clergy, aimed against l'Action Française, has had the fresh imprudence to repeat this absurd story . . . When it is only a matter of [illegible] idiots who say these things, one shrugs one's shoulders. But, in view of this last incident, I can no longer maintain silence. I [illegible] the publication of his address in a local [illegible] paper to give him the lie direct. The Bishop of Oran's clear duty is to withdraw his statement. Will he do it ? That I do not know.

I give you all these details in order that you may have something to make use of, if you give any attention to this business. To sum up, the [illegible] of my 'resignation' is more an affair of *doctrine*, of anti-Liberalism, than a question concerning l'Action Française. It was these anti-Liberal [illegible] which annoyed the Nuncio Cerretti, when still in Paris. He accused me of using my influence against him and his ideas with the bishops and [illegible] with the Roman Curia. When M. Herriot attacked the French [illegible] in the Chamber . . . the Nuncio Cerretti did not hide his [illegible], but it was not [illegible] with us, but with M. Herriot.

There is no necessity to deal with the closing paragraph[illegible] except to mention that Père le Floch says that a [illegible] would see its way to dealing with 'this odious [illegible]' [illegible] would render high service, even to Rome.'

Those who have read or who will refer to the article in the November issue of this *Review* will see how far this recently unexpected letter of Père le Floch establishes points which I then urged as being so significant, and how far official Roman Catholic criticism in England is really informed about what it professes to know. And one last word. This Bishop of Oran, Monseigneur Durand, who has been the busy agent of the Vatican adversaries of l'Action Française, and who lends his pen to the promulgation of the new Papal idea—who and what is he? The answer will give an indication of the type of influence which is being used to foster the present unhappy situation in France and to further the Vatican interests. The *Echo d'Oran* of June 24, 1925, should be consulted. Here is a bishop who has misappropriated public funds, moneys paid over to him for the maintenance of his clergy. The story is well nigh incredible; and in the bishopric of Oran since January 1, 1925, the Government has taken the precaution to pay the clergy direct, since not only were they not before paid in full, but the bishop drew payments for clergy who were not there at all. He has had to promise restitution to the Government under this latter head, and the figure represented between 1921 and 1925 is estimated at 320,000 francs.

W. W. LONGFORD.

IV

Reply to III

NOTE BY THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE

This article professes to be a reply to my criticisms of the former article. It does not meet them, but raises new issues. It would be a futile and interminable task to follow the writer through the ramifications in which he indulges over so many pages. Adopting his methods—that is, publishing excerpts from carefully selected hostile papers—it would be easy for anyone to blacken the character of every statesman in the world, including those of our own country, from the Prime Minister downwards. Happily such methods are not usual among us; they are flagrantly unjust and very un-English. Not thus may truth be found and established. It is clear that this writer's information is of a second-hand order. Where actual facts and first-hand knowledge are necessary, he is satisfied to base serious accusations and suggestions on newspaper cuttings, without proof or verification of their contents.

I maintain fully the accuracy of my assertions, and I charge this clergyman of the Established Church with spreading false witness against the Apostolic See, and against those my brethren of the Sacred College—whom I know well, and he knows not at all—who, because they are foreigners not residing in England, cannot easily find in English justice legal protection against such cowardly attacks made safely from a distance. Having known and much esteemed the founder of *The Nineteenth Century*, I regret that defamatory writing of the kind should have found a place within its pages. It is not worthy of his memory.

Francis Cardinal Bourne.

DEMOCRACY THROUGH LIBERAL SPECTACLES

The persistently cynical author of *The Legacy of Liberalism*[1] sought to anticipate the verdict of history upon

> the origin, rise, splendour and fall of Liberalism in these islands and elsewhere.

He decided pontifically that Liberalism was

> in England a foreign product . . . long since dead in England. But organisations, once vital enough, linger on with a sort of horrid posthumous existence long after they should have been comfortably tucked up in the sarcophagus.

The inspiring force of Liberalism was, in his opinion, 'the duty of revolt against authority.' It cherished a touching belief in the perfectibility of man to be attained by Liberal legislation, and it stoutly upheld the hopeless theory that 'all men were equal in capacity.'

How this strong wine worked upon British brains, in political, religious and social spheres, fuddling the Nonconformist conscience, clouding national patriotism and necessitating spiritual compromises of a demoralising kind is described by 'Al Carthill' in terms which are frequently amusing and always thought-compelling. Liberalism, he concludes, after dominating our politics for fifty years, has perished, because it could not construct. 'Revolt is in itself a sterile thing and begets nothing,' and the legacy of Liberalism is 'the hatred of authority.'

It is easy to pick holes in this brilliant little book abounding in dazzling paradoxes and replete with humour too often of a grim order. In my view, by far the most dangerous 'legacy of Liberalism' is the fetish of democracy, which has become the object of blind worship outside Liberal circles and now claims lip-service at least from the younger school of Conservatives.

Lord Grey of Fallodon is a rare type of a lifelong Liberal. All he writes and says is stamped with an attractive simplicity and with a transparent sincerity far from general among politicians of our day. His book, *Twenty-five Years*, gives a [illegible]

[1] Philip Allan & Co., 1924.

[illegible]

[illegible] of European affairs when the world was heading straight for a great catastrophe. The pathos of it all was his natural inability to grasp the implications of the sinister forces which he vainly hoped to restrain. And when the crash was imminent, he acted precisely as might be expected from his honourable record. His final effort failed, as was certain; but it will stand out in the pages of history as an honest last attempt to avert a gigantic calamity.

When at length the years of storm and stress had ended, Lord Grey, no longer in office, was condemned to watch proceedings abhorrent to his whole being. But who else among Liberals, some of whom must have felt with him, dared to express their alarm? Alone he wrote:

> After the peace, more especially in the last two years of the Lloyd George Government, its proceedings and conduct of affairs stirred me with indignation and despair such as I have never felt about any British Government.

And when Mr. Lloyd George had accumulated what he called his 'personal' fund, it was only Lord Grey, among Liberals doubtless equally shocked, who plainly reprobated this

> new thing unprecedented in the politics of this country, that one man should be in possession of an enormous fund at his own disposal for political purposes.

On all grounds, therefore, Lord Grey's reasoned defence of the policy, which was the prime cause of the evils which he fearlessly denounced, deserves careful consideration. No other Liberal could have delivered the inaugural address on 'Democracy' to the Birmingham and Midland Institute on October 21 last, which again reveals the inherent sincerity of his faith and its limitations.

He opened this address by a frank confession that, when his political life began, democracy "was regarded as an end in itself," and that, while the machine appeared to be reaching completion by the huge inflation of electorates,

> the hope that democracy would be able to solve all the problems of government was doomed to disappointment.

The 'shortcomings'—not all of them—are examined in detail and with conspicuous fairness. Democracy 'does not produce great men.'

[illegible] the 'die-hards,' [illegible] Lloyd George's [illegible]

[illegible]

> The ablest men in public life [illegible] their [illegible]; in grasping correctly [illegible] and set in motion . . . in foreseeing the [illegible] have not inspired and which they cannot control.

There is a 'still more searching question':—

> Can any man endure the excessive speech-making and overwork without his intellect being impoverished and his character stunted?

Lord Grey seems to think that posterity may judge the 'brilliant gifts' of now prominent politicians as equal in 'dominant prominence' to those of their great predecessors. 'Prominence,' however, which any group of newspapers can always confer, is one thing, and statesmanship, which democracy visibly tends to destroy, is another. He sees clearly that 'overwork,' making study impossible and sharply restricting the knowledge possessed by the ablest of Ministers, is a growing evil; but he cherishes hope that 'a people fit for democracy' will develop a sense of statesmanship, learning

> by experience . . . to keep Parliaments and Governments up to the mark in all that is within the appropriate sphere.

All present signs unfortunately point in the opposite direction, and from mob electorates, swayed by propaganda, prejudice, or greed, even discrimination between right and wrong and an elementary sense of proportion cannot be expected.

Passing to another complaint against democracy, that it makes 'progress . . . too slow,' Lord Grey admits the charge 'in minor matters' and suggests 'Parliamentary devolution' as a remedy. Devolution, based on popular electorates, is rapidly developing all the diseases which afflict present Parliaments, and one great danger of democracy is that it moves *too fast* in effecting changes which it imagines to represent 'progress.' In this sense—for good or for evil—Lord Grey truly says that changes have 'proceeded at a pace that is rapid.'

While he considers that it is 'not profitable' to discuss all the 'obvious defects' of democracy in practice, he discounts its influence upon the evolution of 'national character,' and he wisely dismisses education as an invalid safeguard. He believes, however, that

> The attachment of the British people to liberty is the great bulwark of democracy. . . . The next quality in the people is an abiding sense of the need of order.

Yet democracy has always tended to become tyrannous, and if the British people really love liberty, they must some day cease to regard it as a defence of their ideal. The 'need of order,' in the long run, appeals to all peoples, and may, in time,

[illegible]

[illegible] mockery.

Lord Grey thus disposes of the extravagant claims advanced for education as a sovereign remedy for the menacing ills of democracy. It is, he tells us,

[illegible] to overrate the effect of knowledge in the working of democracy . . . do not let us expect it to create in a people the character and qualities that make democracy succeed. Education will not save a democracy where the people have not yet acquired, or have ceased to possess, those qualities.

These grave words effectively refute a prominent article in what was once the Liberal creed, and their wisdom is beyond dispute. Education, in the bureaucratic form now prevalent, was a powerful contributory cause of the Great War, and in India, China, and elsewhere it is plainly tending towards revolution.

Lord Grey's concluding reflection is that

a true estimate of the merits of democracy is best arrived at by comparing it with all other systems of government that we see in operation, or of which history tells.

Thus the verdict seems to be that, on the whole, democracy can safely challenge comparison with all other systems. But this comparison could only be instituted by another Gibbon, and as full-fledged democracy is only a thing of yesterday, 'a true estimate' of its 'merits' is not yet possible.

Lord Grey's thoughtful survey of democracy sadly suffers from failure to recognise two outstanding facts essential as key stations in his triangulation. He laments the arrival of a three-party system (which may not endure), and he 'longs for the old simplicity'; but he passes by unnoticed the most momentous political development of our times—the conquest of the whole machinery of organised Labour by anti-Christian Socialism, with which democracy is incompatible. That the methods of the third party outrage the first principles claimed for democracy should be obvious, and whatever a Socialist State might be, it could never be democratic. In one of his transient moods Mr. Lloyd George described the third party as 'the New Peril.' He declared that:

'It calls itself Labour, but it is really Socialism . . . Socialism is [illegible] to destroy everything that the great prophets and leaders of both parties laboured for generations to build up. Even the political liberty which they built up is threatened. Parliamentary institutions [illegible] as private enterprise.'[1]

[1] [illegible]

Surely, in any discussion of the tendencies of democracy, this menace to democratic institutions and to 'political liberty' should at least secure mention.

In the second place, you cannot descant on democracy as if it were a term universally understood. It is manifestly necessary to explain the theory embodied, which has never been, and never can be, reduced to practice.

The ancients loved to discuss systems of government, and some of the little Greek city-States professed democratic ideals, wholly impracticable in slave-owning communities and leading to oligarchies more or less controlled by a popular vote responding to the oratory of demagogues.

The verdict of the old philosophers was generally adverse to the democratic theory. Plato, for example, was convinced that no stable government could exist without submission to a central authority. Aristotle, referring to government by the votes of the masses, pointed out that,

> Where the people possess this power, they desire to be altogether absolute, that they may not be under control of the law, and this is the time when flatterers are held in repute. Nor is there any difference between such a people and monarchs in a tyranny, for their manners are the same, and they both hold despotic power over better people than themselves.

The whole aspect of democracy has, however, radically changed since the days of Greece and Rome, and there has been no better definition of the modern brand than that of John Stuart Mill:

> The ideally best form of government is that in which the sovereignty, or supreme controlling power in the last resort, is vested in the entire aggregate of the community; every citizen not only having a voice in the exercise of that ultimate sovereignty, but being, at least occasionally, called on to take an actual part in the government, by the personal discharge of some public function, local or general.*

Such is the theory of democracy defined with the cold precision of which Mill was a master, and we may agree with him that 'there is no difficulty in showing this to be the ideally best form of government.' Yet Mill was well aware that government in this 'ideally best form' might, in some cases, be inapplicable or wholly impossible.

The revolutionary author of the ineffable *Confessions* showed far greater insight into human nature and left us a verdict unlikely ever to be reversed. In his *Contrat Social* Rousseau wrote:

> *S'il y avait un peuple de dieux, il se gouvernerait démocratiquement. Un gouvernement si parfait ne convient pas à des hommes.*

* Written in 1861; republished in *Considerations on Representative Government.* (People's Edition, 18[illegible].)

The world has moved far and fast since the days of the enlightened despotism patronised by Frederick the Great; but our *peuple Dieu* has not yet loomed on the horizon, and Lord Grey perceives that education alone cannot hasten the God-like apparition.

The idol of democracy, whether imported from the Continent, as Al. Carthill maintains, or the masterpiece of British sculptors, having been set up, burnt offerings and incense must be forthcoming, and the once great Liberal Party crowded to the service of the temple. If democracy could confer upon mankind a fraction of the benefits claimed for it, who would be backward in the worship of the god who was to spread peace, prosperity, and contentment, and to lead humanity with sure steps towards a new world? Thus sprang up a cult intellectually desiccating, a shibboleth used as a test of light and leading, and an abounding literature. Democracy became fashionable, and we vied in laying flowers at the feet of the idol. The delightful letters of Dr. Walter Hines Page reveal an ardent devotee contrasting the advanced democracy of his great country with our relatively backward institutions, and suggesting that, though we had much leeway to make up, our souls might be saved by more regular attendance at the temple. To President Wilson it even seemed that the highest moral justification of war was that it could 'make the world safe for democracy'.

As the cult flourished more and more, it became clear that the pace towards the new world ought to be quickened. Democracy could not shine forth in all its splendour unless the right of every adult citizen at least to a 'voice in the exercise of ultimate sovereignty' was admitted, and the nations began to move towards adult suffrage. Under Liberal inspiration, it took a giant step in 1918, in the crisis of the Great War when no sounding of the 'will of the people' was possible. And the Conservative Party—so potent is the cult!—has apparently decided to go the whole hog in establishing 'the ideally best form of government' by creating a feminine majority of two and a quarter millions. It has followed in recent years that mob electorates are becoming general, and that the great majority of voters have no means of forming any independent opinion upon any of the questions which go to the root of the political and economic life of a modern State. An immediate result was the crash of the old Liberal Party and the rapid rise, in power and influence, of Mr. Lloyd George's 'New Peril.'

While the blind worship of democracy may perhaps be said to have begun at the middle of last century and reached its zenith at the outbreak of the Great War, a cold fit seems now to have supervened. But early warnings, such as those of Carlyle and Froude, were not wanting. Sir Henry S. Maine ...

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thoughtful student of constitutions, after giving a masterly historical survey, arrived at the following indisputable judgment:

> Since the century during which the Roman emperors were at the mercy of the Praetorian soldiery, there has been no such instability of government as the world has seen since rulers became delegates of the community.

After alluding to the apparent 'success of the British Constitution during two centuries under special conditions' and to that of the United States 'under conditions still more peculiar and more unlikely to recur,' he bequeathed to us a forecast of singular accuracy:

> Yet, so far as our own Constitution is concerned, that nice balance of attractions which caused it to move evenly on its stately path is perhaps destined to be disturbed. One of the forces governing it may gain dangerously at the expense of the other, and the British political system, with the national greatness and material prosperity attendant on it, may yet be launched into space and find its last affinities in silence and cold.[1]

Lord Grey has partly realised that the 'nice balance of attractions' has been rudely 'disturbed,' and recent writers of all calibres have drawn attention to the evident breakdown of democracy shown by the ever increasing instability of all States where it still nominally prevails.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, in his important and too little studied book,[2] stated what must eventually happen where mob electorates rule:

> The first thing which the masses must do, when they are hoarse with proclaiming their freedom to do whatever they like, is to arrange for an authority which enforces upon them the continuous production of food, and dictates the primary terms on which alone food can be produced.

In the United States, where democracy has penetrated the judicial system, even so stalwart a democrat as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, is constrained to admit that

> Faith in democracy as a basis for government and society, once almost unanimously accepted in this country, now stands openly and powerfully challenged throughout the world because of the inefficiency of democratic Governments.[3]

Quotations in this sense can be multiplied indefinitely. *The Times* declares that 'democracy fosters parasites, not pioneers,' which implies the doom of a still partly derelict Empire.

[1] Written in 1885. *Popular Government*, by Sir Henry Sumner Maine (3rd Edition, 1886).

[2] *Limits of Pure Democracy* (Chapman & Hall, 1918).

[3] Address delivered at Charlottesville, Va.

[illegible] DEMOCRACY THROUGH LIBERAL SPECTACLES [illegible]

Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., is almost alone in suggesting a remedy for political conditions which tend to become intolerable:

> The ills which come from applying quantitative methods to the neglect of qualitative considerations are now so manifest that we may hope to see a healthy reaction against democracy in our generation.[8]

The object, in his view, should be to build up 'a new aristocracy,' which is plainly impossible until the creed of Liberalism and the theory of democracy have been thrown to the winds.

It can easily be shown that no method of enabling the people to perform the functions assigned to them by Mill and of bringing their 'will' to bear upon the infinitely complex questions of modern government has ever been devised. We proudly extol our Constitution as a model for other nations; but how many members of the popular House can claim to have received 51 per cent. of the votes of their constituents, and in how many divisions in Parliament does the majority represent free and independent opinion based upon full understanding of the matter at issue?

It is as easy, though it would require far more space, to survey the present position of modern democratic States and to show that they are either wholly unstable, or that they have drifted into oligarchies or become, like Italy, Spain, Poland and the Turkish Republic, virtual autocracies.[9] France, brought to the verge of the abyss by democracy, was saved, temporarily at least, by a Cabinet *ad hoc* which no democratic system could normally have set up. Belgium evolved M. Jaspar's Government in May 1926 when the franc was crashing and

> when ruin, irrevocable and immediate, was hanging over the country.[10]

And this Government has lately fallen to the whims of democracy. In India we have installed the narrowest oligarchy the world has known, with disastrous results not yet realised. Well did that shrewdest of diarists, Sir William Petty, with experience of the Commonwealth in his mind, record the opinion that

> All forms [of government] turn into a Squabbetty oligarchy.

This fairly describes the position of democratic Rumania, where for many years government has been almost an appanage of the Bratianu family.

So long as adult suffrage is not universal, the worshippers in the temple can always claim that democracy has not reached

[8] *Religio Militis.* Even Mr. H. G. Wells, an eager apologist for Bolshevism, is able to say that 'modern democracy is not a permanent phase of political and social life, but a phase of transient dissolution.' (*Democracy under Revision*, [illegible].)

[9] In *My Working Life* (Murray, 1927) I have attempted a rough survey of this kind.

[10] *The Times*, November 14, 1927.

l fruition. But this disability tends to disappear, and in these ends Conservatism seems about to crown the democratic ifice which Liberalism helped to construct. There is no special ason why the age of twenty-one should be adopted as the terior qualifying limit; but it is unlikely that the most ardent mocrat will advocate the enfranchisement of legal infants.[11] e government of all 'advanced' States will nevertheless pass to the nominal control of electoral mobs, which can construct thing, but may at any time destroy at the bidding of temporary ssion, or of artificially created misunderstanding. We are being ought face to face with mob psychology—largely feminine— an ultimately determining force in national politics, domestic d foreign, and volumes have been written which help to plain what we may expect It is certain only that mobs will— times, at least—behave as mobs.

For reasons which I have given and others, these huge ctorates will not be truly representative, and the multiplicity elections from which we already suffer may not record the ill of the people ' even where ' the people ' have any ' will ' to clare. Persons engrossed in doing the work of the world are ely anxious to go to the polls to support candidates of whom y may know nothing, and in municipal elections especially, ich are far too frequent, abstainers are numerous and would excessive but for party or sectional organisations which bring ssure to bear and supply free conveyance to the polls.[12] The ght ' to the franchise—an article of the Liberal creed—is too quently left in abeyance by the privileged possessor, who thus ifies the basic claim of democracy

The multi-millionaire leader of the relict of the Liberal Party eatens to finance 500 candidates at the next General Election, ch will multiply the number of seats falling to minorities, in outraging a first principle of democracy—rule by majorities. the remedy of a second ballot seems far off, and is open to the re objection that intrigue between the two polls may prove dly.

This brings me to two considerations not only fatal to democ-y as a theory, but pointing straight to the grave danger ch menaces all States still adhering to that theory.

The larger the electorates, the greater the difficulty of mar-ling them, and the more potent the political machine. In the ted States elections are mechanically determined by large nditure, with consequent corruption. In this country a new

Some trade union leaders, however, have found the votes of boys convenient eir purposes.

In the Commonwealth of Australia, abstainers, who used to be as numerous unt, have been made liable to fines.

and formidable machine has been erected—that of organised Labour, which differs radically from the old party systems, because, while it embraces workers of all parties, its leaders are all Socialists or Communists, aiming, in Mr. Lloyd George's words, at

lestruction of all property and private enterprise, conversion of the whole neans of production into one great machine.

The Labour machine, flagrantly violating all the canons of lemocracy, is ruled by a close oligarchy which seeks international ffiliations, and is able to receive and use alien funds for its own urposes. This is a new political portent hardly older than this entury, and we are only beginning to understand its implicaions.

In the second place, a mob can be kept in order only by ajolery or by bribes, and in the long run the latter must prevail. t follows that Governments and politicians seeking to gain or naintain power are forced to make promises of *largesse* at the xpense of taxpayers or ratepayers, no longer able to protect themelves. This tendency is evident, and all idea of drastic public conomy—the 'retrenchment' which was once the central figure i the Liberal triptych—must be abandoned, while no party can ribe so highly as the Socialists

Present electorates are credulous to the last degree, and their ecisions are visibly deflected by propaganda in many forms, for hich modern conditions provide the amplest facilities. In the ackground of present political evils lie the dark forces of the orld revolutionary movement of old standing, now powerfully rengthened by the capture of the huge resources of Russia, nd employing without stint propagandists whose efficiency has ever been surpassed

According to Goethe, 'There is nothing more dangerous than norance in action,' and ignorance except in elementary matters, the inevitable characteristic of mob electorates. It results at statesmanship decays, that phrases are politically more tent than facts, that reasoned argument, even in the 'Mother Parliaments,' is drowned by strident invective, that bad gislation rapidly accumulates, that the open preaching of red volution is permitted, and that general elections have become disorderly gamble, with financial stability and the security of e nation and Empire as stakes.

Democracy as a theory is proving unworkable and disastrous reasons I have tried to explain. By admitting that it cannot lve all the problems of government' Lord Grey shows that e Liberal spectacles are no longer befogged, and his pious pe, which even Rousseau discarded, that 'a people fit for

democracy' will arise, is being rapidly destroyed by the inexorable logic of events. Will other spectacles, still clouded, be wiped clean, and is it now possible to abandon the pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, leading the British people towards the slough of despond, before it is too late?

SYDENHAM OF COMBE.

THE RAILWAYS ACT, 1921

JANUARY 1, 1928, has been fixed by the Railway Rates Tribunal as the 'appointed day' for bringing into operation the new schedules of rates and charges for the carriage of merchandise and passengers by railway. On that day the whole system of railway charges will undergo a revolution, and one of the most important changes effected by the Railways Act of 1921 will have been accomplished. The decisions of the Tribunal have been arrived at after a protracted and painstaking inquiry lasting upwards of five years, during which over 200 days were occupied in hearing evidence from the railway companies and hundreds of traders and organisations representing traders. The task of the Tribunal was one of enormous difficulty, as few if any precedents were in existence to guide them in deciding intricate matters and laying down principles which will govern railway rates and charges for many years to come. The financial interests involved were so great as to constitute this inquiry one of the most important that has ever been held. The sum actually fixed by the Tribunal as the gross annual revenue of the four railway groups is 196,632,902*l.* and the standard revenue 50,057,847*l.*

Apart from the amalgamations, the standard revenue provisions are the central feature of the Railways Act and dominate the whole future of railway charging. Moreover, the onus of ensuring the standard revenue does not devolve upon the railway companies, but is the primary responsibility of the Rates Tribunal. For the first time in history, too, legislative recognition is given to the principle that the capital invested in British railways is entitled to a return. The Act also confers benefits on the public which are not yet generally realised. It has been called the Traders' Charter, and never before in the history of railways has Parliament given traders such rights and privileges. It marks a new era in railway transport, and links together the interests of the trader, the passenger, and the railways. As recently pointed out by the Minister of Transport, in referring to the statistics now supplied by the companies, 'the Act assumes that the trader is concerned to know how the railways are being

worked. Not only has every trader an interest in the efficient and economical working of the railways, but he can do something to assist efficiency and economy.'

The formation of the Traders' Co-ordinating Committee to represent the traders in friendly negotiation with the companies and before the Tribunal has been conducive to a better understanding between railways and railway users. The ability to see the opponent's point of view is a well-known British characteristic, and when each side realises that those sitting opposite to them thoroughly understand what they are talking about there is greater possibility of agreement, even though neither side may get entirely what it asks. It is certain that had it not been for the existence of the Traders' Co-ordinating Committee the difficulty of the task would have been greatly increased and the proceedings before the Tribunal considerably lengthened. The success which has attended these conferences also augurs well for future understanding between railways and their customers.

Government Control of Railways

In order fully to appreciate the foregoing it will be useful to consider the Railways Act and the events which led to the passing of that measure. Primarily the Act was the instrument which freed the railways after over seven years of Government control. At the outbreak of the Great War the Secretary of State for War, under section 16 of the Regulation of the Forces Act, 1871, took possession of the principal railways of the country. The actual control over the railways during the period of hostilities was exercised on behalf of the Government by the Railway Executive Committee, consisting of the general managers of the various companies under the nominal chairmanship of the President of the Board of Trade, the acting chairman being Sir Herbert Walker, London and South Western Railway. During the war it became evident that, in view of the changes which had resulted from the war, especially in the economic basis of the railway industry, it would be impossible for the railways to revert to pre-war conditions. A speech delivered by Mr. Winston Churchill at Dundee before the General Election of December 1918 appeared to indicate that the Government had decided upon nationalisation of the railways, although a statement of policy issued shortly after by Mr. Lloyd George made only a general reference to plans for the improvement of the transportation system of the country. Early in 1919, however, a Bill was brought in by the Government 'to establish a Ministry of Ways and Communications' and placed in charge of the Minister-designate, Sir Eric Geddes, formerly deputy general manager of the North Eastern Railway. The name of the proposed new department was subsequently

altered to Ministry of Transport, and to it were to be transferred the possession and control of railways for a further term of two years from the passing of the Act, with a view to affording time for the consideration and formulation of the policy to be pursued by the Government in regard to the future of the railways.

During the actual war years no increases were made in merchandise rates, although the control period saw an abnormal growth in the rate of expenditure, the ratio of working expenses to receipts rising from 63 per cent. in 1913 to 115 per cent. in 1921. In 1913, also, the net receipts of the whole of the railways subsequently taken over by the State amounted to about 43,500,000*l.* This declined to 6,000,000*l.* in 1920, whilst for the last seven and a half months of Government control there was a deficiency of 19,500,000*l.*, due largely to the introduction of the eight-hour day on the railways and to the enormous improvement in the wages and conditions of employment of most grades of railwaymen. On October 27, 1919, in an effort to bridge the gulf which had been allowed to form between railway expenditure and receipts, the Minister of Transport asked the Rates Advisory Committee, set up under section 21 of the Ministry of Transport Act, to advise him as to the method of obtaining an increase in the net revenue of the railways of not less than 45,000,000*l.*—afterwards increased to 50,000,000*l.* and subsequently by another 54,500,000*l.* As a result of their recommendations railway charges for the conveyance of goods were advanced in the year 1920 by about 112 per cent. Passenger fares had also been increased to 75 per cent. above those operating before the war, and the issue of excursion and cheap tickets of all descriptions had been entirely suspended. The increased rates, however, failed to produce the required revenue, partly owing to the two coal trade stoppages of 1920 and 1921 and to the general trade depression during and after that period. Incidentally, these increases of rates gave a great impetus to road transport competition with the railways, which subsequent reductions by the companies after decontrol failed to lessen. In any case, the economic limit had been reached and the time had arrived when further increases in rates might have resulted in a diminution rather than an increase of revenue. That was the situation which faced the Government and the railway companies when the time came for the railways to be handed back to their owners. The Government during their two years' deliberation had decided not to nationalise the railways, but to return them to private enterprise subject to a scheme of compulsory grouping, and the Railways Act, 1921, was passed to effect this. Meanwhile Government control of the railways ended at midnight on August 15, 1921—over seven years from the outbreak of the war.

THE RAILWAYS ACT

At the end of June 1920, after an important debate in Parliament, the Ministry of Transport issued a White Paper containing an 'Outline of Proposals as to the Future Organisation of Transport Undertakings in Great Britain and their Relations to the State,' the foundation of which was the grouping of the railways of Great Britain into seven systems. The proposals were subjected to considerable criticism by the Railway Companies and the chambers of commerce and other trading interests. Before the introduction of the Railways Bill on May 11, 1921, however, a large measure of agreement had been reached between the various interests, and, moreover, two important reports had been issued. The first of these was the Report of the Rates Advisory Committee on the rate-fixing machinery, which enabled elaborate provisions to be inserted in the Bill with the general approval of the railway companies and the trading community. The other was the Report of the Colwyn Committee, which had been set up the previous year to inquire into the nature and terms of the agreements made between the Government and the railway companies and the possible extent of the outstanding liabilities of the State thereunder. This Committee estimated that the claims of the companies might reach a sum of 150,000,000*l*., and made various recommendations as to the interpretation of the agreements. When the Report was to be discussed in Parliament, however, the Minister of Transport was able to announce that a fair and reasonable agreement had been arrived at regarding the outstanding claims of the railway companies on the basis of payment of a sum of 60,000,000*l*. in final settlement of all compensation and that this agreement would be embodied in the Railways Bill.

It was obvious, in view of the difficulties created by Government control of the railways during the war years, that some sort of legislation was necessary. To have expected the railways to carry on after decontrol in their impoverished condition and with enormously increased expenses without assistance and some adjustment of their charging powers, together with the creation of some avenue of economies, was clearly impossible. Many railway undertakings were handed back to their proprietors in an exhausted and worn-out state. During the war years very little renewal work was undertaken, and practically no new locomotive or rolling stock was put into service. What was built went to the war areas, some of it never to return. An enormous leeway had to be made up, and it was at once apparent that, while a few of the richer and larger companies had financial resources sufficient to put their house in order, the majority were quite unable to do so and would need assistance to a very large extent.

It was, therefore, necessity that brought about the scheme of linking the weak companies to the strong ones and then apportioning to each group a lump sum from the Government as compensation for wear and tear.

After experience of several years of Government control a policy of nationalisation would not have been popular in the country, and when the Minister of Transport said he would not be prepared to administer a nationalised railway system, but would produce an alternative, the offer was willingly embraced by the Government. The Railways Act was therefore an alternative to nationalisation and in the nature of a bargain. The original proposals of the Government contained in the White Paper already referred to were modified in the Bill, and in other important respects it was amended during its passage through Parliament.

It is true some aspects of the measure were not welcomed by the parties most concerned. The railway companies, for instance, were not enamoured of the compulsory element in the grouping arrangements, but they agreed, knowing that they were getting the benefit of the standard revenue provisions and the prompt settlement of their war-time claims against the State. Traders and the travelling public again were apprehensive of the creation of what were spoken of as 'transport monopolies,' but they were satisfied with the protection afforded by the Railway Rates Tribunal. The railway trade unions also might have contended for other provisions relating to labour matters but for the agreement both with the Government and with the railway companies in regard to wages and conditions of service which was given effect to in Part IV of the Bill. It has been said that the machinery set up under the Act for the settlement of any disputes between the railway companies and their employees is the most perfect of any that has yet been devised, and the comparative freedom from serious disputes in what had formerly been one of the storm centres of labour troubles confirms this. The Central and National Wages Boards, first instituted as part of the settlement of the strike in the autumn of 1919, were reconstituted and provision made for the setting up of sectional councils somewhat on the lines of the Whitley Committees. These have functioned with most satisfactory results, and have led to a better understanding on both sides. In all these circumstances the following remarks of Viscount Churchill, chairman of the Great Western Railway, soon after the passing of the Act are of special interest:

I find that the Railways Act has constituted a new Triple Alliance, the allies being the railway companies, the railway employees and the traders, and the more I study this Act the more I am impressed that the interests of each of these parties lies in the direction of increasing traffic by the railways in every possible way and of co-operating to effect economies.

Previous Consolidation of Railways

The amalgamation of 120 companies into four great groups was the basic principle of the Railways Act, and linked up therewith were the standard revenue and rates and charges provisions and the provisions relating to labour. Although amalgamations had been taking place from almost the earliest days of railways, Parliament had never really been in favour of such fusions, and various Select Committees appointed from time to time affirmed their belief in competition and feared the effect of large amalgamations in creating monopolies. In spite of this, amalgamations continued to take place, and at the close of the nineteenth century fourteen great companies and a number of subsidiary ones had emerged from the mass of small companies which had been formed from time to time In some cases pooling and working agreements were entered into in lieu of amalgamation Great public interest was evinced in the proposed working union of the South Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover and later of the Great Northern, Great Eastern, and Great Central Railways, and this led to the appointment in 1909 of the last of the Special Committees set up to deal with the question of amalgamations The Committee reported in 1911 that the effects of the very limited degree of competition still existing between the railway companies were not necessarily to the public advantage, and came to the conclusion that both railways and the public would gain by properly regulated extension of co-operation rather than by a revival of competition, even if such revival were possible No legislation as to amalgamations followed the report of this Committee, but the outbreak of the European War may be said to mark the end of the first railway era, with its long period of growth and development, competition and consolidation

The Four Railway Groups

The Railways Act, 1921, marks the beginning of an entirely new *régime* in the railway industry and a breakaway from what has been described as the 'illusory advantages of competition.' The opening clause discloses the design of the whole measure:

> With a view to the reorganisation and more efficient and economical working of the railway systems of Great Britain, railways shall be formed into groups in accordance with the provisions of this Act and the principal railway companies in each group shall be amalgamated and other companies absorbed in manner provided by this Act

It was intended that more efficient and economical working was to be assisted by the compulsory grouping of the railways into the four large companies with which we are now familiar. The date given in the Act for the coming into operation of all

amalgamation and absorption schemes was July 1, 1923, and the companies had just over eighteen months in which to form the groups and get them sanctioned by the Amalgamation Tribunal. The negotiations between the constituent and subsidiary companies were necessarily long and difficult, but the desire to overcome difficulties which distinguished them enabled the greater part of the task to be achieved well within the prescribed period. In fact the four groups, though not completely constituted, were actually operating as such from the commencement of 1923. The names given to the new groups, taking the latter in order of magnitude, were: London Midland and Scottish, London and North Eastern, Great Western, and Southern, and of these it will be seen that the Great Western Railway was the only group which preserved its former title, this having been expressly provided for in the Act.

Adjustment of Charges to Revenue

The recommendations of the Rates Advisory Committee regarding the general revision of railway rates and charges which they were asked to undertake by the Minister of Transport were embodied in Part III of the Railways Act and involved the setting up of a new court known as the Railway Rates Tribunal. In the previous relations of railways and traders there has been nothing quite like the Tribunal, which comprises as permanent members an experienced lawyer as president, with a person of experience in commercial affairs and a person of experience in railway business. The Tribunal's findings upon questions of fact are final, appeals to higher courts being possible only upon points of law. Unlike the older and more formal Commissions, the Tribunal is a business court intended to adjust difficulties in a practical rather than a legal manner.

The most important sections of this part of the Act are those (Sections 58 and 59) dealing with the adjustment of charges to revenue. The first of these sections directs the Tribunal to

> fix rates and charges for each group at such a level as will, together with the other sources of revenue, in the opinion of the Tribunal so far as practicable yield, with efficient and economical working and management, an annual net revenue equivalent to the aggregate net revenues for the year 1913 of all the companies embraced in the groups, together with additions in respect of interest on new and unfructified capital expenditure and an allowance in respect of economies effected by or in anticipation of amalgamation or absorption.

The Railway Rates Revision

It is over thirty years since the last general revision of railway rates was carried through. Following upon the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1888, schedules of maximum rates were

imposed by the various Statutory Orders of 1891 and 1892. Their effect was to give the railways comparative freedom to levy whatever charges they liked within the maximum. This liberty was greatly curtailed by the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1894, which provided that if a railway company sought to increase any charges and complaint was made that the increase was unreasonable, it lay upon the company to prove that the increase was reasonable. It was not sufficient to show that the charge was within the statutory limit. Under these charging powers the companies fixed actual charges known as class rates, which in many cases were considerably below the maximum powers. In addition they granted to traders what are known as exceptional rates, and many millions of these rates appeared upon the rate-books of the companies. These rates were fixed by the railway companies, not in accordance with any definite scale, but on a commercial basis to attract traffic, and it is estimated that more than 70 per cent. of goods traffic conveyed by railway is carried at exceptional rates.

The first step towards the introduction of the new system of rates and charges was the reclassification of the whole of the traffic passing over the railways. This classification was to be carried out by the Rates Advisory Committee, whose work would then be completed. The existing eight classes of merchandise were increased to twenty-one classes, and it was apparently hoped that the greater sub-division of classes would enable most, if not all, of the exceptional rates to be abolished, but this hope has not been realised.

The new classification having been completed, the Rates Advisory Committee ceased to function and was reconstituted as the Railway Rates Tribunal. The drawing up of standard terms and conditions of conveyance, under which goods are carried over the railways, was the first task of the body. As in the case of the classification, conflicting opinions were held by traders and the railway companies, but after many days of discussion a large measure of agreement was arrived at and the points in dispute referred to the Tribunal for settlement. This is the first time in the history of British railways that standard conditions of carriage fixing the liabilities of the companies respecting loss of, and damage and delay to, goods have been laid down.

Standard Rates

Then came the fixing of the standard rates and charges. These are defined in Section 32 of the Act as being the charges which on and from the appointed day the railway companies are entitled to make for all services rendered in respect of which the

charges are fixed. Schedules of the charges estimated to produce the required revenue were submitted by the railway companies. To these the traders promptly objected, but after prolonged sittings which lasted for many weeks, during which arguments were heard from eminent counsel on both sides, the actual amounts of the standard charges were fixed by the Tribunal. These standard charges for merchandise traffic, together with a schedule of standard fares and other sources of income, are calculated to enable the companies to earn a certain specified net revenue. It is sometimes stated that the object of the revision of charges was to ensure to the railways a sufficient revenue to enable them to pay a dividend of 5 per cent., but this is not so. The Railways Act guarantees no such financial results, and while in a year of commercial prosperity dividends equal to those paid in 1913 may be possible, the actual profits still depend, as in the past, on the volume of traffic carried during each year. Under present trade conditions it may be a hard struggle to reach the standard. The Act limits the profits, but no definite limit can be put to the losses.

Exceptional Rates

There is an elaborate set of provisions in the Act relating to exceptional rates, the main purpose of which appears to be to restrict their application. It has been estimated that in past years some 70,000,000 special rates have been granted by the railways for specific traffics to meet the special needs of industry. A large proportion of these are now obsolete, as for various reasons the particular traffic has ceased to pass. The companies recognise that under the new scheme of charges exceptional rates must continue in order to create as little disturbance as possible to trade. They have therefore had to ascertain how many of the exceptional rates now on the rate-books are 'live' rates, and, after consultation with the large trading organisations, a scheme was agreed under which they have taken a record of all such rates used since the beginning of 1924. By the provisions of Section 36 of the Act all exceptional rates which are less than 5 per cent. below the standard rates will be cancelled on the appointed day, while those between 5 per cent. and 40 per cent. below the standard rates will be continued if they have been made use of at any time within the period named above. Rates more than 40 per cent. below the standard can be continued with the approval of the Tribunal.

Co-partnership with the Public

The standard charges will be in force for a period of one year from the appointed day. At the end of that time they will be

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reviewed by the Tribunal in the light of [illegible] working, particularly as to whether they have [illegible] or diminution of affected traffic, and whether the [illegible] ing to produce more than the amount allotted to them in the standard revenues. Formerly a railway company was entitled to keep all the profit it could make, but by Section 59 of the *Railways Act it is provided that, if on any such review it is found that the net revenue is substantially in excess of the standard revenue and is likely to continue, the Tribunal will reduce all or some of the standard charges (and exceptional charges correspondingly) in order to effect a reduction of 80 per cent. of the excess.* In other words, out of every 100*l* excess profits earned by the railways 80*l* is to go to the public in the shape of reduced rates and fares. The remaining 20 per cent is to be added to the standard revenue, but this addition will be forfeited if in a subsequent year the revenue falls below the standard. This clause in the Act is destined to have a far-reaching effect. It sets up the principle of co-partnership, and provides a direct incentive to the user of the railway to take an interest in its welfare and financial prosperity. The Act also provides that if the net revenue received is less than the standard revenue required, charges are to be correspondingly increased to enable the standard revenue to be obtained. It is obvious, therefore, that the more traffic sent by rail the greater the prospect of reduced rates. In fact this is the sole manner in which reductions of rates and fares can be ensured. The railways are required to earn a modest but sufficient revenue to enable them to carry out their obligations to the public. In the new order of things the ordinary passenger, the season ticket holder, and the excursionist no less than the trader, will be helping towards lower rates and fares. The greater the volume of traffic, the better for the users of the railway.

Effect of the Revision of Rates

The altered conception of rail transport set out in the principle of standard revenue as a substitute for rates charged under statutory maxima is the greatest change in railway practice for more than half a century. There will be little alteration in passenger fares, but from January 1 a modernised system of charging based upon throughout mileage will be introduced. The standard charges will be those which have been in force since the reduction in fares in January 1923, but some local departures from the scale will be abolished or reduced in amount. A uniform method of compiling season ticket rates in place of the various methods previously in force will be brought into operation. In numerous instances the present rates will be reduced, while some which are below the scale may have to be increased, but not by

[illegible] fares [illegible] while in most cases certain distinct [illegible] will [illegible] little change. Workmen's fares will be standardised on a new basis below the general level of the existing fares.

Goods traffic, on the other hand, will undergo some striking changes, but more in method than in alteration of actual rates, as the rates themselves will be, in the main, those which are now current. Charges for merchandise by goods train are built up so that for each mile over twenty miles the average cost per ton per mile decreases as the distance increases—*e.g.*, the conveyance charge on class 12 traffic is arrived at as under:

For first twenty miles .	. 3·75*d.*	per ton	per mile
Next thirty miles . .	. 2·05*d.*	,,	,,
Next fifty miles . .	. 2·20*d.*	,,	,,
For remainder of distance	. 1·60*d.*	,,	,,

in order that far-off areas should not be unduly handicapped in their endeavour to reach profitable markets. Under the old system the charges over each railway were calculated separately, so that if two or more railways were concerned the charges would be higher than for an equal distance on one railway. The new system abolishes this method of calculation, and the charges for a given distance will be the same no matter how many railways are passed over during the journey. This adoption of the continuous mileage system is estimated to cost about 1,000,000*l.* per annum in railway revenue.

The 'standard' charges operating from the appointed day correspond to the old 'class' rates. They are not maxima, but actual charges, and must not be varied except by way of exceptional rates, in the granting of which the railway companies will still have wide discretionary powers.

Rates Tribunal's further Duties

The main business of the Railway Rates Tribunal prior to the 'appointed day' was to fix the gross and standard revenues of the four railway groups and settle the standard charges, but their full powers do not come into operation until the appointed day. Apart from the periodical review of rates and charges and other statutory duties, the chief function of the Tribunal is to act as a readily accessible and inexpensive court before which the trader may seek relief from any rate or charge which he considers unreasonable or obtain a decision in regard to any dispute which has arisen between himself and the railway companies. The trader therefore will have facilities for seeking relief which he has never hitherto enjoyed.

Some Results of Amalgamation

For some time past there has been a tendency to lay the blame for any dissatisfaction with railway working upon the grouping system. The vast economies foreshadowed by the Minister responsible for the Railways Bill in Parliament have not materialised. Economies of that nature take years to bring about, and in the case of standardisation, for instance, may entail increased expenditure first. At the same time it is claimed that very material savings have already resulted, especially in regard to overhead charges. The real test of grouping economies is what would have been the additional cost to-day of working the 120 amalgamated companies as separate undertakings under present-day burdens, and this is estimated to be at least 10,000,000*l*. The railway industry has been resuscitated and stabilised not so much by economies arising out of the grouping as by the strong companies supporting the weak. Many of the smaller lines were badly equipped, their locomotives weak, the rolling stock worn and obsolete in pattern, and they were unable to raise further capital for improvements. They have benefited in every way by absorption into the larger systems, and have therefore been able to give better service to the public, but the task of bringing them up to present-day standards has been costly and laborious.

Standardisation of production in locomotive and carriage works, which will ultimately result in greater output at less cost, has been materially advanced. Mass production methods have been brought to perfection in railway workshops together with standardisation of locomotives, with the result that in the case of one group, for example, the number of different types of locomotives has been reduced from 145 to two types only.

As to electrification, the world's greatest electric suburban system has been planned, built, and put into successful operation on the Southern Railway in quicker time than anything of the kind has ever been done before in this or any other country. The old companies could never have afforded to electrify.

The circumstances in which the new groups were introduced were adverse in the extreme, but, in spite of the abnormally bad state of trade, with consequent decreased traffics, large sums amounting to over 20,000,000*l*. have been spent by the companies on capital account in works necessary to enable them to deal with their traffic efficiently and economically.

To the trader and the public material concessions in rates and fares have been made since grouping took place, and the extent of these may perhaps be realised if it is said that, had the 1920

scale of charges remained in operation, the companies' revenue in 1929 would have been approximately 6,000,000l. greater.

Train services have been improved enormously and trains are more frequent and more convenient to the public, and are composed of heavier, more comfortable, and more modern stock. New types of locomotives, more powerful than any hitherto used, have been introduced recently by each of the four groups, and longer non-stop runs have been rendered possible. The inducements to the holiday-maker to travel by rail are greater than any previously offered. Fast trains have been scheduled to serve every part of the country. Corridor rolling stock for excursion trains has been increased, and restaurant cars are now attached to every train of importance. Long-distance freight trains, fitted with the vacuum brake, run at high speeds, enabling delivery of traffic to be effected the day following despatch. The farmer also in many districts has been assisted by the collection or delivery of his produce and requirements within a radius of five or ten miles of the railway.

On the whole, services to the public for both passengers and freight have been restored to pre-war efficiency, and large schemes of improvement for the better handling of traffic are in view. Railway rates, taking the average since the war, are lower than the average increased costs of all other commodities and services in the same period, so that railway users have gained in that way, just as they also gained by railway rates not being raised during the actual war years. It is claimed, therefore, that, in spite of the initial difficulties of reorganisation and assimilation during the transition period through which the railways have been passing, together with continued bad trade and the intense competition of their road motor rivals, the grouping of the railways has been a success, and, with a revival of trade, the British railways will continue to prove themselves, in the words of the Minister of Transport, 'superior to any in the world.'

A. W. ARTHURTON.

THE MILLSTONE OF LOCAL RATING

THERE is a feeling of disquiet throughout the country in regard to the great increases which have been taking place in local rating, and students of public affairs are genuinely anxious about the situation which is developing. Industry is suffering from the load of local rates, which are a millstone round its neck and threaten to submerge it. In these circumstances it is worth considering what the actual position is, how it might be remedied, and in what manner a reduction of expenditure could be achieved.

As regards the increase which has occurred in local rates, the following are the particulars for the district with which I am most familiar—namely, Glasgow; and these may be taken as typical of what has been happening throughout the country:

	[illegible]		[illegible]		Increase per pound.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Municipal rates . . .	4	5¾	7	2½	2	8¾
Poor, lunacy, etc., rates .	1	7¼	4	4	2	8¾
Education rates . . .	1	6¼	2	6¾	1	0½
	7	7¼	14	1¼	6	5½

Great as these increases are, they are even greater than they appear, for the assessed rental of the city has much increased, and the rate per pound produces correspondingly more. The assessable rental in 1913 was 7,473,325*l.* and in 1926 11,484,618*l.*, and as this represents about the same increase as that in the cost of living, practically no increase in the rate per pound should have been necessary to obtain the same services as before the war.

The increase of local rates is a hardship on the householder, and a serious one for those with small incomes. As regards the wage-earner, however, in addition to having to bear this burden, his livelihood is endangered by the industry upon which he is dependent being enfeebled and possibly extinguished by the incidence of these rates.

The increase of rates is undoubtedly jeopardising industry. A manufacturer when fixing the price at which he will sell the article which he produces obviously has to add together all the items of his expenses, to the total of which he adds his profit,

which gives him his selling price. One of these items is local rates, and when these are increased he must increase his selling price also.

It is clear, however, that there is a limit to what he can do in this respect, for he cannot raise his selling price above the current world price. When this point is reached, the only thing for him to do is to sacrifice his profit and then to reduce wages, and if this is not sufficient he must close his factory. In this case the burden of local rates upon the factories which still continue running becomes correspondingly heavier, and they suffer in an increasing degree from the evil which has already destroyed one of them. At the last annual meeting of the Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association, Ltd., Mr. Herbert W. Lee, the chairman, said that the local taxation showed an increase over 1914 of 300 per cent. At the last annual meeting of Messrs. John Brown & Co., Ltd., Lord Aberconway, the chairman, stated that, 'taking a full output of steel, the rates at Atlas Works amounted to nearly 2*l.* a ton on all the steel they sent out.'

The effect on industry of our present system of local rating cannot be regarded as other than pernicious and dangerous, one of its greatest defects being that taxation is levied without any regard to ability to pay.

Another respect in which the present system of local rating is doing an enormous injury is in regard to housing. This is seen most clearly in Scotland and in England, where compounding is the custom. A consideration of the situation in Scotland will make this clear.

Here the rates are levied by making the owner pay about half and the tenant the other half. In fixing his rents the owner has therefore to include an amount for the rates he has to pay. Assuming, for instance, that the owner's rates are 5*s.* in the pound—in Glasgow they are actually 6*s.* 1*d.* per pound—if the rent which it is necessary to charge for the house is 15*l.* it is clear that in order to obtain that sum the owner must fix his rent at 20*l.*, seeing that he will have to pay 5*l.* in rates, being 5*s.* per pound on 20*l.*, leaving him with the net rent of 15*l.* When rates increase he has to increase his rent accordingly in order to maintain his net rent. It is the misrepresentation of this fact by the Socialists in the Glasgow neighbourhood which has been the cause of their success and has gained for this neighbourhood such an unenviable notoriety. They have exploited the situation by comparing rents in this neighbourhood with those of similar houses in England, where the owner has not to include rates in his rent, representing to the electors that they were being rack-rented, a propaganda which was, of course, specially effective when rents had to be increased on account of rates being put up. The position

of the Scottish householder is at present desperate, owing to this propaganda and to the Government having given way to Socialist pressure in connexion with it when the Rent Restriction Act was passed in 1920. The Bill originally laid down that the owners could increase their rents to cover the increase in local rates, but an amendment was accepted by which the increase was limited to that at the time the Bill was passed. Elementary justice demanded that when such an amendment was accepted it should have been complemented by a stipulation that these rates should be the maximum that the owner would be called upon to pay. This was, however, not done, and the position to-day accordingly is that, whilst the owner's rates in 1919–20, when the Bill was passed, amounted to 4s. 2d. per pound, they amount in 1927–28 to 6s. 1d., an increase of 1s. 11d. per pound. The Act, however, deals with pre-war property, on which it is almost invariable to find a mortgage, as, strange though it may appear to-day, property used to be looked upon as a safe and desirable security for trust funds. These mortgages were usually for two-thirds of the value of the property, so that when this is the case the practical effect is that the owner has to pay an increase of three times 1s. 11d., namely 5s. 9d., per pound. This would be a terrible increase if it were on the net return from the property, but it is on the far greater amount of the assessed rental—that is to say, the gross return without deduction of repairs and expenses. Such overwhelming taxation would be incredible if it were not true. The incidence of taxation on the Scottish houseowner is not merely unjust; it is criminal. This is the reason why housing has not proceeded at so great a rate in Scotland as in England; nor can there ever be any hope of satisfactory housing in Scotland as long as this system of rating exists. Here again we see the vice of local taxation being applied without consideration of the ability to pay.

What remedies are, then, proposed to ease this grievous burden of local taxation? There are two which are commonly heard of—namely, in the first place, that propaganda should be carried on amongst the electorate to induce them to insist upon economy being practised, and, in the second place, that a more experienced class of man should be secured to stand for our local authorities.

As regards the first of these proposals, there seems to be little chance of anything effective being done. The franchise is now so widely extended that there are large masses of people who do not and have no inclination to understand the position, whilst they are easily misled by demagogues; and a certain proportion—those who are in receipt of poor relief and who have, nevertheless, votes—may actually be in favour of extravagance.

As regards the second of these proposals, it is becoming every year more difficult to get experienced men to stand for local authorities, for the reason that their work has been so greatly extended within recent years that such men can no longer spare the necessary time.

What, then, is to be done? The answer seems to be that the whole system is wrong. It is generally conceded that one of the great principles of success is concentration, and the fault of our system of local taxation is that it violates this principle.

In this respect it is well to examine what actually occurs.

Every spring the Budget is introduced into the House of Commons, and before it is brought forward the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to give deep thought to his expenditure, which will be the subject of hostile and penetrating criticism from the Opposition, whilst the attention of all the thoughtful people in the electorate will also be concentrated on his proposals. The attention of the whole country is thus, as far as it is possible to concentrate such attention, focussed on the Budget and engaged upon the problem of seeing that the coat is cut in accordance with the cloth.

After this is concluded, however, what takes place? All the local authorities—the town councils, the boards of guardians (in Scotland the parish councils) and the education authorities—great spending bodies without practically any attention or control on the part of the electorate, calmly assess huge sums which have to be met by the ratepayers. It is as if people on a ship with four leaks in it concentrated all their attention upon stopping one leak and thereafter ignored the others, which, it will be agreed, would be preposterously foolish. Yet it is what is being done to-day in regard to taxation; and, after all, the average man is not greatly to be blamed, for the time which he can give to public affairs is limited, and the consideration of them should be made easy and not difficult for him.

The remedy, therefore, seems to be obvious. It is that, as attention is given by the whole country to the Budget when an attempt is made to cut our coat according to our cloth, all the local taxation which can be should be transferred to Parliament to be levied in the general Budget.

As regards the services rendered by the boards of guardians and the education authorities, there is no reason why these should not be budgeted for by Parliament, whilst as regards municipal rates, they might be controlled and reduced by methods which will be dealt with later. Indeed, as regards the transfer of the rates of the boards of guardians and the education authorities to Parliament, consideration will show that there is not

merely no reason why they should not be thus transferred, but that for other reasons they ought to be.

Taking the boards of guardians' rates in the first place, these are for the relief of the poor and for the relief of the able-bodied unemployed.

Now, as regards the relief of the poor, it was quite natural in the olden days that the parish should look after this. Means of communication by stage-coaches were few, difficult, and very expensive, and it was natural that each parish should look after its own poor. In these days, however, when means of communication are so great, so varied and so cheap, and the poor of the population can drift about from one centre to another, there is no adequate check that a parish is really looking after its own poor alone and is not also relieving many whose needs would more correctly be met by other parishes. Therefore modern means of communication have made the true area for relief the country, and not the parish, and the Government should accordingly provide for the poor.

As regards the relief of the able-bodied unemployed, the same reasons apply as in the case of the poor, but in this case it is peculiarly unfair that it should be treated on a parish basis, because it means that precisely those parishes have to bear the heaviest cost of relief which are least able to afford it. When industry is flourishing the profits from it are distributed throughout the whole country and enjoyed in neighbourhoods far removed from the industrial parishes in which the works happen to be situated. Therefore, when industry is bad and the men are unemployed, the whole country which has enjoyed the prosperity of the works should contribute to the relief of their unemployed. Unemployment relief should therefore be a national burden.

Then, as regards the education rates, the same arguments largely apply. The standard of education is laid down by Government, and it should provide in the Budget such a sum as is thought right to expend on education and allocate it to the authorities in the different districts in the proportions falling to them. We should then really have efficient administration by the education authority, for efficiency would then consist in the authority giving the best service for the money allocated to it, and inefficiency would quickly be shown up through one authority not giving as good a service as another of the same importance.

Incidentally, taxation by Parliament for boards of guardians and education purposes instead of by local authorities would remove, in respect of these rates, the injustice of which limited companies at present complain—that they have no say in regard to the rates which they are called upon to pay.

In this manner, as far as the boards of guardians and the

education rates are concerned, there would be effective control by Parliament.

Parliament would, further, no longer be able to legislate for social services and leave the local authorities to pay for them, thus taking the glory of the act without having to increase the Budget to provide for it. This is a case of calling the tune and not paying the piper, which is thoroughly pernicious, as it conduces to recklessness in legislation. The transfer of the rates of the boards of guardians and education authorities to Parliament would mean an enormous relief to industry, and the control which would be effected by Parliament would be of benefit to the whole country, as it would restrict and reduce the amount being expended.

As regards municipal rates, one method in which a reduction could be secured would be by the more efficient and businesslike administration of the municipal trading undertakings, such as the tramways, electricity departments and gas departments. The craze for municipalisation has to a large extent been the undoing of our municipal government, partly on account of the unnecessary burden put upon the shoulders of members of town councils and partly owing to the abuses which are bound to creep into all systems of municipalisation which, after all, is only nationalisation on a small scale.

At present these trading undertakings are managed by committees consisting of members of the town council, who act, or are supposed to act, as boards of directors act on public companies. Now, why should such people be expected to give their services for nothing? That a man should give his services for nothing for a charitable or philanthropic purpose is an excellent trait of character, but there is a lack of sense, and no particular worthiness, in a man's giving his services for nothing on a trading undertaking. It should not be expected of him, and, as can be foreseen in such circumstances, the supervision and work is not well done. To solve this difficulty the correct step to take would be to have the trading departments of corporations administered in future by boards of directors paid as would be the boards of directors of similar public companies; but these directors would not be chosen from members of the town council, but would be men of recognised business ability, chosen in the same way as directors of public companies. They would be answerable to the town council for the undertakings being carried on in a profitable manner, and the profits would go to the town for its use and enjoyment. That these profits would be substantial if the undertakings were carried on under such direction there can be no doubt. Incidentally, there would no longer be the over-staffing of departments, which, under the present system, is almost

inevitable. A man is no sooner returned to the town council and has a seat on the committee of one of these undertakings than he is pestered by electors in his constituency for jobs in it, and, however conscientious the manager of the department may be, he cannot resist the pressure put upon him by members of his committee to find jobs for their friends.

The trading departments of corporations having been provided for in this manner, there would remain their necessities, such as cleansing, lighting, police, etc., to be dealt with, and to attend to these it would be well to appoint a city manager. This has actually been done in America with excellent results. The saving which such an official has been able to effect is said to be extraordinary, and the time of members of the town councils has been greatly saved. Such a manager puts forward each year an estimate of what he will require [illegible] on the city's services, and this is considered, debated, [illegible] the [illegible] by the town council. Once his budget has been passed he is left a free hand in the administration of it.

The work of the town council, if these proposals were adopted, would be enormously reduced, and it would be again possible to get the more experienced type of man to enter it, as he would be able to spare the time for the work, which he cannot at present do as it is so excessive.

This time is made even more excessive than it need be owing to the deliberate action of the Labour members, who are mostly trade union officials, acting, apparently, on the calculated policy of making service on town councils impossible to the most desirable type of man.

To resume what has been said, in order to relieve industry and other ratepayers from the millstone of local rates the rates of the boards of guardians and of the education authorities should no longer be levied by them, but Parliament should budget every year for the sums necessary for the whole country. Industry would at once be relieved, there would no longer be the blind method of assessing without consideration of the ability to pay, and there would be control of our expenditure so that it bore a reasonable relation to our income. As regards municipal rates, corporation trading undertakings should be transferred to independent boards of directors and the control of the general services to a city manager. Affairs would then be carried on in a far more efficient, economical, and profitable manner, which would result in a reduction of rates.

The result for the nation would be controlled and reduced expenditure.

P. D. Ridge-Beedle.

THE RISE AND FALL OF INDIVIDUALISM

We are familiar to weariness with the various depressing inferences that may be drawn from the modern study of human origins. Bishops and journalists vie with one another in exploiting all those aspects of our alleged kinship with the brutes that are calculated to lower the sense of human dignity. Yet the most remarkable fact about primitive man that has been established by anthropological research is definitely on the side of the angels.

Anyone who is acquainted with the history of moral philosophy during the last three centuries will agree that the crux of the controversy, as between the idealists and those who took a low view of human nature, was the question of the possibility of disinterested benevolence. Hobbes and the various 'naturalist' schools that followed him asserted with the utmost confidence that human nature was originally and fundamentally selfish, and that the apparent regard for the good of others, which plays so large a part in civilised life, was always a disguised form of selfishness. The theory of evolution was welcomed by thinkers of this type as helping them to account, in a natural and easy way, for the gradual transformation of purely self-regarding instincts into the complex motives which now actuate the moral life. The idealists, on the other hand, were chiefly concerned to maintain that benevolence was as integral an element in human nature as self-love; and though Bishop Butler, among others, was crushingly successful in proving the point, so far as regards civilised man, it was felt by the disputants on both sides that 'primitive man' was a stumbling-block to the idealists, and, if we may change the metaphor, a trump-card in the hand of the naturalists.

The state of Nature, according to Hobbes and his successors, was a state of war, in which each man pursued the satisfaction of his own desires and necessarily regarded every other man as his enemy. What we call morality was the result of an original compact by which men agreed to forego the satisfaction of certain of their appetites at one another's expense in order not to be disturbed in the gratification of the rest. Man, in fact, became moral and law-abiding, not for the good of others, but for his

own sake, because thereby he secured the maximum of selfish pleasure.

This was the picture of primitive human society drawn by the cynics, which for generations the idealists hardly dared to challenge. It was based, of course, not on facts, but on the shallow psychology which supposed that desire for pleasure and aversion from pain are the only possible motives for human action; and by a process of circular reasoning, which is not uncommon in the history of philosophy, it was often appealed to as evidence in support of that psychology. For once, at any rate, the cynics have been definitely proved wrong. Modern scientific inquiry has established beyond possibility of question that man is, and has always been, what Aristotle called him, a political animal. The social instinct, which leads him to prefer a common to a private good, has been present and powerful in his nature from his first appearance on this planet. The primitive egoist, who could only be bullied into a semblance of morality by the fear of kings and priests and ghosts, was a myth; and all the laborious treatises which have been written to show how egoism developed into altruism are so much waste paper. Unselfishness is as primitive and fundamental a characteristic of human nature as selfishness.

Here, surely, is a scientific discovery quite as important to Christian theologians as our alleged descent from simian ancestors. But it would seem that people who make a fetish of telling the truth, in public as in private life, are always very much happier in expressing unpleasant truths. The victory of science over superstition is only interesting to them when the superstition that is destroyed happens to be of a generous or encouraging tendency.

The real problem of social evolution is, in fact, the opposite of what it was long supposed to be. Instead of asking how a number of isolated and mutually hostile individuals were induced to submit to the restraints of social and political life, the philosopher is rather called upon to explain how the individual ever succeeded, in some degree, in emancipating himself from the tyranny of the group over his actions, his words, and his inmost thoughts. Man was not born individualist, nor was individualism thrust upon him. It was a late, a laborious, and an incomplete achievement. Personal liberty, in the full and positive sense of the words, was the crowning discovery of European civilisation. It was the goal to which the movement of European history seemed to be tending through tears and blood and with many a temporary check, but, on the whole, with a growing clearness of direction and steadiness of impulse, when, suddenly, new factors appeared, in both the material and the intellectual

movement, which threatens to undo the work of centuries, and not merely to impede but actually to reverse the previous course of our development. The danger is real and pressing. The most powerful forces in modern life, whether for good or for evil, are alike hostile to individuality; while few people seem either to realise the value of what they are so light-heartedly relinquishing, or to conceive the possibility of effective resistance to the *rapid* encroachments of the herd. If we briefly review the long historical travail of which individuality was born, we shall be less disposed to underestimate its importance for human well-being, and the study of the process by which a free personality was achieved will perhaps suggest expedients by which it may yet be maintained amid all the mechanising and levelling influences of modern life.

The first civilised communities of Europe of which we possess any full or intimate knowledge were the city-States of Greece. In them, as in the sister-community of Rome, the idea of man was realised only in and through the State. They produced many brilliant individuals; but even the most brilliant, a Plato or an Aristotle, persisted in conceiving of man primarily as a citizen. It was only when the independence of the cities was broken down, first by the Macedonian and then by the Roman Empire, that thinkers arose who contemplated man in isolation from any particular form of society. The later Greek philosophies, especially Stoicism and Epicureanism, were the first renounced expressions of what we call individualism. They had one ambition, to make the individual self-sufficing and invulnerable to all the attacks of fate or accident. Their ideal, therefore, was almost purely negative; and though their influence, and their popularity, under the Roman emperors was enormous, it is remarkable that their ideal underwent no development or enrichment. It is customary to deplore the decay of political life and public spirit which led to or accompanied this concentration of interest on the individual, and to dismiss the imperial age as merely decadent. Yet something was gained where much, no doubt, was lost; and the last achievement of the classical culture was not the least important—to detach man from the herd, and to leave the naked ego confronted by the cosmos.

Into this world of defiant, if barren, individualism came Christianity, with its proclamation of the unique and absolute value of the soul. The Confessions of St Augustine, which were written when Christianity had established itself and the empire was visibly collapsing under the barbarian inroads, prove, if proof were needed, that the new religion had not altered the focus of interest. It is still the individual that matters supremely; but his new relation to God (and, through God, to his fellow-men)

has given to his individualism a positive content which is capable of almost infinite development. The witness of Augustine is all-important; for not only was he the greatest man of his age, but his influence was dominant in theology for the next thousand years.

Consequently, when civil society rises once more from the chaos of the Dark Ages, in the shape which we know generally as Feudalism, we are not surprised to find that the individual, in spite of appearances to the contrary, has really consolidated his position. It is the golden age of authority, and of an authority that claims especially to control the inner life; but that very claim is based on the absolute and equal worth of every soul. Personality has acquired a new depth of meaning and a new sharpness of outline, and the romantic spirit is born. Romance is hard to define, but at least it stands for personal adventure in life and art; nor should it be forgotten that the feudal system itself was a network of strictly personal relations.

With the Renaissance the modern world begins. The individual was born in the decay of classical civilisation. In the Middle Ages he was under tutelage, with the Church for his guardian. At the Renaissance he 'cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.' The men of the Renaissance were individualist to the finger-tips. Hamlet and Falstaff, who represent the two poles of Shakespeare's creative energy, are alike in this. The melancholy of the one and the humour of the other spring from their vivid consciousness of personal detachment. Montaigne in France, Robert Burton or Sir Thomas Browne in England are typical examples of the Renaissance culture. They are also notorious, not to say fantastical, egoists. Indeed the melancholy so characteristic of the time was nothing but individualism run mad with brooding on man's boundless capacity and the brevity of his span.

If we now make a stride of 300 years to the present day, the change is like passing from a roomful of rich and glowing personalities to the grey monotony of a public meeting. We begin to think of men in classes and masses. Social problems and economic questions dominate the attention. The centre of interest has shifted from the individual to the herd. Men in St. Augustine's day had despaired of society, and were absorbed in the destiny of the individual. In Shakespeare's day they were superbly confident about the individual and indifferent to society, except so far as Church or King might claim a chivalrous loyalty. To-day we have despaired of the individual, and seek a refuge from our despair in schemes for the improvement of society. We are 'herd-conscious' to a degree that has no parallel in history. Prophets like Dean Inge frequently warn

as of a possible return of barbarism. If domination of the individual by the herd is a symptom of barbarism, as research seems to show, the danger is pressing indeed.

It is not hard to discern the causes of the modern depreciation of the individual, nor the period at which they began to operate powerfully. They are, briefly, the growth of population and the application of scientific method to human life; both date from the beginning of the last century. The effect of over-population is obvious; each man counts for less, because there are so many men. The effect of science is almost equally obvious, but it is unfashionable and ungrateful to dwell on the inherent disadvantages of a method to which we owe so many comforts and conveniences. However, the truth must be faced, especially by those who believe, with J. S. Mill, that individuality is an element, perhaps the chief element, in human well-being.

Theoretically it is the function of science to discover uniformity and to formulate "laws." Practically it is her business to apply those laws to the production of uniform results. In both aspects she necessarily ignores individuality, which has, in truth, no existence for her, since her concern is only with what is common to a number of instances. Especially in dealing with human beings does this preference of science for the many over the one come to the fore, just because human beings possess more individuality than other things. The fewer the number of men you contemplate, the more their differences count; when they run into millions the differences seem to cancel out. To take a simple instance: of ten men, or a hundred, you cannot foretell how many will die in a given period. Of a million, you can predict with fair accuracy, not only how many will die, but what diseases will kill them. The insurance societies are there to prove it.

The application of science to industry coincided with a sudden and enormous increase in the populations of Europe. Indeed it was the use of machinery to multiply the necessaries of life and to facilitate transport which was mainly responsible for that increase and for its concentration in towns. More children were born, and more survived, because more was produced to support them, and also because the sciences of medicine and hygiene reduced the mortality due to epidemic and other diseases. At last a sort of equilibrium has apparently been reached, since even in England the death-rate has overtaken the birth-rate.

At the same time a psychological change of vast importance has been going on. Not only have men been congregating in larger masses than ever before, but, owing to the spread of education and the raising of the standard of life, these masses have become self-conscious in an altogether new sense. Especially

have they become conscious of wants and desires which have not previously been felt by the masses as distinct from the classes. They demand luxuries, amusements, refinements and opportunities, both material and intellectual, which have hitherto been the privilege of the few. The justice of their demand is generally recognised, and, even if it were not, it is capable, with the aid of science, of creating its own supply. And here we come to the crux of the situation. Science can, and increasingly does, supply these things to ever larger numbers; and it is conceivable that in a few generations she might supply them to all alike. But she does so at a price—the price of standardisation, which is only another name for organisation. You can educate everybody, and educate them well, if you organise education skilfully enough, but the more efficient your organisation, the more uniform will be its results. You can house everybody well, but only if you give everybody the same bathroom, the best possible bathroom, but for that very reason the same in every house. Most people will hold that this is a better state of things than one in which one man has a bath of porphyry while hundreds of others have no bath at all. It may be better, but it is less favourable to individuality.

It may be argued that, if the general level were ever thus raised to a height at present hardly imaginable, there would only be the more scope for individuality; that health, cleanliness, comfort, and a good education are, after all, as necessary as bread, though we regard them now as luxuries available only to a small minority; and that, if everyone were on an equality in these respects, the differences which foster individuality would begin, so to speak, from that level. It would mean, in fact, that all men started with an equality in 'advantages' instead of a few having the advantages and the rest a miserable equality in handicap. That, presumably, is the ideal of Socialism in its more rational forms. To suppose that such a thing is possible is totally to misunderstand the nature of science—to imagine that you can say to it, 'Thus far, and no farther.' You cannot. Every piece of successful organisation is necessarily and logically a step to further organisation. The more you organise, the more you must organise; and the necessity is psychological as well as logical. People who work in masses, and as units in groups, lose the power of acting in any other way. Side by side with the organisation of work we can already see the organisation of leisure progressing by leaps and bounds. The herd instinct is powerful enough in any case, and when it is backed, as it is increasingly, by the organising, levelling, unifying tendency of applied science, there is reason to fear that it may become irresistible.

It is a humiliating confession, but it is the truth, that the leaders of Bolshevism (if we can trust Herr Fülöp-Miller's account) have been the first clearly to see the logical goal of industrial civilisation—to grasp that the complete mechanisation of life is the one sure means of achieving equality, and that it involves the sacrifice of the individual. Herr Fülöp-Miller crystallises their doctrine in the statement that 'the true path of salvation leads through the annihilation of the individual in a "mass-man" externally organised.' Anybody who will reflect a little upon the trend of social life in England during the last twenty years, and especially since the war, will perceive that it is following just that path, though he may question whether it leads to salvation.

Consider the present condition of the traffic problem and the measures, the indispensable measures, that are being taken to grapple with it. So far as moving on the face of England is concerned, who will dispute that the individual is being absorbed, and asking in sheer self-defence to be absorbed, into a mass-man externally organised? Consider the effect of broadcasting—that even by our firesides we are hearing the same music, the same voices, the same statements, true or false, as millions of other human beings. What is advertisement, in its recent development, but the subjection of the individual to mass-suggestion in order to ensure that he shall go to the same shops and buy the same products as millions of others? It is a form of herding not the less effective because we are unconscious, for the most part, of being herded. It is a kind of external organisation which is aimed deliberately at depriving us of all initiative in more and more departments of life. Think of the modern organisation of sport, think of the tyranny of the trade union over its members, think of community singing, think of the Boy Scouts—think, in short, of anything that is typically modern—and you will find that you are contemplating some form of mass-production or mass-tyranny, something which in effect, and often in intention, narrows the range of personal choice and subjects the individual to the sway of the herd.

The case of the Boy Scout movement is particularly in point, because it is undoubtedly inspired by the worthiest of motives; and, further, one of its avowed aims is to develop what is called 'initiative,' the faculty of original and independent action. Unhappily the way to develop initiative is not to join a movement that includes hundreds of thousands of members engaged in similar pursuits; nor is a uniform, even picturesque and carefully curious, a symbol of individuality. The truth is that the Boy Scouts are laboriously engaged, under the direction of troop-leaders and 'chief wolves,' in doing what all normal boys

have done since the beginning of the world without the need of any encouragement from their elders.

An important indication of the modern trend is given by the phenomenon of Fascism. Fascism, as was pointed out by Miss Petre in *The Nineteenth Century* for October, subordinates the man to the State as completely as Bolshevism, though it does so with a different end in view. Moreover, the cause which is responsible for the birth of Fascism is precisely the same cause as originally prevented or retarded the growth of individualism—the instinct of communal self-preservation. The herd instinct is all-powerful in primitive communities because every tribe is engaged in a ceaseless struggle for life with other tribes or with the forces of Nature, so that it cannot afford to allow its members any large area of independent action. Similarly the Italian nation adopted Fascism because it perceived that its very existence was imperilled by the activities of Communism; and it continues to submit to the restraints of Fascism on personal liberty for the same unanswerable reason. The growth of tyrannical organisations within the State is due to the working of the same law. The trade unions are engaged, or think they are engaged, in a battle for life, and are therefore bound to crush out, as far as possible, the individuality of their members.

Even if we admit that the opposition between the individual and society is ultimately false (since the individual is what he is mainly through the action of the society in which he lives), still there are sufficient grounds for thinking that the relative independence of the individual is much less to-day than it was 500 or 100 years ago, and that it is likely to diminish rapidly in the future. The danger is the more insidious because, at least in our own country, there is nominally more freedom of thought and action than ever before, and many of the movements which are actually most hostile to personal liberty are able to masquerade as liberating forces. It is, for instance, probable that many supporters of Socialism honestly believe themselves to be champions of liberty because Socialism involves the destruction of privilege and established authorities, and the accident of the French Revolution has brought about a misleading association between the ideas of liberty and equality, whereas the one is, in truth, the negation of the other, as the Bolsheviks have not been slow to perceive.

It would be folly to deny that there is much that is admirable in the phenomena that we have been examining. They all contribute, in their degree, to the development of a corporate consciousness, of a sense of solidarity among men—which is a thing that many prophets and kings have desired to see. Modern advertisement itself may serve to remind us of the brotherhood of

even if it is only a brotherhood in gullibility and vulgarity. Moreover, many of the influences that are dangerous to individuality can be clearly seen to be irresistible, whether we like them or not. They are the logical and inevitable result of over-population. You cannot feed and educate and govern enormous masses of men without an amount of public control which was unnecessary in the days when the soil of England supported only five million people. You cannot provide healthy relaxation and amusement for millions without scientific organisation.

> To get the whole world out of bed,
> And washed and dressed and warmed and fed,
> To work, and back to bed again,
> Believe me, Saul, costs worlds of pain.

Nevertheless, while we must recognise what is good, and what is unavoidable, in the recrudescence of the herd instinct, it is equally our duty, in the interests of human happiness, to say nothing of human excellence, to see that it does not go too far. If, as seems to be the case, individualism is a possession that mankind has acquired with infinite pain and labour, we may be sure that mankind will not lose it without bitter searchings of heart. Indeed, the peculiar type of restlessness and unhappiness which, by its own confession, distinguishes our generation seems to arise in part from the feeling of being lost in the crowd, from a sense of personal impotence and insignificance in the face of impersonal forces. The war, in which the individual life was patently of no account, and the economic struggle, in which the weakest so evidently go to the wall, have already lowered the value of personality. Economics is justly called the dismal science, because it treats human beings purely as economic units; and it is also the most influential science of our day. It has, for one thing, practically usurped the field of politics. There is therefore a pressing need to reassert the dignity and the paramount worth of the individual man—to insist that individuality, and not hygiene or economic efficiency, is the ultimate standard by which to judge a civilisation. It is, let us grant, a highly elusive standard, but it is not therefore unreal or wholly inapplicable. Judged by it, our own civilisation manifestly falls short, because, while we are aiming earnestly, and perhaps with some success, at raising the general level, we have by tacit consent given up the pursuit of individual perfection.

It is interesting and, in a sense, encouraging to know that the present situation was foreseen, and the modern malady precisely diagnosed, by a great English thinker more than two generations ago. The following remarks are taken from an essay by T. H. Green, which won the Chancellor's Prize at Oxford in 1862 :

Political life seems no longer attractive, now that political place and power are disseminated among the many, and the country is recognised as belonging not to a ruling caste merely, but to all. A politician in a political society resting on a substratum of slavery, and admitting no limits to the province of government, was a very different person from the modern servant of 'a nation of shopkeepers,' whose best work is to save the pockets of the poor. It would seem as if man lost his nobleness when he ceased to govern, and as if the equal rule of all were equivalent to the rule of none. Yet we hold fast to the faith that the 'cultivation of the masses,' which has for the present superseded the development of the individual, will in its maturity produce some higher type even of individual manhood than any which the old world has known.

The hope which is expressed in the last sentence is faint, as we have seen, because the standardising and levelling influence of a scientific civilisation is progressive; and it tends inevitably, unless some check upon the tendency can be devised, to leave less and less room for individual development. The vital question for us and our children is whether any such check can be discovered. In one sense the answer to this question is obvious. The recognised antithesis or complement to a strictly scientific culture is humanism—a word of vague connotation, which covers the whole range of literary and æsthetic studies. Nor is it hard to see the connexion between humanism and individualism; for the perceptions to which humanism appeals, and which it cultivates, are as much a matter of personal endowment as the colour of one's hair. Anyone of normal intelligence can follow a chemical demonstration, but not everyone can be led to an appreciation of Virgil's style, even by the most accomplished instructor. But though humanism is doubtless a sovereign cure for the tyranny of science, the difficulty is to apply the remedy to a whole society, which is increasingly dependent for its very existence on scientific organisation.

The prospect is gloomy at a first glance, but the cause of individualism, or humanism, has certain powerful allies in the constitution of human nature, whose strength it would be foolish to under-rate. First and foremost there is the mystical or spiritual faculty in man, which, as we have seen, played a great part in the liberation of the individual. For a variety of reasons, among which the characteristic arrogance of science is not the least important, that faculty is for the moment unduly depreciated, when its validity is not altogether denied; but that need not disquiet us. When science has done all that she can for mankind in the way of physical comfort or intellectual enlightenment, mankind will be only the more conscious of the void which science can never fill, the questions that science can never answer. And those questions interest men, not as units in a mass, but as individuals. The Bolshevist doctrinaires speak with peculiar bitter-

soul of the 'self-contained individual' as something that must be swept away before the man-mass can be realised; and they are right. Only when he has got rid of the encumbrance of his soul will the individual consent to be merged entirely in the mass. Fortunately the religious instinct is ineradicable; and wherever there is personal religion or mysticism, there, sooner or later, the individual will assert his rights against the herd.

Another powerful instinct in human nature is one that manifests itself strikingly in the extract from T. H. Green. Green was a philosophic Liberal, whose ethical and social ideal was a 'good for all, which is also the good for each.' Yet the passage quoted is full of an irrepressible regret for vanished aristocracies: it is the *cri de cœur* of a convinced democrat, who finds that democracy is not worth while, or is worth while only in the faith that it may eventually give birth to a higher aristocratic type. From so conscientious and consistent a thinker as Green the confession is significant in the highest degree. It is a pungent reminder that, 'while we should aim at nothing less comprehensive than the welfare of the whole people, we should not lower the level of our aim by looking only to the capacities of average humanity.' The future of individuality, as of all spiritual interests, depends mainly on the steadfast assertion of an ideal of perfection. It is just here that modern movements—of which Socialism and mass-production, in their respective spheres, may be taken as typical—fail so deplorably. Nor will their failure be made good until we have the courage to reaffirm the principle which struggles for expression through Green's Liberalism—the principle, namely, of aristocracy, or, as Dr. Johnson called it, of subordination. What that principle amounts to is simply the recognition of two facts—the fact that men are not equal in endowment or capacity, though they are in spiritual value, and the further fact that all men cannot have an equally good time in this world.

Let us take a concrete illustration of the principle. It is undoubtedly pleasanter for a youth of eighteen to spend three or four years of 'learned leisure' at Oxford or Cambridge than to plunge immediately into the hard work of life; it is also far better for the all-round development of his abilities. Furthermore, it is evident not only that under present conditions very few can enjoy this privilege, but also that it would lose most of its pleasantness, and of its value as a stimulus, if it ceased to be a privilege of the few. The levelling spirit asks us to abolish the privilege; the principle of aristocracy demands that we should maintain it—in the interests, not of the privileged few, but, far more decidedly, of the unprivileged many. We shall be asked, with deadly irony, how the maintenance of effete institutions for the cultivation of useless knowledge can benefit the toiling masses.

The answer is: in the same way as the whole of our [illegible] civilisation is benefited even to-day by the thought and art and literature which were born of the refined and slave-supported leisure of Periclean Athens. Where there is no vision the people perisheth: the disinterested love of truth and beauty is an essential part of the vision by which a people lives; and that love could not well be kept alive in a society of which every member was in life-long bondage to the service of economic necessities. The leisured and learned classes no doubt contain, like any other classes, a majority of selfish and useless people—'blind mouths,' as Milton called them; and yet their existence is as necessary to the spiritual welfare of the masses as the existence of the masses is necessary to their material welfare. It would be a mistake to suppose that Lenin's war of extermination against the 'intelligentsia' was inspired by mere bloodthirstiness and envy and hatred. He knew that the culture of the few was indispensable to the soul-life of the many; and since his object was to destroy the soul, as the chief obstacle to the advent of the mass-man, leisure and learning must be abolished root and branch.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri. A study of the methods pursued in Bolshevist Russia, where war has been declared on the individual, will indicate, by way of opposition, the path of social legislation to be followed by those who wish to preserve and foster individuality. Religion and 'the precious cultural possessions accumulated by the individualism of past centuries' are recognised in Russia as chiefly barring the way to the realisation of 'the completely automatised collective man.' Religion can, and must, be trusted to look after its own future; but those precious cultural possessions are held on a frail tenure, of which the chief condition is the maintenance of some sort of learned and privileged class. This class forms a kind of lay priesthood; and if, as with other priesthoods, most of its members are unworthy of their high calling, it is comforting to reflect that here too the unworthiness of the minister does not wholly preclude the transmission of grace. The influence of aristocracies is not exhausted by their direct political and social action. They represent an ideal which is necessary to the well-being of society, however imperfectly it may be embodied in their actual members. Humanity, especially in the persons of the poor, loves to dream, without envy, of a race of splendid idle beings as somehow really existent here and now. That, perhaps, is why all successful modern plays, with very few exceptions, represent or misrepresent the life of the idle rich, in spite of all the thunders of the critics against 'refainement' and [illegible]. It is not snobbery; it is only human nature.

If we are to save individuality we must steadfastly resist the

levelling forces of science and industrialism. We must oppose with all our might every new effort to pull down the few remaining strongholds of privilege, which is the surest safeguard of individuality. We may not, for instance, like the public schools unreservedly; but when they are attacked in the name of democracy or efficiency, we should defend them tooth and nail, for they are the last barriers against a uniform and increasingly utilitarian system of national education. When we hear the Churches blamed as inefficient and out of touch with the age, we should count it unto them for righteousness. It only means that religion has not yet been standardised. In short, we must be ready to be stigmatised as hopelessly reactionary, for reaction is what is needed at the moment—reaction against the tendencies of the last two or three generations, but not against the true line of European development, if that has been, as we have tried to show, from mass-tyranny towards individual liberty.

PHILIP S. RICHARDS.

TRUTH AND ERROR IN THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION

The word "evolution" is one which is, or may be, used in several different senses. It is sometimes employed to connote an operative and designing agency, and is in a measure personified, as when the production of a human eye, ear, or brain is ascribed to it.

In a more appropriate and restricted sense it means simply a series of changes comprising a gradual development or the slow passage from the simple to the complex or less perfect to more perfect, without hypothesis as to the cause. It is not generally applied to describe the normal growth changes of an individual, but only those progressive changes by which a certain type of individual or object makes its appearance. The essential idea connected with the word is that of continuity, namely, the absence of any sudden breaks or jumps or appearances in full development at once. In this sense it is contrasted very often with the word "creation," which is commonly held to imply a discontinuity or appearance of something more or less complete without preliminary stages in a more simple state.

Our modern investigations have shown us beyond any question that the magnitude of the physical universe, as accessible to us by vision, is vastly greater, and the changes in it vastly slower in time, than formerly supposed.

When intelligent man first directed his gaze to the star-spangled midnight sky "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," apart from the motions of the sun, moon and planets over the celestial vault, the stars themselves grouped in their constellations seemed from age to age immovable and unchanged, and no eye observations could reveal their distances or size. Our great telescopes, spectroscopes, and interferometers, however, tell us a different story. In remote regions of space we see innumerable spiral nebulae which are enormous masses of whirling incandescent vapour or dust condensing in parts to more dense or brilliant luminous patches. These are now held to be island universes or star clusters in process of manufacture. Investigations with the bolometer and spectroscope have shown that stars may be

[illegible] which have lower temperatures, at least in their photospheres.

No one has ever seen a giant shrink up into a dwarf, because there are reasons for thinking that the 'life' of a star covers a period of the order of 500,000,000 years. Moreover, their immense and different distances prevent us from ever seeing these objects all as they are at one instant. Astronomers measure stellar distances in light-years, namely, the distance travelled by a ray of light in one year. It is about six million million miles. The nearest of the stars is about four and a quarter light-years distant, and those on the confines of our galaxy, the so-called Milky Way, are probably 300,000 light-years away from us.

There can be hardly any doubt, however, that in observing the 10,000,000,000 stars which are within vision reach or photographic reach of our telescopes and eyes we are viewing a number of objects in various stages of development, each having a life-history and a birth, maturity and decay. There is a certain stage at which a star develops a photosphere and becomes a 'sun,' but our vision has not sufficient power to tell us whether other suns than ours are accompanied by a family of planets. Our sun, however, has a family of eight, four of which may be called giant planets and four of them dwarfs. Our particular planet the earth is the largest of these dwarfs. In view of the differences that we find between stars, some of which closely resemble our sun, it is hardly likely that our solar system has always been as we see it now.

The various hypotheses which have been put forward from the time of Laplace to the present day have not altogether been able to account completely for the planet formation; but the identity in direction of their rotation round the sun and the presence of identical kinds of matter in the earth and sun are arguments in favour of some form of slow production from a single mass, and in the proper and restricted sense of the word 'evolution' we may say that it has been manifested in these developments.

While observational astronomy was busy with these facts and figures, physicists and mathematicians concerned themselves

with underlying atoms. Homer Lane had shown in the last century that when a mass of gas radiates its heat in space it first gets hotter as it shrinks in size. Radiation had also been proved to exercise a pressure on absorbing surfaces, and therefore a reaction pressure on radiating surfaces. Hence rotation might be set up in a gaseous mass by projection of matter or by inequality in radiation. Poincaré and George Darwin had proved that such rotation might produce a fission or separation of the mass, and that tidal action combined with the conservation of angular momentum might push the masses apart and so form binary or multiple stars. The interesting cosmological investigations of A. S. Eddington and J. H. Jeans and many others have indicated that certain physical processes, such as the probable conversion of matter into radiant energy, may be taking place in the interior of stars, which thus radiate at the expense of their mass.

Whilst the operations in this large-scale astronomy were being slowly revealed, chemists and physicists had made progress in examining the structure of constituent atoms. It proved that there was a certain similarity in the large and small things of Nature. Atoms were shown to be built up of two kinds of smaller particles, electrons and protons, and the protons have each about 1800 times the mass of an electron. Whilst no one can say that the internal architecture of atoms is certainly known, there are many facts which support the theory advanced by Sir Ernest Rutherford that the protons are all collected together with some electrons in a compact nucleus and the remaining electrons circulate like planets round the central mass. There are about eighty-eight or eighty-nine known types of chemical atom. We can arrange their names in tabular form in eight columns and twelve rows in order of their atomic number or number of planetary electrons, and we then find in each column a double series of elements, the member of each series having similar but progressive chemical and physical properties. There is, in short, a remarkable symmetry and order in this *table*, which is not merely an order due to our arrangement, but is inherent in the nature of the atoms themselves. No one has yet been able to suggest any process by which these different kinds of atoms have arisen from any simpler or more fundamental kind of matter, nor how it comes to pass that there is a structure in them closely resembling that which we find on a vaster scale in the solar system, and possibly also in many other stars. We have been able, however, to prove that in certain elements of high atomic number there is a spontaneous breaking up into other and simpler types of atom. There is something in this which suggests the possibility that under certain, at present unknown, conditions the process might be reversed,

and there may be an upbuilding of complex atomic forms from the electron and proton constituents. Apart from mere speculation as to the production of electrons and protons from the hypothetical ether, the doctrine of evolution is not able to give us any account of the manner in which matter came into existence.

There is another aspect of the question. All changes of place or motion and form in matter involve something called Energy, and the two are perhaps only different manifestations of the same ultimate entity. Each of these is a measurable quantity and is conserved as far as we ourselves are concerned—that is, we cannot increase or diminish its total amount; but when matter is changed into radiant energy there is a certain ratio or rate of exchange. The source of the sun's radiant heat, as Jeans explains, is the wasting of the sun's mass. It wastes at the rate of 250 tons a minute to supply the heat and light it emits. Old stars have less mass on the whole than young stars because they have radiated more.

If, however, we attempt to penetrate farther into the secrets of the material universe we find the limitations of our faculties, and our powers call a halt.

Science, however, does not concern itself with ultimate causes. It is content to start its investigations from an assumed datum line or plane and to relegate all behind it to an unknown first cause.

But philosophy (and in common life we are all philosophers) is not content to have a curtain dropped, as it were, at the back of the stage and to be forbidden to look behind it. It asks the Why, the Where, and the How of everything.

We find in ourselves a faculty of recognition of order, symmetry, and adaptation of means to an end, and at the same time an immediate appreciation of beauty and power in the external world. In short, we have intelligence and emotions. Moreover, we ourselves are active agents and can produce order, adaptation and beauty in things we create out of materials which do not possess them.

The facts of which we are most certain are our own personal existence and power of thought. We are certain of them because the attempt to deny them is a proof of their actuality. In the external universe we find phenomena which excite our powers of thought and intelligence.

Unless we are prepared to take up the position that atoms of the human brain arranged in a certain way become thereby conscious of their own existence, and can interpret the impressions on the senses into feelings of beauty or intelligent recognition of order or adaptation, we have to admit that these powers are the attributes or qualities of something distinct from matter

which we call Mind. We recognise the existence of mind in other human beings than ourselves by the fact that they too can create order, beauty, or adaptation which appeals to our own mind.

When, therefore, we see these same powers exhibited in the external world on a vaster scale, we are entitled to assert that they are the product of a Mind other than ours, and that the things or phenomena which excite our intelligence and emotions are the product of the intelligence and feeling of a Supreme Intelligence or Mind.

When, then, we trace out or see a gradual development of things in Nature we are entitled to use the word 'evolution' to describe the *process* or *effect*, but we are not justified in using it, even if spelt with a capital letter E, as a name for the efficient or ultimate *cause* of order, adaptation or beauty. In mathematical equations the expressions on both sides must have similar *dimensions*, as it is called. We cannot equate a height to an area or an area to a volume. Even a schoolboy sees at once the absurdity of stating that the height of a monument is so many square yards or cubic miles.

So also in our philosophical equations, in which we connect together two ideas or concepts as necessary sequences or as cause and effect, there must be manifest the two qualities of adequacy or sufficiency and similarity or kindred nature on both sides of the equation. The material universe exhibits phenomena which appeal to intelligence. They can therefore only have originated in Intelligence. A simple illustration will make this clear.

At one time Egyptian hieroglyphic writing was unintelligible. The key to the meaning of its signs had been lost. But by the guesses of genius and assistance rendered by the Rosetta Stone it became intelligible to antiquarians. If, however, a monkey or imbecile had made some marks on paper with a pencil, no human intelligence could attach any meaning to them. In the first case the marks or signs were the product of intelligent beings and are therefore interpretable by intelligence. In the second case they were not. Hence when certain qualities or effects in Nature appeal to our intelligence it can only be because intelligence other than our own has placed them there.

In short, the universe is not merely a Thing, it is a Thought, and thought implies and necessitates a Thinker. The use of the term 'evolution' as a name for the cause of the order, adaptation, and beauty of the external world is an error. It is erroneous because it attributes the production of phenomena which appeal to our intelligence and emotion to an agency which is impersonal, unselfconscious, and has no intelligence or emotion itself, and

therefore cannot produce them. It is inadequate because dissimilar to the things it is called in to explain. It is merely a personification of the concept of gradual and continuous change.

We may pass on then to consider other fields of thought in which the doctrine of evolution as commonly stated is an insufficient explanation. We find around us not only inanimate objects, but those which we call 'living,' such as animals and plants. The atom of organic life is the 'cell' or unit of which all animals and plants are built up The cell in its simplest form is a small mass of a material commonly called protoplasm, but the cell as a whole has a very complicated structure, so much so that a special branch of science called Cytology is devoted to its study. Broadly speaking, the living cell has four powers—first, in appropriate surroundings it can take in and transform into living matter suitable nourishment, secondly it increases or grows; thirdly, at a certain stage it subdivides or multiplies by fission; and, lastly, in most cases the aggregate of cells produced build themselves up into some complete form of vegetable or animal life, and by special organs hand on to a successor that power of building up to type they themselves possess There is therefore hidden away in the germinal cells something equivalent to the plan of a house, in accordance with which the bricks or cells are not piled one on another in disorder, but arranged in order so as to create an edifice

The important and interesting matter is the reason for the appearance of these discrete and different forms of animal and vegetable life Naturalists distinguish them as various species, and endless discussion has centred round the questions What is a species? and what is their origin? For popular exposition perhaps Huxley's definition of a species may be accepted, namely, that it is the smallest group to which distinct and invariable characters can be assigned The publication in 1859 of Charles Darwin's book *The Origin of Species* is always held to mark an epoch Any attempt to summarise fully in a few sentences the contents of libraries of books written on it would be futile, but the following is perhaps not a hopelessly inaccurate statement There is an enormous fertility of procreation in most animals and plants. A single codfish may lay a million eggs or several million, and the same for many species of insect The means of subsistence are, however, not so abundant and difficult to obtain. Moreover, animals prey upon each other Hence arises a struggle for existence. The progeny show slight variations, and are not all absolutely alike. Some may have an advantage in this struggle and survive, and the organs or powers which contribute to this success may be enhanced. Objections in course of

time have been raised to this theory then so imperfectly stated, and wide differences of opinion exist between equally eminent naturalists on points connected with it.

If the only questions at issue were purely biological concerning only the production of animal and vegetable species, the general public would be quite content to leave specialists to settle their differences of opinion between themselves. But the matter cannot be so easily settled. The human race, dominant above all others on the surface of the globe, is unquestionably, as regards bodily structure, closely allied to the animal races, and especially to the higher mammalia. Great as are the differences, yet in broad outline the similarities are too manifest to be denied.

Accordingly it was inevitable that any hypothesis advanced to account for animal species should be extended to include and cover that of man (*Homo sapiens*) himself. But this involves questions of stupendous importance as regards the origin, true nature, and destiny of humanity which carry us far beyond the limits of purely biological discussions. They have implications which extend into the regions of psychology, ethics and religion, and disturb the strongest convictions of the human mind.

Whenever they have been raised, general lay opinion has thrown itself into the fray. In a past generation such mighty controversialists as Huxley and Gladstone battled with each other on these questions. The controversy, however, died away, and there seemed to be a sort of truce established in which old-fashioned opinions that the universe as we see it now came into existence by Divine fiats about 6000 years ago in the course of 144 hours were abandoned; but the teaching in the Biblical literature, held to be inspired, as to the special origin and redemption of mankind was not invalidated or disturbed. The question has, however, been raised again by the prominence given to human origins in the last British Association presidential address (1927) by Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., and still more by the bold assertion of the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Barnes, F.R.S.) in a Westminster Abbey sermon on September 25, 1927, that the general acceptance of the Darwinian hypothesis demands an entire reconstruction of theology, and an abandonment, or at least revision, of fundamental doctrines which have been regarded as truths for more than 1900 years. The great public interest thereby excited was shown by the fact that the editors of leading daily newspapers were almost snowed under by letters from countless correspondents anxious to refute or support these opinions. Hence the question of man's origin and destiny is very 'live' to-day, and it is of the utmost importance that the

general public should not allow themselves to be rushed into the belief that scientific opinion on the origin of species is so unanimous or so absolutely infallible that the time-honoured teaching of the Bible when interpreted with adequate knowledge of fact, history, and language must be thrown to the winds.

Let us endeavour to see exactly where we stand.

The human race at the present time on our earth is everywhere fairly uniform in intrinsic qualities.

There are, it is true, white, yellow, brown and black races and a vast divergence of language and customs, but there is everywhere the same marvellous susceptibility to education and power of learning and doing new things.

There is the same power of acquiring abstract ideas, such as the classification of actions into right and wrong.

There is the same power of choice and giving weight to motives which we call free will. There is the same sense of personal consciousness or personality, as indicated by adopting names and titles. There are also the same religious and spiritual potentialities, as shown by the ease with which such ideas are implanted even in the child mind.

A deep conviction has existed from remote ages, as shown by burial customs, that this personality does not cease with the death of the body. Beyond this there is an almost universal conviction that there are superhuman unseen powers of a personal nature, some of which are benignant and some malignant, and in its highest form this belief culminates in the doctrine of a Father Almighty whose tender mercies are over all His works, but that in some mysterious manner there has arisen an opposition to His will which exhibits itself in what we call evil and sin.

Taking the highest of the animal races as a whole—even if we accord this place to the anthropoid apes, which is doubtful—there are not the slightest indications even of a beginning of these special human qualities in them. Left to themselves the animal activity confines itself to the obtaining and perhaps storing food, shelter from weather and enemies, procreation and care of offspring. In some of these respects there is, however, a close similarity with human operations. The evolutionist desires to bridge this gulf between animals and man, and therefore an earnest search has been made for intermediate types, or what used to be called the 'missing links.'

A certain number—at best not large—of bony remains, skulls, jaws, or later a few complete skeletons, have been found which experts pronounce to be the remains of such intermediate forms. They have been given names from the places where found, or the geological ages to which they are considered to belong, such

as *Eoanthropus dawsoni*, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, *Homo heidelbergensis*, *the Neanderthal man*, etc.

Here, however, a criticism may be permitted. The anthropologists have never given us a complete or satisfactory definition of what they mean by a 'man.'

The whole question at issue is whether these remains are those of ancestors of the human race. To name them *homo* or *man* is therefore to anticipate the verdict and to take for granted that which has to be proved.

The proper avenue of approach is to settle first the intrinsic and essential qualities or characteristics of man, including in that term, of course, both sexes. To do this we must examine man in his most perfect development, and then endeavour to discover how far down in the scale of being or when these special characteristics first made their appearance. When we consider man in his highest types we see, even far back in history, vast intellectual powers in his great scientific and literary attainments. In artistic creation, music, painting and sculpture, how marvellous are his faculties! In organisation and statesmanship, handicraft, invention and exploration, how wonderful his work! Still more remarkable are his altruistic qualities. What amazing achievements in the treatment of disease! What labours on behalf of the poor and indigent in production of philanthropic institutions! Then when we take notice of his religious faculties and his God-consciousness he seems farther removed than ever from the animal races. As prophet, apostle, evangelist, saint and preacher he has insisted always on his own spiritual nature, and that he has intimate relations with things not seen.

Can these faculties and powers be explained in terms simply involving matter and energy? Are they the outcome of vibrations of atoms of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur and phosphorus, undergoing changes in an unstable, highly complex organic material substance we call the brain?

To assume that we can explain Mind and Spirit in terms of Matter is to violate the fundamental canons of philosophic thought.

Hence the essential characteristic of man is that he has a soul. He is not simply a highly developed animal, but an incarnate spirit. But then the evolutionist may reply, 'If you hypothecate something you call a soul or psyche for humanity, you must assume it also in a rudimentary form for the beast or at least for the higher animals, for they also manifest some degree of intelligence and feeling.' The criticism is perfectly valid. The whole question at issue, then, is whether the intelligence, soul or psyche of man differs merely in degree, but not in kind, from that of the animal. Is it essentially of the same nature, but only more

evolved in power? When we examine the animal races as we have had experience of them within historic times, we find that the animal intelligence is essentially static. Left to itself it never progresses beyond a certain fixed point. Some animals may be taught by reward or punishment to do certain non-natural acts in imitation of human beings, but left to themselves they would never continue to practise them, far less improve upon their teaching. On the other hand, the human intelligence is dynamic or self-advancing and readily responds to suggestion. Races formerly called uncivilised when brought in contact with others more advanced readily adopt the dress, speech, ways, information, ideas and appliance of the latter.

Domestic animals which have been in close contact with man for thousands of years are no more forward in intelligence now than at the beginning.

In the same manner missionary labours have destroyed polytheism, idolatry, polygamy, human sacrifices and bestial customs in debased human races, and planted in their minds the ideas of monotheism, Christianity and a purified ethic. We consider that no race and no man in respect of conduct and morality is irreclaimable. Then in regard to destiny, our attitude differs towards death in the animal and in the man. If they are essentially of the same nature, how comes it to pass that there is so widespread an opinion that bodily death is the end of the individuality of the animal but not of the personality of the man? If that is not true, how, then, has evolution produced such a conviction? We consider it quite appropriate that a religious service expressing our belief in this fact should be held at the graveside of a human being. Would not the most ardent evolutionist consider there was something of an indecent mockery in a similar religious service being held at the interment of the corpse of the most talented chimpanzee that ever lived in a zoological gardens?

If, then, there are these strong indications of a qualitative difference between the psyche of men and animals, we are entitled to ask when this made its first appearance and how was it brought about. Because that is what is really meant by the creation of man.

The doctrine of evolution gives us no account of the way in which matter, energy, life and mind first made their appearance, nor has it done so for that which we call the human soul, with its innate God-consciousness and deep-seated conviction that bodily death is not the termination of personality.

The obvious difficulties in the acceptance of this spontaneous development of man from an ape-like progenitor are too often ignored and words used which take for granted the thing which

requires proof. A satisfactory explanation has not yet been given why one branch of some Miocene simian stock began to change its bodily organs and form in certain directions. What were the influences or forces at work to reduce the size of teeth and jaw, shorten the arms, diminish hair on the body, remove the prehensile great toe, improve the grasp of the hand, make easy the upright position of the body, enlarge the skull capacity and increase the complexity of the brain structure? It is not clear that some of these changes would in the initial stages have favoured the survival of the individual, and it must have been a long time before the power of inventing weapons and tools compensated for diminished protection or muscular power of the body. The word *acquired* is also used without proper explanation.

Thus in an article on 'The Antiquity of Man' in *Nature*, November 6, 1919, Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, F.R.S., says:

> In the following Miocene epoch several groups (of mammals) that had by that time *acquired* a still more effective brain (etc.). About the middle and towards the end of the Miocene period true apes with a higher development of brain than any mammal had up to that time acquired (etc.). As the apes could no longer migrate southward those that survived must have *become* adapted for living on the ground and *acquired* carnivorous instead of frugivorous habits. By continued *development* of the brain and increase in bodily size such ground apes would *tend* to become man.

The italics are inserted by the present writer to draw attention to the manner in which the real questions at issue are covered up by a word.

Surely a very large hypothesis is here being built on a small foundation of fact. Even eminent biologists themselves seem cautious in resting the weight of their reputation upon this evolutionary bridge of doubtful strength, and, whilst not repudiating it entirely, write with restraint. Thus Professor J. Graham Kerr, F.R.S., Regius Professor of Zoology in the University of Glasgow, in his book *Evolution*, p. 213, says:

> Palaeontological knowledge regarding man's past history is still of the most fragmentary kind. Each additional scrap becomes the subject of a voluminous literature and the basis of an edifice of speculation out of all proportion to the foundation upon which it rests, and not infrequently constructed in complete defiance of the accepted canons of morphological argument. No doubt this is quite understandable in view of the intense interest of the subject, but the serious student of evolution has to step very warily when he enters this field.

When we have authoritative statements of this kind from eminent biologists (and they might be greatly multiplied), need we be in such a hurry to throw our creeds and ancient doctrines as to man's origin into the melting-pot and give text-books on Evolution a place of pre-eminence in our theological colleges?

No one would deny that there are difficulties in the form and details of Biblical statements as to man's origin, but they are not yet resolved by substituting for them the doubtful hypothesis of a continuous evolution from amœba to man.

There may be more of truth than is generally supposed locked up in the sublime and ancient statement, even in spite of its parabolic form:

> And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul. [Gen. ii. 7.]

J. A. FLEMING.

SCIENCE AND WAR

The Influence of Science

Science, however rudimentary, has always influenced war just as it has always influenced the peaceful activities of man, but only since the outbreak of the last great war has the relationship between science and war met with due recognition. Yet in spite of this fact, probably the greatest military revolution which has taken place in the recent history of war, few soldiers realise what this relationship means, though they are quite open to accept without argument that the influence of science on industry (the peaceful counterpart of war and the base of military action) has been prodigious.

Since the opening of the Christian age there have been three great intellectual periods. The first lasted until about the year 1400, and during this long stretch of years science, suppressed by religious dogma, was, except amongst the Jews and Arabs, all but non-existent in Europe. The second opened with the Renaissance and lasted until about 1750, this period being marked by the triumph of logical thought over crude superstitions, and during it science was very largely philosophical. The third, the period in which we live, began with the perfecting of the steam-engine, and the greatest economic and social revolution in human history was the result.

During these three great periods were evolved three cycles of warfare—namely, the Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery cycles; and to-day, so I think, we are rapidly approaching the manhood of the third. None of these cycles can be given a definite starting point or conclusion, for one merges into the other, yet, in each, one definite arm by degrees gains supremacy over all others, and ultimately marks the period as its own. Nor is there anything novel in this, for during the Classical age it was much the same. In ancient Greece we find first of all a prolonged infantry period stretching from the days of Homer to those of Philip of Macedon. Persian influence then changed Grecian military organisation, and cavalry became the principal arm. With the Romans it was the same. Before the Hannibalian War the main Roman arm

was infantry, then cavalry rose to importance, and finally the great scientific revolution, which took place in Alexandria during the second century B.C. and lasted for some 300 years, changed military organization, which from thence onwards centred more and more on artillery arms, such as catapults, bows and balista. This period was followed by the *Pax Romana* and the eventual decadence of the Roman armies.

In the Christian age the cavalry cycle opens with the Battle of Adrianople (378 A.D.). The unarmoured Gothic horse overthrows the Roman legions, now rendered immobile by their impedimenta and slow-moving artillery. Then chain armour appears, and later on, when the art of the armourer is rediscovered, plate armour, which becomes so heavy that in 1415, at Agincourt, the French knights dismount and fight on foot. This battle may be considered as approximately marking the conclusion of the great cavalry cycle in tactics.

Meanwhile infantry, which for over 1000 years had, except as camp followers and pillagers, been mainly employed in forest and mountain warfare, emerge from their fastnesses, as did the Welsh bowmen and Swiss pikemen, and when firearms are introduced they master the best cavalry of the day. From about 1525, the date of the Battle of Pavia, the influence of the musket becomes more and more generally felt, until, in the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great makes such good use of his guns and howitzers that to-day, looking back on this period, may be perceived the decline of the second great cycle of war, the infantry cycle, and the surging upward of the third, the artillery cycle. Napoleon, a gunner, makes the fullest use of his guns; the Crimean War is a gunner's war; the War of Secession in America again and again shows the increasing power of the gun. The Franco-Prussian War is largely won by the superiority of the German artillery, and in the Russo-Japanese War it is as much due to gun fire as to small-arms fire that this war is mainly a war of trenches. At length, in 1914-1918, the gun becomes the supreme arm; thousands are used statically—that is to say, they are hauled into position, unlimbered and fired; and it is only towards the close of the war that small cannons are mounted on armoured petrol-driven machines, called tanks, and artillery becomes truly mobile. We now re-enter the Alexandrian period, but with a difference, which is radical. The classical artillery cycle rendered warfare immobile; the modern artillery cycle will render it more rapid than ever, for in the one the motive power was the horse, whilst in the other it is the petrol engine.

During the whole of this long period of 2000 years we find science influencing war. In the cavalry cycle its influence is

extremely slow, yet any good collection of armour will show the progress made. The science of armouring, if I may use such a term, was the controlling factor of the battlefield. Cities and principalities which possessed armourers won battles, and those which did not more frequently than not shunned them. Then came the discovery of gunpowder, and the whole nature of war is changed, and with this change also the whole nature of peace. Gunpowder enabled kings to control their turbulent subjects. The foundations of European nations are built of gunpowder, and the superstructure arising from them, the nations as we see them to-day, is built of the next great scientific discovery, the power of steam.

The influence of steam has been so colossal that during the last 170 years the civilised world has been completely changed. In naval power this difference may be illustrated by comparing a battle ship like the *Hood* to a battleship like the old *Victory*. In armies this change was in size rather than in nature. Masses of men, greater than the legendary armies of Xerxes and Darius, could be moved forward by rail and steamship, but once on the battlefield steam power was useless to move them; worse still, it enabled the modern armourers to equip them with such deadly weapons that forward movement became most difficult, and within a few weeks of the opening of the Great War all but impossible. It was not training or discipline which had failed, for failure was due to quite another cause, namely, the lack of appreciating the influence of science on tactics, strategy, and military organisation. In 1914 soldiers relied on pluck; in 1915 they hesitated what to do, then they turned to the great source of fighting power—science and her child industry—and said: "Solve me this problem." Science had invented weapons against which man could not move except in the greatest danger, now the soldier asked her to devise weapons and means which would overthrow her own inventions. The scientist and the manufacturer then went into close alliance with the soldier, and the result, for want of a better name, may be called scientific warfare.

Scientific Warfare

The central problem of all wars, whether ancient or modern, is freedom of movement, and when opposed the soldier attempts to obtain this freedom, and to restrict it, by offensive action—that is, by the use, or the threat of the use, of weapons. As the aim of both sides is similar, it is obvious that should one side be able to protect its offensive action more effectively than the other, it will stand the better chance of winning.

Before the outbreak of the Great War weapon power, the

result of science and scientific thought, had completely out-stripped tactics, the result of military thought. Whilst the armourer was devising weapons for the future, the soldier was copying the tactics of the past. The power of the new weapons was not understood, and their influence on human nature little appreciated, and the result was that, after the first hurry and skurry of the war was over, a complete deadlock supervened. In 1913 the general staffs had quite rightly grasped the value of mobility as the crucial aim of tactics, but nowhere were they prepared to gain it, since they had overlooked the fact that offensive power must be protected. They hoped to protect the infantry advance by artillery fire, artillery being regarded as an auxiliary to the foot soldier. They had not grasped the fact that the old supremacy of infantry had for over 100 years been in a decline, and that the gun and the howitzer were fast approaching the position of first importance. The lessons of the Russo-Japanese War had been ill digested. The magazine rifle, machine gun, and the field gun had driven armies to earth; on practically every battlefield from the Yalu onwards trenches were dug and wired, with the result that the assault, the supreme tactical act of infantry, became more and more difficult, and, consequently, less and less frequent.

In 1914 armies marched forth to fight Sadowa and Sedan over again. The British command was largely educated on the War of Secession in America—a war some sixty years old, and a war of hastily trained troops armed with muzzle-loaders and crude breech-loading rifles. The result was a complete surprise. The manœuvres of Jackson and Moltke were impossible, because from the outset scientific invention, and not the tactics of the military schools, took command of the battlefield. The railways pumped millions of men across the frontiers. The initial frontage of the German army stretched from Holland to Switzerland, and the maintenance of this enormous mass of men and material was only possible on account of the railways. From the outset there was never more than one German flank—namely, the right—for to turn their left was not a feasible operation. The French attempted a frontal attack, and utterly failed. They also had miscalculated the stopping power of modern weapons. Then by a flank attack they beat the Germans on the Marne, and the Germans, to secure their right, drew it back and then threw it forward to the sea.

On the Western Front, from the end of 1914 onwards the supreme tactical problem was the reinstatement of mobility. The war had developed into a purely linear operation. Two flankless walls of men faced each other behind their earthworks and wire, and the tactical situation resembled far more closely

the operations of the Crimean War than those of 1866-69, 1866 and 1870-71. Movement forward was at an end.

To reinstate mobility the soldier first attempted to brea his enemy's front, and secondly to encircle it. The Allies s out to besiege the Central Powers by land, and to do so the plan was to construct a wall of bayonets from the English Chann through France, Italy, and Poland to the Baltic. The Ge mans retaliated by an encirclement by sea, and the result wa unrestricted submarine warfare. Both attempts failed, com plete encirclement was impossible, and every effort to pen trate a front by means of infantry and artillery proved abo tive. The old tactics were in fact bankrupt. It was during th process of liquidating the old military business that scientifi invention, the cause of this deadlock, stepped into the breac and won the war.

The problem was as follows The contending nations sa securely behind their entrenched fronts, and though starvatio was a certain way of ending the war, it was so costly, even t the victor, that other means had to be sought.

Starvation is mainly an attack on the civil will through th civil stomach if the civil will can be broken organised warfar must end; therefore the soldier turned to the civil engineer an said: 'Build me thousands of aeroplanes so that I may attac the civil will of my enemy by a more rapid means than b starvation—namely, by terror' Further he said · 'Tacticall I cannot advance because of two things—bullets and wire Invent me something which will destroy their power' Th scientist and the armourer then set to work to solve this problem in several ways. The armourer relied on gun power and allie himself with the electrical engineer The result was not only an enormous growth in guns up to 18-inch weapons, but a nove method of ranging them by sound and flash. The chemist said 'Why use the gun at all—why concern yourself as to where the enemy is situated in any given area? You know he is somewhere therefore, in place of shelling localities, I suggest that you inundate areas with lethal gas.' Later on he said: 'By the use of persistent chemicals whole areas can be denied to an enemy more effectively than by the use of wire, for whilst wire entangle ments are linear obstacles, chemicals can be made area obstacles.' Further he said: 'Wire, to prove effective, must be protected by fire; but chemicals, such as mustard gas, are simultaneously obstacles and weapons—in fact automatic weapons, for when once placed on the ground they work themselves.'

The mechanical engineer said: 'Why not rely on civil industry? We know that bullet-proof armour can be made in large quantities, and we know that caterpillar vehicles and

machines that move across country and crush down wire entanglements. Further, there should be no great difficulty in constructing a machine which can cross over a wide trench. Once a large number of these machines is built, the Western Front ceases to be a wall and becomes a paper partition.'

All these various means were attempted, and there can be no possible doubt that they were the main military factors which brought the war to an end.

Area Warfare

In 1913, as I have already stated, weapon power was ahead of tactical idea. From 1914 to 1918 one scientific invention followed another so rapidly that few soldiers had either the time or the necessary education to digest what these inventions foretold. In 1919 all armies reverted to their 1913 organization, but with a vastly increased small-arms fire power and a few novelties added, and to-day, in 1927, all armies are preparing for a war of movement, yet tactically all are half a century out of date.

This is an astonishing situation, seeing that scientific invention has not only changed the technic of tactics, but the nature of military operations. I will inquire into this change.

The most primitive form of fighting is the duel followed by a scrum. Organized warfare only begins when a mob of fighters is arranged in a line, or square, and drilled so that solidarity of fighting is established. The line always beats the mob, and when line first met line a system of tactics was devised which has endured until this day. During the cavalry cycle roads were all but non-existent in Europe, and warfare consisted of true field operations; columns rather than lines were used—there was the charge, the *mêlée*, and the scatter. Pitched battles, as we know them to-day, were seldom fought, and the pursuit seldom attempted. It was a period of retrogression to mob warfare.

When firearms were introduced the line once again became the predominating tactical formation. Line met line, fired a volley or two, and then charged home with the pike or the bayonet. In the days of Frederick the Great the fire fight normally opened at a distance of some fifty paces. Then a marked change took place in tactics. The wars against the Turks and the American Redskins brought sharpshooters and light infantry to the fore, and the line manoeuvred behind a fire screen; consequently the distance between lines grew greater. The next change was effected by the invention of the percussion cap, which enabled infantry to fire in a storm of rain. This invention virtually sealed the fate of the cavalry charge. The

percussion cap was soon followed by the breech-loading rifle with a range of about 1200 yards. This weapon radically changed the nature of artillery tactics. Heretofore the guns had been drawn up either between the units of the infantry line, or on its flanks, or in front of it. Now the guns had to take up position in rear, and that still unsolved problem of artillery support was initiated. From about 1860 onwards the ever-increasing power of artillery caused an ever-increasing separation between the contending infantry lines, and the ever-increasing range of the rifle forced artillery more and more to seek protection by ground, until a little after the opening of the present century indirect laying came into general use. The separation between artillery and infantry was now complete. The battlefield was occupied by two lines of weapons on each side—namely, by a line of rifles supported by a line of guns. The infantry protected the guns and the guns the infantry. Such was the nature of tactics in 1904–05.

Another invention now began to make itself felt—namely, the machine gun. It is virtually a battalion cannon firing case-shot; but its tactics were little understood until 1914, when its power was found to be so great that movement against it was all but impossible. In 1914 a British division was equipped with twenty-four machine guns; now it possesses nearly 600 automatic weapons. What does this mean? It means that line will seldom be able to assault line, that the fire fight will be prolonged in the extreme, as it was during the last great war, and that trenches will be dug everywhere. As far as power to move is concerned, the idea of linear warfare has outgrown its utility: this was one of the great lessons of the last war.

If we now turn to the inventions of the Great War we shall find that, directly or indirectly, their tendency was to ignore or render useless the line. The conventional and historical battle is purely linear. Men advance in columns (vertical lines) along roads and deploy into fighting fronts (horizontal lines). As long as the line remains unbroken and its flanks are protected the rear services of an army are secure, and the nation behind it is covered from attack. The inventions of the Great War shattered this security. Aeroplanes could fly over the lines of men and guns, and attack the rear services and the enemy's cities and his civil population. Wireless communication could be established with some friendly Power hundreds of miles in rear of the enemy. Gas could obliterate life in a whole area; it could pass through the hostile line and attack his headquarters and rear services. Finally, tanks, being bullet-proof and unimpeded by entanglements, could assault infantry fronts, and by passing through them attack whatever they protected. The

change, it will be seen, was radical; the line had lost its power to protect both itself and what lay in rear of it, because the new weapons were area hitters and not merely line smashers. What this change in tactical idea entails is still to-day little realised, yet on its realisation depends future success or failure in the next great war. It is towards this change that all our mental efforts must be directed.

Scientific Study of War

The fault before the war was rather a lack of thinking than of doing. The soldier accepted new weapons, but he maintained old tactical ideas. This fault still exists to-day, and will continue to exist as long as the soldier remains mentally undisciplined. To obtain the highest military values out of science and industry the soldier must take the lead; he must be in a position to say not only that his object is to defeat the enemy, but how he intends to do so. As an artist of war his aim is to make the most of the means at his disposal; but he must do more than this, for he must be a scientist of war—that is, he must be able to sort and evolve facts and deduce hypotheses. These arrived at, he can hand them over to the scientists and say: 'This is what I want to do; give me the means of doing it.' If, I will suppose, a few years before the outbreak of the last war soldiers had scientifically studied the Russo-Japanese War, they must have come to the conclusion that in face of magazine rifle fire, machine guns, and wire entanglements it was but a fluke that an infantry attack could succeed. What was the true impediment to movement? The bullet. Had any general staff of any great industrial country turned to its scientists and engineers and said 'We can win the next war if only we can make men bullet-proof without impeding their mobility; solve for us this problem,' there is not the least doubt in my own mind that hundreds of solutions would have been forthcoming—some quite fantastic and others quite rational. Now comes the real difficulty of the soldier, how is he to decide which inventions are the best? The answer is, by becoming a scientist in his own subject of war—that is, a seeker after military truth. If he is prejudiced in favour of some one arm, he will never be able to select the good from the bad. If he is obsessed by the idea that battles can only be won by infantry, any suggestion which does not include infantry will be set aside by him. If he is obsessed by cavalry, no battle picture will be complete without this arm. To be a war scientist he must be free from all prejudices, and he must be willing, at any moment, to set aside his most cherished opinions in favour of some new idea.

Freedom of mental outlook is the first essential, and the

second is a close and careful study of the history of war. This study will show him that arms have constantly changed, but that tactical functions have remained constant. Whether he is considering a Neolithic warrior armed with a flint axe or a super-Dreadnought equipped with 18-inch guns, he should remember that neither flint axes nor 18-inch guns are permanent essentials, but that power to hit, power to move, and power to guard are. Then he must consider how these powers can be enhanced and set together so that the fighting force, whatever type it may be, can develop the highest degree of mobility through protected offensive action.

By studying military history with this factor in mind—and of all tactical factors it is the most important—he will be able to sort out fighting values and accumulate a vast amount of scientific knowledge. He can then arrange the facts he has collected into groups, and from these groups establish definite theories which, as far as peace conditions allow, he must test out practically. If he does this, and so trains his mind to grasp what is essential and what is ephemeral, he will be in a position to turn to the scientist and engineer and criticise their solutions.

This, I think, is one of the greatest lessons of the war: not that science had such an influence on the war that it is necessary for the soldier to become a chemist, a physicist, or a mathematician—such a suggestion would be absurd—but that the soldier must study war as a chemist studies chemistry, or a mathematician mathematics. That is, he must study it methodically with a mind absolutely free from prejudice and interest. He must accept nothing unless it can be proved; and he must remember that change is of the nature of existence, that nothing in this world is permanent, that when a thing ceases to grow it begins to die, that the art of war is as fluid as the arts of peace, and that the power to wage war is derived from the peaceful civilisation in which we live. If he does these things, then when the next war is declared, though his means of waging it may not be all he desires, he will be mentally prepared for it, and will be ready to change over to better means at short notice.

Discipline of the body has for untold centuries constituted the backbone of military training; but in this rapidly changing scientific age in which we live it in itself is insufficient. To it must be added the discipline of mind, for the soldier who is unable to think and can only kill is merely a butcher—a killer not only of the enemy, but of his own men. He is not a scientific fighter, but a disciplined savage.

J. F. C. FULLER.

THE 'NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY'

He that undertakes to compile a dictionary undertakes that which, if it comprehends the full extent of his design, he knows himself unable to perform.[1]

When I survey the Plan which I have laid before you, I cannot, my Lord, but confess that I am frighted at its extent, and, like the soldiers of Cæsar, look on Britain as a new world which it is almost madness to invade.[2]

So wrote Dr. Johnson.

But the *Oxford*, or, as it is now called, the *New English Dictionary* (*N.E.D.*), has been compiled. The last volume is in the press and will be out this year; the inevitable supplement is already in hand. The many large volumes are before the writer, giving substantial evidence of the completion of the greatest undertaking in the field of dictionary making in any language, and offering apparently a complete refutation of Dr. Johnson's words. In reality, however, they offer nothing of the kind, for the *N.E.D.* represents not the undertaking of any one man, but the organised labour of a whole army of workers—of editors, sub-editors, assistants and readers, as well as publishers and printers. It is in no fashion the production of an individual, but a vivid illustration of what combined effort can achieve.

It is doubtful whether anyone who has not actually made a dictionary himself, or helped to make one, can form any conception of the labour involved in such an undertaking, of the amount of organisation required, the immense field of reading to be covered, the judgment necessary for selecting the quotations used in illustration, and last, but by no means least, the linguistic insight and knowledge which go to the tracing of the development of the various uses and meanings of a word from its earliest form. Some idea of the vastness of the enterprise may be gained from the fact that in 1888, nine years only after his appointment as editor, Dr. Murray could boast of 1300 readers and of 3,500,000 quotations collected.

The most widely known of the many names to be associated with the *N.E.D.* is, undoubtedly, that of Dr. J. A. H. (afterwards

[1] Advertisement to 4th edition of *Dictionary*.

[2] *Plan of a Dictionary*.

Sir James) Murray, and with good reason, for it was under his editorship that it came into actual being. But while paying him all honour, the names of those other scholars must not be overlooked without whose co-operation his scheme could not have been carried to its present successful issue. It is not known so generally as it deserves to be how great a debt the *N.E.D.* owes to Archbishop Trench. He it was who suggested to the Philological Society that a dictionary should be made to amplify the vocabularies of those already existing and to supply the historical information which they lacked. It was as a result of this suggestion that the *Oxford Dictionary* came into existence; that much material was collected and Mr Herbert Coleridge appointed general editor. Nor must the impetus be overlooked which was given to the work in its early days by the enthusiasm of Dr F. J. Furnivall, who succeeded Coleridge as editor in 1861, and by Professor W. W. Skeat. Both these scholars took the liveliest interest in the dictionary as long as they lived. It is, however, Dr Murray to whom the credit is due of having given practical shape to the undertaking, of having translated enthusiasm into action. When in 1878 the delegates of the Oxford University Press took over the expense of printing and publishing, they appointed him editor, and from that time the making of the *N.E.D.* became his lifework. The appointment was soon justified. Dr Murray was a scholar of wide and varied attainments, and a keen philologist, the authority on the southern dialects of Scotland. He had the vision to see what might be the scope of the work he had undertaken, and at the same time he was a practical organiser. Following upon his appointment a general appeal for readers was sent out in 1879, and their number greatly increased thereby. The interest of scholars not only in all English-speaking lands, but in others as well, especially in France, Germany and the Scandinavian countries, was aroused; by 1882 columns were going to the press. Perhaps Dr Murray did not fully grasp at first all that his undertaking involved; he certainly did not realise the length of time that would be required. Dr Johnson's answer is well known to the doubter who questioned whether his dictionary could be done in three years, since the forty members of the French Academy had taken forty years for theirs. 'Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.' Dr Murray, also optimistic, though within more reasonable bounds, could still say in 1897, in spite of repeated disappointments over dates, 'The Dictionary will be finished in 1908 at soonest and 1910 at latest.'

Before this, however, already in 1888 it had become evident

that the work as planned was beyond the powers of a single editor, and Dr. Henry Bradley had been appointed as co-editor—a post which he held until his death. He was a man of remarkable depth and accuracy of scholarship, interested in mathematical and natural science as well as in letters, a great authority on place-names and master of many languages, with an almost uncanny flair in detecting misprints or slips of any kind. He had the reputation for instinctively opening upon the page which contained such a misprint or slip. The dictionary has been singularly fortunate in the collaboration of these two editors, differing indeed, but each pre-eminent in his own line. Equally fortunate was it when in 1900, a third editor being found necessary, Dr W. A. Craigie was appointed, and when later Mr T. C. Onions joined the editorial staff. Both had already done valuable work upon it, and it is under their able direction that it has now been brought to its successful completion.

By the original plan all available records down to the sixteenth century were to be read, and as many as possible after that time, since it was obviously impracticable to cover the whole ground; further, the meaning of each word recorded was to be illustrated by quotations. As a matter of fact, while the most important authors are fully represented, every branch of writing, however popular or local in character, has had its due share of attention. So catholic has been the spirit in which the work of selection has been done, that we find not only local terms included, but quotations from such periodicals as the *Girl's Own Paper* among the illustrations. We have such words as *force*, the name for a waterfall or cascade in the north of England; *bever*, for a snack between meals, especially one taken in the afternoon; *sumph*, a term for a simpleton, used in the south of Scotland and north of England, as in '"Dinna be a *sumph*!" said the Whaup'[3]; the *tump* of the western counties for a hill or mound, as in 'cutting up ant-hills or *tumps*, as we call them'[4], and the old word *charm*, now chiefly dialectal, for a sound such as the singing of birds. 'Wha a *charm* them childern can make i' school'[5]. And under *hop-sacking* comes the sentence from the *Girl's Own Paper*[6]: 'I give the preference to unbleached linen and *hopsacking*.' Place is even found for one instance of the rare word *supervacaneal* (redundant). 'Though it be . . . with long painted *supervacaneall* (sic) words excorned.'[7] The quotations used in illustration have been arranged in the historical order of their appearance. They

[3] Black, *Daughter of Heth* 73.
[4] R. Jones, *Joel Nat.*, 313.
[5] Miss Jackson, *Shropshire Wordbook*.
[6] February, 1884.
[7] Harpsfield, *Divorce of Henry VIII*. (c. 1553).

give, therefore, the actual development in usage, and not that which might have been thought most logical.

In a paper read before the Philological Society in 1857, Archbishop (then Dean) Trench had laid down quite definitely the principles to be followed in the making of a dictionary. Such a work should be, he pointed out, an inventory of the language; the business of the maker of it is to collect and arrange all words, good and bad alike, whether they commend themselves to his judgment or not. Such a maker should be a historian of the language, not a critic. In other words, a dictionary should represent faithfully the whole vocabulary, spoken and written, of a language, not one selected for its literary suitability; it should be of a scientific rather than a literary character. It should be, as Littré says in the preface to his dictionary, 'un enregistrement très étendu des usages de la langue, enregistrement qui, avec le present, embrasse le passé.'

It will be seen that in the scheme for the *N.E.D.* Trench's definition of its proper scope was accepted and a complete break made with earlier tradition. In this the editors had already two examples before them in the *Deutsches Wörterbuch* of the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, of which the first volume appeared in 1854, and in Littre's *Dictionnaire de la Langue française*, published in 1863–1872.

Dictionaries are of many kinds. The earliest kind is the gloss or comparative dictionary, which is made for purely practical purposes, whose object is to give the corresponding terms for the same thing in two or more languages. Of such English has always had a store from our very earliest records down to the familiar Greek lexicon of Liddell and Scott and the innumerable modern dictionaries of English and other languages. Already by the eighth century we possessed the Latin-English glosses known under the name of *Corpus, Epinal*, and *Erfurt*. Then in the later tenth century we have Ælfric's *Latin-English Vocabulary*. Later these glosses grew more numerous and more polyglot in character, till we find eleven languages dealt with in the first edition of John Minsheu's *The Guide unto Tongues*, published in 1617. Another and a later kind is the explanatory dictionary. In it the object is to give a synonym for, or to explain the meaning of, a word in the same language. Of these again we have a series, but they do not appear till a more elaborate and complex vocabulary has made them needful. Many of these dictionaries give etymologies as well as meanings, and of these three may be mentioned as having been used by our first great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson. These are the *Etymologicum Anglicanum* of Junius, not published till edited by Lye in 1743; the *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae* of Skinner, 1671; and Bailey's *Universal Etymological English*

Dictionary, edited by Nicol Scott in 1755. These early attempts at etymology were, owing to the imperfect knowledge of those days, often fanciful, sometimes laughable. Even Junius, scholar and student of Anglo-Saxon though he was, accepts the current derivation of *dream* from *drama*, since the term *drama* is, he says, often applied to life, and a *dream* is the truest description of life. And he is not prepared to say that the English *head* cannot be as well derived from the Greek ἄνωτος as from κεφαλῆς, since 'the saying of Naso is well known: "He gave to man a face high up."'

But the essential difference between these earlier dictionaries, even Johnson's, and modern ones such as the *Century Dictionary* of America and the *N.E.D.* is one of principle. They were all compiled with a view to purifying the language; in them the words collected were those used by the best authors, or such as, in the judgment of the editors, were suitable for literary usage. When in the late sixteenth century the Accademia della Crusca was formed in Italy its *Vocabulario* was made for that purpose, and the French Academy published its dictionary in 1694 with the same object. Naturally, therefore, when the making of a dictionary was entrusted to Dr. Johnson he interpreted his duties in the same spirit. How entirely he looked upon himself in the light of a dictator rather than a historian is clear from his own words:

> When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rules: wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority.
>
> Having therefore no assistance but from general grammar, I applied myself to the perusal of our writers; and noting whatever might be of use to ascertain or illustrate any word or phrase, accumulated in time the materials of a dictionary, which, by degrees, I reduced to method, establishing to myself, in the progress of the work, such rules as experience and analogy suggested to me; experience, which practice and observation were continually increasing; and analogy, which, though in some words obscure, was evident in others.
>
> In adjusting the Orthography, which has been to this time unsettled and fortuitous, I found it necessary to distinguish those irregularities that are inherent in our tongue, and perhaps coeval with it, from others which the ignorance or negligence of later writers has produced.

Elsewhere he says that the only help which he received from the collaboration of scholars was in the form of twenty etymologies sent him by someone whom he afterwards discovered to be Dr.

Pearce, Bishop of Rochester. That he felt himself entirely at liberty to use his own judgment in selecting his material appears also from Boswell's statement, that he would not quote from any 'authour' whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality. He would not, Boswell tells us, use the works of a certain Dr. Clarke, much as he admired him, because he did not consider him sound upon the doctrine of the Trinity!

As long as the maker of a dictionary looks on himself as sole arbiter of the works to be selected, he is likely to allow his personal opinions to obtrude in other ways. Many of the well-known definitions in Johnson's dictionary are absurd to us. Take, for instance, his definition of *oats* as 'a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people'; or of a *favourite* as 'one chosen as a companion by a superiour; a mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.' Johnson could define a *patriot* as a term 'sometimes used for a factious disturber of the government,' or *excise* as 'a hateful tax levied upon commodities and adjudged . . . by . . . wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid'; or a *lexicographer* as 'a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of words.' The modern conception of the functions of a dictionary make it difficult for us to take such definitions seriously.

In one respect, however, Johnson may be said to belong to the modern rather than the old school of lexicographers. This is in his use of quotations to illustrate the meanings of words, although the practice was not absolutely unknown before. But here again his sense of his personal responsibility, or perhaps one could better say his irresponsibility, appears. We are told, not only that he often quoted from memory, but also that the only books he used for the purpose were those he had in his own collection, 'a copious but miserably ragged one, and all such as he could borrow, which latter, if ever they came back to those that lent them, were so defaced as to be scarce worth owning.' He made, it would seem, no systematic search through larger libraries. The essential difference between a dictionary made on such lines and one made on modern principles needs no emphasising. Not only is the personal element eliminated, but the more exact knowledge of the earlier stages of the language and fuller acquaintance with our older literature have made greater accuracy possible in the historical treatment.

Absolute completeness is not, of course, claimed for the *N.E.D.* Much material of earlier times remains uninvestigated. For example, we believe that the Record Office alone contains considerable stores of documents which have certainly never yet been published, and not adequately examined, if they have been

examined at all. How much fresh material these documents would yield can therefore be a matter of conjecture only. While thus its representation of past records is imperfect, no dictionary of a living language can produce a complete picture of contemporary speech. It is a commonplace to say that a living language is a changing one. New words are constantly making their way into the vocabulary, some from other languages, others being newly coined, and, what is nowadays at least as important, new meanings or uses are constantly being given to existing words. Hence, as soon as the first volume of a dictionary is in print it is necessary to begin collecting words for a supplement. Since the *N.E.D.* was begun many words have come into the language. To take a few instances only. The practice of *broadcasting* in its modern technical meaning was unknown to the editor of Vol. I. The word is given in its older general sense as adjective, adverb, and verb, as in the following examples chosen from the many quoted: 'Seed sown either *broadcast* or in drills'[8]; 'A host of spies were scattered *broadcast* over the land'[9]; 'They sow . . . the barley . . . *broadcasting* the second (half)'[10]. The noun *broadcasting* in its present application will have to come into the supplement. The word *kinematograph* does occur with a full description, and the sentence 'It was the lamp of the *kinematograph* which set the place on fire' is quoted from the *Westminster Gazette*[11] but the shortened *cinema* of everyday life is too modern to find a place, though it must now be accepted as part of our vocabulary. Three columns are already given to the noun *picture* and its compounds, but the modern application of the phrase *going to the pictures* and the compound *a picture palace*, and perhaps *the movies*, remain to be added. The meanings of *car* will also have to be brought up to date. One looks in vain for *camouflage*. Naturally such omissions occur mostly in words coming at the beginning of the alphabet.

There is one difficulty which the maker of a modern dictionary must always have to face and which will always expose him to criticism. This is the question whether slang words or colloquialisms recently introduced are going to take root or not. Dr. Murray in Vol. I. decided, apparently, against *bike*, but if the shortenings *bus* and *cab*, not to speak of *mob*, have made themselves recognised in course of time, will not *bike* do the same in spite of the present prejudice, and for the same reason, that of convenience? In such points any dictionary must need bringing up to date from time to time. The etymologies and histories of

[8] Baxter *Libr. Pract. Agric.*, I., 83.
[9] Green, *Short History*, VI., § 6.
[10] A. Young, *Essex Agric.*, I., 333.
[11] May 5, 1897.

sense development, full as they are, may sometimes be open to criticism, though the editors have a disarming way of pleading uncertainty in words of obscure origin. For instance, we doubt whether *to do* in the sense of *to be in health*, a sense which the *N.E.D.* gives, should come under *do* at all. Should it not come under the dialectal *dow*, to be strong (*Old Eng. dugan*), especially as instance of confusion between the two words can be found as early as the thirteenth century. While admitting freely these imperfections, that supplementary volumes are already necessary and will become more so, that increasing philological knowledge may require some modification in the future of the explanations and etymologies, let us consider what the *N.E.D.* has actually given us.

Allowing for a few omissions, it has given us the vocabulary of the language, not only that used by the best authors, but that of ordinary men and women in every-day life. For scientific and technical terms expert help has been sought, with the result that, while the explanations commend themselves, we hope, to the expert, they are usually comprehensible to the general reader. The earliest instance to be found of each word is given with the date, and the meaning is in each case traced by means of quotations through the various channels by which it has arrived at its present use or uses. It gives us the accepted pronunciation, and the quotations provide the philologist with earlier spellings. It tells us whether the word is native or introduced from another language. In fact it gives us what is practically the origin and life-story of every word in English. This is, it will be admitted, no small achievement. So thoroughly has the work been done that we find a word like [illegible]—that is, a word of not especially common usage—occupying four columns, while for the every-day word *sun* ten and a half are necessary, a continuous series of examples being given from *Beowulf* [illegible] onwards, and the compounds of *sun* take up yet another three and a half. The verbs *to have*, *to be* and *to do*, with all their uses as principal and auxiliary verbs, fill still more space, as one would expect; *to have* fills no less than twelve columns, while for *to be* the editors have taken rather more, and for *to do* nearly fifteen. The preposition *to* occupies no less than twenty columns. It should be added at once that, for the guidance of the reader, schemes of the arrangement accompany words treated at this alarming length.

The clearness with which scientific terms are treated may be illustrated by one example. The *Century Dictionary*, usually admirably lucid, in defining the term *Arachnida* uses the phrase 'with articulated legs, apterous and ametabolous.' The *N.E.D.* is content to say 'distinguished by the possession of eight legs, the absence of wings and antennae, etc.' Comparisons are

odious, we know, and generally misleading, but compare for a moment the simplicity of this explanation with that of the *Century Dictionary* and both with Dr. Johnson's well-known and hard-worked definition of network: '*Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections.*'

But the *N.E.D.* does more than give us the life-story of every word in the language. One may go further and say that the whole social and intellectual history of our country is contained in its volumes for those who are able to read it, and meanwhile there is plenty of interesting and amusing information to be gained by all.

The writer of the articles in *The Times* for May 5 and 6, 1927, mentions that the word *boycott* came in 1880 to describe the conduct of the Irish Land League towards those who incurred its hostility, Captain Boycott being a prominent victim. Plenty of other examples of interesting words may be given. For instance, we are told that the word *mews* was originally used for the cage or place in which hawks were kept when mewing or moulting (Lat. *mutare*), and that its modern meaning is due to the fact that the royal stables at Charing Cross were built on the site of the older royal mews. The old name was preserved for the new building and thus came to acquire its present meaning. We learn, too, that when Scotland is called 'the Land of Cakes' it really means of oaten bread, because the term *cake* was given in Scotland to a thin, hard-baked, brittle species of oaten bread. Few probably realise that the true meaning of a *cab* which one associates chiefly with the now nearly obsolete 'growler' is a 'lightly moving vehicle'. It is a shortened form of *cabriolet*, a two-wheeled vehicle so named from its 'elastic bounding' motion. Thence the name passed on to its successor, the hansom, and so came to include the clumsy four-wheeled hackney coach. Further, the *N.E.D.* helps us to the surprising connexion of *giddy* with *god*, and of *silly* with the German *selig*, blessed. It shows how *dapper* has come by degrees to mean almost the opposite of its earlier sense, which was *heavy* or *powerful*. The student of Semantics has, in fact, all his material collected for him; he has only to make use of it, to classify these developments of meaning and study his results.

Those whose interests are more literary may learn that Spenser was the first writer to use the words *bland* and *blatant*, as well as *derring do*, for which an interesting origin is given. The literal meaning should be *daring to do*, but by a series of misunderstandings the phrase has been interpreted by modern authors, led by Scott, as a noun meaning *desperate courage*. 'Singular . . . if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-*

do.'[11] They may learn, also, that among the many words and phrases bequeathed to the language by Shakespeare are the verbs compounded with *out-* in the sense of *exceed*, as in *to outlast*. Such formations are not found until his 'He hath outvillain'd villainie so farre,'[12] or in the more familiar 'outHerods Herod.'[13] What is more surprising is that the word *lonely* is not found earlier. Such folk may also learn that Milton's

> At Pandæmonium, the high Capital
> Of Satan and his Peers[14]

is the first occurrence of the word *pandemonium*, and that its modern usage has developed from that; and, further, that the word *scrannel* (thin, meagre), now found chiefly in dialects, makes its first appearance in *Lycidas*[15]

> Their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw.

The *N.E.D.* also tells us that the word *raid* is the Scotch form of *road* in the sense of *inroad*, and was revived with other old words by Scott

> In *raids* he spilt but seldom blood.[16]

We are all familiar with the outlines of the history of the language. Our text books tell us that the Angles and Saxons introduced their own speech when they conquered Britain, that the Scandinavians brought in many modifications of form and meaning when they overran the country, and that the Normans in their turn imposed their language on the higher classes of society, the law courts, and the schools. They tell us that later on terms for literature and art were brought in from a different dialect; that we have borrowed words from French at various more recent dates and that our adventurers in early days, our merchantmen in later times and our travellers of all periods have brought back words to enrich the language from every known country. In the *N.E.D.* we can verify all this for ourselves. We can see by dates of quotations that *horse*, *sheep*, *house*, and *grass* must be Anglo-Saxon; that *palfrey*, *mutton*, *palace*, and *herb* are French. We may see, too, that the every-day verb *catch* and the *chase* of more aristocratic circles are from the same word, the late Latin *captiare*, but that *catch* appears nearly a century earlier than *chase*; *letters*, again, is found about a hundred years before the more dignified *literature*. On turning to later borrowings,

[11] *Ivanhoe*, XXIX.
[12] *All's Well*, IV. iii. 307.
[13] *Hamlet*, III. ii. 14.
[14] *Paradise Lost*, I. 756.
[15] V. 124.
[16] *Last Minstrel*, V. xxviii.

about which the text-books are necessarily less definite, it is interesting to find that the military terms *grenadier*, *fusilier*, and *campaign*, among others, all come in about the same time, the later seventeenth century. The first recorded examples of each are: 'If I went on with these *grenadeers*, I would, if possible, escape.'[18] 'The *Fusiliers* have for Arms the Sword and . . . Fusil,'[19] and Clarendon uses *campaign* in his *History of the Rebellion*: 'After he had made two or three *campaigns*.'[20] The explanation of how 'campaign' came to be used in its military sense is also interesting. In earlier conditions of warfare an army issued forth into the open country (*dans la campagne*) on the approach of summer until the close of the season suspended active operations. But military terms are by no means the only ones borrowed from France at this time. Vanbrugh has *Tête à tête* (spelt *tate*), 'to give my Friends a *Tate a Tate*.'[21] Dryden uses *billet doux*: 'He . . . writes the *billets doux* to a miracle.'[22] Wycherley has *cravat*. It is significant that the words *aristocrat* and *guillotine* come in in the next century. *Aristocrat* first appears in 1789—'The genuine spirit of the haughty *aristocrate*'[23]—and *guillotine* in 1793. Borrowings of the nineteenth century are also not without their significance. *Chef* for *chef de cuisine* makes its first appearance in the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

> The *chef's* peace of mind was restored
> And in due time a banquet was placed on the board.[24]

Finance in the modern sense is not common till the nineteenth century. The word does occur earlier, but almost entirely in the meaning preserved now in the plural *finances*.

Moreover, we see that many French words were at one time treated in a more popular manner than now. Pepys writes 'Here we *rendezvoused* at Captain Cocke's,'[25] and Villiers has 'Strephons *Billetdoux*'s have made them sport.'[26]

Equally easy is it to gather from the *N.E.D.* the nature of our intercourse with the rest of Europe at different times by the words borrowed. A few examples will suffice. Thus we have from Italy *sonata*, first used by Purcell in 1694, and *chiaroscuro*, borrowed about the same time; from Spain comes *grandee*, recorded as early as 1598; from Germany *quartz*, adopted into English in the eighteenth century; from the Netherlands *skipper*,

[18] *Tr. of Guillatiere's Voy. Athens* 403 (1676).
[19] *Eng. Mil. Discip.* IV, 131 (1686).
[20] *Hist. Reb.*, I. i. 40.
[21] *The Relapse*, IV. iii. 64 (1697).
[22] *Marriage à-la-Mode*, II. i. 661.
[23] *Delaham, Exs.*
[24] *Legend of St. Romwold* (1840).
[25] *Diary*, September 13, 1665.
[26] *Ep. Julian Wks.*, 1705, II. 94 (1688).

found as early as the end of the fourteenth century, and maul-stick, borrowed later. Finally one may add the *geyser* from Iceland, which occurs first in its modern application in the *Daily News* for April 7, 1891.

The kind of word taken from non-European languages speaks as clearly for itself. We have—to take a few examples only—*tea* from China through the Dutch, *coffee* from Turkey, *cocoa* from Mexico, *mocassin* from the North American Indians; and even Polynesia has given us a word or two, such as *taboo*.

As for the classical element in the language, nothing can give a more lively impression of the part played by Greek and Latin in the development of English than a glance down the pages of the *N.E.D.*—down, let us say, the columns of words formed with the prefixes *pre*, *dis*, *hypo*, and *arch*. For instance, about 100 pages are filled with words beginning with *pre*, and of these nearly all are of Latin origin and formed with this prefix. Such a glance shows also how entirely English has made these words her own and how easily she therefore makes new words from them, as when the noun *archæologist* has been made from *archæology* or an adjective *hypothetical* and an adverb *hypothetically* from the original form *hypothesis*. It may be seen that a noun can be made from almost any verb by adding *al*, as in *disposal* from *to dispose*, and that classical prefixes are used freely to form new compounds, such as *archduke*, *predispose*, or even combined with a native word, as in *anteroom*, *archfiend*. When we see the first instance in which each of these words occurs we realise for ourselves not only the sort of relation existing between conquerors and conquered but the gradual enlargement of ideas, the increase of culture, due directly or indirectly, to the intercourse with other countries and the acquaintance with other literatures which they represent. We *know* instead of having merely *read*.

But the value of the *N.E.D.* should not end with what it gives us. It should be not only an achievement in itself, but an incentive to achievement in others. As one turns over its pages in search of some particular word, all kinds of questions suggest themselves. For instance, why did words die out? Why have *southright* and *wanhope* disappeared and been replaced by *due truth* and *despair*? Why has *parcelmeal* been given up and *piecemeal* been retained? *Southright* and *wanhope* are as expressive, as pleasing to the ear, as their modern equivalents, and their meaning must have been more obvious at the time that they were given up; moreover, one would expect the emotion of despair to take its expression from the native vocabulary of the conquered rather than from the language of the conquerors. Then how was it with *parcelmeal*? Was it pure whim that made *piece-*

steal more popular, or did it happen to be used in some phrase which caught on? Clearly the losses in vocabulary have been due to more than one cause. The introduction of new words is easier to understand. The explanation is obvious in the case of words brought in with the new objects and ideas which they express—words like *guillotine*, *tobacco*, and *gentility*; and it is generally easy to find in the case of others in which a native word already existed, since a distinction in usage thus became possible. We can see, for instance, why the conquering Scandinavians forced their own word *law* upon us for use in a definite sense, ousting the native *right*, and why in turn the French imposed their term *justice* for use in the wider meaning; what is remarkable is that *right* has been allowed to remain for the abstract idea. Obvious, too, is the distinction in usage between *beef* and *ox* as explained by the swineherd Gurth in *Ivanhoe*. This dying out of words offers a most interesting field for research, and a wide one—one, moreover, little explored as yet, but in which the *N.E.D.*, by giving the dates of quotations used in illustration, should afford valuable help.

Another subject which suggests itself is the distribution of local words. Nowadays it is fully recognised that, apart from the large Scandinavian element in the vocabulary to be found in the northern and eastern counties, certain words, native and borrowed, are characteristic of definite areas, and it is known that this was the case in earlier centuries also. But much research is still needed in this direction and an investigation should lead to interesting results. A good beginning for such an investigation can be made from the *N.E.D.*, though it can be a beginning only.

While a study of the words which have died out or come into the language at a certain time, or which belong, or did belong, to a certain area is one which arises naturally out of the use of a dictionary, there is another one which at first sight may seem to have less connexion. This is the study of earlier idiom. Colloquial idiom, as we know, differs largely now among different classes of speakers. How far back can similar distinctions be traced? They must be less marked in earlier centuries than now, because all the material of those times is of a literary or semi-literary character; but one would like to ask, for example, how many writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries emphasised their asseverations after the manner of the quaint and obviously colloquial phrases, such as '*So brouke I my chin*' (*brouke = use*), meaning not much more than '*as I hope to live*'? Here again, as with words restricted to certain areas, the *N.E.D.* can suggest, but cannot do much more than indicate, the line of research. We welcome the articles on 'English Colloquial Idiom in the Eighteenth Century,' published in the *Review of English Studies* for January

and April 1926; there remains, however, much to be done for the social idiom of other centuries.

These are only a few of the many subjects which suggest themselves, and much work is no doubt already in hand upon them and others. The *N.E.D.* has provided a large amount of material; let us hope that it will be fully utilised by future scholars, anxious to make their way through the facts to the psychological forces behind, to reach the mind of the people who developed the vocabulary thus collected, to trace the intellectual growth of the nation as well as to gain sidelights on its social history.

E. E. Wardale.

JOHN WEBSTER: PLAYWRIGHT AND NATURALIST

To attempt a further appreciation of Webster as a dramatist would be both tedious and unnecessary. Charles Lamb, who rediscovered him some two centuries after his death, praised the greatness of his tragic genius, his power to 'touch a soul to the quick.' Swinburne, in lyrical prose, extolled his 'depth of severe sense,' 'his crowning gift of imagination.' Hazlitt wrote of his 'terrible graces' and his 'genius as profound as it was lofty.' Dyce and others added their encomiums, and justly. But there is another characteristic in Webster's works which, so far, has attracted little or no notice. Though, as a tragic dramatist, Hazlitt coupled his name with that of Shakespeare, it does not appear to have been remarked that there was another quality in which he certainly equalled and perhaps in some respects even excelled, his great contemporary Elizabethan.

Shakespeare, who learned to warble 'his native wood-notes wild' in the Forest of Arden, acquired there an intimate understanding of birds and beasts and flowers, and perhaps served an apprenticeship in the curious and intricate mysteries of poaching. Mr J. E. Harting, in *The Ornithology of Shakespeare*, ascribes his accuracy in birdlore to three causes. First, 'Shakespeare had a good practical knowledge of falconry, —a pastime which . . . brought under his notice . . . many wild birds, exclusive of the various species which were hawked and killed. Secondly, he was a great reader. . . . Thirdly, . . . he was a genuine naturalist and gathered a large amount of information from his own practical observation.' He 'displays a greater knowledge of ornithology, and a greater accuracy in his statements, than is generally the case with poets.'

All this is equally true of Webster, except that, if we may judge by the less frequent references in his plays to hawking, he was not so well acquainted as Shakespeare with that ancient and noble art. Though not by any means free from the errors of his unscientific age, yet, at a time when biological 'knowledge' consisted chiefly of old wives' tales, fables and superstitions, Webster's writings often reveal him as a close and keen observer

of wild life, and particularly of birds. His plays, and especially those two, *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The White Devil*, in which his genius soared most high and probed most low, are packed with allusions which show personal knowledge of the habits of those creatures who live nearer to 'earth' (in the Meredithean sense) than do we, and also disclose an exceptional power of appreciation of the country and of natural phenomena.

To give a Rabelaisian catalogue of these would be wearisome. I should have to 'borrow me Gargantua's mouth.' But in *The White Devil* you may find not less than 250 passages in which there occurs a mention—often unusually vivid—of some bird, beast or insect, some flower or tree, some open-air pastime or occupation, or some piece of country lore. Two dozen different species of birds, over thirty different animals, insects, reptiles or fishes, and more than twenty kinds of flowers, trees or shrubs are named. In *The Duchess of Malfi* we find the same, though here the natural history references are fewer—about 130 in all—comprising some twenty different birds, over forty varieties of 'beasts' including those which swim, creep or crawl, and nearly twenty 'botanical specimens.' These remarkable facts are of great interest to the field naturalist, who scents an unsuspected ally.

Very little is known of Webster's life. What little we do know of it seems to write him down a cockney; he tells us in the dedication of his *Monuments of Honour* that he was a Merchant Taylor and one born free of that Company. Though London in those days had not annihilated most of the wild life in its immediate surroundings, yet Shakespeare's country breeding naturally gave him the advantage, and it is all the more creditable to the city-dwelling Webster that as a naturalist he at any rate rivals a man who was born and spent his youth in the Garden of England. There are, of course, a far greater number of allusions to the life of the fields in Shakespeare than in Webster, but this is chiefly due to the fact that Shakespeare was by far the more prolific writer.

Westward Ho and *Northward Ho* were written by Webster in collaboration with Dekker. In both these plays we find that references to birds and animals are far fewer. Perhaps Webster's partner curbed his biological propensities. But in *The Devil's Law-case* and *Appius and Virginia*, which appear to be entirely Webster's work, there is also less natural history than we might have expected to find. Why this is so must be a matter of conjecture. If it is necessary to hazard an explanation, I may suggest that Webster found that the subjects of these plays did not tempt the imagination to similes taken from wild life. We find the same disproportion in the different plays of Shakespeare.

It is significant that these metaphors and similes from Nature are found in greatest abundance in the speeches of important characters. Flamineo, the 'principal villain' in *The White Devil*, can hardly speak ten lines without some word or phrase which takes us into the open air. Bosola (a soul as black as Iago, but for some fitful gleams of remorse), who plays the same *rôle* in *The Duchess of Malfi*, also shows the same curious tendency to babble of green fields and their inhabitants. It is these two characters who are chiefly responsible for the Machiavellian schemings which form the plots of both these dramas. We may therefore reasonably assume that there is much of Webster's own temperament in their make-up, and so understand why their thoughts fly so readily to Nature.

Again, any country-lover will be struck at once by the flow of Nature imagery in the scenes which are most poignant. It seems as though when Webster's brain was red hot he was drawn instinctively to Nature for the inspired word or phrase; each one is a glowing spark from the fierce furnace of his tragic imagination.

Quotation will best illustrate my meaning. In *The White Devil*, one of the most important and tragic scenes is the sixth in act v. Vittoria and her maid Zanche, threatened with death by Flamineo, induce him by a stratagem to agree upon a mediaeval variation of the modern 'suicide pact,' the arrangement being that they should first shoot Flamineo and then kill themselves. They fire, and Flamineo falls; but instead of proceeding to carry out their part of the bargain they 'run to him and tread upon him' (according to the cold-blooded stage direction), taunt him with being caught in his own engine, and overwhelm him with curses.

> FLAMINEO. O, I am caught with a springe!
> VITTORIA. You see the fox comes many times short home;
> 'Tis here proved true.
> FLAMINEO. Killed with a couple of braches!

(*i.e.*, bitch-hounds). But Flamineo is really unhurt; satisfied that they have no intention of killing themselves, he springs to his feet, tells them that the pistol held no bullets, "'twas a plot to prove your kindness to me." He is about to shoot them when there burst in upon them conspirators, come to revenge the death of Isabella (the wife of Brachiano, Vittoria's lover, whose murder Flamineo and the two women had contrived). Flamineo, seeing himself cornered, cries:

> Fate's a spaniel,
> We cannot beat it from us.

Vittoria begs for mercy:

> Oh your gentle pity!
> I have seen a blackbird that would sooner fly
> To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe
> Of the fierce sparrow-hawk.

Her appeals are in vain. Lodovico calls to the assassins:

> Strike, strike,
> With a joint motion!

There follows the stark stage direction, 'They stab Vittoria, Zanche and Flamineo.'

All the allusions in this scene are apt; they are heaped one upon another where the emotions are at whitest heat; all are so vivid that one cannot doubt that Webster had seen and noted the incidents himself – the helpless partridge caught in a springe, the tireless pertinacity of the well trained spaniel, the fox slinking home hungry in the morning after a fruitless hunt, the terror-stricken blackbird, just escaping the murderous clutches of the hawk. (I myself have seen a pigeon pursued by a peregrine fly for safety into my windows.) Each simile is 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.'

An earlier scene in the same play contains Cornelia's lament over her murdered son, the virtuous Marcello:

> This rosemary is withered; pray, get fresh.
> I would have these herbs grow up in his grave
> When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
> I'll tie a garland here about his head;
> 'Twill keep my boy from lightning.

Thus she begins; and then:

> You're very welcome:
> There's rosemary for you; and rue for you;
> Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;
> I have left more for myself.

On Flamineo, her other son and his brother's murderer, she flames out thus:

> Here's a white hand:
> Can blood so soon be washed out? let me see:
> When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
> And the strange cricket i' th' oven sings and hops,
> When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
> Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
> Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad, sure. Cowslip-water is good for the memory: pray, buy me three ounces of 't.

Then follows that beautiful funeral dirge 'which my grandmother was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er unto her lute.'

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er the shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

Webster's indebtedness to Shakespeare in this scene is of course obvious. But, if he cannot therefore claim originality for its conception, the treatment of the theme is all his own. In every line there breathes the spirit of the woods and fields, the same spirit which, on some still autumn evening, when all sounds and scents have a sad and wistful sweetness, makes us more than half-believers in folklore, the secret pagan faith of country-folk, handed down by many a winter fireside from generation to generation. The scene is one of Webster's greatest: it is a notable illustration of how he turned to Nature for inspiration in moments of the most tragic intensity.

It is true that these pious and comfortable offices of the robin and the wren are unknown to the field naturalist. It may be that poetic imagination—or poetic convention—was here too strong for scientific accuracy. Perhaps Webster's own grandmother sang the dirge to her lute; or he may have gleaned the fable from Lupton's *A Thousand Notable Things*—a curious hodge-podge of mythology and travellers' yarns. That Shakespeare knew the same story, and that it took his fancy, we know from the allusion to the ruddock 'with charitable bill' which occurs in the pathetic lines in *Cymbeline* describing Fidele's burial. The grave-digging propensities of field mouse and mole are true enough to Nature—they are only too well known to gardeners; and the red ant's tumuli are common and at times inconvenient objects of the countryside.

In *The Duchess of Malfi* the very madmen, sent to torment her, sing 'to a dismal kind of music':

Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech owls, bulls and bears

They 'sing, like swans, for welcome death.' One of them cannot sleep, for his 'pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines'; another has for his crest 'a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't'; a third has 'pared the devil's nails forty times,

roasted them in raven's eggs and cur'd agues with them'; another cries 'Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make possets to procure sleep.' The gruesome and fantastic catalogue sounds like an inventory of the contents of a mediæval naturalist-astrologer's laboratory. We can imagine the fascination which such a place would have for Webster. And again, in *The White Devil*, Brachiano in his delirium hears 'the dusky raven chide blackness': he raves of quails that feed on poison, sees 'six grey rats, that have lost their tails, crawl up the pillow.'

Bosola, in another passage, assails an ugly old woman who excites his spleen with a spate of scurrilous abuse: he would expect to find in her closet 'the fat of serpents, spawn of snakes'; he 'would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague than kiss her.' Finally he breaks out into a horrible torrent of invective on mankind:

> What thing is in this outward form of man
> To be belov'd? We account it ominous
> If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
> A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
> A man, and fly from 't as a prodigy:
> Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
> In any other creature but himself.

In all these scenes heightened emotion turns to Nature for inspiration.

My friend Mr W. Murray Marsden, to whom I am greatly indebted for his helpful criticisms of this article, suggests to me that Webster sometimes alters his biological species to suit the temperaments of his characters. The imagery in the passage quoted is not [illegible] wholesome, but it certainly fits Bosola's personality; there are other instances which support this suggestion. Bosola and Ferdinand elsewhere speak of wolves, mastiffs, vipers, earth-worms, lice, leeches, maggots and garlic, all of which are or can on occasion be as unpleasant and as unsavoury as these individuals themselves. Francisco and Monticelso, subsidiary artists in villainy, allude to polecats, eagles, birds of prey, spiders, wolves, and adders. We feel it natural, too, that Ferdinand should draw his metaphors from crabs, scorpions, hyenas, and wolves—creatures which are symbolical of his own grotesque cruelty. But it would perhaps be dangerous and unwarrantable to carry this analogy too far.

Throughout the plays one comes across scattered and apparently casual phrases in which the Nature-lover peeps out beneath the dramatist's cloak. The Spanish Ambassador, as he passes across the stage, is thus etched by Flamineo:

> He looks like the claw of a blackbird, first salted, and then broiled in a candle.

The dark, wizened face is flashed in a moment before your eyes. It is the same character who thus rebukes Vittoria for her anger:

> Young leverets stand not long, and women's anger
> Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
> A full cry for a quarter of an hour,
> And then be put to the dead quat

(*i.e.*, squat). Here speaks the sportsman. And a little later on in the same scene come those wonderful lines:

> A quiet woman
> Is a still water under a great bridge.

This beautiful image makes one surmise that, like other country-lovers, Webster had spent many profitable quarters of an hour leaning contemplatively over parapets and gazing into quiet waters. It is an old habit of mine, and has gained me many a pleasant memory of bird and fish and beast.

The glow-worm suggests to him another very apt and beautiful Nature allusion. The Duchess of Malfi, her soul harrowed almost beyond endurance, cries, in splendid defiance of her torturers:

> I am Duchess of Malfi still.
> Bosola. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
> Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
> But look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

Webster evidently was pleased with these lines, for he introduced them, though with less dramatic effect, into *The White Devil*. And in *The Devil's Law-Case* he writes again:

> For these false beams of his supposed honour,
> As void of true heat as are painted fires,
> Or glow-worms in the dark, suit him all basely.

In *The White Devil* there is a mention of farmers' difficulties with the pigeons which destroy their crops, and the hardships of manorial customs:

> You shall see in the country, in harvest time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer dare not present the fowling-piece to them: why? because they belong to the lord of the manor; whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the Lord of Heaven, they go to the pot for 't.

Pigeons were much prized in the old days, when fresh-killed meat was scarce in winter. They and the sparrows still harry the farmers' crops.

Webster seems to have found the dormouse an attractive little beast, as indeed he is. Perhaps he had kept one as a pet, for there are several allusions to his tractability and somnolence. In *The Duchess of Malfi* we find 'tame as a dormouse,' and 'like

a politic dormouse . . . half asleep, not seeming to listen to any folk' (which reminds one of the Mad Tea-party in *Alice in Wonderland*). And again:

> He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
> The tempest out, as dormice do in winter.

and, in *The Devil's Law-case*:

> I should fight i' the lists tomorrow like a dormouse,
> And be made away in slumber.

The cuckoo, that bird of irregular habits, received a good deal of attention from the Elizabethans. Its name was, to Shakespeare, a 'word of fear unpleasing to the married ear.' Webster's treatment of the cuckoo is curious. In *The Devil's Law-case* the advocate, Contilupo, describes the defendant, whom he is endeavouring to prove to be a bastard, as

> this poor thing
> Without a name, this cuckoo hatch'd i' the nest
> Of a hedge-sparrow.

No naturalist can find any fault with this; but in *Appius and Virginia* there is another story:

> So to the sparrow
> That having hatch'd a cuckoo, when it sees
> Her brood a monster to her proper kind,
> Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest
> Than she did care i' the spring to have it dress'd.

It is true that there are instances of birds ejecting a cuckoo's egg from the nest; but I know of no recorded instance of its foster-parents refusing to feed the changeling when hatched. On the contrary, there are many eye-witnesses of the same young cuckoo being fed at the same time by old birds belonging to more than one species. Its hunger-cry sounds peculiarly insistent and imperative; perhaps for that reason, birds find it impossible to resist the appeal. The Fool in *Lear* describes better what really happens:

> For you know, nuncle, the hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, that he had it head bit off by it young.

(I have followed the reading of the Temple *Shakespeare*—'it' for 'its.') But he went too far in attributing to the young cuckoo the power to decapitate. Perhaps he believed, as some country people still do, that the cuckoo turns into a sparrow-hawk!

I fear that Webster must have failed in this instance to take the trouble to verify his facts by personal observation. Other naturalists have done the same, with humiliating consequences to themselves. Hazlitt, criticising the extravagant fancy of Beau-

mont and Fletcher, wrote that 'men at first produce effect by studying Nature, and afterwards they look at Nature only to produce effect.' It is rarely that we find Webster erring in this way, but he seems here to have strayed from virtue.

Shakespeare and Webster must have been acquainted, and it is legitimate for us to imagine them meeting at the 'Mermaid' and chaffing each other over their little lapses in scientific accuracy. For William himself was not blameless; for instance, he—or at any rate Portia—seems to have supposed that the nightingale sang only by night—an unpardonable blunder for a Warwickshire man; and this is not by any means his only ornithological error.

The ruses employed by the lapwing (or peewit) to lead off intruders and distract attention from her eggs or young, when these are in danger, were as well known to the Elizabethan dramatists as they are to field naturalists to-day. Mr. Harting quotes passages in Lyly, Greene, and Ben Jonson which prove their acquaintance with these manœuvres. The lines from *Much Ado about Nothing*

> For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
> Close by the ground, to hear our conference

are often quoted. Webster, in *Appius and Virginia*, makes a better use of his observation of the peewit's wiles. Appius, accepting with feigned reluctance the office of Decemvir, which he really covets above all things, makes a cunning and sententious speech about the cares of office, warning his kinsmen not to expect favouritism in his judgments. Marcus Claudius, who is in the speaker's confidence, and knows the black secrets of his heart, thus comments upon it in an 'aside':

> Excellent, excellent lapwing!
> There's other stuff clos'd in that subtle breast;
> He sings and beats his wings far from his nest.

Webster must have often watched the little comedy himself, or he could not have described it so naturally.

There is another mention of the lapwing in *The White Devil*. Giovanni, the young son of the duke, is boasting how, when he grows up, he will lead his soldiers into action.

> Forward lapwing!
> He flies with the shell on's head.

is the sardonic comment of Brachiano. Webster, as we see from the previous quotation, was well acquainted with the habits of the lapwing, and must have known that its young are incapable of flight when just hatched, and, indeed, for some weeks afterwards. Shakespeare, with greater ornithological accuracy, makes

Horatio say of the young Osric, 'This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.' But Webster's phrase is the more telling because of its conscious exaggeration.

Many of Webster's Nature images are so spontaneous and graphic that we feel at once that imagination alone could not have given them shape. Bosola, in *The Duchess of Malfi*, thus describes that egregious pair of rascals—Arcades ambo—Ferdinand and his unsaintly brother the Cardinal, and the pestilent swarm of sycophants which surrounded them:

> He and his brother are like plum trees that grow crooked over standing pools; they are rich and o'erladen with fruit, but none but crows, pies and caterpillars feed on them.

(He might have added 'wasps' to the marauding category.) The description conjures up the whole scene before our eyes; we see the warped old trees bent scraggily over a stagnant pool in some deserted garden, even as he has seen them often enough himself. Such a scene would accord well with the sombre moods of a temperament whose fancies could imagine the heaped horrors of the Duchess's death scene.

In the same scene the subterranean scheming of the sinister Ferdinand are pictured for us by another simile, surely drawn from life:

> The law to him
> Is like a foul black cobweb to a spider,
> He makes of it his dwelling and a prison
> To entangle those shall feed him.

The picture is like a good woodcut of Bewick's: we see in a trice the spider's legs drawn up under him, crouched with malignancy; we almost smell the musty odour of the outhouse in whose corner the web is spread; we trace the desiccated carcases of blood-sucked flies hanging; and as we look Webster's saturnine face peers over our shoulder.

In *Appius and Virginia* there is another snapshot from life. Virginius' arrival in haste from camp is thus described:

> he's here
> Bloody with spurring, dusty as if he came
> From forth a battle: never did you see
> 'Mongst quarrelling cocks in fight a bloodier heel
> Than that your brother strikes with.

Quail and cock fighting was a very popular sport in Elizabethan and Stuart times; and Gervase Markham included cock fighting in his *Pleasures of Princes*, published in 1614, where he gives concise directions as to the preparation of cocks for the fray; the spurs were scraped and sharpened, but steel spurs, though used in Greek and Roman times, were apparently not yet in use

in England. Webster's comparison takes us straight into the cockpit, perhaps one of the royal ones, for James I. loved this gentle pastime: there are the spectators leaning on the barriers surrounding the matting-covered arena; we hear them shouting the odds, and encouraging their favourite birds with cheers and curses, and mark the cruel wounds inflicted by the infuriated combatants on each other.

In *The White Devil* Flamineo, moved to unwonted compassion at Cornelia's anguish, says:

> I have lived
> Riotously ill, like some that live in court,
> And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,
> Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
> Oft gay and honoured robes those tortures try:
> We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry.

It is a little surprising to hear words so modern in feeling on the lips of an Elizabethan, though one remembers the melancholy Jacques' half-whimsical pity for the wounded stag. Only a sincere bird-lover could have realised and expressed so well the point of view of the imprisoned bird. And there are other passages in Webster's plays which show clearly enough how he disliked the sight of a wild bird penned in a cage.

The Duchess of Malfi, feeling that the toils of her enemies are beginning to close round her, says to the husband whom she has married secretly for fear of her brothers' resentment:

> The birds that live
> I' the field on the wild benefit of nature
> Live happier than we; for they may choose their mates,
> And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring.

In the same scene there is an allusion to birds being lured into the nets. And her unrelenting brothers' pity she scorns thus:

> Pity!
> With such a pity men preserve alive
> Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
> To be eaten.

Later on in the play it is again the simile of the caged bird which is chosen to express her dark forebodings. Cariola, her maid, would comfort her with hopes of deliverance. She answers:

> Thou art a fool:
> The robin redbreast and the nightingale
> Never live long in cages.

And again once more, in the midst of the harrowing scene where we see her soul being tortured until death comes as a relief, Webster puts this speech into the mouth of Bosola:

> Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep f in; . . . Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in t body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er o heads, like her looking glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of t small compass of our prison.

In these passages the horror of impending doom, which seems hang like a foul miasma over the characters, is deepened by th ever-recurring metaphor of the cage. It is a grimmer versio of Sterne's starling, crying ever, 'I can't get out—I can't g out.'

This same sentiment appears once more in *The White Devil* when Flamineo is bantering Brachiano on his passion for Vittori he says:

> 'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden: the birds that ar without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and ar in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.

The small fruit in my own garden is protected by a wire cage, and the behaviour of the birds with regard to it could not be more graphically described than in this passage. Webster must himself have often watched the same pantomime for this metaphor to have occurred to him.

It would be easy to give other illustrations, but further quotation might weary the reader; I will confine myself to a few which seem to me to be notable. Honeysuckle the merchant, in *Westward Ho*, lately returned from abroad, asks:

> What news [illegible] abroad?
> Do jackdaws [illegible] the top of Paul's steeple still?

A homely remark, but one, I think, which reveals the bird observer, to whom the jackdaws wheeling and chattering round the steeple of old St. Paul's would be one of the pleasantest sights on his return to London. *Westward Ho* was written in collaboration with Dekker, but we can hardly doubt that here we have Webster's hand; nor that in the same play 'the yellow-hammer her husband' (who was a fantastic Italian) is his phrase. Nor can I omit:

> Women are like to burrs:
> Where their affection throws them, there they'll stick.

And this leads on naturally to another couplet, which, if less complimentary to the ladies, yet takes us refreshingly to meadows full of pollen-laden flowers:

> For women's resolutions in such deeds,
> Like bees, light oft on flowers, and oft on weeds.

I will end with yet one more extract from *The Devil's Law-case*:

> We observe
> Obedience of creatures to the law of nature
> Is the stay of the whole world.

No one but a naturalist could have written these lines. True, they are addressed in remonstrance by Crispiano, the judge, to Leonora, who is endeavouring to bastardise her own son. But their application is far wider—they sum up, indeed, volumes of philosophy. It is a far cry from Webster to George Meredith, but those who know his poetry will recognise that in this there breathes the same spirit.

There is a well-known sonnet of Meredith's *Earth's Secret*:

> Not solitarily in fields we find
> Earth's secret open, though one page is there;
> Her plainness such as children spell, and share
> With bird and beast; raised letters for the blind.
> Not where the troubled passions toss the mind,
> In turbid cities, can the key be bare.
> It hangs for those who hither thither fare,
> Close interthreading Nature with our kind.

Webster, cockney and Nature lover, knew this secret. None could interweave more cunningly than he the warp and weft of humanity and Nature. His genius in tragedy commands our reverence; his understanding of Nature compels our love.

E. W. HENDY

THE EQUESTRIAN DRAMA

II

Before his death in 1842, shortly after Astley's Amphitheatre had been burned to the ground, Ducrow had exhausted the rightful province of the equestrian drama. To his successors he left not only a circus in charred ruins, but also the ring's romance in like state. Later managers of Astley's had to borrow what glory they could from the novel, the theatre, the opera and the newspapers.

> Every trick that horse can achieve (wrote the critic of *The Times*), and every species of interest in which a horse can stand as the central point, seem to have been brought before the public, till the power of excitement is destroyed by familiarity.

Edward Fitzball (1792–1873) was almost the last author of original plots for Houyhnhnms. In his *Wild Maiden of California*, staged at Astley's early in the fifties, he awed the spectators by the hero's dream of dead Red Indians. From the graves around where he sleeps their spectres rise. Each bestrides a Hanoverian cream of the breed of the royal stables. While soft music is being played, the riders' heads appear above the level of the stage. Still as statues they and their mounts are pushed upwards through the traps – as motionless as if sculptured in marble. How the public applauds! So much so that Fitzball is immediately called upon to adapt *Azael the Prodigal*, his Drury Lane version of Scribe and Auber's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, into *Azael; or, The Prodigal of Memphis*.

William Cooke, member of the most prolific of circus families, returned to the elephantine drama at Christmas, 1853, when he staged *Elephants of the East; or, The Magic Gong*. The elephants, trained by Cooke, performed all manner of tricks and even stood upside down.

> The only indecorum they are guilty of (a critic said) is sweeping the musicians up with their trunks, and sprinkling water over the Chinese lanterns as if they mischievously wanted to put them out.

That year's programme shows how much greater were the

demands made upon Cooke than upon Ducrow. *Mazeppa* and, occasionally, *Turpin's Ride to York*, or *Timour the Tartar*, were still required as stop-gaps even when the Crimean War inevitably called forth, in the autumn of 1854, *The Battle of the Alma*, which was enriched by the Battles of Balaclava and Inkerman the next February. The 'Alma' spectacle was among the earliest play-going recollections of a'Beckett at an age when he found it 'a delightful play.' Princes Menschikoff and Gortschakoff were the principal characters, and these illustrious Russians were represented as living in barbarous luxury and having a taste for swallowing tallow candles. The Allied Army was practically commanded by a British sailor and a French *vivandière*. There was a comic correspondent who 'chaffed' Prince Gortschakoff, and was nearly shot in consequence. The final tableau overflowed into the arena, the Russian Cossacks exchanging sword cuts with some English dragoons. After a while the Russians dropped from their horses and were supposed to be dead. The audience cheered to the echo 'Rule Britannia' and the waving of the Union Jack. They took delight in the red fire with which the performance concluded. Still their cordial approbation was tempered with good-humoured hilarity.'

Yet the fickleness of the public of these times still kept Cooke busy, the bill having to be changed practically every month. It was in these circumstances that he decided to break fresh ground. Since both romantic and militarism seemed exhausted, he formed a third category of the equestrian drama by selecting celebrated works from the general drama's stock in order to fit them out with horses whenever an occasion presented itself. To mount Shakespeare on horseback was his first and most successful idea of this kind, although only one of his four attempts remained long in the bill. This was *Richard III*, which opened on August 4, 1856, achieved a run of ninety performances, and was repeatedly revived for many months afterwards. 'Scarcely in any play of Shakespeare's,' the playbills stated, 'are there so many references made to the noble Horse as in *Richard III*.' and these opportunities had been enlarged by a few 'modifications of the usual scenic localities.' There would, in consequence, be more music 'than is ordinarily given, but its recurrence had been avoided as much as possible.' This tone of respect towards the author was admirably kept up in the first announcements. 'The alterations of the play,' Cooke declared, 'have been approached, considered and effected, with all the deference and reverence for the immortal author that the subject so peculiarly and imperatively demanded.' Actually, however, he had made use of Colley Cibber's patchwork quilt of Shakespearean scraps sewn on a copy of the play all tattered and torn by indiscriminating scissors. Sometimes a

Cibberian line, such as 'We've had a battle,' intrudes; sometimes his cautious 'rage of lions' replaces Shakespeare's 'spleen of fiery dragons'; sometimes a line is parodied from another play in order to lengthen an exciting scene. The result is stark stupidity when, after Richard's cry of 'My kingdom for a horse,' he is invited by Ratcliffe to escape on a swift horse 'below yon thicket,' and yet continues to cry, 'My kingdom for a horse.' But these lines, taken out of Warwick's mouth in *Henry VI.*,—

> Richmond, I say, come forth and singly face me,
> Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms,

—were particularly apt to the elocutionary school of Astley's, which also could not but approve the borrowing of Clifford and York's verbal thunder at St Albans for Richard and Richmond to roar at Bosworth Field.

Richard was played by James Holloway who, though described as from the Theatre Royal Edinburgh, had been a barn-stormer for by far the greater part of his career while his children—one of whom was now playing Richard, Duke of York—had been born under the flapping canvas of a mummer's tent. Whether James Holloway ranted or not was a disputed point, but that his style of acting suited the equestrian drama is proved by the unfailing regularity of his appointment to play lead despite the desires of so many rookies. However new to the saddle, he conducted with credit the scene where White Surrey fell under his master in the midst of a combat against superior numbers. When many dead horses were dispersed about the stage, he obeyed the time-honoured custom of rolling every 'r' with redoubled force as his end drew near, to merriment in the role of Ratcliffe, offering him the swift horse below yon thicket while his enemy was visibly approaching. 'The docility of the stud,' it was stated, 'is shown by the pertinacity with which they retain the semblance of death while the swords of Richard and Richmond are clashing over their heads.' Possibly their training was also evident in their absence of fright when the combatants were addressing each other by their names—'R-R-Richard' and 'R-R-Richmond.'

After Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Dred; or, A Tale of the Dismal Swamp*, had been equestrianised on November 15, Cooke adapted *Macbeth*. This, with Holloway playing lead, opened on December 1, but from December 8 it was played on alternate nights, *Richard III* having come into the bill again. In the January of 1857 *Richard III* was revived 'by particular desire,' but before the end of the month Holloway was Petruchio and Mrs. J. W. Anson Katherine in Garrick's version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. In February there was a version of *Rob Roy*, Holloway showing how the hero leapt from the horse on which he was borne as a

prisoner into the stream. In March *King Henry IV.—Part I.* was staged with equestrian illustrations, Holloway playing Hotspur and J. W. Anson Falstaff. In April followed *The French in Algiers; or, The Battle of Constantine.* Yet a further sensation was created in the March, for then Cooke announced, 'Grand opera aided by extraordinary equestrian and scenic effects.' The first sample was *Il Trovatore; or, The Gypsy's Vengeance*, with Rebecca Isaacs as Leonora, Augustus Braham as Manrico, and Meyer Lutz conducting. In June *Maritana* and *La Sonnambula* underwent the same treatment, but in July Cooke had to fall back on *Richard III* and *Mazeppa*.

Both Shakespeare and opera had now had their day, but Cooke's resources had not yet given out. With *The War Trail; or, The White Horse of the Prairie*, in the October of 1857, and *Jibbenainosay; or, The White Horse of Nick of the Woods*, in the February of 1858, he instituted the vogue of the Wild West in London. The Indian Mutiny inspired *The Storming and Capture of Delhi*, and the war in China *The Bombardment and Capture of Canton*. Walter Scott enjoyed another vogue, for there were pieces called *Kenilworth; or, The Golden Days of England's Elizabeth*, and *The Covenanters; or, The Battle of Bothwell Brig*. But still *Mazeppa* put in his regular appearance, and continued to do so even after Cooke had given up the reins at Astley's.

Thus we come to the final sensation of the equestrian drama—the female Mazeppa. The first, and by far the most famous, was Adah Isaacs Menken. After her success in New York on June 7, 1861, she toured America as far as San Francisco. Thence she sailed for England, animated by the spirit of a conqueror and a pilgrim. As an actress she could voyage abroad in the spirit of one who confers a favour upon strange cities. As a poet, however, she was willing to sit at the feet of European men of letters. Her trunks, packed for the three months' voyage, contained the scanty costume of Mazeppa and cuttings of the poems she had contributed to the American Press. London was ablaze with placards for her coming. On the boardings frantic horses pawed the air over frightful precipices, while the captives on their backs exposed arms and legs and threatened to expose beauties of form such as Mazeppa himself never possessed. Protests were made against importing the American 'naked drama,' which was what E. T. Smith, her showman, had counted on. He was already primed with facts about degrees of nakedness on the stage, and could quote the cases not only of the 'divine Fanny' Cerito in ballet, and a host of young limbs in burlesque, but also of Mrs. Charles Kean as Ion. And still the wonder grew. Menken, always startlingly costumed, whether in dressing-gown or majestically stilted crinoline and sweeping hat, drove through the town in a

landau and pair adorned with sleigh bells. For two months, while she stayed at the Westminster Palace Hotel, the glamour of this strange beauty spread. The public, aroused by the prospect of seeing the first female Mazeppa, made, and was helped to make, many strange discoveries, and curiosity grew on what it fed on. Her birth, half Irish, half Creole, was strange. Her name, again, was Jewish, which was a reminder of matrimonial scandals. Her religion, ardently espoused, was also Jewish, though the reason for her change of faith belonged to the past. Her second husband, Heenan, himself a raree-show of the circus ever since his fight with Sayers, was said to be disconsolately prowling around her haunts in the hope of a reconciliation.

These strange facts excited a sense of romance which her appearance enhanced. Her short black hair curled close to her head, her dark eyebrows and dark eyes had the right touch of 'foreignness' which was necessary to the happiness of playgoers in the sixties. There was firmness in the straight line of her small mouth, and in the carriage of her head. There was, however, a hint of the *retroussé* in her nose, and her cheeks had fulness enough to justify the word plump. She brought with her the spirit of emancipated womanhood. That is to say, she could not, no matter what might be said of her behaviour, be dismissed as another frail beauty of the footlights. She had views. She did not believe that marriage was good for women, 'for somehow they all sink into nonentities after this epoch in their existence.' Good wives, she said, were rarely clever, and clever women rarely good. There was something of George Sand in the way she regarded men, not as lovers, not as fellow creatures, but as objects either for use or of vertu. She would lavish her whole-hearted admiration to a poet or run through the entire fortune of a stock-broker with equal relish. And what shocked the public still more was what had shocked her Jewish husband. She was always smoking. At Astley's, where fire was feared, an attendant with a tray followed her to capture cigarette ends.

Until her fame had been won in London she was wooing the public rather than hunting literary lions. Smith's great idea was that, for the first time in the history of the piece, no substitute should be used. In its scramble to the dizziest heights of Astley's practicable mountains the horse should bear Menken, and not the dummy which, in the old days, had taken the place of Cartlitch or Holloway after they had passed across the first raised platform. As Menken's courage was equal to any task, the new sensation was duly rehearsed.

Astley's doors opened on October 3, 1864, to admit a vast press of excited spectators. So well had Smith done his work that there was an outbreak of applause at Menken's first appear-

ance, though she was completely dressed as the Tartar captive, disguised as page of the Polish Castellan. After declaiming each line with plenty of foreign accent, she struck a pose 'as if with the view of satisfying an audience of photographers.' But in the scene where Mazeppa marched into the apartments of the Count Palatine to fight him for the love of Olinska, the Castellan's daughter (nothing so immoral as the unfaithful wife of Byron's poem was ever tolerated), Menken dropped her attitudinising and fought with 'wonderful vigour and spirit' until the would-be bridegroom was overcome. Here the audience held its breath in exquisite anticipation. Castellan was about to wreak his vengeance by ordering 'the punishment inflicted on rebel slaves.' First Mazeppa must be stripped. This was the great moment of the play. Miss Menken retained, of course, the tight fleshings which had been properly worn by previous Mazeppas in this situation, but instead of the usual dark brown 'half-body' she had loose folds of white linen which descended 'only slightly towards the knee,' and left the upper limb exposed though not indelicately. Some spectators might murmur, 'Not the sort of thing one would care one's sister to see', but others had been educated by Smith into thinking, not of their sisters, but of the ladies of ballet or burlesque. Only a very small minority was bold enough to observe that the Mazeppa on Astley's stage was better clothed than those of the hoardings. Even the female portion of the audience, which was as enthusiastic in its applause as the masculine, breathlessly watched the binding with many a thong of hero to horse. All, shuddering, beheld the pair rush over the raking platforms, followed by the heads of wolves with movable jaws, worked by stage-hands who crawled concealed by the painted canvas parapet, in the wake of the clattering hoofs, in order to represent the stealing, rustling step of that

> long gallop, which can tire
> The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire.

When the top platform of the stage (there were three or four) had been passed, cardboard figures of diminishing sizes continued the flight in order to represent how

> With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
> And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
> The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
> Up the repelling bank.
> We gain the top: a boundless plain
> Spreads through the shadow of the night,
> And onward, onward, onward seems,
> Like precipices in our dreams,
> To stretch beyond the sight.

formance witnessed by Napoleon III., the Prince Imperial, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the King of Greece. In the autumn of 1867 she played Mazeppa for the third time at Astley's. After a month she went to the provinces, but was back in the winter. Now her *affaire* with Swinburne was at its height, but there was 'a great row.' It is strange how little he knew of her sufferings a few months after she had been his 'present possessor.' Before she left London for Paris her illness had been acute. After attending two rehearsals of a revival of *Les Pirates de la Savane* she collapsed. Unable to eat, drinking nothing but iced water, she yet struggled from her bed in order to move to a village a few miles from Paris. The effort was too much for her. She was brought back and died two days later—on April 21, 1869, at the age of thirty-three. She was buried at Père la Chaise in the summer of 1868, but the Rothschild family arranged for her body to be removed in the following spring to Mont Parnasse cemetery. 'Thou knowest' is carved on the stone. It was apt for those times, but inapt for these. Not God alone, but every reader of her story, is able, so it seems, to know the motives of her guileless heart—with sympathy. With her passing we have no desire to tell what little there remains of the history of the equestrian drama—that strange, preposterous 'art' which served the purpose of drawing the eyes of the world upon this strange, attractive Creole.

M. Willson Disher.

THE HAWORTH PARSONAGE: THE HOME OF THE BRONTËS

THE old Haworth Parsonage is to be converted into a Brontë Museum and thrown open to the public next summer. This has created great interest in literary circles, for through the generosity of Sir James Roberts, Bart., LL.D., of Strathallan Castle, Perthshire, a native of Haworth, who has purchased the parsonage and presented it to the Brontë Society, it will be possible very shortly for devotees of the Brontës to go through the old home which is redolent of the lives of the Brontë sisters and in which all their famous novels were written.

Sir James Roberts has given [illegible] for the building, which amount is to be used by the trustees of the old parsonage to build a new rectory on the high ground to the west of the present building.

The Brontë sisters were passionately devoted to that grey stone parsonage and their Yorkshire homeland. 'Our England is a bonnie island and Yorkshire is one of her bonniest nooks,' wrote Charlotte Brontë of the West Riding in which Haworth is situated, but strangers visiting the moorland village have not always spoken well of it, and Mrs Gaskell described it as a bleak, isolated village whose inhabitants were rough and brusque; but it is necessary to have a love of Nature and of moorland scenery to enjoy life among those rugged hills and to understand the natives, who are noted for their cleanliness, thrift, humour, and transparent honesty.

Long before the Brontës went to live in Haworth it was well known because of the good work of Mr Brontë's predecessor, the eccentric but saintly vicar of Haworth, the Rev. William Grimshaw (1742–1763), the friend of John Wesley and George Whitefield, both of whom preached on several occasions to crowded congregations in old Haworth Church. John Newton, the friend of the poet Cowper, wrote an interesting memoir of the Rev. William Grimshaw shortly before his death, in which he described Haworth as 'one of those obscure places which, like the fishing towns in Galilee favoured with our Lord's presence, owe all their celebrity to the gospel.' 'The name of Haworth,' wrote Newton,

'would scarcely be known at a distance were it not connected with the name of Grimshaw.' But for the last eighty years it is the name of Brontë which has immortalised the little moorland village.

The rectory was built in or about 1774, the deed of conveyance being very difficult to decipher owing to indistinct writing and numerous abbreviations. It was enlarged during the incumbency of the Rev. John Wade, who succeeded Mr Brontë in 1861. It is of interest to find from the deeds that the building does not come under the ordinary conditions of English church rectories and vicarages, which are usually conveyed absolutely, and in consequence it is not affected by the Dilapidations Act and other similar Acts. It is quite exceptional, if not unique, in this respect.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë took his wife and family of six young children to Haworth from Thornton in 1820, seven carts being used to convey the furniture and a covered conveyance for the family. Mr Brontë died in 1861, having lived in this house for over forty years. Now it is known the world over as 'The Home of the Brontës.'

A Yorkshireman, Mr Frank Peel, author of the *History of the Spen Valley*, visited the village in 1850, and, describing the exterior of the parsonage, he says:

> It was a low stone house which occupied one corner of the graveyard. A field (in the deeds it is called a croft) had evidently been set apart, and the founders of the church had said: 'In three quarters of it we will inter the dead and in that other fourth we will bury the living.' A little garden was before it, and you stepped straight off the graveyard into it. You also went down one step as towards a larger grave. A flagged walk led up to the front door, and it was covered over with a damp green slime and in the interstices grew an almost black moss. The stone of the house was of the same melancholy tint as the flags of the walk; of all the sad, heart-broken dwellings I have passed, this was the saddest.

Mrs. Gaskell visited Charlotte in 1853, and she evidently saw the house in happier circumstances, probably at a more favourable time of the year, for she refers to a narrow flower border and bushes of elder and lilac, with a square grass plot and a gravel walk. Of the house she says:

> Everything about the house tells of the most dainty order, the most exquisite cleanliness. The doorsteps are spotless; the small old-fashioned window panes glitter like looking-glass. Inside and outside of the house cleanliness goes up into its essence, purity.

After Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, probably no literary shrine in England attracts more attention than this parsonage at Haworth, near Keighley. On an average for the past twenty years over 4000 pilgrims, including many from America and the overseas Dominions, as well as some from foreign

countries, wend their way up the steep street of the village to see the old rectory, the church and the present small Brontë Museum, which was opened in 1895. During that summer over 10,000 people visited Haworth. The museum consists of two small rooms over the local branch of the Yorkshire Penny Bank.

The present church is not the one in which the Brontës worshipped. This was demolished in 1879, the only part remaining being the square church tower and the graves of the Brontës, which are marked by a brass plate on the floor inscribed to the memory of Emily and Charlotte Brontë, and a marble tablet on the wall with the names of the other members of the family who were buried in the church.

Very few pilgrims have ever been allowed to enter the portals of this old rectory, apart from the friends of the families of the successive rectors who have lived there since the time of the Brontës. So secluded has the rectory been kept that it has acquired the reputation of being "a mystery house," but there is nothing mysterious about it to satisfy the curiosity of an intruder.

Having had the good fortune to have lived in Haworth some forty years ago, I enjoyed the pleasure of being allowed to wander through the old home at the kind invitation of successive rectors, and recently had the rare privilege of staying as a guest at the rectory and sleeping in the room in which Charlotte died.

Although the parsonage has been altered and enlarged, the most interesting rooms associated with the Brontës are just as they were in their days. These rooms are crowded with memories, mostly sad, though there are happy associations which linger around the family sitting-room, the garden (which was larger then, the new part of the house having been built on a portion of it), and even the flagged "yard" at the back of the house, which in the days of the Brontës was a rough piece of ground opening on to the fields, where Emily's hawk, the three tame geese, and other pets found a home.

It often puzzles visitors to Haworth to find their way to the rectory, for it is hidden behind the church, and has not an easily recognised approach from Main Street. It is situated behind one corner of the churchyard, which is crowded with blackened tombstones, some dating back 400 years. On one side of the short winding lane, paved with cobble-stones, leading to the rectory are a few old cottages, in one of which John Wesley stayed when he visited Haworth. On the other side, opposite the rectory, are the school buildings and the verger's house, where the curates described in *Shirley* had their hilarious meetings. A high wall screens the rectory from the lane, and a tall door, which is usually locked, bars the entrance to the flagged walk which leads to the front door. A high hedge of trees and shrubs prevents the

passer-by from seeing the garden and house, except the upper rooms, which can be seen from a distance.

Having been admitted through the garden door, the house is on the right, and a small lawn, with its borders gay with flowers in summer, is on the left. Walking round the garden, it is noticeable that the hedge which separates the garden from the churchyard is lower and thinner in one place across the lawn and opposite the front door, and there are indications that there has been a gap. Thereby hangs a story, for formerly there was a gate at this spot, known as 'the gate of the dead.' This was made in 1821 for the burial of the wife of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, so that the funeral *cortège* could go from the house to the church through the graveyard and thus avoid the lane under the gaze of the crowd of interested villagers, for in consequence of the dismissal of one of the nurses who had attended Mrs. Brontë in her last illness there had been disparaging reports concerning Mr. Brontë's treatment of his wife and little children, which Mrs. Gaskell referred to in the first edition of her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. These erroneous statements were deleted in subsequent editions as they were proved to be absolutely untrue, but unfortunately since the copyright expired these inaccurate statements have been republished in a cheap edition of the book.

This 'gate of the dead' has been used for every member of the Brontë family with the exception of Anne Brontë, who died at Scarborough and was buried in the churchyard there in 1849. After Mrs. Brontë's funeral in 1821 the gate was kept locked, and was never used except for the funerals of the five children and the old father, which covers a period of over forty years, the vicar being the last to be carried through the little gate in 1861.

The parsonage garden is now well kept, but in the early days of the Brontës it was somewhat rough and unkempt, with here and there a few fruit trees. Emily made a small flower garden under the windows, and she it was who used to sit on a little wooden stool under the shade of the currant bushes writing some of her wonderful poems. The little three-legged stool is still in existence, but there are no fruit trees in the garden now; the cherry tree which reached to the children's study, on which Tabby, the old servant, stepped, breaking one of the branches when acting with the children in one of their little plays, is no longer there.

There are many tales told of disappointed visitors who have come, in some cases, very long distances hoping to see the interior of the parsonage and have had to go away disappointed, having been told that 'the rectory is a private house and not "an exhibit."'* This rule was enforced most vigorously after a party of Americans, finding the outer gate unlocked, rushed to the front

door, and immediately it was opened by a maidservant pushed her aside and rushed from room to room, trying to identify the apartments of each member of the Brontë family before they could be evicted. It has been repeatedly stated that Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, was refused admittance by the successor of Mr. Brontë, but she told me that the story was not strictly true. She was staying with a distinguished family in the West Riding and was driven to Haworth to see the Brontë homeland, which she had never previously visited. Alighting at the rectory, she sent in her card asking if she might be allowed to see through the house, and explaining that she was the daughter of Thackeray the novelist and the friend of Charlotte Brontë. The rector agreed, but when she asked if the party with her could come too, this was politely refused. Not wishing to have the pleasure without her host and hostess accompanying her, she declined the invitation. Successive rectors have not been quite so exclusive, but they have reserved the right to choose their visitors.

The parsonage is now much larger than it was in the days of the Brontës, a long dining-room, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and two bathrooms having been added. There was no water or inside sanitation in the house in the Brontë days, and lamps and candles were used for lighting. In fact the house was most unhealthy, and Mr. Brontë complained repeatedly of the dampness and of the necessity of better drainage. The churchyard on one side is on higher ground than the rectory, which is now well drained and lighted.

When the house is entered by the front door—which was rarely used by the Brontë children, who preferred to go through Tabby's kitchen at the back—the family sitting-room, which was also used as a dining-room, is on the left. This room is some four yards square. The old fireplace has been replaced by a modern grate, and the two window seats, on which the little Brontës were wont to curl themselves up with a book, reading as long as the daylight lasted, are gone. The twelve small panes of glass in each window have been replaced by four large ones; otherwise the room is as it was in the Brontë days. This is the most interesting room in the house, for it was the family sitting-room, where the children planned and acted their plays, and where all the novels and numerous manuscripts were written, the sisters walking arm in arm, round and round the table, discussing their stories. Here Charlotte sat alone, after all but the father had died, with no companion but her own sad thoughts. It was from this room that she literally pushed the Rev. A. B. Nicholls after his proposal of marriage, dreading how her father would receive the news. It was here in 1853 that Charlotte Brontë entertained Mrs. Gaskell, who wrote:

The prevailing colour of the room is crimson, to make a warm setting for the cold grey landscape without. There is her [Charlotte's] likeness by Richmond, and an engraving from Lawrence's picture of Thackeray; and two recesses, on each side of the high, narrow, old-fashioned mantelpiece, filled with books—books given to her, books she had bought, and which tell of her individual pursuits and tastes; not standard works.

Later some pleasure came to Charlotte after her marriage to the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, her father's curate, and for a few brief months she lived happily with her husband, using this room as a dining and general sitting-room, where she mended socks and lived the life of a busy clergyman's wife, only being able to find time to write a few pages of a new novel, which was to be entitled *Emma*; this fragment has been published.

On the opposite side of the hall was the parlour which Mr. Brontë used as a study. What tales these walls could tell, for in this room Mr. Brontë taught his children reading, writing, arithmetic, history and Latin, being 'terribly strict with them.' Here they were 'carpeted' when they had done wrong or neglected their studies. In this little parlour Mr. Brontë received quite a number of distinguished visitors who called to congratulate him on his daughters' success as novelists. It was in this room that Charlotte approached her father with her first novel, *Jane Eyre*, when it was actually published, reading some of the early reviews. He received the book to read quietly alone, and then remarked to Charlotte's sisters: 'Do you know, girls, that Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?' He was evidently much astonished and greatly pleased. In later years he confessed that had he known he would have stopped the girls from writing novels, as he thought that the cost of publishing would be too expensive. Evidently he did not think that the publishers would take the risk, for he had published his own books at his own expense and probably lost money on them. This explains why the three sisters kept their writing a secret, not only from their brother Branwell, but also from their father.

Behind this room was the kitchen, where Tabby, the faithful old Yorkshire servant, held sway. This was a happy room in the children's day, for here they roasted potatoes for supper and sat listening to the wonderful tales that Tabby had to tell of the 'fairishes' (fairies), as she called them, that haunted the moorland glens. Tabby said in later years that it was the factories that drove the fairies from Haworth. It was to this room that Emily rushed when she had been bitten by a stray dog which she had been feeding, and, taking the goffering-iron from the fire, she cauterised the wound, not even mentioning the incident to her sisters, though the dog was said to be suffering from hydrophobia. Charlotte made use of this incident in *Shirley*.

It was in this kitchen that Emily made the bread 'which was always light.' In *Jane Eyre* there is a charming description of this room.

> I could see clearly a room with a sanded floor, clean scoured; a dresser of walnut, with pewter plates ranged in rows, reflecting the redness and radiance of a glowing peat fire. I could see a clock, a white deal table, some chairs. The candle, whose ray had been my beacon, burnt on the table; and by its light, an elderly woman, somewhat rough looking, but scrupulously clean like all about her, was knitting a stocking.

This white deal table was sold at an auction in London a few years ago.

Behind the family sitting-room was a little room in which peat was kept. Later Charlotte converted it into a tiny study for her husband, as her father still clung to his own room.

Turning to ascend the stairs we find the corner at the foot where Emily punished her dog Keeper—Tartar in *Shirley*:

> He loved to steal upstairs and stretch his square, tawny limbs on the comfortable beds, covered with delicate white counterpanes.

To cure him, she dragged him down the stairs by the collar, and with her clenched fist struck him several blows between the eyes, afterwards bathing them; he never committed the offence again. It was faithful Keeper that followed her to her grave, and lay moaning at her bedroom door for days after her death.

Ascending the first short flight of stairs we find a window, which in the Brontë days gave a good view of the adjoining fields and the moors beyond. Now opaque glass is used, and when I saw it last August the two large pewter flagons used for the wine at the communion service by the Rev. William Grimshaw were on the window-sill. In the corner once stood a grandfather's clock, which Mr. Brontë used to wind up every night as he went to bed. It is to be hoped that it will be returned to its old home. After a few stairs leading to the landing is the place where Charlotte showed the painting of herself and her two sisters to Mrs. Gaskell, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery as a result of my discovery in 1913. I described it in the *Nineteenth Century and After* of August 1918. The original had been hidden in a cupboard in Mr. A. B. Nicholls' home in Ireland for over fifty years until I published a photograph of it in my book *In the Footsteps of the Brontës* and proved its genuineness. This led to the original being sold to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

To the right of the landing, over the family sitting-room, is the bedroom in which Mrs. Brontë lived through many dreary months, dying of cancer in 1821. Later her sister Elizabeth, 'Aunt Branwell,' used it as a bed-sitting-room, in which she taught her

nieces to sew, knit, and work samplers, some of which will be u
view in the new Brontë Museum, probably in the very room i
which they were worked. Then Charlotte and Anne used it a
their bedroom, and after the death of her sisters Charlotte kept i
for her guest-room until her marriage. It was in this chambe
that she died, calling with her dying breath, 'Oh! I am no
going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so
happy.' The same old fireplace is still there that shed its warmth on that bleak March morning when Charlotte died, her husband and father standing at the foot of the bed in an agony of grief. It was, indeed, a thrilling experience to sleep in that room, which is redolent of so many sad stories.

Next to this bedroom is a tiny dressing-room, which only measures 10 feet by 5 feet 9 inches. This was Emily's bedroom. There is no fireplace nor any means of ventilation except a window, which in that bleak windy district would not often be opened, except during the short summer. This small room was known in the early days as 'the children's study.' It was used by five young children under the care of Maria Brontë. She was the original of Helen Burns in *Jane Eyre*, and died when eleven years old. The father considered her to be the cleverest in the family. He said he could discuss the political news with her, and he tells of Maria helping him to correct the proof sheets of his publications. Branwell has written of her as Caroline in a poem by that name. During Mrs. Brontë's illness the children were accustomed to talk with hushed voices for fear of disturbing their invalid mother in the next room.

It was from this room that Emily rushed to her brother, who, stupefied with opium, had let the candle fall and set his bed on fire. She dragged him from danger and placed him on her own bed, extinguishing the fire with pails of water, which were always kept ready as Mr. Brontë always had a fear of the house getting on fire. Afterwards Charlotte and Anne retired to their bedroom and Emily slept downstairs on the sitting-room sofa.

On the other side of the landing was Mr. Brontë's room. When Branwell became so wild and unmanageable he shared this room with his father, and it was here that he died 'praying softly.'

All three rooms faced east, looking over the garden and churchyard. The two at the back of the house were very small, one being used by the servants Tabby and Martha Brown, and the other as a lumber-room after Branwell ceased to use it as a studio and bedroom. This room has been merged into a staircase landing to the newer part of the house.

These old rooms will constitute the museum and library, and the newer portion will probably be set apart for the home of the

ourselves. The three sisters and Branwell have left poems to show their love of the old home. Emily could not live away from it with any degree of happiness. When she went to Miss Wooler's school she had to be taken home suffering from 'home sickness'; and again, when at Brussels, it was only her determined devotion to her studies that saved her from a nervous breakdown. Her longest absence from home was when a governess at Southowram, near Halifax, which covered a period of over two years, though Mrs. Gaskell stated it was only six months.

Emily wrote:

> There is a spot 'mid barren hills
> Where winter howls and drives the rain;
> But if the dreary tempest chills,
> There is a light that warms again.
>
> The house is old, the trees are bare,
> Moonless above bends twilight's dome,
> But what on earth is half so dear—
> So longed for—as the hearth of home?

Many think that the Brontë sisters experienced nothing but sorrow, but few women have left more loving recollections of their home than have these novelists. Charlotte described the house to M. Heger as 'rather a large house,' and when she was in Brussels as a teacher she wrote:

> Now, as I watched that distant hill,
> So faint, so blue, so far removed,
> Sweet dreams of home my heart may fill,
> That home where I am known and loved.

And Anne, the gentle little sister, who, to quote M. Dimnet, 'would have passed for a genius in any other family . . . but she was somewhat overshadowed by her sisters,' was devoted to the old home, and wrote when away:

> Restore to me that little spot,
> With grey walls compassed round,
> Where knotted grass neglected lies,
> And weeds usurp the ground.

Next summer the word 'home' will not cling to the old rectory, for it will be known in future as the Brontë Museum and Library, which will replace the small museum and still smaller library housed in the rooms over the Yorkshire Penny Bank since 1895 when the Brontë Society opened the museum. The contents of these rooms will be transferred with many additions. The museum will contain family relics of the Brontës, including articles of clothing, locks of hair, trinkets, some of the old furniture, paintings and drawings by Branwell and his sisters' manuscripts, autograph letters and books published by the father and sisters.

together with books about the Brontës by different authors, as well as numerous magazine articles, reviews and illustrations. There will also be a very good set of lantern slides made by the late Mr. J. J. Stead, one of the original members of the society, who devoted much time to identifying the places referred to in the novels which are associated with Yorkshire. On the walls of the museum will hang drawings, water-colour and oil paintings, portraits of the Brontë family and their friends and relatives, several painted by the Brontë sisters and the ill-fated brother.

It is quite remarkable that so many items and souvenirs have been preserved, especially when it is remembered that the Brontës left no descendants to keep their memory green or to treasure their belongings. Many of the relics have been in the possession of the old sexton John Brown and his daughters, who were the faithful servants at the parsonage for so many years. Some of these have found their way to sales in London and elsewhere; but unfortunately there has not always been a representative of the Brontë Society to purchase different relics, and many are scattered far and wide. Some, however, have been treasured by devotees of the Brontës, and may possibly return to their old home.

To the Brontë student the autograph letters and the original manuscripts (some in the shape of tiny imitation books), together with first editions of the poems and novels by the Brontës, are of supreme importance. Most of the autograph letters were purchased from Miss Ellen Nussey, Charlotte's friend, who had kept over 500 letters from Charlotte, one or two from Emily, and a few from Anne. Others have been supplied by Mr. Williams, the reader to Charlotte's publisher, Mr. George Smith, and numbers were bought from Mr. A. B. Nicholls, Charlotte's husband. In a letter before me Mr. Nicholls complains bitterly of Ellen Nussey 'trafficking on the acquaintance of my wife,' but he himself sold numerous relics, autograph letters and manuscripts later, and after his death his second wife sold the remainder, receiving quite a large sum for this valuable collection.

The library in the small museum is very incomplete; several private collectors have a much larger collection of books on the Brontës. This is due to the fact that the Brontë Society has relied mainly on authors of books on the Brontës sending presentation copies, as the council never had much money in hand. It may be possible to make up the deficiencies, as the society has recently had the good fortune to receive a valuable collection from the executors of the late Mr. H. H. Bonnell, of Philadelphia, who died last year. He was early in the field as a collector, and published a valuable book of poems by Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë, through Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, in 1902.

This book of poems was the first to be issued after the one by the Brontë sisters edited by Charlotte in 1850. Mr. Bonnell had some valuable autograph letters, manuscripts and personal relics, in addition to first editions of the Brontë novels and numerous books on the Brontës. It is a matter for congratulation that the Bonnell Collection will return to England and be housed in the old Haworth parsonage. It is to be hoped that the manuscript of *The Professor* may be in this collection. It was sold to the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan some years ago.

With so great a desire to obtain Brontë relics there has always been a danger of collectors purchasing portraits, letters, etc., which have no connexion whatever with the Brontës. In 1913 I proved that the alleged water-colour portrait of Charlotte Brontë, purchased by the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, was not genuine, and it was ultimately removed. There is still hanging in the National Portrait Gallery a painting which is labelled Emily Brontë, of which over 5000 photographs have been sold by the National Portrait Gallery and the Brontë Society. Immediately it was hung I identified it as a portrait of Anne Brontë, and not Emily, and published my discovery with proofs in February 1914 in the *Morning Post*. Brontë experts, including the late Mr. Clement Shorter and the late Director of the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. James D. Milner, have confirmed my opinion of the picture. This view has also been supported by Mr. C. W. Hatfield, the able Brontë critic and a vice-president of the Brontë Society, who has been responsible for relabelling a photograph of this painting in the Brontë Museum, and it is now correctly described as a portrait of Anne Brontë and is reproduced as such in the recently issued catalogue of the Brontë Museum. A genuine portrait of Emily Brontë would be especially valuable, as beyond the one in the group of the three sisters in the National Portrait Gallery, and also one in a well-known group of four including the three sisters and Branwell, no portrait of Emily Brontë is forthcoming, whilst there are four of Anne Brontë, including those in the two groups, a water-colour by Charlotte, and the one in the National Portrait Gallery erroneously dated 1845 instead of 1834, as the original of the painting. Anne Brontë was a girl of fourteen at the time her brother painted it.

If the Brontë Museum, and especially the library section, is to be an infallible guide for future Brontë students, it will be necessary to annotate the *Bibliography of the Brontë Family*. Several poems attributed to Emily have since been proved by Mr. C. W. Hatfield to have been written by Branwell Brontë, others by Branwell and Charlotte jointly, including *The Horse, Black Eagle, which I rode at the Battle of Zamorna*, which has hitherto been attributed to Emily Brontë, and erroneously

[illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and published by the [illegible] [illegible] of August, [illegible] quite a number of poems by Emily which h[illegible] been grievously altered and tampered with by Charlotte when [illegible] edited them for the 1850 edition of *The Poems by Charlotte, Em*[illegible] *and Anne Brontë*, and unfortunately these errors have been copi[illegible] in all subsequent editions of the poems by Emily. In additi[illegible] certain verses in some of the poems have been omitted, as can [illegible] proved by reference to the original manuscripts. It is al[illegible] known that poems which have been proved to be the joi[illegible] production of Charlotte and Branwell Brontë have been sold at public auction as compositions by Emily. Indeed, there is ne[illegible] for a new complete edition of Emily Brontë's poems as original[illegible] written by her, some of which have not yet been published. Th[illegible] would replace former editions of her poems which have be[illegible] carefully revised by Mr C. W. Hatfield and Mr. Davidson Coo[illegible]

The immortal Brontës are ever with us, and the new museu[illegible] and library in the old parsonage will bring them nearer and w[illegible] be a worthy shrine at which thousands of pilgrims will pay the[illegible] grateful homage.

Many additional relics will be forthcoming, and by ne[illegible] summer there will be a unique collection of Brontëana for whi[illegible] all devotees of the Brontës will be most grateful.

ESTHER ALICE CHADWICK.

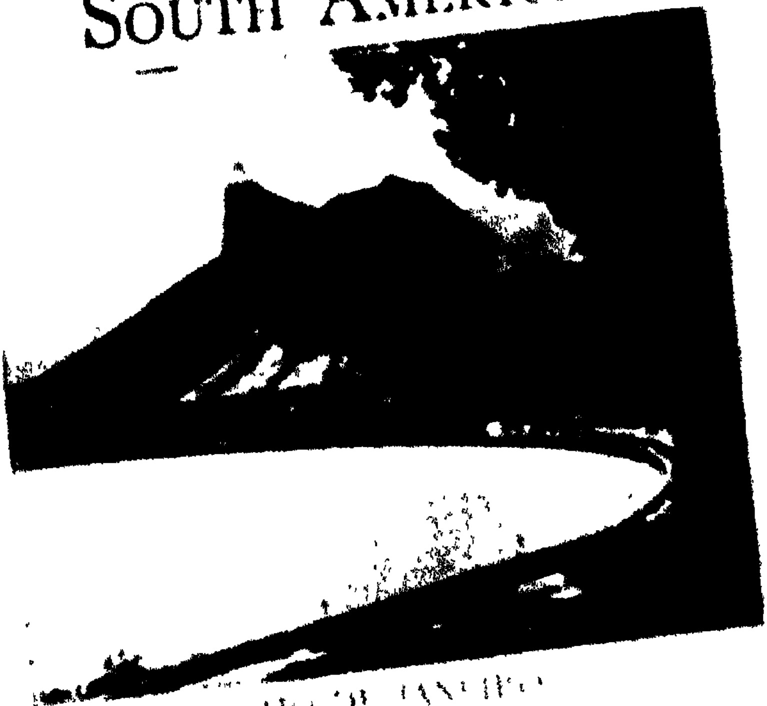
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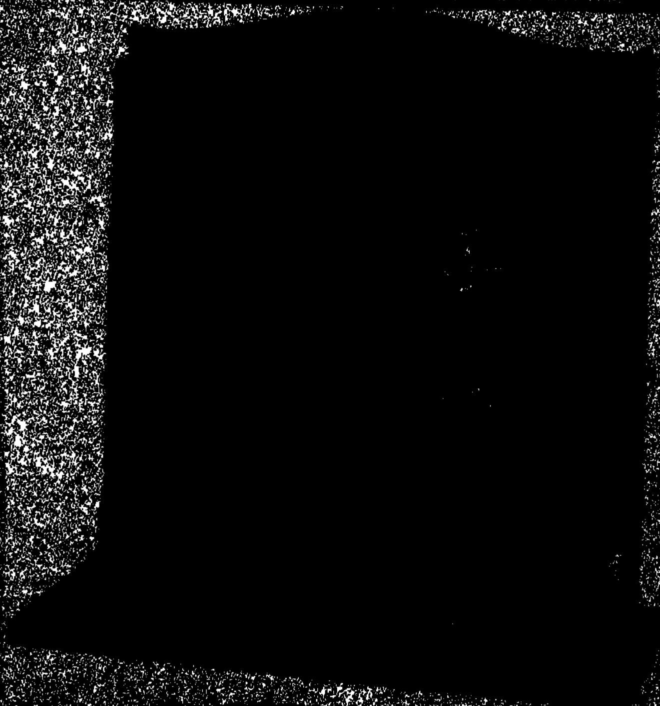
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STACY WADDY,

January, 1928. *Secretary.*

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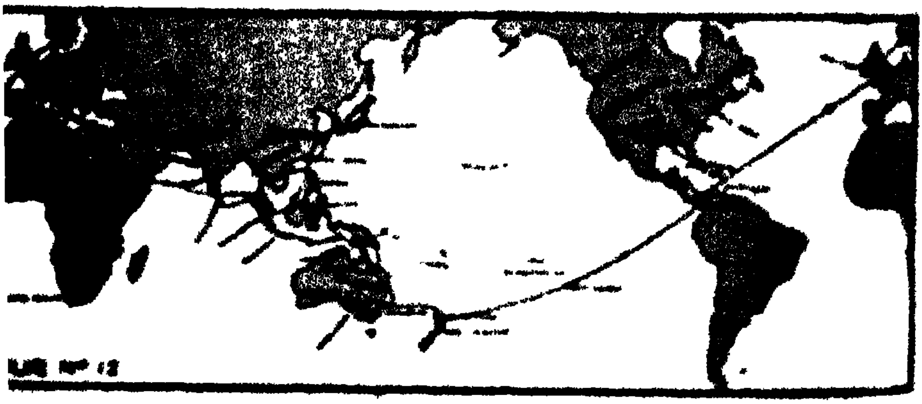
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No DCXII—February 1928

THE CENTENARY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

Thomas Hardy died in his eighty-eighth year on January 11 last at Max Gate, Dorchester, and it is my striking and melancholy privilege to present to my readers some pages written by him shortly before his fatal illness; maybe I am publishing the last composition he wrote. He is here concerned with George Meredith, and, apart from the natural charm of what he has written, events have lent a special pathos to the final page. He said on October 4 last, in the letter in which he consented to give me the article and before it was written: 'Unfortunately I am not physically able to write anything that can be dignified by the title of an article! But, as I say, I will get it ready when wanted. It will be a poor thing, I fear, unlike what I could have wished, for the late Mr. Meredith's sake, that I might have done something worthy of his memory.'

To speak adequately of one of the world's great men in a [illegible] is a difficult task, and I shall simply state of George Meredith [illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible] and we celebrate the centenary with this article by Thomas Hardy and the publication of some of his letters and a poem which have not before been printed. In the words:

"He was like the inland fountain's utmost leap;
He played the star at span of heaven right o'er
Men's heads:"

CARROL ROMER,
Editor, *Nineteenth Century and After.*

G. M.: A REMINISCENCE

On the centenary of the birth of George Meredith it has been thought appropriate that I should say what few words I can say about so exceptional a man; and I have assented, not because I am well qualified to speak of one of such individual and brilliant achievement—indeed, far from it—but because I chanced to encounter him at a date that has now become very remote, and when he can probably have been known to few persons still alive who met him for purely literary reasons as I did, and not as members of his family or domestic friends.

Meredith is so modern that it may surprise his younger readers who have not given much thought to the matter to be reminded that he was living for four years as a juvenile contemporary of Sir Walter Scott, who at his birth had not published *The Fair Maid of Perth*, *Anne of Geierstein*, or *Count Robert*; that for six years he was a contemporary of Lamb and Coleridge, for fifteen years of Southey, and for twenty-two years of Wordsworth; and that *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* was finished before Darwin settled the question of the Origin of Species.

It is hopeless to attempt to get back all the way from effects to causes in terrestrial affairs as in celestial, but at any rate a proximate cause of my knowledge of Meredith was the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan. He had been the first to read the manuscript of my first novel—if it could be called a novel (though I had dabbled in verse for years)—and, being apparently in some doubt about it, suggested that I should let it be seen by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, to which firm of publishers he gave me an introduction. He may have had it in his mind that by sending me there the troublesome manuscript would be read by Meredith, but he did not tell me so. Anyway, thither I went, left the MS., and some weeks later received a letter from the firm, asking me if I could 'meet the gentleman who has read your MS., as he would like to speak to you about it.'

Hence it happened that on a winter afternoon [illegible]

[illegible] an unusual sort of man to discover in a back office in London, though I knew nothing about his personality, Mr. Frederick Chapman, who presented me to him, not having told me his name.

He must have been then about forty years of age, and was quite in the prime of life. At that time he had by no means escaped the shots of reviewers who were out to suppress anything like originality. The criticisms bestowed upon his writings were, indeed, as various probably as those upon any author before or since whose treatment by the press can be remembered. Only six or seven years earlier the *Spectator's* pronouncement was, 'Mr. Meredith may be a very clever man, but he is not a genius,' or words to that effect, which provoked Swinburne into writing an expostulatory letter to that paper, the editor, I must add, honestly printing the letter intact, despite his own opinion. And about five years before—though I cannot quite remember the exact sequence of events—the *Saturday Review* treated Meredith's volume entitled *Modern Love, and Poems of the English Roadside* in this fashion:

> His strong thought and quaint expression remind us here and there—though at a considerable interval—of Robert Browning. . . . However, a perusal of Mr. George Meredith's more ambitious productions, and especially of *Modern Love*, leads one reluctantly to the conclusion that he has entirely mistaken his powers, and has utterly marred what might have been a rare and successful volume. . It is, as we have said, bad enough that a writer of real ability and skill should allow himself to assimilate this kind of fustian with poems of worth and merit. But Mr. George Meredith's descent from his 'roadside' style of thought and composition to the lyrical mood is, we regret to say, only trifling compared with the change which he undergoes when he indulges in an elaborate analysis of a loathsome series of phenomena which he is pleased to call 'Modern Love.' . . . a choice of subject involving a mistake so grave as utterly to disqualify the chooser from achieving any great and worthy result in art.

Thus we see that the two leading weekly reviews of that mid-Victorian decade during which I made his acquaintance were practically in accord about Meredith, and doubtless they were strong enough to put a damper on the circulation of *Modern Love* till years after.

However, as above stated, I was not aware that my adviser at the interview was the man who had undergone these bludgeonings, and was just then emerging from these [illegible]. Unfortunately I made no note of our conversation; in those days people did not usually write down everything as they do now for the concoction of reminiscences, the only words of his that I

[illegible]

[illegible] gray, and wearing a brown coat [illegible] been above.

Many years were to elapse before I saw him again—this time as himself, and not 'as the gentleman who has read your MS.'—when he had been accepted and had become familiar to those who could enjoy his writings as 'chaos illuminated by flashes of lightning,' full of epigrams of thought and beauty. Our meetings were then continued at irregular intervals that covered a long span of time, till there came a last, of which I can only recall one trifling incident. A literary lady of rank had asked me if I would take her to see him, which she said she was dying to do. I did not wish to take her, but I put the question to him as I was leaving. To his warm invitation to me to come again soon, which I promised to do, he added drily: 'But don't bring the lady.'

As is so often the case with such intentions, before I had gone again I was confronted one afternoon by a newspaper placard—almost close to the spot in Piccadilly where I had first met him forty years before—announcing in large capitals 'DEATH OF MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.'

I am not able to say what influence Meredith may be exercising over the writings of the present generation. Some of his later contemporaries and immediate successors certainly bear marks of his style and outlook, particularly in respect of *The Comic Spirit*, most of them forgetting, as he did not forget (though he often conveniently veiled his perception of it), that, as I think Ruskin remarks, 'Comedy is Tragedy if you only look deep enough.' The likelihood is that, after some years have passed, what was best in his achievement—at present partly submerged by its other characteristics—will rise still more distinctly to the surface than it has done already. Then he will not only be regarded as a writer who said finest and profoundest things often in a tantalizing way, but as one whose work remains as an essential portion of the vast universal volume which enshrines as contributors all those that have adequately recorded their reading of life.

THOMAS HARDY.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

When after George Meredith's death a selection of his letters was published, these showed that his unique and abundant genius could find no other manner of expression than that which it had found in his published work. Swift, striking, fervent and unexpected, it discovered surprising similarities between human life and the activity of Nature. The following letters were written within two years of his sixtieth birthday. They were addressed to a young lady who had loved unhappily; she was of old family and was then living in the south of France, with which she had identified herself. He had met her when staying with a cousin of hers who was his neighbour; her wit, her sensibility, and her misfortunes deeply interested him, and the record of his solicitude is in these letters, in which his philosophy of life found expression in an appreciation which was warm, and was strongly individual. More than this one is not at liberty to say; and once or twice a bracketed circumlocution is used to veil her Christian name.

The letters that were published in the volume of 1912 show no deeper friendship than these. Here and there delicacy or discretion have commanded an elision, but those who have understood his temperament and his philosophy of life will find here new and valuable aphorisms or delightful metaphors such as that which made his friend Mrs. Ross 'a saint in silver'; in the 'morning and evening dews' of rhyme are counsels as profound and trenchant on the love of men and women as he ever wrote. This poem is one of his masterpieces; and indeed its two lines:

> Know love more heavenly than of old
> Revealed, and love will not be cold.

give in one tuneful cadence the essence not only of these letters, but of his unity of flesh with brain, of heart with spirit, in his personal apprehension of life, which was strong and tender to every relation that he valued.

[illegible]

Your words to Grant Allen, upon the volume you give to Love and Death, haunt me, as if they were a piece of your history; and they tell of suffering, or of impatience with it. But at least they show you on the road of inquiry, though willing to repose before much way has been made. Of course the indication is, that you have not yet mastered the senses under a firm grasp of the meaning of life. We are all thinking of our own when life is a theme perplexing us to the love of slumber. But it is out of our own that we must come before we can think over so broad a matter at all. And this being done, we perceive a world of nature that we can trim if we please; that can go on independently, and healthfully become joyfully; always busily; whose death is life, whose rest is nothing but variation: we perceive also a world of men certainly bettered by the ages, but not yet in harmony between their desires and their capacities; hence the wretchedness.

They are still in the thick of the emotional stage; that is, of the senses holding fast on the thought they have given birth to, but should earlier let fly for their happiness. We find as we advance in life that if this thought is independent of our personal emotions, exactly to the degree in which it is free are we nearing to be at one with Nature in her joyful activity, and our view of her work. And thus not even the loss of the faculties of pleasure, nor the approach of the issue most commonly dreaded, can shadow one who has grown to the full development of the brain.—Make your cast for a clear understanding. Believe at the outset that Life is Joy; only let joy be read spiritually; in other words, not as a thing to claim, but as a thing to share in.

Here is a Sunday lecture for you! Pardon it. If you permit me to address you from time to time, I promise that all shall not be so heavy. My warm wish is to be of use. Particulars would furnish me livelier texts. At present I dismally generalize.

I am ever
Your most faithful
GEORGE MEREDITH.

Box Hill,
December [illegible], [illegible].

[illegible] Daye.

[illegible] friend and host,

The [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] on me [illegible] [illegible] have quitted England. I followed you step by step [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] on the time of your journey [illegible] Germany. For the rest I had to trust to my prayers for your safety. Reports in the papers of weather in Paris startled, and distressed me. I dread the many possible things from weather to bronchitis, and small annoyances, I know not what. I might have obviated some, had I persisted in attending on you.

Dined with the Lawrences. They gave me a photograph of Jane Harding,[1] whom they think very handsome as she is made to appear: and her eyes are indeed splendid. But when that same [Mademoiselle] is out of her shyness and conventionally animated, I would back her for true illumination of beauty against the field of enchantresses—and I think I am something of a judge. How curious it is that one touch of emotion seems to paralyse her—she who can speak so well when unembarrassed. I remember, at my second interview with her, being astonished at her fluency, and expressiveness both of speech and feature. I remember too at one moment, taking a dive into an eye that sparkled pure light and still detains me—unconsciously to the return of the orb.

I doubt not, although I was informed subsequently that I had been thought of. In truth, I could not have been more honoured, nor rendered happier than in hearing it said. Good night. I speculate on the day that is to bring me a letter.

26th. Through merest to the Nook in the hope—But nothing heard of you. Mrs. G. A. says '[Mademoiselle] is a bad correspondent.' She indemnified me by talking of her [Mademoiselle], for whom she has an enthusiasm equal to her hearer's. Does that lady Chameleon-like take the colour about her, as G. A. says is the way with the family, and lose impression of those not within her circle? Quite possibly. Her letters, when she consents to write—and yet she can drop gold in a sentence. Her turn is for the intelligibly positive. She has not yet learnt the value, or perhaps even the meaning, of the impalpably spiritual, from which all else flows that is really life, and love too of the warmest. Your position is but a matter of moments. I fancy she has been poorly schooled by her male advisers. She has regrets for waste of time, and a sense of weakness. Let her take to answering me, and she shall love direction and inspiriting. The correspondence will not be a task, for if she merely tells me of how she is, and what she does daily, with a fledgling thought here and there, it will satisfy me. The position preventing her is very [illegible]

[1] The well-known actress.

[illegible] show signs of dissolution.

Again good night.

Dec. 30th. Heard at the Nook to-day that there was word of you—Sufficient to quell anxiety, though the word was but half a one. But it indicates your safe arrival, presumably that no accident occurred during the storm. I read of things in Paris as if the roar of a wild beast were about you. Your novelist sister is coming to England, I am told, and likely to appear at the Nook. I embrace all who are of your blood, but I wish the lady were Mrs. McCarty, who so strangely suggests your presence at times in tones and looks.

[Feb, 28th. To Mademoiselle]

Morning and Evening Dose of Rhymes.

Can another love be born
In heart that love has left outworn;
Appearing dead to sweet desire,
Its mouths of earth once mounts of fire.

Question first, if thou wouldst know,
This wilful love that wasted so;
And ask one heart that wildly went
To ashes, why the flames are spent.

Was it to our heavens bared
Reflectively when forth it fared?
And knew it when it took the leap
Of whether shallow, whether deep?

Loved she an angel of the light?
All manner forms meet woman slight,
Or was the Prince of Darkness he,
Her wreck is out in deepest sea.

But less than either, bids the mind
Right measure of the man to find;
From wider knowledge, keener thought,
To fathom how the spell was wrought.

And has he borne his manhood high,
For whom she cast that gambler's die,
Her heart? And doth her spirit through
The sunset end, and love renew?

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Give Life to Life; in turn it gives.
Believe thy heart alive: it lives.
Know Love more heavenly than of old
Revealed, and Love will not be cold.

The Past is dust; thy heart is blood;
It bears thy fate upon its flood.
Set it on nobleness, and soon
A nobler love will crown thy noon.

G. M.

To be taken, two verses, with consideration of the comments on the words and the right meaning of them: total suppression (*pro tem.*) of sighs; face to the East at morn, westward at eve; particularly dwelling on the signification of the word 'nobleness'; with reflections upon its uses in rescuing the minds of women from the duperies practised by the male upon them; and of how it may be used as an amulet for protection, a microscope, a magnificator, a scrubbing brush and a touchstone; also as a smelting-furnace, also as pilot star &c., &c.

(Fragment. Dated lower, March 2nd.)

For I am sure she has reserves of thought to throw off an impression on the senses, however strong the stamp, whatever the causes. She has mind, and a friend to point the mind. Remember that I wrote 'soul to soul.' Do not ever be offended with me. Perceive that I embrace your whole existence, all that may or could in the chances have befallen you, and am, with this feeling of mine, barely of our world when I ally myself to your destinies and speculate on them, past or future. I ask to hear nothing that does not lead me to help you on to a healthier viewing and feeling of the world. Still I see that in my eagerness to see I beat about wildly and am impatient for my wisdom to bear fruit in my breast. The best physician is he who with faith in his medicine waits patiently.

March 2nd, evening.

So we will quit that matter. Now to my scheme. I propose to write you in a series 'Letters to a Lady, on the Art of Fiction'; it will give me a hand over all the humours of the day; it will not block my work, it will help to divert you, it will be due to your sweet influence on me, inspired by you. [illegible]

[illegible] Give me that proof of your liking for me, and our brotherhood. You will [illegible] I think the work would interest you, and it may keep you from brooding—an evil habit of yours. Shall I tell you of a defect in your physical construction, explaining much to the observer? Well, you have not lively nostrils, they are not nervous and dilating to air; they show the want of fiery animation. Consider that physical cause of a tendency to involve your meditations gloomily and shut your emotions from fellowship with the outer world—that of nature and human kind. The perception may prompt your mind to be on guard to supply the deficiency and admonish a heart wilfully enclosed. Rouse from the brooding, enlarge your mental scope. See things with me, not thinking of me a bit, but giving the whole mind to what I show you, and just a hand, as you would give it to one helping you over the stones of a ford. I should despatch the Letters about once a fortnight. You are not bound to reply instantly. But if it does not tease you to comply, I would say that a letter from you once in two weeks would refresh—and nothing in relation to your dear wounded heart, save when it has imperious voice for its friend. Then indeed speak, but at your ease, not precipitately, as by allurement—regrets often follow that. Feel me in your soul's home. And believe that you have done more for me in so strangely making mine a habitation for you than I can ever repay by services. Adieu.

George M.

'Tale of Provence' just arrived. I am delayed with MS. and the publisher's urgent. It will be 3 or 4 days before I am sure of my time. Please make my apology to your sister. When you reply to the proposed series of Letters, do not be humble; write encouragingly, and declare that you agree with and consent to all I have said. Clap hands; your enthusiasm is kindling to me.

[Undated fragments.]

(I) constantly brood, conjure, speculate, and so write [illegible]

. . . . .

[illegible] things in your letter of the 19th [illegible] 'Idealism' when looking [illegible]

[illegible] the charge of the [illegible] politics. Are you not aware that such is the practice of those pleasure-hunters you condemn? Politics means the business of the world. You may improve certain politicians, not the profession. Consider, if you denounce political life, and turn from the arts—what is left save a choice between the priest and the manly sportsman; and bethink you of the kind of transformation you require of him after he has killed pigeons or rivals, and [illegible] down, and jumped hurdles innumerable. You must be expecting him to change into a professor of science. No, it is nature that [illegible] the choice of his career, and this end comes of that beginning. Keep the blood in your veins. You are praying that a Lara may conclude philanthropist. Since the beginning of our semi-civilization the Lara figure has laid the spell on the senses of women. We are subject to our enchantresses, he is their wizard. The hope of Christianizing him while his passions attract the fiends of air, and can command them, is futile. It is a blissful moment when the sensual spell (coloured romantic) is broken, and the phoenix arises a new kind: not ungrateful for her own sake, yet the stronger through her regrets.

I am sure I speak true words at times. Note how they sound on striking your bosom. You need not say a word to me.

So you like Ballads. Well, the Iliad, greatest of poems, is a great Ballad. So you choose well. And Auld Robin Gray is exquisite in simplicity. But I beg of you to learn to love the instrument, not merely certain tunes. The essence of verse is where thought embraces feeling, as the man the woman. Then you have joined the highest in mind with the deepest in nature. That is why Poetry is above philosophy; it is the voice of essential man before the Gods. You ought to have me to read to you. There are pretty lines in Goldsmith, keen shafts in Pope; but in Wordsworth [illegible] draughts from Nature's fountain, here and there—[illegible] with the visions which I expect [illegible] your [illegible] heart is in the woods? We will enter them together, and I sing to you, for I am of the woods. Only [illegible] must be no sigh of indolence or yearnings of [illegible] indifference for sportsmen. You will have to [illegible] that, to be made anew.

When I said [illegible], it was not [illegible] then. [illegible]

[illegible] than any [illegible] would [illegible] in [illegible]. You have not been [illegible] had the sense of higher—[illegible] the lady [illegible] the unmarried woman of any warmth of blood, if her mind is [illegible] not upon high ideals, is likely to be the prey of bad [illegible], [illegible], tra-la! she spins the wrong way. A [illegible] *amour dans le Champs de Mars de Venus* becomes her natural captain,—and when she can say that she would not have him for the legitimate, alas for her experiences!

—Here then is my girl tapping at window and singing *Le Sieur de Franc-Bosry*, of which I trolled out a few verses to Madame Ponsard the other day—the naughty minx. When she catches the humour of a thing, she is incurable. Haldane and Dillon come to-morrow. We hope for the Nook to meet them.

I am better. If this continues, you will soon have the first of the series.

Yours
George M.

(Fragment.)

Now that you are in town, you will probably not have such pure drinking water. Have a supply boiled. The French doctors are now dead against *café au lait*, and it would be especially bad for you.

According to rules we must live, my friend. Let that be my excuse, for this is not the correspondence which irradiates a writer's image in the mind of fair readers. My thoughts hang over you solicitously, and tend you, body and spirit.

I hear from Morison that his old college friend Charles Austin (D.C.L.) is at Pau. He is a clever humorous writer, who disappears for years, and then we hear of him. There is the chance of his meeting you, and being serviable to me. Morison "is enchanted with the photograph." The *Admiral* "thinks it good." By the way, there is a second, which Violet [illegible] much prefers. The Grey Beast fronts you with his eyelids down, superciliously reading a book. I dislike, but you shall have it if you please to command. In fact your [illegible] created the images—they are your doing. You speak of me as a magician, you little know the marvels your [illegible] have done;—mine are nothing to them. *Adieu.*

George M.

Box Hill,
June 8th, [illegible]

If you please, my Lady and dear friend, we will [illegible] for a space, as it is the business of all who would [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]. The poor politicians, whose honesty you misdoubt, and the poor people, whose intelligence you deride, are by the exercise of their gifts and the 'step by stumble' enlightenment under correction of the scourges they bring on themselves by that exercise, advancing gradually to a better state than the one to which your *bon roi Henri* would conduct them.

Looking back over History will help you to look forward, above and beyond the tumble of the waters. What you do is to begin a fight with your mind, and quickly relapse on your sensations, with a sigh and a cry for a capable crowned Man to come and settle affairs. And if he came he would but passingly smooth them.

For permanent work the people must be active. Already it is perceptible that they are everywhere thoughtfuller than they were. Can you truly deny it? Rather let my dear Lady ask herself whether she does not too unresistingly weary of even the sight of the struggle. Her cry for the capable Man is one of the errors of Democracy also. It means the cry for the Sword to cut the difficult knot. And that, as we observe in History, represents a fracture, which has to be mended by many decades of labour. Democracy nevertheless is learning. I do not perceive that Royalists show so handsome a front to the lessons of the day.

You may see in my Ode to France, written in the dark days of December 1870, what I feel for your country. And yet I cannot blame Gambetta for believing in the capacity of France to rise invincible at a stamp of the foot. French historians intoxicated by the Napoleonic wars did that mischief. Gambetta was one of the victims of them. He achieved, admittedly at a great cost, something for the honour of France. Relieve him of your execration. He was a [illegible], but had in him some sacred fire.

I came down from Dunley Hill[1] yesterday after two days with the Admiral, who has taken to his Unionism with Berkeley vehemence.[2] I tried a few sentences of [illegible] exposition. He burst through every one [illegible], so I retired to an eminence and worried him with shafts, whereat he licked and roared and lashed his tail. I compensated him by informing him of the sympathy of a lady known to me by favour of [illegible] good fortune, and that she [illegible]

[1] Admiral Maxse's home.

[2] The Admiral's [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible] 'I said [illegible] as 'Ethandu' at a [illegible], it only in emulation of the [illegible] their meetings, or that otherwise she could hang them up by their title on the gallows of inverted commas. This would be pronounced irony. How can one argue with him?

I have had my inaugural whipping for the publication of Poems. I rhyme 'people' and 'ripple' and a long paragraph of the review abuses me for a French heresy or bluntness of ear. I am told that 'we English' are not so easily satisfied. The ear of the boor, in fact, demands the hard commercial crunch of an exact similarity of sound: together with the repetition *ad infinitum* of the one rhyme to 'people,' being 'steeple.' Poor Theodolinda is 'enigmatical.' And it reminded me that my heart's Lady thought so. Theodolinda is in a white heat. Having (as I invent) branded her breast with the fiery Nail, she conceives herself elect, almost the Bride of the Crucified, and again, in a flash, corrects her presumption by the extreme of Christian prostration &c, &c. The recurrence is like an interchange of alternate black and bright. . . . What the reviewer thinks I do not mind. But my Lady's dubious view of my work saddens me.

It seemed to me my duty the other day to destroy a pencilled letter, that might, if anything happened to me, be read by others not so well able to judge of the heroism of the writing. I did so with the sense of suffering a heavy loss. It is not lost, to be sure. It is like the life that goes: the good work lasts. . . . Nothing ceases. Notice in this, how loss and amount of anguish produce a piece of writing that I tear to strips, and there seems not a vestige left. Yet it has entered into me. It changes, skins, directs me in some way.—There is no life but of the spirit, which has the life eternal under varying forms.—When [my lady] has clearer view of the spiritual in life she will have more patience with politics. The dear soul will also be endowed to look down smiling upon things now troubling her. If I help her to that, I have my good blessing.

The uproar of the coming Jubilee already deafens me with threats of a thousand [illegible] hymns. I wish I were out of the country. One after another their poets have jumped up and twittered; all have run ashore in wry notes, they have only rhymed the begging poem. . . . Instantly [my lady] is in revolt of opposition to such sweeping criticism. [illegible] her—how I would I could! I would turn [illegible] antagonistic if I might have her voice in my ear.

[illegible] steadily [illegible] and [illegible] to change and happy adaptation to [illegible]; who would [illegible] her cap over the windmills at a bit of [illegible], and will be overawed to walk gravely by a [illegible] of a judge's compartment. No creature could step her pace with a brisker willingness; and for me, I have never been better waited on. I have but to name a thing I like, and whether I want it or not I see it in a twinkle. Her [illegible] breathes about to all surrounding her. Riette goes to London, to Madame Haas, once a week for lessons of piano. . . . So, my friend, your admirer's prattle is warned by the end of the paper to close. You will tell me when the start for St. Jean is to be, and the address. I salute you, press and kiss your hand, am at your feet, and commend you to the heavens.

George M.

[With the *Athenaeum* review of *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*.]*

Box Hill,
June [illegible], 1887.

My friend and dearest,

Enclosed is a sample of the kind of stuff I call down on myself by publishing. It is because I do not [illegible] among reviewers that they treat one who is little a favourite with the public, and who courts no favour, with this form of [illegible]. I am termed a harlequin, a performer of antics. I choose, when I write, the expression coming to my imagination [illegible], and as it is not conventional they denounce it. When there is a stress of emotion, my speech is necessarily simple, in harmony with the common human element. They admit it, yet cannot allow that at other seasons the writer's fancy (if he have any) should be allowed to play. So they pursue their course, treating each new book of mine to blows, and me to a reluctantly [illegible] contempt confirmed in [illegible], while gradually the submerged volume comes back to the surface, is demanded, and spoken of respectfully. I am told that my first volume of poems, written when I was a [illegible], will now sell for ten pounds. All of them go at double the [illegible] price. Yet after close on forty years of honest work, I [illegible] myself to receive the [illegible] lash.—I [illegible] you [illegible]

* This notice was [illegible] and [illegible] . . . W. E. Henley, one of his [illegible] admirers; but [illegible] from the critics [illegible] commonest [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] wise. Believe me, it is only the [illegible] which I complain of. I know my faults. I know that all writers have some. The unfairness consists in [illegible] on the lines of their good things, and the [illegible] in examples of their weak or unappreciated. Forgive this tirade. I suppose I shall not publish very much more, and to be lashed up to the end is wearisome, if but for the monotony. Why do I publish verse? I really cannot say. The burden of the expense falls on me, and the silly remarks. I have sent you a rather selected specimen. I hear that Americans entertain a different opinion.

Please let me know when there is a likelihood of your removing to St. Jean. We have heat here. What must it be at Pau! O Salamander! I see you passing in stages from Pyrenean nut-brown to Spanish olive.

Box Hill,
July 23, 1887.

I read in Pater's 'Marius the Epicurean' that the hero after seeing the Empress Faustina found this enigmatic point in her expression, that after seeing her many times he could never precisely recall her features in absence. I do not compare you with Faustina, who may have been purer than history paints her, but could not have been handsomer. I refer merely to the likeness of the effect produced by you on me, for I, a very conjurer with faces, can never be sure of yours. And so I have a craving even for the 'starved cat with black currant eyes'* though a desperate travesty. It promises the small something better than nothing; and I could love well till the true likeness allowed me to hate it.

Latterly I have really been kept in employment by Americans: was interviewed by an American lady the other day: 'her one object in England was to meet me &c.' 'And now that it was gratified she &c.' But she was at least able to quote from the books, and I was drenched from my dead [illegible]. Articles in American reviews are sent, followed by the writers' request that I will kindly inform them whether they are in accord with my viewsof my work, and I have to write, and further work is retarded by the [illegible]. —It is curious that a writer despised in England should have struck the American mind; and of course the said writer inclines to think that it is because there is a mind.

I take my girl on Friday to St. Ives in Cornwall and leave

* This phrase was her own coining.

[illegible]

[illegible] Leslie Stephens' [illegible] and Mrs. Leslie's [illegible]. Perhaps my son Will may come in the latter part of August, and then we sail to the Scilly Isles, where one is not burnt so nut-brown as at St. Jean de Luz. Yet there you have, I am sure, a freshening breeze after sunset. For weeks my poor chalet has been an oven; doors and windows open till one in the morning have not cooled it.

I deplore the case of your errant wife, with the not-much-of-a-creature for whom she tossed her cap over the windmills. Some women as well as men require the sowing of wild oats in early life if they are to walk steady or trot soberly in harness. A Devonshire old lady having a son who had run away with a married woman returned to her husband, complained that the latter's family objected too violently to her son's behaviour: 'Why, he only had her a fortnight.' Old ladies gain humaneness by loss of the notions of sex, I suppose. But the philosophers are with them. I heard of a husband who neglected his wife for the saddle. She found a cavalier and fled, but came back before long, and he took her, saying with magnanimity that he had been the one to blame. Here and there a woman in the clutch of a furious egoist has only to lift an eyelid to be loathed eternally, if not banned. By and by, when possession ceases to be a masculine noun in man's grammar book, we shall have larger ideas of purity and especially clearer as to its place of residence.

I will send you word of my address at St. Ives. But as I have taken a house there for August, I shall be known at the Post Office, should you be in the mood for forwarding me a sweet letter. You would tell me of yourself, if the sounding board seemed wholesome to you, and I, your doctor, likely to be useful, would you not? Adieu, dear soul.

Your devoted
GEORGE MEREDITH.

Sept. [illegible]
Box Hill, Dorking.

My friend, it is not for want of thinking of you that I have [illegible]pt from writing. At St. Ives, I was out all day on [illegible] [illegible] the girls, and had constant expeditions on land and [illegible]ter. My son Will, and Cole, the gardener, came for a [illegible] [illegible] latter having the felicity to see a real [illegible] [illegible]. His visit to the Land's End, and [illegible] [illegible] chief Leslie Stephen, and ladies and [illegible] [illegible]—he, too

[illegible] Leslie St., are now his daily [illegible]. Whenever he [illegible] in the garden, he begins on it. We have a [illegible] made one happy. The name of Louisa Macpherson [illegible] was a right admirable housemate. Mrs. Leslie's two boys by her first marriage, and Stella the daughter, were always with them, and really sweeter manlier fellows and a nicer girl are not on earth. On our way back we stayed at Torquay with Riette's aunt, and saw lovely bits, but the place is oppressive with the enriched English, and my two in their walks complained of the absence of the stone fences, which in their dimness had been so astounding to them in Cornwall at first. Now here am I bothered and occupied to find a new governess—poor Madame Fossard being still unwell. She wants to return. I have to be firm. Next week a lady comes, unlikely to be so agreeable to me, but according to the Chances a better preceptress. Madame was perpetually for high-jumps and her cap in air unless I sobered her, when at once she subsided, her nature pathetically throwing up a bubble or two; but I wanted a less infantile lady as Riette's close guide; so with something to regret, I am not sorry. You can imagine the quantity of letters for me to write. And Madame, owing to her debilitation, [illegible] the house with an incompetent cook, by taking the first that came—our former going to Hymen, and the maid in feeble health. I am hunting about in all directions. Letters too from admirers, English and American, beg for answers. You will see that these things and arrears of work are enough to make a flame of dearer correspondence. Moreover my pen for composition is bound by digestive struggles. I hate to cite excuses or offer apology, yet you may misinterpret, and most naturally, if no exposition is made. Stomachic is the hottest form of [illegible]. Let this short epistle strangle him. On Tuesday I saw Mrs. McCarty at the Nook. Riette and I call on her next week. I like the dark-eyed little girl. Your sister gave good news of you; also of your mother and the lately wedded. I trust you have seen the younger George.

Your faithful and devoted
George M.

R. S. [illegible]

LABOUR AND SOCIAL UNREST IN JAPAN

Nearly three years have gone by since the passing of the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill by the Japanese Diet. As a result of this measure the franchise has now been extended to some 13,000,000 persons, whereas prior to its passage the electorate stood at less than one quarter of that figure. Within the next few months will take place the first general election to be held under the new law. What, it may be asked, will be the result? Will there arise a powerful new party with Labour or Proletarian proclivities, which will sweep all before it, or will the existing parties continue to hold the ring as heretofore? The probable answer to this question can only be determined by a study of the social and political situation in Japan at the present time, a study which must take into consideration a number of opposing and conflicting factors. First, however, in order to obtain a proper background, it is necessary to sketch briefly the development of what is known to-day as the Japanese Proletarian movement.

Thanks to a number of circumstances, it is only within the past two or three decades that Japan has been brought face to face with the question of labour unrest as a national problem. The Japanese feudal system, which was not abolished until 1871, ensured that the masses of the people were kept under strict control, and, together with the family system, helped to keep them subservient to higher authority; the seclusion policy of the Tokugawa Shogunate, which came to an end but a few years before, prevented any news of social unrest in other countries finding its way into Japan and inciting the people; while the fact that industrial development made very little headway until after the outbreak of the war with China in 1894 ruled out the possibility of anything in the nature of industrial strife.[1] In the closing years of last century, however, Socialist ideas started to penetrate into Japan. An association for the study of social problems was then inaugurated, and, while it is true that a [illegible] man's union had been formed as far back as the year [illegible], it was

[1] The total number of industrial workers in [illegible] was only [illegible]. At the present time it is almost [illegible] times as many, the official figures [illegible] day showing [illegible], which included [illegible] women.

[illegible]

In the early days of the Socialist and Labour movement in Japan those embracing the new doctrines were mainly "intellectuals." Manual workers were but little affected. Syndicalism and Anarchism were unknown. These were to develop later. Consequently, although the authorities ordered the suppression of a Socialist Party formed in 1901, they interfered but little with the movement until the war with Russia showed that the more advanced Radicals were acting in a way that, in the circumstances, could only be regarded as unpatriotic. Oppressive measures were thereupon instituted.

It was shortly after this that Anarchist ideas were introduced into Japan for the first time, and in 1910 a bomb plot was discovered by the police, a discovery which led to the execution of eleven men and a woman in January of the following year and to the imposition of life sentences on twelve others.

The result of this conspiracy was two-fold. It led the authorities to regard anything even remotely smacking of Socialism as being a danger to the State and therefore a thing to be suppressed with the greatest vigour, and it led to the Socialist movement being driven underground and therefore made more difficult to detect. Consequently, for the next few years everything was seemingly quiet, though in reality there was considerable activity going on below the surface, and a class of malcontents with a grudge against the existing order of society was coming into being. How great had been this activity was clearly shown in 1918, when the Rice Riots, which resulted in 190 casualties among the police, soldiers, and firemen, and an unknown number among civilians,[1] broke out, and the houses of large landlords in no less than forty-two provinces were attacked and burned down by infuriated peasants. Moreover, during the five or six years immediately preceding this outbreak industrial strikes and peasant disputes, in which Socialist influence was, in many instances, discernible, gave evidence of the growing spirit of unrest among the working classes.

Meanwhile, although socialistic teaching had been banned, a Labour movement had started to develop, and Liberal thinkers, realizing the importance of guiding it into moderate channels lest otherwise it might drift in too radical a direction, gave it their patronage and support. The wisdom of their action is well seen to-day; for, while it is true that for a time a section of Japanese labour showed very radical tendencies, organized Labour in

[1] Officially civilian casualties were placed at only 90, but there is good reason to believe that this is a very conservative estimate.

[illegible] in the early days of the movement [illegible] help and sympathy.

These Liberal thinkers, it should be noted, were mainly private individuals, men like Baron (now Viscount) [illegible] and other influential persons of the upper classes. It was not until later that the Government authorities were forced to admit, rather grudgingly, the wisdom of encouraging the movement in any way. At the start, in fact, they held the quite understandable view that so long as Labour was unorganised it could do no serious harm, and that therefore anything in the nature of Labour unions was to be discouraged, as organisation meant strength that might be directed against the Government. The fallacy of this belief, however, has been shown time and again in Japanese labour disputes during the past few years, as in the majority of cases they have been accompanied by violence only when the protests have come from workers who have little or no organisation of their own, as, for instance, in the case of the Kyushu miners.

It was in 1912 that the Labour movement first showed signs of real development, and in that year was formed the Yu-ai Kai (Labour Friendly Society), which eight years later, under the guidance of Bunji Suzuki, sometimes called the Samuel Gompers of Japan, was to develop into the Japanese Federation of Labour. At the outset, owing to the Government's suspicious attitude toward Labour, this organisation considered it inadvisable to declare itself as an actual Labour union. It attempted, however, to mediate between workers and employers in strikes, and gave a certain measure of moral support to workers generally.

The first big strike occurred in the year that the Yu-ai Kai was formed, and, with the outbreak of the World War in 1914, industrial unrest increased by leaps and bounds, helped on, as it was, by the rise in the cost of living and the discontent caused by the sight of numberless profiteers, who flaunted their wealth in the most extravagant fashion.

By 1918 the situation had developed in such a way that the Rice Riots were but the inevitable outcome of [illegible] feelings, and barely had they subsided than a rapid succession of strikes, many of which were accompanied by violence and [illegible] the calling out of troops for their suppression, [illegible] the outbreak of these troubles, following as they did [illegible] the Russian Revolution, attracted the attention of [illegible] students and 'intellectuals' to the study of social [illegible] taking advantage of the general unrest, the [illegible]

[illegible] ... and added to the confusion. [illegible] groups were formed in all the higher seats of learning, and [illegible] works had hitherto been banned from publication in Japan but were now allowed for the first time to appear on sale, became the popular divinity of the day.

The saner Labour elements attempted to keep their fellow-workers from going over to the Left, but, thanks to the encouragement of the re-emerged Socialists, Anarchists, and Syndicalists, and of the students and college professors whom they encouraged in their study of social science, the Japanese Labour movement during the next few years showed increasingly radical tendencies. As for the bourgeois elements which incited the workers, they preferred to see unsuccessful strikes, for they wished to put their social theories to the test, and they knew that defeat helped to intensify the rebellious spirit of the workers. For this same reason they did their best to dissuade the strikers from joining or forming trade unions, as they wished to discourage compromise and wanted to gain their ends by force. Direct action was therefore supported and parliamentary politics strongly repudiated.

Fortunately, however, a number of circumstances arose about this time to bring the workers back to their senses and prevent matters going too far. First in order of sequence was the ending of the war-time period of prosperity. During the war boom the workers held the whip hand. They knew that their employers were so anxious to complete their contracts in order to obtain and carry out fresh orders that they were prepared to give almost any terms to their employees for the sake of getting the work done. The workers, in fact, knew they were indispensable and that their services were in great demand. They could afford, therefore, to be unruly and dictatorial. In the slump and general depression that followed, however, the boot was on the other foot. Retrenchment became the order of the day, staffs were cut down to the barest minimum, and unemployment loomed up as the only prospect for many tens of thousands. Fear of the future, it is said, makes for counsels of prudence and stifles all tendency to self-assertion. Certainly it was so in this case. The depression which followed the boom strengthened the hands of the capitalists and practically put an end to the strikes. Saner counsels prevailed, and strikers were made to see that violence only invited suppression and brought no advantage to those indulging in it.

Then came the great earthquake of 1923, and, taking advantage of the commotion that followed, reactionaries put to death several of the most prominent Anarchists and Socialists. The

[illegible]

[illegible] and a great source of annoyance to the authorities was thereby removed. True, there was a danger that by the very circumstances of their deaths, they might be regarded as martyrs to the cause (as indeed they are regarded by some to this day) and dead be far more dangerous than ever they were while alive. Fortunately, however, two other events occurred soon after to help the cause of those who wished to keep the Labour movement to the paths of constitutionalism. The first of these was the success of the British Labour Party in coming into power. The influence that this had on the Japanese Labour movement can hardly be exaggerated. It was a clear demonstration of what Labour could achieve by constitutional methods, and it stimulated the leaders of the Japanese movement to follow the lead of their fellow-workers in England. The Russian model was discarded once and, it is to be hoped, for all, and from that time on the British example is the one that has been followed.

If the formation of a Labour Cabinet in England served to encourage Japanese Labour to follow constitutional methods, the passage of the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill through the Japanese Diet in 1925 made its dream of emulating the British example assume more concrete form and enter into the realm of practical politics. While the 3,000,000 Japanese who had hitherto monopolized the right to vote might include a certain proportion of men sympathetic to Labour, they all belonged to the so-called 'propertied classes,' and could never, therefore, be capable of forming a real Labour Party in the Diet. With the enfranchisement of 10,000,000 members of the non-propertied or proletariat class, however, the question of forming such a party at once became a practical proposition. The success of the British Labour Party and the granting of the franchise to all males over twenty-five years of age, irrespective of any property qualifications, may therefore be regarded as the two main factors in leading Japanese industrial Labour to turn definitely to the path of constitutionalism and to give up all idea of seeking to attain its ends by revolutionary methods.

While, however, Japanese industrial Labour has now almost unanimously adopted the slogan of 'Evolution, not Revolution,' there are not lacking those among the newly enfranchised proletariat who still look to Marx and the Third International as their models*; and while it is true that there is no Communist Party in Japan, individual Communists and advanced Radicals are [illegible]

* Mr. [illegible], general secretary of the Japanese Federation of Labour, speaking recently on the Japanese Labour movement, [illegible] the Printers' Union as 'the only [illegible] loyal to [illegible].'

Party, split in two, the Right Wing forming the Shakai Minshuto, or Social Democratic Party, while the Left elements organised yet another party four days later (December 9, 1926), known as the Nippon Ronoto, or Japan Labour-Peasant Party. Attempts have been made since then to effect reunion, but always without success, the Shakai Minshuto, with Suzuki and the conservative residue of the Japanese Federation of Labour, being insistent that, so far as they themselves are concerned, no reunion is possible until or unless all the radical elements of those proposing amalgamation have been expelled. Far from there having been any reunion, the tendency has been in the direction of further disunion, the farmers' guilds which were formerly the chief constituents of the Nippon Ronoto going to the Left, while the leaders of that party continue a Right Wing policy.

From what has been written above it will be seen that the Japanese working classes represented in these parties are of all shades, grading from the hard-shell Conservatives to revolutionary Radicals, and that urban Labour is largely inclined to the Right Wing, while it is among the peasantry that the Left Wing finds its main support. The reasons for this will be shown later. It may not be out of place to observe at this point, however, that it is perhaps just as well that the positions are not reversed, for the real danger of revolution comes invariably from urban Labour rather than from the peasantry. Marxian doctrines have little or no appeal to the tillers of the soil. All that rural Labour wants is a square deal and the right to live. It may rise against oppressive landlords in order to obtain these desiderata if they are not to be obtained by other means, but, rooted as it is to the soil, it has no desire to seize the reins of government or to try putting into practice theories of its own. Rather does it prefer, having gained its ends, to settle down to its old conservative ways and to live in peace and quiet. The Russian Bolsheviks soon learned the truth of this to their sorrow, and Lenin was consequently always careful to avoid referring to Socialism and Marxism when dealing with the farmers, as he was well aware that such doctrines, though attractive to city workers, appeal but little to agrarian communities.

To return, however, to the Japanese Labour parties. In speaking of these it must not be imagined that, even if they were all combined into one united whole, they would have anything like the numerical strength or influence of the Labour Party in England. Organised Labour in Japan is still in its infancy, and, in the case of industrial Labour, barely exceeds 6 per cent. of the workers. So far as industrial Labour is concerned, the total number of workers is put at 4,641,000. Of these, more than 1,500,000 are women, who are, as yet, entirely lacking in organisa-

tions of their own; while of the 3,000,000 odd males less than one-tenth are organised. The actual figures are given as 316,926, including some 13,000 women. These are split up into no less than 337 unions, of which number 267, with a total membership of 193,174, are divided among twenty different federations, the remaining seventy unions, with 123,752 members, are entirely independent.

These figures, which are the latest available official statistics (June 1927), should suffice to show what little headway has so far been made in the way of organised Labour. Moreover, many of these organisations lead a precarious existence, and, due mainly to personal struggles and contests for leadership, are continually splitting and amalgamating. Obviously, therefore, the influence of most of them is not very great, and as one official put it when interrogated on the matter, their activities are not yet able to affect the existing order of society. Even the two largest federations—the Federation of Naval Workers, with six unions, and the Japanese Federation of Labour, with forty-four unions—have total memberships of only [illegible] and [illegible] respectively. Compare this state of affairs with that of the British Labour Party, which depends on the great trade unions of the country, with a total membership of something like 4 millions for its main strength. It will then be seen how different are the conditions.

The figures given above refer only to industrial Labour; but whereas this is the most important factor in England from the Labour point of view, it must be remembered that in Japan more than 50 per cent. of the population is still engaged in agriculture, and that therefore the peasants and farmers are a far more important political factor in Japan than they are in Great Britain. Like their brethren in the factories and the mines, however, the bulk of the peasantry is still unorganised, and with the exception of the militant Nihon Nomin Kumiai (Japan Farmers' Guild), which started five years ago with a membership of only fourteen and has now risen to nearly forty thousand, with [illegible] branches, and the All Japan Peasants' League, with a membership of 20,000, the majority of the organisations are small and of local influence only. Moreover, like the industrial unions, they lack cohesion and are constantly splitting and amalgamating.

That they are increasing in numbers, however, is evidenced by the fact that whereas in 1918 there were only 176 tenants' guilds in existence, they had risen to [illegible], with a total membership of 346,700, by 1926, and were therefore stronger numerically than the industrial unions. Between rural and urban Labour, however, there is no real point of common interest, unless it be that class consciousness which, in reality, barely exists as yet in Japan. Consequently there is very little real co-operation between the

tions. When doctrinaire Socialists talk of the common interests of all workers and attempt to stir up class warfare in Japan they overlook the fundamental fact that the price of rice, the staple food of the Japanese people, is in itself sufficient to turn the one against the other, for a rise or fall has a diametrically opposite effect on each. A rise causes the peasants and landlords to rejoice and bury their grievances accordingly, while on urban Labour the effect is reversed. Similarly a fall in price plunges the rural workers into despair and fans their discontent, while urban Labour rejoices and composes its differences.

That co-operation between town and country Labour is not, however, entirely lacking in Japan is made clear by the fact that two of the four existing Labour or Proletarian parties are composed of both rural and urban workers and, in consequence, are called Rodo Nominto (Labour Peasant Party) and Nihon Ronoto (Japan Labour-Peasant Party) respectively. Of the other two parties, however, one, the Shakai Minshuto (or Social-Democratic Party), is primarily urban, while the other, as its name implies (Nihon Nominto or Japan Peasant Party), is based on agricultural labour. The present strength of these four parties is roughly as under:

Shakai Minshuto	[illegible]
Nihon Nominto	[illegible]
Rodo Nominto	[illegible]
Nihon Ronoto	[illegible]

Thus it will be seen that their total strength is well under 400,000, so that even if they all combined in order to form one united whole they would still be far behind the two great political parties, the Seiyukai and Minseito, which, under frequently changing names, have alternated between the Government and Opposition since the Imperial Diet first came into being close on forty years ago.*

But what, it may be asked, is the attitude of the general public toward the Labour movement? If the vernacular Press is anything to go by, it is extremely sympathetic, and in the

* Actually in the recent Prefectural Assembly elections the results were as follows:

Party	Seats won	Votes obtained
Seiyukai	[illegible]	[illegible]
Minseito	[illegible]	[illegible]
Proletarian Parties (a)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Independents	[illegible]	[illegible]
Others	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]

Non-attendance at the polls, however, was a marked feature, especially in the cities and urban districts, where it reached over [illegible] per cent. In some instances

particular instance there is every reason to believe that the Press reflects public opinion accurately. The public is strongly anti-Communist and averse from revolutionary methods, but it looks with sympathy on the Labour cause; and if only Labour, as a political force, could manage to compose its differences and keep its more radical elements under control, the chances are that it would soon secure strong support from the country at large. The people as a whole are tired of the existing parties in the Diet, which are corrupt and venal and are based on personalities rather than on principles. They would therefore welcome the appearance of a strong, clear-principled party which could be relied upon to purge the country's politics of its many evil practices and bring in a cleaner, healthier atmosphere all round. In this, then, has Labour a great chance. The next few years should suffice to show whether it will seize it and avail itself of this Heaven-sent opportunity, or whether it too will fall into the same errors and adopt the same corrupt practices as the old-established parties.

Having now dealt with the Japanese Labour movement in a general way, it is possible to particularize rather more. Rural and urban Labour, as we have seen, have little in common, and organized Labour, whether in town or country, is still more or less in its infancy and lacking in cohesion. Urban Labour, thanks to a number of circumstances already enumerated, is now following England rather than Russia as its model, while rural Labour, though opposed to Marxian doctrines, is far more radical. These facts, while important to remember, are in the nature of generalities and, like all generalities, require certain modifications if a proper perspective is to be obtained. Other factors must therefore be considered.

The communistic activities of certain college professors and students have already been noted, but something more must be said on this matter. One of the weak points of the Japanese educational system is that it turns out far more men from the higher seats of learning—the colleges and universities—than can be absorbed into positions which require men of their standard of education. The consequence is that an increasingly large body of unemployed "intellectuals" is being formed. Men of this type are a far greater menace to the existing order of society than the ordinary unemployed labourer of the working class. After years of study and the expenditure of, in many instances, all they possess in paying for a college or university education, they feel a grievance against society and their fellow-men in general for failing to provide them with positions, and are easily worked on by radical propagandists and others. These are the men, if trouble ever comes, who, owing to their superior education,

become the leaders and organisers of a revolutionary movement. Their influence must not, therefore, be underrated.

Another class which offers a serious social problem in Japan [illegible] the eta, or outcast class. Ethnologically and physically there [illegible] no difference between them and the rest of their countrymen, a[illegible] in the eyes of the law they have, since 1871, been equal [illegible] all respects to the other citizens of Japan. In actual practic[illegible] however, they are socially ostracised and discriminated against [illegible] such an extent that in self-defence they are now banding togeth[illegible] for the purpose of righting their grievances. Amongst them a[illegible] not a few who are ready at any moment to indulge in radic[illegible] activities aiming at the overthrow of the existing state of societ[illegible]. In the Kwe Kwai [illegible] they are said to have taken a ver[illegible] active part, especially in south-western Japan, where they a[illegible] mainly concentrated, and in several instances since then pitche[illegible] battles, resulting in many [illegible] and [illegible] have been fough[illegible] between them and those by whom they consider themselves t[illegible] have been wronged.

Opinions vary as to their total strength. The official figure being about 1,200,000, while the Suiheisha, the central organisation o[illegible] the outcasts, which has a membership of [illegible] claims a total o[illegible] two and a half times that number. In view of the fact that there were [illegible] of these eta or [illegible] as they are now called, in 1870, and that the population of Japan in general has roughly doubled [illegible] that they now number between [illegible] and [illegible].

According to the most [illegible] available it is only a small portion [illegible] that is radical, but [illegible] with the idea that, [illegible] destroyed the Czarist régime [illegible] the oppressed class of Japan [illegible] the reins of government [illegible] a favourable oppo[illegible]tunity presents itself.

It is perhaps significant that the Left Wing of Japanese Labour is openly sympathetic with the so-called Suiheisha movement for the social emancipation of the outcast class, though that may, of course, be due in part to a Liberal spirit rather than to a purely Radical bond of sympathy, as there are many Liberal thinkers amongst the Japanese people at large who sympathise with this oppressed class. Nevertheless it may be pertinent to remark that, on questioning a well-known leader of the Japanese Labour movement, one who is himself a 'moderate,' as to the possibilities of a revolutionary outbreak at any time in the future, the rather non-committal reply came, 'The country as a whole is more likely to resort to Fascism than to Bolshevism, but there

how many people outside Russia knew anything of Lenin or Trotsky in 1915? Japan may quite possibly have her Lenin and her Trotsky even now, just waiting for the right moment.' From other remarks he made on this occasion the speaker rather implied that such a leader might be found either among the radical Suiheisha or among the exiled Socialists, of whom not a few are living abroad awaiting a favourable opportunity to return.

As bearing, however, on the remark that Fascism is more likely than Bolshevism in Japan, the following quotation from an article by Dr Washio, a Liberal thinker and close observer of Japanese politics, appearing recently in the columns of the *Japan Advertiser*, is of interest. After giving his reasons for believing that an even worse financial panic than that which broke out in Japan last April is likely unless proper steps are taken to avert it in time, he writes:

> [illegible] will be accompanied by [illegible] the task of facing it will [illegible] the present ruling interests [illegible] the appearance of a Mussolini [illegible] will [illegible] to [illegible] at that time can accomplish [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible]

Dr Washio adds:

> [illegible] a bright prospect, and it is because of [illegible] that we do not [illegible]

Many people will probably pooh-pooh this prophecy, but close observers of the situation cannot but admit that there is a certain amount of evidence to support it. Reverence for their Emperor and the intense love of the people for their own country should ensure that, if discontent ever leads to revolution, the outcome will be Fascism rather than Bolshevism.

Japan's disruptive elements, it is well to note, are not by any means confined to the Left Wing. There are also numerous reactionary bodies, self-styled super-patriots, who go out of their way to create disturbances and gain notoriety for themselves. Some there are among these reactionaries who are sincere in their belief that they are working in the best interests of their country; but unfortunately the bulk of them merely use the cry of patriotism as a cloak for their own very questionable practices, and are not by any means above resorting to blackmail, graft, perjury, and criminal assault to achieve their ends: in short, they are nothing more than political bullies, ready to give their services to the highest bidder, and are almost entirely lacking in

moral principles of any kind. In many ways they are a gr danger to the State than the Left Wing radicals, as, by t actions, they make the masses give a more sympathetic hea to radical propagandists than otherwise they would do.

While, however, the disciples of Marx and Engels at one of the scale and the reactionaries at the other play a not important part in the Japanese Labour or Proletarian movem they are mere drops in the ocean so far as the masses of people are concerned. We must now turn our attention, th fore, to these masses, especially to the rural communities, wh as already noted, account for more than 50 per cent. of population.

The industrial workers may have plenty of cause for content, and, being divorced from the land and insecure in matter of employment, provide a better soil for the reception Marxian doctrines than do their brothers who are engaged agricultural pursuits. At the same time they are inclined regard their capitalist employers as something in the nature o necessary evil, as they realise that it is thanks to them that t factories, mines and industries generally, which give employme to so many hundreds of thousands, are maintained and operate Unless, therefore, conditions are outrageously oppressive, the is not much to be gained by resorting to revolutionary metho against the capitalists, and, on the contrary, there is much be lost. With the peasantry, however, the case is differen The peasant class in Japan, in the great majority of cases, ge nothing from the landlords. It has to supply its own grain its own farming implements, its own fertilisers, its own houses and its own labour, and in addition has to pay an exorbitan rent which eats up every cent of profit it might otherwis make. Very different is this to the factory worker or miner who merely has to supply his own personal labour, and who, far from having to pay rent to his employer, actually receives a fixed wage for his services. Whereas, therefore, the factory worker has everything to lose and very little to gain by rising against his employer, the peasant has nothing to lose and everything to gain by a successful rising against his landlord, whose only function is to collect rent.

The fact is that in Japan the assessed value of land, and therefore the land tax in the country districts is so disproportionately high in relation to the real value that agriculture can no longer be made to pay, and, with the rise in the standard of living, the land can no longer be made to support both tenant and landlord. Consequently the tenant farmers, who compose 25 per cent. of the total population of Japan, are in desperate straits, and disputes, sometimes ending in serious riots, between

hem and their landlords—generally on the matter of rent—are becoming increasingly frequent and serious. From 85 disputes of this kind in 1917 they rose to as many as 2206 in 1925, involving 101,393 tenants and 33,930 landlords in that year, and, though 1926 showed a slight decrease, the seriousness of the disputes more than made up for the small numerical drop.

The tenant farmer question is one of the most serious internal problems that Japan has to face at the present time, for, in their poverty-stricken condition, these tenant farmers are easy subjects for propaganda by Socialists, who represent the landlords as extortionate tyrants bent only on exploiting them. A few figures, taken from official statistics, will suffice to show how very real this poverty is in the country districts of Japan. A survey of forty typical villages showed that the average peasant was spending only 15.9 sen a day on his food (rather less than 4d.), though in some instances the expenditure ran to from 18 to 20 sen a day. Only one family in ten was able to afford a full diet of rice, the staple food of Japan, while seven out of ten families had to be content with a mixture consisting of half rice and half barley. Moreover, it was found that in most cases this rice was of the very poorest quality, the residue, in fact, of the rice grown by themselves, so poor in quality that there was no market for it.

As for other foods, it was found that nine families out of ten could afford nothing but the coarse Japanese pickles to eat with their rice or rice-barley mixture, and that only one in ten was ever able to supplement its diet with fish. One result of all this poverty in the rural districts is that signs of malnutrition are everywhere in evidence, and the percentage of infant mortality is yet greater than in the cities. Even, however, with this small expenditure on food, farmers are unable to make both ends meet, and official statistics show that one in five of the tenant farmers goes bankrupt each year because of his mounting deficits, which average rather over 44 yen a year.

Mr. Sugiyama, an ardent social worker, writing in the *Japan Christian Quarterly* of September 1927, points to one very disquieting feature in connection with these conditions when he remarks that, whereas formerly the social workers in the country districts were largely Christians who engaged in their work from the spiritual standpoint as apart from the political, they are now largely Marxian theorists with materialistic principles. As the mass of the peasantry is not yet self-directing, it is ready to follow whatever lead is given. The conclusion to be drawn from this is obvious; consequently this aspect of the situation is one that calls for serious consideration.

In these circumstances it is perhaps fortunate that the tenant

farmers, though forming some 25 per cent. of the total popula of Japan, are about equalled in numbers by peasant proprie or yeomen, farmers owning and working their own lands. Eco nically these small-holders are little or no better off than tenant farmers, and many of them are in constant danger of be forced by economic necessity to sell their lands and drop to position of tenants.* Moreover, a considerable percentage of th lease land to supplement their own, so that they really co under the category of tenant farmers themselves. On the ot hand, despite their poverty and their hard struggle for existen the fact that they own land of their own, land which, howe limited in extent, has been owned and tilled for generations p by their forbears, gives them an innate feeling of pride a superiority which causes them to stand aloof from the dispu between landlords and tenants and is likely to range them alo side the former rather than the latter in the event of a wide uprising.

Space unfortunately does not permit of any detailed accou of agricultural conditions and the system of land tenure in Jap: a full description of which is really necessary for a proper under standing of the whole question of rural unrest. Suffice it to sa therefore, that absentee landlordism plays a not unimporta part in the troubles which are now besetting the country distric of Japan, and that 70 per cent. of the landlords owning ov 2½ acres are in this category; that out of 5,500,000 famili engaged in agriculture both tenant farmers and yeomen depen on their own families for labour, and hired labour is therefore comparatively more lacking; 35 per cent. till less than 1¼ acr and 70 per cent. till less than 5 acres; that 50 per cent. of th landowners own less than 1¼ acres and that 90 per cent. hav under 7½ acres; that, unlike industrial workers, tenant farmer are not mere labourers but have to invest in fertilisers and far implements and bear risks, the only burden on the landlord bein the payment of taxes; that the farmer is made to pay propor tionately more than the other national, prefectural, and town village taxes what the merchant pays, and more than three time as much as the manufacturer; that the landlord finds it mor profitable to invest his money in industrial undertakings than i land (he can make a safe 6 per cent. in the former as against possible 3 per cent. in the latter, and therefore does so); that th existing political parties represent the interests of the landlord

* In point of fact, though the Government by means of low-interest loans is endeavouring to help tenant farmers to purchase their lands and become independent farmers, economic conditions are forcing peasant proprietors to diminish in number even more rapidly than they are supplemented by this means, over ... being reduced to the position of tenant farmers yearly.

as against the tenants, and are therefore unpopular with the latter; that the protective tariff of the present Government increases the economic hardships of the agricultural worker and forces the overloaded farmer to carry unproductive urban industry on his back; that the tradition of feudalism, which made the landlord seem a superior being, is rapidly dying out; that the peasants, seeing no hope of the needed reforms, are becoming more radical. When we take all these and other such factors into consideration, it will be seen that matters have reached a more serious pass than is generally realised.

Lest, however, the foregoing facts tend to paint too gloomy a picture, let it be remembered that urban and industrial Labour are now largely in favour of constitutional methods to remedy their grievances; that even the peasantry are still too much submerged to think politically and would, in any case, prefer to support a progressive Liberal than a moderate Radical; that they are by nature anti-revolutionary and merely ask for a square deal and the right to live; that the army and navy are thoroughly loyal; that the fishermen, who number over [illegible] persons, are conservative and averse from radical measures; that it is only a minute fraction of the people that is anti-dynastic; and that the middle class, which forms an important section of the community, is so closely connected with the capitalist interests that it would give its support to Capital in preference to Labour if Labour showed radical tendencies.

Provided, therefore, that the present governing classes steer a middle course between oppression and too lax control, the likelihood of a serious uprising is not so great as it might at first sight appear to be. As for the chances of a strong Labour Party emerging, this is quite out of the question until the process of organisation has progressed very much farther than it has done up to now, and until the various elements of Labour can agree among themselves to sink their own differences and form a united front.

M. D. Kennedy

harbour purposes, situated between the river's high-water lines at ordinary spring tide.

The board has entire control of its revenue, but, as that is to a large extent derived from trade, there is a Consultative Board, the function of which is 'to watch conservancy proceedings on behalf of the commercial interests of Shanghai and to make such representations to the Conservancy Board as it thinks proper.' 'In the event,' says the 1912 agreement, 'of the Consultative Board considering that its representations are insufficiently attended to and that the commercial interests of the port are thereby threatened' it is empowered to refer the matter to a Consular Committee consisting of the Consuls-General of the five nations having the largest tonnage entering and clearing at Shanghai. The Consultative Board consists of a representative of each of these nations and of a representative of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. Article 2 of the agreement reads:

> The authority with which the Conservancy Board is invested is delegated to it by the Chinese Government, and consequently the Board is in no way subordinate to the provincial authorities.

Article 7 reads:

> The general jurisdiction of the Conservancy Board extends over the Whangpoo from the Yangtze to its tidal limit; that is to say, within these limits—between the high-water lines—no operation which may possibly affect the regimen of the river shall be undertaken without the Board's consent, nor without such consent shall permanent works connected to the shore be established. All applications for the Board's consent for such works on the Whangpoo below the upper harbour limit shall be made to the harbour master and be reported on by him as heretofore. The control of the river police, of sanitary arrangements, of aids to navigation and pilotage remains, as heretofore, in the hands of the Maritime Customs.

It is not necessary for the reader to have any previous knowledge of Shanghai to perceive from these quoted sentences that this part of its mechanism was fitted into pre-existing machinery, a fact which he will find surprising or not according to his realisation of the topsy-turvy nature of Chinese affairs. As the very existence of Shanghai is primarily dependent on easy access to the mouth of the Yangtze, it might have been expected that a conservancy board would have come into existence at a much earlier stage of the port's history. In point of fact, the present board had a predecessor, which however made its appearance only in 1905, after at least forty years of pressure from foreign merchants. It would be dull to tell the story of their efforts in detail, but certain points in it are necessary to an understanding of the present position. 'The Woosung Bar and some other questions are being agitated' wrote Sir Robert Hart, the

Inspector-General of Customs, in May 1874, 'and the Chinese say "No" to everything.' That is the first point. The second is the reason for this attitude, which, according to correspondence quoted by Mr. H. B. Morse in his *International Relations of the Chinese Empire*, appears to have been the repugnance of the Chinese to any innovation, and the fact that they regarded the bar 'as a natural defence of Shanghai against war-vessels of heavy draught, and especially against ironclads.' A third point is the ironical fact that, after decades of fruitless effort to get the conservancy of the harbour placed on a proper basis, a conservancy scheme was included in an agreement with which it had no natural relationship—the one, namely, which imposed upon China a heavy punitive indemnity—the Boxer Indemnity.

The agreement is known as the Final Protocol for the Settlement of the Disturbances of 1900, and it provided for the very thing which the Chinese had so long regarded with suspicion, the nature of the provision being such as to prove, from their point of view, that foreigners aimed not at meeting an urgent economic need but at controlling the Whangpoo and the mouth of the Yangtze for political and strategic reasons. For of the many persons whom an annexe to the Protocol proposed to place on a conservancy board only two were Chinese.

That the foreign community at Shanghai was, as a whole, thinking economically and not strategically no fair-minded student of the history of the question will deny. Unfortunately its good faith was further obscured by the intrigues of the Germans to obtain a position of undue influence on the board, intrigues which may have had something to do with the readiness of the British and American Governments to agree to a proposal emanating from Mr. A. E. Hippisley, commissioner of customs, for a different type of board—one which placed the customs taotai (a Chinese) and the customs commissioner in charge of 'the general management of the work of improving the course of the Whangpoo and of ameliorating the condition of the bar, both at this and the other side of Woosung, as well as the maintenance of such works,' the Chinese Government undertaking to defray the whole cost, which under the Protocol scheme was to be met partly from Chinese Government funds, but partly by taxes on land and houses, shipping and trade. By 1910, however, the board was asking for additional funds.

The Chinese ministers (says Mr. Morse) were naturally much annoyed. Their view was that they had contributed a large sum for a definite and complete scheme and had entrusted the board with the operations. The purpose of the scheme was so far from being attained that apparently twice the amount of the original scheme was needed. In the circumstances the Government declined to renew the contract of Mr. de Rijke (the engineer in chief), which terminated in December 1910.

The Conservancy Board came to an end, and in its place wa installed a Board of Maintenance, consisting of the Chinese commissioner of foreign affairs, the commissioner of customs, and th harbour master. A Board of Maintenance without money was i keeping with the crumbling edifice of the Manchu dynasty, bu it was extremely inconvenient, and, if allowed to continue, woul have become dangerous. The practical ability of the commissioner of customs, Mr Merrill, and of an English sailor, Captai W. F. Tyler, the customs coast inspector, came to the rescu Captain W. F. Tyler suggested a scheme which, while makin full allowance for Chinese 'face,' proposed to place the harbou finances on a secure footing by basing them on the trade of th port. The scheme was under favourable consideration whe with surprisingly little noise, the Manchu dynasty collapsed. I was laid before the first President of the Republic, Yuan Shi-ka was agreed to by him, and became the mechanism described a the beginning of this article.

It is an extremely efficient piece of mechanism, directed, as fa as its engineering work is concerned, by a vigorous, progressive and extremely able Swede, Mr H. von Heidenstam (appointe in 1910), assisted by an Englishman, Dr A. Chatley, and a American, Mr E. C. Stecher. If allowed to continue its work along the lines suggested by the international committee it will provide Sino-foreign intercourse with thoroughly adequate harbour facilities.

But on June 14 last the *Manchester Guardian* published a telegram from its Shanghai correspondent stating that the Chinese commissioner for foreign affairs had announced the dissolution of the Whangpoo Conservancy Board for the purpose of reorganisation, and that he had appointed a commission of six Chinese to carry on the administration in the interval.

The Chinese claim, the message stated, that these actions is based on a desire to obtain control of the local government functions which have hitherto been dominated by foreign influence through arrangements with the Peking Government. A member of the local Government informed the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent that it is the Government's intention to assume control of all Government functions in the Yangtze Valley.

Nothing further has been heard of this step. The *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent may, in fact, have been premature and reported a scheme in embryo. Under nationalist leadership, however, some such move as the one just referred to is not improbable, for the Maritime Customs administration, with which, as shown above, that of the Whangpoo Conservancy interlocks, is already feeling the pressure of the nationalist movement, and is likely to feel it increasingly.

Recent events have illustrated this very clearly, and a review

of them will explain other difficulties with which the mechanism of Shanghai confronts the Powers, particularly Great Britain.

Under existing arrangements the revenue accruing from the present Treaty tariff, as distinct from surtaxes, is banked in foreign banks in Shanghai and controlled in such a way that neither Peking nor the local authorities can use it at will for current expenses. An increase in the tariff, with the proceeds free from foreign control, is therefore the aim of all parties.

Foreign control over the revenue, as distinct from the processes of its collection, was instituted when the centrifugal movement which makes effective government of China from a single point so unlikely first declared itself, namely, at the time of the anti-Manchu revolution. Neither the strength of the movement nor its nascent nationalism were appreciated. It was clear, however, that it involved considerable danger to foreign interests, for, with the advance of the revolution, the customs funds collected at the various Treaty ports began to fall under revolutionary control.

In 1922 at the Washington Conference it was agreed in principle that China's import tariff should be increased, and in the terms of the resulting Treaty, known as the Nine Powers Customs Treaty, a conference of the representatives of China and the Powers met in Peking in 1925. The only formal outcome of the conference, however, excluded decision on the matters referred to it, and took shape in a resolution "to adopt the following proposed article relating to tariff autonomy with a view to incorporating it, together with other matters to be hereinafter agreed upon, in a treaty." The proposed article read:

> The contracting Powers other than China hereby recognize China's right to enjoy tariff autonomy, agree to remove the tariff restrictions which are contained in existing treaties between themselves respectively and China, and consent to the going into effect of the Chinese National Tariff Law on January 1, 1929.
>
> The Government of the Republic of China declares that likin shall be abolished simultaneously with the enforcement of the Chinese National Tariff Law, and further declares that the abolition of likin shall be effectively carried out by the first month of the eighteenth year of the Republic of China (January 1, 1929).

It was clear, however, that the conference was in principle agreeable to the immediate levy of the surtaxes specified in the Nine Powers Customs Treaty, namely, a surtax of 2½ per cent. on all ordinary imports and a special surtax of 5 per cent. on luxuries. Accordingly, nobody was surprised when, shortly after the conference came to an end, the nationalists at Canton declared their intention of levying them, and proceeded to collect. But their action, and the protest against it which the Powers made,

placed the Inspector-General of Customs in an extremely awkw position, for, unless formally agreed to, the surtaxes were un forceable against any foreigner with extraterritorial rights. a time the difficulty was, to use a boxing phrase, side-stepped acquiescence in *ad hoc* arrangements, namely, collection of surtaxes by officials appointed by the Canton Government work independently of the customs administration. When, howev other parts of China decided to follow the example of Cant and the Central Government instructed the Inspector-General collect, side-stepping became impossible. Sir Francis Aglen either to acquiesce or refuse, and if he acquiesced he would placing his administration in an illegal position vis-à-vis of Powers, and undertaking to do what, if challenged, he knew could not do. So he refused and was dismissed, being sub quently given a year's leave. Notwithstanding their origi protest, the Powers continued to acquiesce in the collection of surtaxes on the lines initiated at Canton, which became genera

These were cleverly enforced. Applicants for permission import have to present what is termed a 'duty memo' to customs bank and there get a receipt for the amount of du specified on the 'memo,' against which the customs issue car release permits. By the simple process of stopping the issue duty receipts until payment of the surtaxes had been made t nationalists stopped the issue of release permits, thereby maki it impossible for importation to take place. For on arrival Shanghai foreign cargo is placed in privately owned godowns warehouses, under guarantees both as to payment of duty and retention of the cargo until released by the commissioner customs. These guarantees form one of the main conditions which the trade of the port has for many years been conducte They constitute an enlargement of strict Treaty rights, which laid down in article 41 of the Treaty of Tientsin, 1858, allo vessels to clear only when all dues and duties have been pa Were this procedure insisted on the delay caused to steamer would be very great, and for many years past vessels have bee allowed to discharge their cargo and to clear in advance of du payment, under an annual guarantee given by their owner agents that duties will be paid within a certain time, the guarante including an undertaking that the goods will not be release without customs sanction, and being supplemented by a simila undertaking as regards release from the godown concerned.

In these circumstances, refusal by the customs bank to issu duty receipts until the Washington surtaxes of 2½ per cent o ordinary imports and 5 per cent on luxuries had been paid prove such a successful device that last July the Nanking nationalist thought they could secure a further increase in the tariff withou

previous negotiation with the Powers, especially if they associated such increase with the project of abolishing the internal tax known as likin. 'We are only proposing to do,' they could say, 'what you yourselves have repeatedly suggested, namely, at the time of the Mackay Treaty of 1902, at the Washington Conference, and a year ago at the Peking Tariff Conference.'

It was generally felt that if the nationalists were thus to ignore the Powers their next step would be not merely an exercise of tariff autonomy—for which in principle Great Britain at all events is prepared—but such an assumption of control over customs administration as would endanger the conduct of trade nd the service of the loans, particularly the foreign loans, secured n the customs revenue. The latter consist of the Franco-Russian loan of 1895, the Anglo-German loans of 1896 and 1898 generally spoken of as the pre-Boxer loans because they preceded the Boxer rebellion, as a result of which China was obliged to ay a large indemnity, also secured on the customs revenue, nd the Reorganisation loan of 1913. The total amount of hese loans at present outstanding is approximately £0,500,000, which some proportion is represented by holdings in Great ritain. The importance of such a sum is considerable both om the point of view of private investors and from that of the vance of trade. But it is of less account than the guarantee hich foreign administration of the customs provides of equitable uation and businesslike methods. Were foreign administration cease it is greatly to be feared that traders and shipowners ould be confronted with the evils from which they suffered fore the middle of the nineteenth century when the customs re administered by Chinese—namely, frontier bribery and corruption. It was however very difficult for the Powers, particularly Great Britain, to take any action.

As matters turned out the nationalists' proposals were met ch in the manner which Sir Francis Aglen foresaw.

A British firm of wine merchants on whose goods it was oposed to levy a tax of 30 per cent. brought an action against e Ocean Steamship Company, protecting their action by tender the customs bank, in the presence of a British consular official, the 5 per cent. import duty authorised by Treaty plus the per cent. luxury surtax agreed to in principle at Washington d Peking. They were successful, Judge Peter Grain, of His jesty's Supreme Court, ruling that plaintiffs, having complied th all the formalities incumbent upon them by Treaty, were titled to their cargo. A similar action, with similar results, s brought by a Japanese firm against a Japanese shipping mpany, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the decision reached by the panese Consular Court, however, giving no recognition, amongst

the formalities regarded as being incumbent on the plaintiffs i
payment of the Washington surtaxes. To these the Japanes
have always been opposed except on conditions with which th
Chinese delegates to the Peking Tariff Conference refused to agre
Within a few days of the issue of these judgments the Chines
both at Canton and Nanking shelved their proposals.

It is morally certain, however, that the shelving is onl
temporary, for, whether nationalist power waxes or wanes, th
dissipation of public funds continues. One thing only can sto
that, the emergence of peaceful government centralised, on th
historical model, in Peking or elsewhere, or localised and federated
Both forms of government seem as improbable as reliable summe
weather in England.

The problem is, therefore how amongst unstable and riva
factions to arrange for a uniform increase in the tariff, applicabl
to all Treaty Power foreigners alike, without losing, in respec
of the earmarked revenue, the security provided by the arrange
ments that are centralised in Shanghai, and without endangering
foreign supervision of the work of duty collection.

The reader is now in a position to appreciate both the needs
which the parts of Shanghai's mechanism described above serve
and the difficulties with which their maintenance, or their altera
tion, are alike encompassed. The problems presented by custom
administration extend, it is clear, beyond Shanghai, both to
other Treaty ports and to the capital. So too do the issues at
stake in respect of Shanghai's harbour, because the harbour
master there, as at other ports, is a member of the Marine Depart
ment of the Customs. The Marine Department, which officiates
under a coast inspector whose headquarters are in Shanghai,
lights the coast of China—that vast treacherous coast of a thou
sand miles, which in years to come must play an enormously
important part in the politics and trade of the Pacific. Thus any
dislocation, arising from political causes, of Shanghai's harbour
arrangements would react throughout China.

It does not follow, fortunately, that what happens elsewhere
need affect Shanghai. It would be of small consequence, from the
foreign point of view, for example, if some of China's lesser
harbours ceased to function properly, or if some of the smaller
ports ceased to send their customs revenue to Shanghai. For,
excluding the Boxer Indemnity (most of which has been remitted
(albeit for specific purposes) and some of which is being used to
serve domestic obligations (disregard of which is a Chinese affair),
foreign obligations—the pre-Boxer and Reorganisation loans—
require annually about 4,140,000*l*., or, in 1926, about 33,000,000
Shanghai taels. In 1926 Shanghai's total customs revenue was
over 33,000,000 (customs) taels—about 5,150,000*l*. Thus to the

extent to which other Treaty ports can be disregarded the facts set out above become specifically Shanghai issues. Moreover, in the last resort, it is in Shanghai that the collective yea and nay of the Powers has to be expressed.

From the foregoing it will, I hope, be easier in the second part of this article to appreciate the points at issue in the question of the municipal administration of Shanghai, of which Chinese representation on the municipal council is only one. That matter has too frequently been discussed in the abstract, in relation merely to our Western doctrine that taxation and representation go together. The fact that they do not go together in China, when remembered, is often dismissed by reference to other parts of the East where, it is pointed out, part of the white man's burden is political education. Questions like the depth of water necessary to maintain Shanghai as a port, the relation of municipal credit to public utilities and welfare, and that of municipal to judicial administration are matters too frequently ignored. As however the share of municipal administration to be given to Chinese must necessarily be considered with regard to such mundane affairs I have thought it best to deal with some of the latter first.

E. M. GULL

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC HEALTH IN INDIA

I. FIRST STAGE OF THE REFORMS AND THE PROPOSED NEXT STEP

In the preamble of the Government of India Act, 1919, it was laid down as the declared policy of Parliament 'to provide for the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian administration and for the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the Empire.' In pursuance of the policy thus indicated a reformed system of administration has been introduced under this Act into both the Central and Provincial Governments. The power of making laws for the peace and good government of the provinces has been delegated to the provincial legislative councils, of which not less than [illegible] per cent. of the members are elected. Under the arrangement known as the Dyarchy certain subjects which are classed as 'transferred' are in charge of ministers, who are in theory responsible to the electorate. 'Reserved' subjects are in the portfolios of the members of the Executive Council appointed by the Crown and responsible only to the Governor of the province. The powers of the legislative councils are hedged round with numerous restrictions which limit to a considerable extent their actual responsibility.

This system has now been functioning for nearly seven years and a Commission has been recently appointed which, in accordance with the provisions of section [illegible], is to inquire into the system of government introduced under this Act and to report as to whether, and to what extent, it is desirable to establish the principle of responsible government or to extend, modify or restrict the degree of responsible government then existing. In due course the report of the Commissioners will be laid before Parliament, and it is to be feared that, when that time arrives, their recommendations will be made the subject of party conflict in the British political arena. Those who have played their part in endeavouring to make the new system of government in India workable, and who have been behind the scenes during the farce (or tragedy) that has been played in that country during the past

few years, can only hope that the members of the Parliament that will eventually decide the fate of the millions of India will take a practical and long-sighted view of the very complex problem that will be presented to them, and that both they and the Commissioners themselves will fully appreciate the paramount importance of those matters that actually concern the daily lives of this vast population, so that the interests of the poorer and humbler inhabitants of the country may not be sacrificed to fit theories with regard to government which, however attractive to English minds, are unsuited to the very different conditions of the East.

2 CONDITIONS OF PUBLIC HEALTH IN INDIA

Of these the matter that transcends in importance all others is the public health of the country. The present state of public health can in many respects be only considered appalling. One aspect of this question has been recently dealt with by Miss Katherine Mayo in her book *Mother India*. A more terrible indictment of the social conditions of any country than this book can seldom have been written. That Miss Mayo's picture is painted in somewhat too lurid colours, and that the evils she speaks of are not quite so universal as she believes, does not affect the fundamental truth of many of her statements, which must arouse feelings of horror in any humane person. The matters she deals with are, however, such as concern the social reformer more than the practical sanitarian, and from the point of view of the latter there are other aspects of the public health question which require as much serious consideration as the moral and social evils referred to in *Mother India*.

The present position of affairs can be indicated by a few statistics. The following table shows the official figures for the death rate per 1000 in the eight large provinces of India and in Burmah for the five years from 1922 to 1926 inclusive.

	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926
Bengal	25.20	25.50	25.46	24.90	24.79
Madras	21.00	22.20	24.51	24.40	25.60
Bombay	23.61	25.80	27.63	23.67	28.43
United Provinces	25.01	23.17	28.29	24.78	25.10
Punjab	28.07	[illegible]	41.43	29.97	30.98
Behar and Orissa	24.13	24.04	20.10	23.69	25.71
Central Provinces	30.30	30.38	32.90	27.27	34.33
Assam	26.90	23.54	27.30	22.38	23.[illegible]
Burmah	22.23	20.87	21.34	18.73	20.12

The average death rate for the quinquennial period for these nine provinces works out to about 26 per 1000, but this is certainly much below the true figure. Vital statistics in India are so inaccurate that it is necessary to add a large percentage to the number of deaths returned by the local authorities before they can be accepted as even approximately correct. The degree of inaccuracy seems to vary in different provinces. The Director of Public Health, Bengal, has estimated the percentage to be added as 27. In other provinces it is probably somewhat less, but, taking India as a whole, it may safely be said that the death rate figures require an addition of at least 20 per cent. On this supposition the death rate in the nine provinces for the five years was 31·2 per 1000—more than two and a half times the death rate in Great Britain. Individual instances show much worse results. The average death rate in Madras city for the same five years was 43·2 per 1000. In Calcutta the average death rate in the Kidderpore Ward for five years up to 1924 was 58. In 1924 the death rate in the Entally Ward was 61·8, and in that year the death rate amongst females in that ward reached the appalling figure of 88·1 per 1000, and this in what is, superficially at least, the most Europeanised city in the East. There is no more inherent necessity for these high death rates in India than there was for similar mortality in England a century ago. Even now in places where the laws of sanitation are observed India can be quite healthy. The death rate in the Park Street Ward of Calcutta, about a mile from Entally, was 12·1 per 1000 in 1924. In the Jheria coalfield, the largest coal mining centre in India, where there is a pure water supply and the sanitation is under the control of a board of health, the death rate among the mining population in 1925 was 14·3—in a district where special difficulties are encountered from the constant fluctuations in the population due to seasonal migrations from the agricultural district.

An examination of the causes of death will show that, even after making liberal allowances for errors in diagnosis, the heading of 'fevers' in almost all cases covers the largest item. The most universal fever is malaria. The numbers of deaths from this disease, although they comprise the greater part of those classified under fevers, by no means fully represent the mischief caused by its endemicity. Malaria in its more common form is not a highly fatal disease, and it is in its debilitating effect, the resultant loss of working efficiency, the lowering of resistance to other diseases, and consequent increased death rate from these, that its effects are most pernicious. As an example of the devastation caused by it, it may be mentioned that Dr. Bentley, Director of Public Health, Bengal, has estimated that over 28,000,000 cases of

malaria require treatment each year in the Bengal hospitals and dispensaries.

Next to fevers, in the bills of mortality, come respiratory diseases (more especially in the crowded bazaars) and cholera, dysentery, and diarrhoea, which may be classified together so far as their causes are concerned (contaminated food and water). A disease that does not appear in the death rate returns, but which is almost universal in many parts of India, is hookworm, which probably reduces the average working efficiency of the Indian labouring classes by at least 25 per cent. The curing of this disease is a perfectly simple matter, and its prevention is as certain. It merely necessitates putting a stop to the gross pollution of the soil by human excrement, by providing sufficient sanitary conveniences and inducing the lower classes to use them. In existing circumstances it is a waste of time curing a disease when reinfection within a few days is a practical certainty.

3. The Possibility of Improvement in Existing Conditions

The causes of the other endemic diseases are equally well known. By improvement in social conditions and adequate expenditure of sufficient money on engineering works, combined with health propaganda and elementary sanitary precautions on the part of the general public they could, in the course of time, be eradicated in India as completely as they have been in England. That the death rate in a tropical country inhabited for the most part by physically weak races could be reduced to the level of that in a civilised country in the temperate zone is not to be expected, but there is no reason why preventable disease should not be eliminated to an extent that would reduce the annual death rate to, say, 16 per 1000—a reduction of about 15 per 1000. This represents an annual saving of 3,750,000 lives in a population of 250,000,000 in British India. The cost of so doing would certainly be very great, but the cost to India of the present condition of affairs is very much greater. If the ratio of 180 weeks' sickness to every death—which statistics have shown to be correct for England—is held to be true for India, a reduction of 3,750,000 deaths would diminish sickness by 675,000,000 weeks each year. Assuming that the average cost of a week's sickness in India is Rs 2 and that the average value of human life in that country is Rs 200 (figures which can hardly be held to err on the high side), the annual saving that could be effected by reducing the death rate by 15 per 1000 would be Rs 2,100,000,000, or in round figures £160,000,000.

If my thesis is accepted, and this enormous improvement in the health and prosperity of the country is within the bounds of

practical politics, it may be asked what prospect is there of any serious attempt being made to achieve this most desirable result so long as public health administration remains under the control of elected local authorities and elected legislative councils. Much as I regret to have to say so, and much as I admire those eminent Indians who, in the face of great difficulties, have striven for social and sanitary reform, many years' experience of Indian elected authorities has convinced me that there is no prospect of their tackling these problems in a manner likely to lead to any real improvement within any period of time that can be looked forward to at present. Innumerable examples could be given of the attitude of the elected representatives of the people towards these vital questions. It is only necessary to peruse any reports on provincial sanitation to discover them. Thus, in his annual report for [illegible] the Director of Public Health, Madras, says:

> Malaria is one of the few diseases the etiology, mode of spread and method of propagation of which are well established. Notwithstanding this knowledge, few local bodies have even given a passing thought to the damage done by the disease, much less [illegible] any preventive measures worth the name.

In the same report the Director remarks:

> One of the greatest problems to be reckoned with in this country is the general ignorance in regard to health matters. From the moment of birth the individual struggles under the handicaps of an unhealthy environment, unhealthy methods of living and unhealthy conditions associated with food and water supply. . . . The responsibility lies not with those who do not know better, but with those who refuse to provide the means for [illegible] the [illegible] of ignorance and superstition.

Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, in his report on Bengal for [illegible], remarks regarding the inaccuracy of vital statistics:

> . . . This again emphasises the absolute neglect shown by the local authorities towards an accurate registration of vital statistics on which all sanitary measures depend.

The Punjab Government Medical and Sanitary Department, in its resolution on the sanitary reports for [illegible], says:

> The local bodies usually display an apathy towards making sanitary arrangements for fairs. . . . This apathy is frequently extended to all sanitary and health measures.

In 1924 I prepared a scheme for anti-malarial irrigation and drainage for a tract of highly malarious country near the English Bazaar in Bengal. This scheme, if it had been carried out, would have proved a most valuable and instructive example of what is possible in the way of transforming a disease-ridden area into a fertile and comparatively healthy one. The district board refused

to proceed with the scheme. Dr. S. L. Sarkar, at that time civil surgeon in that district, has since written an interesting article on the scheme in the *Indian Medical Gazette*. In this he quotes the report of Dr. S. N. Sur, Assistant Director of Public Health, Bengal, which indicates some of the reasons why the local authority did not go on with it. The latter officer states that

owing to the failure of paddy crops year after year in comparatively higher lands they have been turned into mango gardens and the objections to opening the bundies come from those who have a vested interest in these mango gardens, which bring them in a large profit. The owners of these mango gardens have greater influence in the country than the millions who are daily suffering from want of sufficient food and bad health.

Matters are no better in the large towns. The Municipal Council of Howrah has for the past two or three years been almost equally composed of Swarajists and Co-operators. The result has been that meeting after meeting has been adjourned without any useful business being transacted. In the meantime the municipal administrative work has fallen badly into arrears. Howrah is a most backward town from a sanitary point of view. With a population of 200,000 it does not possess a single properly laid sewer, or a single properly metalled and paved street, whilst its conservancy system is a byword and an appalling nuisance.

Calcutta has recently received the boon of an elected corporation and an elected mayor in place of a partly elected and partly nominated council with a chairman appointed by Government from the Indian Civil Service and possessing considerable executive powers. The result has been that the corporation has been dominated by the Swaraj Party and the mayor is a nominee of the party caucus. The sanitary condition of Calcutta is at present very unsatisfactory, and, although it would not be fair to saddle the corporation with the whole of the blame for this, it is certain that there is little prospect of improvement under the existing system of administration. An example of the levity with which the elected councils treat important questions is furnished by the proceedings of the Bengal Legislative Council in connexion with the Bengal Municipal Bill. A new Public Health Act is urgently required in Bengal, for the existing Municipal Act, which regulates public health matters in all municipalities outside Calcutta, is obsolete and inadequate in many of its provisions. A very long and complete Act was accordingly drafted by the Local Self-Government Department, at that time presided over by the veteran statesman Sir Surendra Nath Banerjee, after prolonged consideration and discussion with all the authorities affected. When presented to the Legislative Council the latter refused it even a first reading, so all the time and trouble spent on the Bill were wasted.

4. Proposals for an Alternative System of Government

It would be possible to enlarge on this topic indefinitely and to give examples from all parts of India, but the foregoing are probably sufficient to show that it will be a very long time before any real improvement in the public health can be expected if it is to remain in the control of elected councils. I do not wish to suggest, however, that the blame for the present position of affairs lies entirely, or even mainly, with the Indians themselves, or their elected representatives. It would be fairer to impute it to the British Parliament for having thrust an alien system of government upon a nation for which it is entirely unsuited. Government by elected councils is really a conception quite foreign to the Oriental mind. These allow full scope to the Indian's faculty for procrastination, and offer opportunities for his extraordinary loquacity. The capacity of the Indian member of the Calcutta Corporation to deliver a lengthy speech in a foreign tongue on any subject at a moment's notice is marvellous. Six speeches in an afternoon has been my experience of an average contribution to the debates in that assembly from some of its members. It must be admitted that hardly anything of practical value was usually contained in these speeches, but the mental agility and physical effort required could only be admired. In brief, the Indian elected councils as debating societies have often been brilliant successes; as machines for getting any useful work accomplished they have usually been dismal failures. Nor does a lengthy experience of their proceedings lead one to expect any serious improvement in their efficiency.

Lord Grey, in a recent address, stated that democracy is based upon the assumption that the people have a capacity for self-government. But if a people have no capacity for self-government, the whole system that has been raised upon the basis of this assumption must, in course of time, collapse like a house of cards. Such, in fact, would be the inevitable end of the method of government which we are labouring to introduce into India at the moment when we left the country to its own devices.

In these circumstances it must surely be better to face the facts, admit that the present system is a failure, scrap it and start afresh. In so doing there is no reason to depart from the declared policy of Parliament to provide for the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian administration. Such an object must appeal to any unprejudiced person who has experience of India. The more responsibility Indians have for governing their own country the better, provided they can in the last resort be

restrained from any action which would inflict permanent injury upon it, or affect the interests of the British officers who have served them so loyally hitherto. The object of the new system of government should be to ensure the selection of the best qualified Indians for the administrative posts and to give them the most favourable opportunities for carrying on their work.

I venture to assert that if any really beneficial public health work is to be accomplished it is essential to change radically the whole existing method of local government in India, and in the new system to follow more the lines of the local administration of France and pre-war Germany than the English model. I put forward as a working proposition that for local government purposes the administrative units in each province should be (1) the district corresponding more or less to the departments of France, and (2) the urban and rural areas corresponding to the Prussian *Gemeinde*. In my scheme each district would be in charge of a chief officer assisted by a deputy chief officer, both of whom would be chosen by the district council, elected in a similar manner to the existing district boards, but with no nominated members. The election of the chief and deputy district officers would be subject to the approval of the Minister for Local Government. In case of disapproval by the Minister of any officer so elected the district council would be called upon to elect someone in his place. On a second failure to appoint a suitable person the appointment would be made by the Minister himself. The chief and deputy officers would be appointed for a period of five years and not be eligible for re-election. The chief district officer would be in complete executive control of the administration. The functions of the district council would be almost entirely advisory, and they would be called upon each year to pass the budget prepared by the chief district officer. They would have the power of amending any item in it, but in case of any such amendment the chief officer could, if he wished, appeal to the Minister for Local Government, who would have the power, if he considered it desirable, to restore any budget item altered or rejected by the district council. The chief officer of each district would be assisted by a general secretary, who would be a member of the Indian Civil Service of the grade of magistrate. This officer would be relieved of the executive functions now performed by the district magistrate and become the adviser of the chief officer in regard to administrative matters. Each district would have an engineer and a medical officer, with their necessary assistants and subordinates. All public works would be transferred to the districts except very large public works affecting a considerable part of the province. Such would continue to be carried out by the Provincial Public Works Department. The salaries of the district officers would be fixed

by Government, and should be sufficient to attract really good men. The chief officer and deputy chief officer could be dismissed from their posts by the Minister for Local Government for misconduct or serious inefficiency. In such a case the district council would elect another officer in place of the person so dismissed. The appointment and dismissal of the other officers, except the general secretary, would be in the hands of the chief officer, subject, in the case of the more highly paid ones, to the approval of the Minister. The rural and urban areas would necessarily vary widely in size and importance, and the responsibility resting on the executive officers would vary in a corresponding degree. The urban areas would correspond generally to the existing municipalities, but in the usual way would not be towns with a population of less than 10,000. If this limit were fixed in Bengal, the number of urban district councils would be 68 [illegible] as against 115 existing municipalities. The smaller towns would be merged in the rural areas. The average size and population of the latter would be a matter for careful consideration, and would depend on the possibility of proper administration. Consistent with this proviso it would be better that the rural areas should be fairly large, so as to increase the probability of obtaining good men as the executive officers. The general principle to be worked on in the urban and rural areas should, in my opinion, be the same as in the case of the districts. The executive functions of the elected councils would be confined to choosing their executive officer and his deputy and to passing the annual budget. The executive officer would, as in the case of the larger units, be a salaried official. He and his deputy would be appointed for a term of years, and be removable during his term of office only by Government.

As regards the provincial legislative councils and the ministers, I suggest that the American system be to some extent taken as a model, and that, after the election of a new legislative council, its members should elect the president of the cabinet, who would appoint his own ministers, and that the cabinet should continue in office until the next general election, irrespective of any adverse vote in the council, unless dismissed by the Governor of the province. In order to safeguard the interests of the British officials in the public services, either a permanent civil servant could be included in the cabinet, in charge of the appointment department, or this portfolio might be in direct charge of the Governor himself.

The proposals in this article are put forward mainly with a view to improvement in the administration of public health, which, as I have already remarked, I consider is at the present time a more important matter for India than any other. Public health

is a wholly provincialised subject, and it is not necessary for me in this connexion to make any suggestions in regard to the Central Government. The constitution and powers of the latter and its relationship to the Home and Provincial Governments raise complicated and important questions outside the scope of this article.

5. Conclusion

The scheme I have outlined is necessarily very sketchy, and there are numerous points which I have not touched on at all, such as finance and the allocation of funds to the various authorities. I have been only concerned to suggest a new system of government in Indian provinces which entails the transfer of responsibility from elected councils to elected administrative officers. It may be said that if I have shown the incapacity of the present authorities I have not produced any evidence that there would be any improvement under the system I recommend. In reply, I may summarise my reasons for believing so as follows. First, until quite recent years India has always been accustomed to personal rule, and even now it is the only form of government understood by the vast majority of the people. Secondly, it has been my general experience in dealing with Indian local authorities that the Chairman of an elected council is more enlightened, public spirited, and energetic than his council, and I believe that in many instances emancipated from the latter he would prove an efficient public officer. Thirdly, although under the proposed system there would certainly be corruption and nepotism, as is unavoidable in any Oriental country (and in fact in some countries nearer home), it is preferable that this should be confined to comparatively few persons rather than, as at present, spread over a much larger number. Fourthly, the delays due to interminable discussion in the councils on trivial subjects would be avoided. Fifthly, it should be possible to find capable and intelligent Indians in sufficient numbers to fill the executive posts, whereas large numbers of the members of the various elected local authorities are neither capable nor intelligent. Sixthly, in the case of maladministration it is much easier to deal with one man than to take disciplinary action against a whole body. Seventhly, the changes I propose would in effect, to a very large extent, transfer provincial administration into the hands of the Indians, and would transform the British civil servant from an executive into an advisory officer.

In conclusion I can only reassert my opinion that the changes in the form of government I have suggested would tend to far more satisfactory progress, particularly in the direction of improved public health, than the continuation and extension of the

existing system. I am aware that these proposals will not commend themselves to the type of politician to whom the British type of democracy seems the only suitable and successful system of government, to the Indian agitator who would strenuously oppose any form of legislation promoted by the British Government, and to those whose interests would suffer by the changes. If, however, I have succeeded in establishing my case, such opposition should not be allowed to weigh in the balance against the health and prosperity of 250,000,000 individuals for whom Great Britain has assumed the responsibility Of this vast multitude all except a small minority are dumb and helpless as regards the method of government to which they are subject, but they are human beings whose interests we have no right to sacrifice to prejudiced political theorists or selfish agitators

George Bransby Williams

WORK AND WAGES IN THE ENGINEERING INDUSTRY

II

If the present discussion of industrial relations is to have value it must centre upon real problems in industry. For this reason Mr. K. S. Murray's contribution ('Work and Wages in the Engineering Industry,' *The Nineteenth Century*, December 1937) merits consideration. Too often industrial unrest is regarded as an impenetrable mystery. Yet it is simply the outcome of the successive efforts of the giant Labour to adjust industrial burdens less irksomely upon his shoulders. Every attempt to bring peace to industry will fail unless this underlying need is met.

Substantial agreement exists on all sides as to the desirability of industrial peace. In the workshop I have heard it said that it is the business of trade union officials to preserve peace by skilful negotiation and that a trade dispute is evidence of their failure. Younger and more aggressive workmen, bored with the harsh monotony of industrial life, demand, on the contrary, that their leaders shall bring about strikes. Both views are wrong, for they abdicate responsibility and throw everything upon the shoulders of the trade union official.

Apart from turbulent periods there is a general desire for peace in the workshop. Discontent usually rests upon some strong, well-founded reason. This reason is not always apparent. Continuous strain produces a state of nerves in which a slight irritation may inflame the workshop. But it is the permanent strain, not the occasional pinpricks, that requires attention. So the discussion of industrial peace resolves itself at once into a discussion of industrial relations.

I believe that most disputes are the result of a growing sense of exasperation at the unending and apparently purposeless grind. Younger men with less sense of responsibility are the first to resent this. Movements, official or unofficial, begin. A wage reduction may be the spark which fires the train of unrest, but it is just as likely to be something else. Most of the workshop disputes which I can recall had nothing to do with wages. One was

a 'victimisation' case—a man dismissed [illegible]. His reinstatement was demanded. Another [illegible] between a workman and a [illegible] [illegible] both men were [illegible] each other, and the [illegible] was [illegible]. The dispute was settled by both shaking hands, [illegible] that [illegible] must be treated with respect [illegible] the men's leaders [illegible] that their men 'must be treated [as] men.' [illegible] was affected by this incident, [illegible] if it had [illegible] thousands of men would [have] been [illegible] was that of an emergency works meeting [illegible] of a man who complained that the [illegible]. He produced as witness [a] fellow workman [illegible] stated that what he actually heard was [illegible] the foreman, but from the back [illegible] that the foreman swore [illegible] indicate something of the [illegible] [industrial] [illegible]. In each of them there was a sense of personal [illegible] a deep-seated smarting irritation which [illegible] the [illegible] concerned. They were all in [illegible] where a sense of grievance seemed part of the normal equipment of the workshop. A mitigation of this sense of grievance [illegible] step [illegible] industrial peace.

The growing [illegible] of industry—the coming of mass production—is a fact with which both workman and employer have to reckon. All plans for industrial reorganisation must start from this basis. Mr. W. [illegible], Secretary of the Trade Union Congress, has [illegible] as follows:

The unions should [illegible] in a concerted effort to raise industry to its highest [illegible] methods of production [illegible] causes of friction and [illegible] the largest possible output on [illegible] and continuously improving conditions of employment.

Evidently no conflict of [illegible] exists here as to the need for industrial efficiency. The [question] that arises is whether this will be accomplished at the expense of the workman or whether he will share in the benefits. [illegible] of rationalisation are proceeding to demand [illegible] even lower wages—as a preliminary. Others are saying that 'managerial rights' must be regarded as ex cathedra. This is bound to lead to the suspicion that all the sacrifices [are] demanded from one side. The workman remembers the cry of 'More production' that was raised in the first flush of reconstruction after the war, and soon a million unemployed were walking the streets. There may be no necessary sequence between these two facts, but the truth is that

the workers benefited little from that productive spurt. If this rationalisation movement sets out with a fanfare of trumpets, only to leave the workmen cynical and disillusioned at the end, it will increase rather than diminish industrial strife.

Mr K. S. Murray in his thoughtful analysis of the situation goes straight to one source of irritation when he refers to the different rates of wages paid in 'sheltered' and 'competitive' industry. Is it necessary to reduce the wages of workers in sheltered industries? And if so, is it certain that workers in other industries will benefit? Workmen are quite justified in asking these questions and demanding unequivocal answers when their co-operation in these matters is sought. We have travelled a long way since the early economic conception of a fixed 'wages fund' out of which all wages are paid, so that if some are high, others must be low. An analogous idea is that which was put forward by Nassau Senior, the Cambridge economist, who contended that if the hours of factory workers were reduced, industry would be ruined because all profits were made in the last hour. Such rigid conceptions as a fixed 'wages fund' or a 'last hour' theory are now rejected by most economic thinkers. Wages are paid not from a fixed fund but from a flow of varying volume, and if the flow can be increased, then to raise wages in one industry should not mean lowering them in another. Ford's high wages policy is commercially sound because it creates customers in the home market without apparently injuring his export trades. And I would draw special attention to the fact that he is engaged in a highly competitive industry. The scientific organisation of industry must hold out to workmen the promise of better times all round if it is to make a wide appeal.

The soreness felt by one section of workers when others are paid at a higher rate undoubtedly contributes to industrial unrest. In lesser degree high wages paid to individuals may have the same effect. Officially trade unions do not condemn high individual rates. The unions simply lay down a minimum. But as workmen are human, envy is bound to come in. I have known skilled men on time work to be green with envy of machine workers on piece rates who earned more money. Whether this comes under the heading of 'justifiable discontent' such as Mr. Murray speaks of in connexion with the feeling in 'competitive' industries is a matter of opinion. I have always felt that workmen should base their claims, not on a comparison with other wage rates, but on what their labour is worth. In any case, the suggestion that the industrial situation would be eased by bringing down the wages of the sheltered workers to the level of competitive workers is amazing, for it merely means adding fresh battalions to a growing legion of discontent.

[illegible] the jealousy of some workers for others who are paid more [illegible] regarded by good. Such disputes cut against the very principle of unity upon which trade unions are founded. It cannot be denied, however, that systems of piece-work and piece-[illegible] production encourage antagonism between grades of workers. Instead of regarding himself as a partner in industry a worker comes to think he is fighting for the interests of the No. 6 [illegible] against the [illegible] of No. 4 and No. 7. In the long run this is [illegible] the [illegible] short-sighted employers [illegible] foster [illegible] and [illegible]. The workshop [illegible] as which [illegible] efficient co-operation in production.

So far as the engineering industry is concerned, Mr Murray does not favour any [illegible] of a general increase in wages. He is inclined to look upon a system of merit grading to improve the industrial [illegible]. Sir Alfred Mond also speaks of the promotion of workmen to staff positions in the chemical industry as a spur to others. But the difficulty is to apply a system of merit-grading to engineering workshops. In a rough-and-ready way merit-grading—the grading of workmen according to skill—already exists. The fitter who does skilled work at the bench usually gets paid more than a machine minder. The man who works a lathe is paid at a higher rate than the man who works a drilling machine. But it is difficult to work out merit grades that will distinguish different workmen in each category. Among machine workers especially the work is so much of a routine that one workman does not stand out in any distinct way from another—not more than can be measured by an output rate. Where men are working on piece work the merit question solves itself, for the quickest and most proficient get more money. With time workers adjustment is more difficult. But here again the 'leading hand' is often paid a little extra. It is true that there is not room for many leading hands. The differences between workmen doing the same kind of work in the same way are so slight that the firm might well be reluctant to make any distinction. Some engineering firms have a system of promotion to staff positions. But this is often the reward of faithfulness and long service rather than outstanding ability. It carries with it certain privileges—payment for holidays, for illness, and greater security of employment.

A big problem in the modern workshop is how to provide

[illegible] among a crew of men working at machines or along a bench a few may be much better workmen than the others, but there is little to indicate this. All have learned to pull levers or to manipulate hammers or files. I know one workman—a machine worker—who constructed an improved sound-box for his gramophone, which certainly gave good results. His patience and painstaking work demonstrated that he was a workman much above the average. But he could not patent his device, and, so far as his daily work went, his superior merit was worth nothing to the firm. I know another workman who invented several automatic machines—a balloon racer, a fishing machine, boxing and wrestling machines. I helped him to run lead in the clay moulds to shape the weights that fitted into a system of releases and controls set in motion by a penny in the slot. Lack of capital prevented him from exploiting these inventions, and though he disposed of some of his work, he was, if anything, out of pocket, to say nothing of the time, thought, and skill he had expended in these diversions of happy evenings after his working hours. In the workshop it so happened that because he was able to control men he was given a higher rate than the average. But only on condition that he ceased to use his own skilful fingers. I have known several cases of men picked out for their skill to become "charge hands" who have asked to go back to their machines—and their old rate of pay—after a few days. Obviously to be a good workman does not necessarily qualify one for responsibility and control. Yet this is often the only form of merit-grading which the workshop offers.

An old workman of my acquaintance who was clever with his hands once entered into an arrangement with a smart young business man to exploit a process which he had invented. The workman was expected to manage the workshop which the other financed, and they were to share the profits. So long as the business was small the plan worked well. But as it grew bigger the workman grew more worried. The last time I met him he was happily engaged as an ordinary workman in the other man's business. "Never mind," he said, smiling, "no one can take my skill away!" And he held up his hands, looking at them proudly. He was wise enough to know where his real ability lay. But modern industry does take skill away, or at least prevents its development. It turns out a selection of departmentalized workmen like parts of a Ford motor. This makes it difficult to apply any merit-grading system. Incidentally, because such work cannot hold attention or provide full scope for the workman, it leaves him the prey to all sorts of impulses which make for discontent.

Though the captains of industry may seek to restrict industrial

adjustments to the immediately practical end of ensuring a cheap supply of goods for the world market, the truth is that industrial reconstruction has a much wider significance. Industry is an arm of society, and can only justify itself in so far as it increases the well-being of producers and consumers. In its relation to the workers it has to explore every possibility of improved conditions, otherwise the cry for industrial peace will be in vain. Men who lead cramped, miserable lives are never going to feel peacefully disposed towards society. Why should they? Yet, instead of being regarded as an integral part of social life, industry is still viewed as a Bastile—the term used by early factory workers to describe it—or as a castle of treasure guarded by dragons. Its unpleasantness is taken for granted. Men go into industry, fight and wrestle for its prizes, while accepting its drabness and spirit-breaking routine as inevitable. They regard it as a battlefield and then expect to secure industrial peace.

In case exaggeration is suspected, let a witness quoted in the Report of the Committee on Adult Education speak as to the effects of factory routine:

> . . . The writer has experienced the enormous difficulty of getting persons in such employment to take any interest whatever in things of the mind, and has in the case of those few who took up courses of study seen with what difficulty the mind was awakened. Setting beside these workers in a class for several years and comparing them with the normal worker, it seemed as if their minds were sunk in a kind of stupor.

Commenting on this in a speech at the Edinburgh Conference of the Institute of Welfare Workers, Professor McClelland, of St. Andrews University, said:

> One very important aspect [illegible] is the development of mass production methods and repetition work. In the first place such a system would be suspected of having some physical effects through the overuse of certain sets of muscles, through the insufficient exercise of others, through the necessity for remaining in some fixed position for lengthy periods, and so on. . . . Then again the organisation of industry on a repetition work basis may be expected to have harmful effects on the intellectual life and efficiency of the individual and of the community [illegible] for in repetition work only one set of brain centres is being used and the efficiency of the others is likely to be impaired in accordance with the general law that all vital functions tend to atrophy through disuse. The effects of repetition work are, however, [illegible] as much as physical and intellectual. Anything that tends to dull the intellectual faculties and the imagination, tends at the same time to weaken the moral and spiritual fibre. The individual descends to the [illegible] level.

I have given this lengthy quotation because it bears out on theoretical grounds everything that those of us who have had practical experience of factory life know to be true. We are

faced here with the economic, psychological—in a sense pathological—effects of modern industry. The bitterness, engendered by thwarted lives, which leads to industrial disputes—costing millions of pounds and inflicting untold misery—is not to be exorcised by waving a wand or muttering incantations about good-will. Before these evils can be eradicated the whole industrial process must be examined, and the ravelled threads must be followed back into the educational system. Our educational machinery has not been devised to facilitate the transplanting of young people from the school to the workshop. They are flung into the factory wherever room can be found. Lacking all continuity of former school interests, their mental development suffers. The rude process of knocking them into shape without considering their dawning powers begins. Presently they want to knock back, and there, in embryo, are all the factors of future industrial strife. Their dull acquiescence in routine is broken intermittently by the fierce, resentful flare of a strike. The problem is at once educational and industrial. Yet because it lies on the boundary it is no one's special business. So we find with few exceptions both educationists and industrial experts ignore this no man's land of maladjustment. Professor McClelland is one of the exceptions. His contribution towards solving the problem is as follows:

> [illegible] the education of the worker lies rather on the side of culture than on the side of providing vocationally useful knowledge. [illegible] effective not only [illegible] but also [illegible] as a [illegible] other worker [illegible] forward into his life as a worker.

To give the worker a wider education and a broader outlook to counteract the narrowness of his life and work is the most obvious commonsense. But this talk of culture in relation to industry makes some people—both workmen and employers—very impatient. They do not see its practical bearing. In their view culture is something which is utterly useless. They favour a narrow technical training and look with suspicion at anything which is labelled culture. It does not occur to them that culture and vocation are not necessarily opposed any more than beauty and utility, although the expression of their philosophy naturally results in hideous buildings and stunted lives.

In the past those who had leisure for an elaborate education did not require any vocational training, while those who were drafted into industry were considered well-equipped if they were taught to scrawl and to spell. But technical training cannot satisfy a generation which has grown up in the days of compulsory

education. The desire for a fuller life created by modern conditions can only be denied at the cost of social stability. Mass production has helped to make technical training redundant. It is no use spending much time teaching the mysteries of a trade or craft when the individual is destined to spend his life pulling a lever.

Experiments have been undertaken with the purpose of combining vocational and cultural education so as to fit in with modern needs. In Germany, Kerschensteiner tried out the plan of making local arts and crafts the basis of his educational system. His various workrooms were the real centre of the school—reading, writing, geography, science were used to help the pupils solve their practical working problems. This craft-humanism idea may have derived something from the Montessori system. Professor John Dewey the American psychologist, working on the same lines, made weaving the basis of his school activities. He contended that it was possible to teach the history of the world through the subject of weaving, tracing it through all its associations and following the sound psychological plan of proceeding from the particular to the general. In discussing these educational ideas and methods we may seem to have gone far from industrial problems, but in reality we have done no such thing. Our purpose throughout has been to see how we may transform the industrial robot into the complete human being. I will let Professor McClelland sum up the value of these vocational cultural methods:

> . . . the result is that when the child goes out from school into life or industry, his mental life suffers no breakdown. He does not confront something new and unknown: the mental habits and attitudes he has acquired at school are just those that will be an asset in industry and a guarantee of the continuance of his cultural interests.

A true rationalisation would involve education for the needs of life, with industry subordinated to the same purpose. Such an orientation foreshadows a harmony which may appear unattainable, but which is none the less the goal of real progress. The whole question of placing industry and education in a healthy relation to society must be faced. The need for individual growth and happiness is fundamental, and if we seek to make industry serve this end instead of obstructing it we are following the only sure road. Once the schoolboy learns to see beyond the immediate significance of his handiwork he will apply the same idea to the workshop tasks. Work will be a threshold leading to a fuller life instead of a slamming of the door upon education and further development. Somehow opportunities must be given for a wider existence in the workshop. These may take the form of musi-

grading, of a voice in workshop control, of a more all-round proficiency in the handling of various machines and tools.

The industrial worker may be likened to a little ass panting up a steep mountain road dragging a huge cartload of hay. The question which confronts us is whether the driver shall climb on top and urge it to greater efforts, or whether he shall take some of the hay from the cart, feed the ass and reduce its burden.

Those who would restrict industrial reconstruction to the making of cheaper goods have not realized that the world is surfeited with goods for which no one can find a market, while never was there such a resistance to industrial repression. To restore the balance between man and production is the biggest problem of rationalized industry.

R. M. Fox

THE PRAYER BOOK AND THE FUTURE

THE rejection of the revised Book of Common Prayer, submitted to Parliament for secular authentication has been received, I think, with a [illegible] which was quite unexpected by excitable persons. The agitation in the country against the Bishops' proposals had been of a somewhat feverish [illegible] and many letters in the newspapers had been written in the same style. Deputations had invaded [illegible] Palace and had been photographed in the courtyard. When the House of Commons had the authorising Bill before it several [illegible] appeared to oscillate between [illegible] and [illegible] and when the result was announced there was an [illegible] which [illegible] some of the brave [illegible] might have supposed that something of this [illegible] in the country. But the country, like the [illegible] has been [illegible] more than [illegible]. The [illegible] of the debate in the House of Lords [illegible] the Archbishops have [illegible] Englishmen have felt. More [illegible] a saying which is supposed to have [illegible] hall. Are we downhearted? [illegible]

If Englishmen are [illegible] a sentimental folk, they have not shown [illegible] reason why we should not take a [illegible] view of the situation. There is every reason, indeed, to suppose that such a view has been taken by all whose opinion is worth [illegible]. In this view it may be well to observe some points in the [illegible] of the question and some prospects, or prophecies, of the future.

The first may be briefly disposed of. What did the Bishops want? What did the Church of England want? What did the experts think? What did Parliament think? Each of these points is worth a few words.

1. The Bishops undoubtedly wanted to be allowed to know clearly what their powers and their duties were, and what Englishmen in general desired of them. They also wished to take notice of the progress of time since the Prayer Book in its present form received legal sanction, to take count of the processes of

modern thought, and to consider the advance of technical knowledge as shown in the conclusions as to liturgical propriety upon which experts appeared to have come to something like agreement. Here in each case there were thorns, if not lions, in the path, which seem perhaps not to have been fully appreciated.

2. What the Church wanted—and here the laity quite as much as the clergy are to be included—was, undoubtedly, peace and order, and, perhaps even more certainly, common sense. Though, almost undoubtedly, the majority of men were content to leave things in Church matters as they were, there were contrary currents of considerable force, one of them setting towards more rigidity, to be enforced if need be by prosecution, or persecution, whichever you like to call it.

3. The experts thought that the Book of Common Prayer was in several respects gravely defective. It did not take account of many feelings and many needs which had come to the front since 1662. It bore too plainly the marks of a particular age to satisfy the requirements of an age 250 years later.

4. It is more difficult to say what Parliament thought: for it thought, in the two Houses, differently. But on the whole it may be said that the Lords had studied the subject more carefully and were disposed to take a wider view of the needs of the age, and to trust the Bishops with the knowledge that they were honest and much harassed men, and under the flattering impression that they were experts on the subject of liturgical revision. And certainly, partly through the enormous pains that were taken in ruri-decanal and diocesan conferences, in Convocations, and in the Church Assembly, there was a widespread view that the Church of England had really taken a very long time and used that time very thoroughly to make up its mind as to what it wanted, and had expressed that mind clearly, firmly and conclusively. So the situation stood when the House of Lords accepted and the House of Commons rejected the Bill which embodied the wishes of the authorised assemblies of the Church.

Before we proceed to ask the question which really interests people to-day—What next?—we may well note some facts of more than ecclesiastical significance.

No one can read the debate in the House of Commons without an interest which almost amounts to fascination. Of course the Lords showed incomparably more knowledge, more impartiality, and more wisdom, and their debate was altogether on a far higher level. There was practically no exuberance of rhetoric, and no hysteria. This can certainly not be said of the Commons; and that is not unusual. Some people even think that we are coming to the time when the Houses may be described, the one as intelligent, the other as popular. This would be far too optimistic a view.

But that the House of Commons does represent, and especially in such a debate as this, a 'popular' atmosphere, there can be no doubt at all. If that be so in this case, it might be expected that if, or when, the subject be brought up again, the decision will be the same. It can hardly be expected that the Bishops, and the Church Assemblies, should stultify themselves by presenting for parliamentary sanction anything seriously different from what they presented, with such conspicuous unanimity, before. That is one preliminary point; and the other is this. There can be no doubt at all of the very great interest aroused in the country by the whole subject. The newspapers showed this, the debates showed it, the agitations (less fictitious than was supposed) showed it, and so did a considerable number of books and papers by really expert and often intelligent writers.

All this is to the good. However serious may be the outlook for the Church of England if the House of Commons' decision should lead to a continuance of strife, the cause of religion in general will certainly be served by the interest which it is quite evident has been aroused in the primary object of the religious life—namely, how to worship God acceptably with reverence and godly fear, and how, aided by that worship, to serve man and to love one's neighbour as oneself.

Let us turn then to the future and ask 'What next?' It is to be observed with the fullest satisfaction that the episcopate as a whole shows no sign at all of ill temper or alarm. Some Bishops have given wise advice to [illegible] those who [illegible] listen to them. Some have exercised a wise reticence. Some have endeavoured to 'make wise [illegible]' [illegible] and the [illegible] has been more widely [illegible]. The result in any case is an [illegible] of the sagacious reticence which has been shown by the [illegible] there has been bound, as everyone expected [illegible] a most serious statesmanlike, and at the same time [illegible] acceptance of a check which they most likely did not expect, but which they have received with dignity and without a touch of petulance or any sign of a disposition to disregard or [illegible] the unchallenged right of the House of Commons, however [illegible] they must regard it as having been exercised.

It might have been expected that those who regard the severance of the long-established relations between Church and State as desirable would use the opportunity to put forward their views; and so it has proved. But unless the present difficulties should be increased in the next few weeks there is no reason to believe that they have obtained any more effective argument in support of their views than they had already. It is not the relation of Parliament to the Church which is really a danger to spiritual

freedom; though there have been, inevitably, periods in the past when such a danger existed through the injudicious or partisan exercise of those powers. The Presbyterian Church in Scotland is 'established' in the same manner as the Church of England is, though a more definite date—that of the Revolution of 1688—might be assigned to its present constitutional position. But no body in the world is more tenacious of spiritual independence than the Kirk, and none has been more untrammelled in the enjoyment of it. There is no reason why the same should not be the case in England if the Church's action be wisely spiritual and the State's action wisely political. The freedom of institutions, ancient or modern, religious or secular, under the guarantee, authority, and protection of the State is an essential feature of national freedom. It is idle to minimise the great step in the direction of liberty that was taken when the Church Assembly was created, with the powers it has. Further steps might certainly be taken with advantage, most notably in regard to the appointment of bishops, the rulers of the Church. It is not at all unlikely that these steps will be taken if the rulers and the rank and file in the Church receive the present setback with equanimity and resolution. It need not [illegible] whatever political [illegible] the Church, and that in the present condition of politics [illegible] to be made, [illegible] dangers of spiritual bondage from which few if any of the [illegible] bodies are free. Very wisely, I think, has the Bish[op] [illegible] a wider [illegible]

I believe that on the whole the establishment and the existence of a national Church [illegible] that I am prepared to make [illegible] that there is a limit and a definite limit [illegible] which the Church as a whole is prepared to [illegible]

That limit, I feel sure, has not been reached because a majority in the House of Commons composed of Scottish, Irish and Welsh members who do not belong to the Church of England has denied her for the moment the power to revise her worship which she desires.

While I am writing this I see in *The Times* a letter from Lord Wolmer, than whom no layman has a better right to speak with authority on the subject. His criticism of the action of the House of Commons (or rather of its Scottish, Irish and Welsh members) for taking part, or having the power to take part, in the decision as to the worship of the Church of England is well deserved and accurate, and indeed is the most clear and full that I have seen. The conclusion is one which seems to me entirely to represent the facts and wisely to suggest a course of action.

In quoting it I anticipate a little what I may have to say as to the future, but I think I may well insert the words here:

> The House of Commons, composed of, and elected by, people of all religions and of none, has claimed the right to dictate to the Church, as a consequence of Establishment, what features its liturgy shall contain. That is a claim which, if persisted in, the Church cannot possibly admit. . . .
>
> I do not believe however that the English people are in the least prepared for Disestablishment. The links that bind Church and State together are so venerable and so many, from the crowning of the King to the burial of the pauper, that the severance would administer a shock to our national life that would amount to a revolution, and a revolution that few would consider to be for the good of the State. Incidentally it would produce the strange and somewhat ludicrous result that the only Established Church in the British Empire would be the Presbyterian Established Church of Scotland.

Lord Wolmer thus continued to a practical conclusion:

> I submit that the only basis on which a [illegible] can be maintained under modern conditions of [illegible] is that which at present obtains in Scotland, a free Church in a free State. It is remarkable that the Established Church of Scotland [illegible] self-government which is denied the Church of England. Englishmen have always taken things so much for granted that few of them realise that the [illegible] which has been inflicted on the English Church would never [illegible] as to the Scottish Established Church. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has complete legislative powers, and the Act of Parliament which was passed so recently as [illegible] has removed for ever the possibility of Parliament interfering in any way with the internal affairs of that Established Church. Why should there be one law for the Scots and another for the English? Why should [illegible] an English liturgy when [illegible] no right to meddle with the affairs of the Church of Scotland? [illegible] answer [illegible] to explain that there are historical reasons for this anomaly. That may be the explanation, but it is not a justification. The problem which we English are confronted [illegible] connexion with the State and yet [illegible] no doubt the short and easy path [illegible] we are bound to consider [illegible] Disestablishment in Scotland as well as in England [illegible] towards the degradation of British national life.
>
> Is it not better to [illegible] the English Establishment so as to make them [illegible] have proved to be for the edification of the State [illegible] and, not least, for the furtherance of the [illegible].

This is a rather long quotation, but it seems to me highly significant of the attitude of wise and loyal English laymen, and, indeed, I may say, it is simply a lucid explanation of the constitutional position and of the only reasonable way out of its difficulties.

But the discussions of the last few years, with their alarums and excursions, seem to show that the clergy very greatly prefer

to manage their own affairs for themselves. The House of Laymen, whose competence has been ably vindicated by Lord Selborne, took great pains in the criticism of the new Prayer Book, and it may be remembered that, complacent as they always have been towards the episcopate, they expressed their own view that two Communion offices were undesirable or unnecessary. The clergy need not be surprised if laymen outside the Church take the same view as the Church's lay representatives.

When we observe this it may be well perhaps also to remind ourselves of two sayings of 'ecclesiastically minded laymen,' a much wiser class than they are considered to be by some contemptuous Bishops. Lord Chancellor Clarendon in his great *History* remarked that clergymen 'understand the least and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind that can read and write'; and Lord Halifax is reported in *The Times* of December 11 to have said that

[illegible] difficulties in England in regard to the English Church arose from ignorance and forgetfulness [illegible] possibly be [illegible] They had to ask themselves whether Acts of Parliament [illegible] their differences [illegible] largely arose from ignorance and prejudice [illegible] and would only be made worse by [illegible] He believed that if the [illegible] were shut up together in a [illegible] come to an understanding and an agreement.

The statement was received with laughter, but I am not at all sure that the speaker, who had more history at his back than his opponents, was not perfectly right.

If there were to be a conference, as has lately been suggested—though the names put forward by Sir Henry Maddox would hardly satisfy those who have studied the matter—we must clearly have a leader.

Mr. Sheppard's book *The Impatience of a Parson*, which has been very widely read, suggests remedies for the present distress, though it does not deal directly with the new Prayer Book except to deplore its inadequacy. The great need of the day seems to him to be a fearless leader, and he does not think that any among the present Bishops can fill that place. We must certainly consider this when we ask, What next?

There can, I suppose, be no doubt that at the present moment, if we may take the opinions of those who read, and those who direct (not those who write in), the newspapers, the two clergymen who bulk largest in the public eye are the Bishop of Birmingham and Mr. Sheppard himself. No two men could be less alike: one the type of a university don loved and respected, but of unsym-

what limited outlook and with no parochial experience, appealing not at all to the people but to those of a particular type of intellect and education; the other the most popular parish clergyman of his time, devoted to the personal service of God and man, an inspiration to thousands struggling to pray and lead a Christian life. But, when we look around for a leader, each seems to have a fatal defect. The Bishop of Birmingham appears to many earnest thinkers to be too far behind the time and to know too little of what religious people are thinking nowadays. He is troubled because he thinks that not everyone (not even every man of science) believes in or understands evolution now. Why, nearly forty years ago, when I used often to take a Sunday meal with Father R. M. Benson, whom many would regard as the very representative figure of [illegible] antiquity and Catholicism, he often told me that not only did he believe in evolution but that he was sure of [illegible]. The labour of administration of a populous diocese, which he [illegible] in a state of [illegible] has seemingly prevented the Bishop from studying recent religious literature except in the [illegible] manuals of different and extreme partisans. He could hardly speak so contemptuously of those with whom he disagrees if he had read [illegible] and [illegible] or the Report of the Anglican [illegible] and his previous studies were doubtless [illegible] the [illegible]. In times past there have been prelates [illegible] appear to have commenced after [illegible] characters often good men [illegible] but not such as commended themselves [illegible] the appreciation of the statesmen [illegible] the general public of their day. A contrast [illegible] Mr. Sheppard [illegible] almost universally and deservedly [illegible] attitude towards religious questions is entirely [illegible]. While the Bishop seems, when he asks [illegible] spiritual phenomena, to say with [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

Mr. Sheppard [illegible] into the spirit and soul of men. But [illegible] to be a leader. He is like the Bishop [illegible] in this that he takes what he likes of the Christian [illegible] and rejects the rest [illegible] institutions he blows hot and cold [illegible] have been well had he studied Burke and Dean Church [illegible] though he reveres the Lord Jesus Christ, he [illegible] rejects all that He is recorded to have said about the judgment of the wicked, and that, apparently, not on critical grounds but on a personal intuition. Even those who have the greatest affection for him, and sympathy with his ultimate aims, cannot tell what he means, except to break down

all barriers to communion between all who are desirous to bear the Christian name. Is there to be any necessary organisation? Is there to be any creed? Is there to be any moral standard? 'A Church,' he says, 'ceases to be Christian the moment it begins to judge mankind either intellectually or morally.' Not so have Christian teachers spoken, from our Lord downwards.

But among the English clergy there is a third, and that a very widely acting, force. Dean Inge is a man very greatly to be admired, not merely for his popular gifts, but for his learning, the touching piety he has shown in some of his writings, and his conscientious intellect. But, wide though his interests, his outlook is limited. He is so contemptuous of those with whom he does not agree, whom he feels to be inferior to himself in mental capacity, that [illegible] has always given the pleasure which comes from a little intelligent irritation. But then no one takes him quite seriously. And at the same time we have an advocate of intellectual freedom [illegible] apparently to suggest the prosecution or expulsion of those who believe themselves to have as rightful a place as he has in the Church of which they and he are ministers. But he appreciates the difficulties of the position, and says what many thoughtful men are coming also to believe, that a common-sense revision of the Prayer Book might have been carried if it had not been entangled with disciplinary questions which have nothing to do with it. To revise the Prayer Book is the work of men of experience and knowledge; the enforcing of discipline must ultimately depend upon a decision as to the constitution and powers of the Ecclesiastical Courts, a matter which the authorities in Church and State should be prepared to take in hand.

Before we leave this side of the question it may be well to insert a word of warning, which certainly is not needed by Dr Inge.

An instance of the wisdom of understanding a subject before discussing it is afforded by the extraordinary statements that have recently been made about Transubstantiation. It is quite clear of course that the Church of England decisively rejects this doctrine. But does anyone in the Church of England hold it? It really would have been a good thing if those who have bandied the word about had asked what it means, whether from a Roman Catholic theologian, or from anyone who has studied the Tridentine dogma (or from the Bishop of Oxford), or had read the wise words of the Bishop of Gloucester.

The doctrine of Transubstantiation is condemned in the Church of England, as I believe rightly, but the crude ideas that are held about it by those who attack it are most unjust. Transubstantiation is not a materialistic theory. It does not imply any belief in a physical or material

change of the elements. It means that the transformation, whatever it may be, is entirely in the region of the spiritual—the essence of things. My objection to the doctrine would be primarily that it is inconsistent with any philosophical idea of the structure of the universe that I can hold; but, as far as I can see, there is nothing in it inconsistent with ordinary scientific teaching. It would be possible for a Philosophical Realist who believed in the reality of the essence or substance of a thing to accept the whole of modern science. Nor can we on scientific grounds make that somewhat crude distinction between the material and the spiritual which has been suggested. The only theory of the universe that I could hold would be one according to which there was a spiritual basis for all the phenomena of matter. Just as we know nothing except through what seems to be a material [illegible] spiritual and super[illegible] must be expressed and [illegible] through material means. Here also I would say that we ought [illegible] the opinion of those with whom we are arguing [illegible] assume that we have ourselves a monopoly of [illegible].

When we look at the prospects of the future we must naturally examine the present position of the Bishops. They have undoubtedly occupied a prominent place in the public eye during the last year, much more prominent than for several decades. Whatever enthusiastic reformers like the author of *The Impatience of a Parson* may say about their want of capacity and force as leaders in any forward movement, it cannot be doubted that as a body they are the real leaders of the Church to-day. The Archbishop of Canterbury possesses the confidence of Churchmen to an extent to which his predecessors for many generations have not attained. It would be easy, if it were [illegible], to mention several others who in different ways deserve and obtain a very large measure of public respect and confidence. But it must be admitted that the Bishops occupy a much more [illegible] position in the minds of the clergy than they do in the lay world. They live in an atmosphere often of affection but at times of adulation tempered by sarcasm. Several of them unconsciously [illegible] their influence by being surrounded by a sort of camarilla of [illegible] and ambitious persons, who are supposed to influence their judgment much more than probably they do. There has seemed to be a real danger of the [illegible] of the Roman Curia taking root, in a less degree, in some English dioceses. Besides this, what clergyman has ever heard a Bishop's [illegible] contradicted? But the reverence approaching to superstition with which not the office merely but the person is often regarded is not shared by the ordinary layman. And it is the ordinary layman who has now come to the front. To him who has not studied the subject there can be no doubt that the position taken up by the majority of the Bishops in the debate in the Church Assembly, as well as in Parliament, appeared to be that of the familiar dog in the manger: 'I do not like oats, so you shall not have them.' And yet not quite that:

perhaps rather this: 'You shall not have what you want unless you will let me have all that I want.' 'You shall not be allowed to begin with a modicum of what is desirable. You must have all or none.' Lay opinion, indeed, seems to me to have been largely of the same mind as was very commonly found among the children of my (Victorian) period, when a wise and stern parent said to them: 'You all, my dears, would like some of this excellent pudding, but you shall not be allowed to eat it unless you also eat this piece of roast beef which I know to be good for you. I cannot wait till you are wise enough to see how good these oysters are, which I well know. You must eat them willy-nilly or not a spoonful of the pudding shall you have, though I agree with you that it is remarkably good, for indeed I had a large hand in making it myself.' Now this critical view of the Bishops' attitude may well be regarded as unreasonable and fanciful, but there is no doubt at all that it is very widely prevalent, and those who take it up are able to point to four or five Bishops as being of the same opinion. (I may say that I myself have consistently voted for the Book.)

It was unquestionably reasonable for the majority of the Bishops to say: 'We have taken twenty years over this business and are of opinion that our solution of the difficulties we were told to deal with must be taken as a whole. No doubt part of it is almost universally acceptable and could be carried through almost unanimously. But we have studied the subject in every aspect, and we are of opinion that what we propose is of one piece, and must stand or fall together.'

Now this position may be regarded very differently. I have heard it represented in different ways: as a reasoned determination of wise men to give every one what is good for him; as an example of the government of the people 'for the people' rather than 'by the people'; as a specimen in action of the Lloyd-Georgian maxim 'minorities must suffer'; as a masterly piece of strategy; as a scheme to save the face of ecclesiastical authority. Probably it was none of these, but an honest attempt of conscientious men who did not fully appreciate the difficulties of the situation. It may be that the obstacles to a settlement which was accepted by such large majorities of Churchmen were not fully envisaged. It is clear that the appeal to 'trust the Bishops' was quite ineffective. One set of men did not believe them to be experts; another set did not believe them to be Protestants. Perhaps an even larger body were alarmed at the attempt to increase episcopal authority, of which recently there have been many indications. Lawyers in and out of Parliament believed that the Bishops wished to get behind the law if not to set themselves above it; and many of them do not believe in any *jus liturgicum* as residing in the episcopal bench.

Protestants were unwilling to entrust to the Bishops the power to regulate the use of the Reserved Sacrament, and many Catholics to allow them to restrict it. And lay opinion generally quite certainly remains unwilling to increase the present powers of the episcopate. To increase them may be right or wrong, but there is not the slightest doubt that there is a serious attempt to do so. Evidence of this is patent in the large increase of recent years, by direct or indirect means, of the patronage enjoyed by the Bishops. The private patron is gradually, though slowly, being extinguished, and with him will go, sooner or later, not only the parson's freehold, but the parson's freedom. A still more conspicuous instance is quite recent, and at present, owing to the overpowering interest of the Prayer Book dispute, it has passed almost unobserved. This is the proposal of the Cathedrals Commission to place the government of the cathedrals, which were acquiring the solitary grandeur of being the surviving strongholds of clerical independence, in the hands of the so-called 'greater chapters,' the honorary canons or the like, who are nominated by the Bishop alone. Ever since the Middle Ages at latest, Bishops have resented the independence of cathedral chapters and have endeavoured to destroy it. At the moment the attempt appears to the lay mind to be part of a general scheme to place the liberties of Churchmen, clerk and lay, at the mercy of the episcopal bench. Debates have shown that this is not the time to unfurl the banner with the legend 'Trust the Bishops.'

Again, there is the widespread sentiment of Protestantism. The feeling is not so much personal, except in the case of such notable persons as Sir William Joynson Hicks, Sir Thomas Inskip, Lord Carson and Bishop Knox, as traditional. It is [illegible] the gibes both at the lawyers and at the ... undoubtedly sincere and deeply felt.

In view of modern knowledge and liberality it may perhaps best be described as atavistic. The number of young people who share it in its extreme form is probably negligible. But it remains, and its strength lies in the tenacious memory of the English people. The fires of Smithfield are not forgotten. And it is natural that it should be so, when we find at the present day, not only that the weapon of religious persecution can be widely used by personages so 'modern' as the Bolshevist leaders, but also that the probability or righteousness of the use by a Roman Catholic power of the secular arm to suppress opinions is asserted by recent advocates of the Roman authority. Protestantism may be merely atavistic; it may be a dying force (very slowly it dies if it does), but quite certainly it is useless to appeal to it to 'trust the Bishops.'

There are two obstacles to the peace which the majority of

Churchmen desire. But there are other difficulties which must not be ignored. One comes from the side of the student, the other from that of the parish priest.

It might, indeed, have been hoped that after all the pains which the authorities of the Church had taken to produce new, though alternative, forms of public prayer, the result would have proved acceptable to the learned. This is far from being the case. Most excellent defences of the 'Prayer Book revised' have been put forth, notably by a singularly candid and generous-minded bishop, who introduces what he has to say in words of attractive simplicity:

> The book is not written for experts. It is intended, if not for the man in the street, at least for the 'man in the pew'; that is, for the average layman who has no special knowledge of liturgiology. It exhibits the great gain to corporate devotion of the proposed enrichments of the Prayer Book. Further, the writer seeks to show that the new work is entirely in accordance with the best traditions both of the undivided Church and of the Church of England, and makes reasonable provision for the demands of the modern mind. He also emphasizes the hope that in the book a new meeting-ground may be found between Catholic and Evangelical, and a new way of peace be inaugurated, whereby the Church may be free to devote its energies to the things which matter most.

Every one who wishes to understand what the new Prayer Book aims at and how it has achieved its aim should read this book. But none the less the revised book has been far from successful in obtaining the approval of liturgical scholars. In Dr. F. E. Brightman England possesses one of the greatest, perhaps the very greatest liturgical scholar in Europe. I know from experience with what profound respect his judgement is received by learned men in East and West. In an article in the *Church Quarterly Review* of July last, as witty as learned, he exposed a number of errors and, I think one may be justified in saying, [illegible], which liturgical experts would hardly have passed without protest. If the book is to be presented again to Parliament, by all means let it be presented without errors which can easily be expunged. Few of any of them involve doctrine, or the expression of any beliefs which are not shared by 'Catholic' and 'Protestant' alike; most are verbal corrections of great importance for accuracy of theological statement and symmetry of liturgical form. The defence of some of the changes which has been offered by a learned Bishop does not prove to be satisfactory and is unfortunately incorrect in several particulars. If, as we hope, we are to have the new Prayer Book presented again for consideration, it should be presented in as perfect a form as possible. Here, of course, we are naturally led to consider whether an alternative service of Holy Communion should be presented at all.

I should myself have thought that it might have been better to have postponed it till some agreements had been reached, satisfactory to expert students, on the details of the alternative form. But the history of the Episcopal Church of Scotland shows that there is no vital objection to an alternative form, if it is generally acceptable; yet surely it is wise to wait till such an agreement can be reached. I do not myself find anywhere a dislike of the present Communion office sufficient to show that the majority of Churchmen want to alter it or to find a substitute for it: certainly some who are called extreme High Churchmen and extreme Low Church do not. But a suggestion which would, at least till a general agreement is reached, satisfy one party is the use as an alternative of the Communion Service in the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. This was the work of the Reformers and was safeguarded even by those who altered it in 1552. The use has been allowed by two primates of England in recent years. It is understood that the present Archbishop of York, a man of real wisdom and tolerance, would have been prepared to accept or even to suggest it. If it were now proposed it is difficult to see how those who assert the principles of the first Reformers could object to it. It could hardly be regarded as a return to Romanist ways, since it was a deliberate attempt to depart from them. But of course there remains the question of the Bishop of Durham, whose heavy hammer not infrequently hits the right nail on the head: if the use of Rome is in some respects good, or an improvement on our own, why not accept it?

Another matter of much less import which surely should be considered now that some use of revision of the Deposited Book seems inevitable is the Calendar. This is a subject of considerable interest [illegible]. The Canterbury Lower House of Convocation, under the wise guidance of the late deeply lamented Dean of Salisbury, has asked for a Commission to deal with the subject. The only reply has been the issue, in the proposed book, without any explanation whatever, of a Calendar which is open to most severe criticism. If the thing is worth doing it is worth doing well; and now it is (or was) proposed that what was done very badly indeed should be offered as part of the book to be accepted without alteration or demur. The fact is that after years of very deliberate action, those responsible for the revision of the Prayer Book acted at last in fact in a desperate hurry. When the book was finally submitted to Convocation far too little time was allowed for suggestions and the Archbishop of York was reported (perhaps erroneously) to have informed his clergy that very few alterations could be accepted because of the cost of printing. Again let us say: What is worth doing is worth doing well. Very

great pains have been taken in the revision: it would be a pity not to make it better for the sake of a few pounds or a few months. Here learning and usefulness, theory and practice, omissions and insertions, are alike concerned.

We may turn now to those difficulties, in the way of the acceptance of the settlement involved in the new Prayer Book as suggested by the Bishops, which come from the side of the practical parish priest. For the most part the changes, particularly those in the daily and occasional services, have been favourably received. The question of what are called 'devotions' at present concerns only a small fraction of the churches and need not be discussed here, because the vast majority of the clergy seem to be willing to accept the Bishops' directions. Nor need it now be considered whether there is any justification for the claim that every parish priest has [illegible] obligation to reserve the Sacrament for the sick. [illegible] that the Bishops had [illegible] need for perpetual [illegible] the other hand they were not prepared [illegible] experienced practical [illegible]. If the Holy Communion [illegible] Church Catechism [illegible] *ad salutem generaliter necessaria* [illegible] relaxing the [illegible]. There are [illegible] make it [illegible]. There is no question whatever of [illegible]. A man [illegible] Holy and Blessed of Christ or that he will partake [illegible] of a ratified [illegible] and earnestly desires to receive [illegible] at least that I can think of [illegible] the Sacrament reserved by the authority of the Church and with such prayers as the Bishops or the Church may direct. I [illegible] possible that the Church of England [illegible] this privilege and if [illegible] parish clergy who are confronted by the devout wishes and the needs [illegible] them [illegible] of any of these parishioners take it upon themselves to break the law [illegible] it.

It is possible to treat several of the questions now raised lightly, too lightly, indeed. But here I can only say that I approach the subject with deep awe and something like fear. I cannot help hearing constantly in my ears words which from the very earliest days of Christianity have been of the most thrilling significance.

And now I say to you, refrain from these men, and let them alone; for

if their counsel or their work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God you cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

The words are a message just as plainly to Christian rulers as to Jewish to whom they were first addressed.

I ought, I think, to conclude by saying that this article is written before anything is known to me of the decisions as to their future action arrived at by the Bishops in conference at Lambeth. It represents a sincere opinion that in this case, as in many others, 'good may come out of evil', and that it would be wise to use the opportunity afforded by the action of the House of Commons to make more than a superficial revision, or an obstinate explanation of the measure which has been rejected.

W. H. HUTTON

EVOLUTION AND ITS MODERN CRITICS

Before setting out to defend the theory of evolution as applied to living things and answer objections lodged against it by two recent writers in these pages[1] I should like to make one matter very plain to my readers. In all articles written to defend religion from science there is an underlying presumption that the modern Darwinist is inspired by an anti-religious motive—that the aim of his researches is to prove that the Biblical account of creation is untrue. Such is not the [illegible] myself pursue our enquiries into the mechanism of the human body with a single aim: so to understand it that we may help the more to free it from the disasters of disease. Every year our methods of approach become more exact and every year we forge into the secrets of the flesh. Our knowledge extends and grows; our control of disease improves. To impugn our motives is to reflect on us in our search for truth even when our findings run counter to ancient and accepted beliefs would be to kill what is best within us. We cannot know any subject well unless we know its history.

It is not necessary for me to defend the general truth of evolution. Both Mr. Bonner and Dr. Fleming believe that the doctrine of evolution gives the best explanation of the state in which we now find the heavens above and the earth beneath. We are only beginning to know the universe of which our earth forms so small a speck. Dr. Fleming agrees that the state of the universe, as revealed to us by modern telescopes and spectroscopes, proclaims the truth of evolution. He believes that matter undergoes evolutionary changes; the discoveries now being made in our physical laboratories make any other opinion untenable. He also agrees that Darwin's doctrine is applicable to the world of living things—with an important exception, man himself. In brief, Dr. Fleming is prepared to exclude from the Mosaic category of specially created things—to throw to the ravening wolves of evolution, night and day, heaven and earth, every herb yielding seed and every living creature that moveth—all save man. His

[1] George H. Bonner, "The Case against Evolution", *Nineteenth Century and After*, November 1927; Dr. J. A. Fleming, "Truth and Error in the Doctrine of Evolution", *ibid.* January, 1928.

reasons for excluding man from the law of evolution and retaining him as a singular example of special creation will be examined as I proceed.

In an early part of his article Mr. Bonner makes the following statement [2]:

> The facts of Evolution are admitted by all but the perverse—namely, that close observation of the phenomena of Nature reveals an ascending series of types, ranging in degree of complexity and intelligence from the very lowest up to man.

From such a statement the reader will infer that Mr. Bonner is an unqualified upholder of the truth of evolution, but doubt on this point will arise when subsequent passages are read in which Mr. Bonner declares that 'there is no conclusive evidence in historical times of the change of one species into another'; that an anthropoid ape, 'even in the most ideal conditions which a "Zoo" can provide,' has never been known to change into a human being; that species 'have, generally speaking, remained relatively fixed since the beginning of history'; that 'there ought to be, not a few, but thousands of examples of the individuals of one species actually changing into another before our eyes'; that 'there should not be one but hundreds of missing links found in the world to-day.' Such statements raise doubts as to the orthodoxy of Mr. Bonner's doctrine of evolution, and when he asserts that 'It is a principle inherent in the nature of things, and one which no example has yet disproved, that the lower cannot of itself alone produce the higher,' we seem to have a flat denial of the belief that now dominates the expert student of all living things—namely, that low and simple forms of life have, in the course of time, and by natural means, been changed into higher and more complex forms.

Whether or not Mr. Bonner believes, as the records of the rocks so plainly show, that the horse, as we know it to-day, has been evolved from a three-toed ancestor, and that this, in turn, has arisen from one which had five toes, his readers will find difficulty in deciding; but as to his opinion of man's origin he leaves them no manner of doubt:

> If we apply [illegible] the principles advanced to the emergence of man on the physical plane, we are forced to the conclusion that man, as man, could not possibly be produced or evolved from anything lower than himself. He must have originated as a principle in the spiritual world, from all eternity. No amount of development can turn an individual ape into a human being, because the ape has not the potentiality of self-consciousness.

I shall examine the validity of the reasons given by Mr. Bonner for denying the possibility of man's evolution from an ape-like

[2] *Nineteenth Century and After*, November [illegible], p. [illegible].

animal in due course; in the meantime, it is enough if I have made clear that the present crux in the theory of evolution lies solely in that part of it which concerns the origin of man. Dr. Fleming, having surveyed the evidence, has come to the conclusion that the evolution of man from an ape-like ancestor is highly improbable. Mr Bonner, taking his stand on first principles, so beloved of mediaeval schoolmen, declares such an ancestry to be a sheer impossibility. And men like myself, who have given a lifetime to the study of the evidence at first hand, and finding that the acceptance of evolution as a truth has guided us time after time to fresh discoveries, are convinced that Darwin was right; man is but a sprig on the great tree of evolved life. Wherein lies the truth?

Searchers for truth do not wilfully misunderstand each other. Antagonists may be separated by mere verbal misinterpretations, or their differences may go deeper and concern fundamental matters—not only the interpretation of evidence but also its admissibility. In the present instance the differences are fundamental, and to understand their nature and trace their origin we must go back to the time of Archdeacon Paley. Until the appearance of the *Origin of Species* in 1859 his argument from design—that design, purpose, contrivance so evident in the body of man and in all living forms proclaimed aloud the existence of a Creator—was regarded by almost all thoughtful Englishmen as unanswerable. The Archdeacon had studied under a very able London anatomist, William Hunter (brother of the more celebrated John); he applied to the knowledge of his time a quick and sure understanding, and set his argument forth in clear terse English, employing, as is the habit of successful teachers, pertinent and concrete instances to make his meaning unmistakable. Everyone knows that opening paragraph of his *Natural Theology* which begins 'In crossing a heath suppose I pitched my foot against . . . a watch upon the ground', and the subsequent passages in which he argues: 'nor would any man in his senses think the existence of the watch, with its various machinery, accounted for, by being told that it was one of the possible combinations of material forms . . . that there existed in things a principle of order which had disposed the parts of the watch into their present form and situation . . . that the watch in his hand was nothing more than the result of the laws of metallic nature.' Then come the sentences which affirm that 'there cannot be design without a designer; contrivance without a contriver . . . Arrangement, disposition of parts, subserviency of means to an end, relation of instruments to use, imply the presence of an intelligence and mind.' Finally, he sums his argument up thus:

The conclusion which the first examination of the watch, of its works

construction, and movements suggested, was, that it must have had, for the cause and author of that construction, an artificer who understood its mechanism and designed its use. This conclusion is invincible.

Paley's argument seemed invincible, and yet in less than a generation it was replaced in classrooms, laboratories, and learned societies by that of Darwin. The reason of Darwin's triumphant success is often overlooked; it was because he discovered a serious omission in the Archdeacon's argument. Paley spoke of the watch as if it had come into existence all at once, by an act of special creation, whereas the truth was that the remote ancestor of the watch had appeared first as a small pocket clock in the fifteenth century and had undergone improvement after improvement until it had reached the state in which Archdeacon Paley discovered it on a heath late in the eighteenth century. In brief, the watch had evolved; it had a history. Darwin ousted Paley because in his *Origin of Species* he produced such a prodigious number of facts which could not be explained if special and instant creation were true, but which fell into place and assumed a rational order if the doctrine of evolution were valid in the world of living things. Many had proclaimed the doctrine of evolution before Darwin, but he was the first to convince men of its truth. It was the *Origin of Species* which caused men to realise that no matter what trade, profession, or special study engaged their attention, that trade, profession, or study had sprung from a small beginning and had reached its present state by a process of evolution. We can trace the rise of all the mechanical inventions which have so transformed our modern modes of life. Incited by Darwin's teaching, we have searched the ancient civilisations of Rome, Crete, Egypt and Mesopotamia, and have found that man's highest civilisation has sprung from savagedom. Everything living and dead has been found to be subject to the law of evolution. The Bible itself has not escaped; scholars have dissected its books and have found that their contents are the accretions of various ages. If this is true of all things living and dead, how can man hope to escape a law which is universal? The evidence of man's descent which Darwin produced in 1871 has never been refuted, nor has any one succeeded in explaining that evidence—save in Darwin's way.

I have stated that Darwin replaced Paley and have spoken as if their doctrines were incompatible. Mr Bonner and Dr Fleming do not think so; they are of opinion that if we are to give a complete explanation of the universe of which our earth and we form part, it is necessary to combine the teachings of both men. If Darwin was right in asserting that the famous watch had come into existence by a process of evolution, they hold that Paley was equally right when he postulated the existence of a

watchmaker—that the watch could never have arrived at perfection unless there had been a directing intelligence at work on it. We must examine, for a moment, how each author formulates his claim for the reintroduction of Paleyism into modern thought.

> In short, [Dr. Fleming has written] the universe is not merely a Thing; it is a Thought, and thought implies and necessitates a Thinker. The use of the term 'evolution' as a name for the cause of the order, adaptation and beauty of the external world is an error. It is erroneous because it attributes the production of phenomena which appeal to our intelligence and emotion to an agency which is impersonal [illegible] and has no intelligence or emotion itself, and therefore cannot produce them. It is merely a [illegible] of the [illegible] of gradual and continuous change.

Then in a later passage, when writing of living things, he states:

> There is therefore behind them [illegible] in the [illegible] something equivalent to the plan of a house [illegible] are [illegible] upon another [illegible] arranged in order so as to create an edifice.

In this way Dr. Fleming seeks to reconcile the doctrine of evolution with that of a planned creation.

Mr. Hoare seeks to harmonise modern science and ancient religion on somewhat different grounds, as may be seen from the following citation:

> [illegible] the capacity [illegible] already achieved [illegible] It does not [illegible] between a lower stage and a higher one.

Then, following Paley's example, Mr. Hoare illustrates the meaning of the above passage thus:

> In the erection of a cathedral [illegible] of the finished [illegible] from which it is [illegible] upward in successive stages [illegible]
>
> It is just as [illegible] from the [illegible] in the sense of [illegible] and that the [illegible] the potentialities of man, as to state that the cathedral [illegible] from its foundations.

Then follows the passage, already cited, which asserts that man "must have subsisted as a principle in the spiritual world from all eternity."

There are certain misconceptions and errors in the statements just quoted, to which I shall return presently, but in the meantime let us see how medical men account for the wonderful examples of design and contrivance which so abound in man's body. There is in the human thigh bone, as Dr. Paley was well

aware, just as clear evidence of engineering and architectural skill as are to be found in any watch. Such evidence of design is not so mysterious to us as it was to Dr. Paley, because, thanks to the modern improvement of the microscope, we have come to know something of the 'bone-builders' concerned—great armies of mere specks of living protoplasm, known technically as osteoblasts. We have reason to regard osteoblasts as having a species of consciousness—at least, we know that they are sensitive to the strains and stresses which fall on them and respond by laying down material so as to meet and carry all transmitted forces. If the muscles of the thigh grow in power, osteoblasts bestir themselves and strengthen the bony struts and bulwarks of the femur. We know that they are normally under government, being controlled in their activities in several ways, particularly by substances which reach them from other parts of the body—substances now named hormones. We know that at times they become rebellious, turning malignant and destructive, and we hope to discover the circumstances which so change their nature. We know that when the thigh is broken osteoblasts in the neighbourhood of the fracture immediately set about effecting a repair; we are learning the nature of the signals and impulses which set them to work. In our investigations we studiously refuse to believe that osteoblasts possess powers or qualities which are beyond the reach of our research. We have never occasion to make any discrimination between 'planner' and 'doer' as Dr. Paley thought necessary, to assume that a sort of spook known as 'design,' and as Mr. [illegible] and Dr. Fleming still think necessary. If a watch were a living thing, as the human thigh-bone is, then it would be found that watchmaker and watch were one. There is no duality of function in living matter. An osteoblast is both architect and mason in the very essence of its being.

If I am asked to explain how the cells which build our bones come to be endowed with such marvellous faculties, I reply that I know of only one way of throwing light on the problem. That is the way we owe to Charles Darwin; it was he who taught us how to trace the history of such cells—to follow their evolution back to their oldest and simplest form; and in this case our search carries us back to the foundations of the animal kingdom. We find that the simplest forms of living matter—single cells, microscopic in size and leading independent lives—already possess, to some degree, the power of skeleton building. But we also find that the simplest form of living matter has much more: it can seek out a livelihood; it responds to light and to darkness; it shuns danger and shrinks from injury; it feels; it moves; it digests; it reproduces its kind; it is purposive in its actions. We can as yet but guess at the intricacy of its organisation and

machinery. But no one who sees the modern physicist exploring with success the constitution of atoms will venture to assert, as our critics have so often done in the past, that the deepest secrets of living matter are beyond our reach. It is the inherent and essential quality of living matter that it can both plan and execute; unless matter is purposive, it cannot be alive. For modern students of life the 'thinker' and the 'thought,' the 'directing intelligence,' do not lie outside living matter, as Mr. Bonner and Dr. Fleming seem to think, but are of the essence of its constitution.

Having explained the attitude of modern biologists to the 'argument from design' resuscitated by Mr. Bonner and Dr. Fleming in the citations made above, I turn to certain misconceptions on the part of Mr. Bonner. When he states that a 'cathedral is evolved from its foundations' it is clear that he has not grasped in the least degree what scientific men mean by evolution. A cathedral is built upon its foundations, but its evolution is a totally different matter. To trace the evolution of cathedrals, to discover how they came into existence, entails a prolonged search of man's building activities; we have to follow their evolutionary history back through centuries until we arrive at their earliest germ—a humble house. When man had learned to lay one stone on another the 'idea' of cathedrals began to dawn; before then it was not in existence. It is important that we grasp this fundamental aspect of evolution because of the statement made by Mr. Bonner concerning man's evolution. Man, Mr. Bonner declares, 'must have existed, as a principle in the spiritual world from all eternity.' The 'ideas' of man's inventions, such as that of the cathedral, of the watch, or of 'wireless,' have an equal claim to a past eternity; but truth-seeking students of evolution have no option but to assign their birth to the date of their first materialisation. It cannot be said that 'wireless' did not come into existence long ago because there was no need for it; one has but to think of what its value would have been to the rulers of the widely spread Roman Empire. The 'idea' of wireless could not have come into existence until the 'idea' of electricity had been discovered and exploited. The watch could not have been evolved until man had discovered brass, steel and silver and learned how to work them. Every cathedral bears in its structure reliable evidence of its evolutionary history. To declare, as Mr. Bonner does, that the 'lower cannot by itself alone produce the higher' is to contradict all that is known to scientific men, and to suppose that evolution is but a materialisation of what was fore-ordained in the remotest recess of time is a guess which cannot be supported by any kind of proof.

I have exemplified the manner by which students succeed in dating the objects of their inquiry; a watch cannot be older than the period of metals. This method of inquiry has an important bearing on the Darwinian conception of man's origin. For many millions of years the earth has kept a record of the sequence of events which mark the evolution of animal life. We know, from the study of fossil remains, the succession of types which have lived in ancient jungles and seas. A study of these fossil records assures us that the rule which holds true for human inventions is also valid for the transformations which mark the progress of animal life—namely, one evolutionary step has first to be taken before another becomes possible. It was not until the tertiary period of the earth's history was reached that events had marched to a point which made possible the appearance of the earliest and lowliest of primate animals. It was not until the middle period of the tertiary period that the higher primates came into a materialised or separate existence; from what we know of their organisation it is unlikely that they could have appeared much before then. The structure, organisation and posture of the human body could not antedate those of the great anthropoids any more than the [illegible] could have preceded that of electricity. It may be a metaphysical truth, as Mr Bonner claims, that man existed potentially in the first speck of living protoplasm, but medical men who are seeking to unravel the history of the human body and brain do not attempt to go beyond the period of their first materialisation. All verifiable evidence assigns this event to a very late stage in the history of our earth. Beyond that period man did not exist.

A close study of the articles by Mr Bonner and Dr Fleming yields ample grounds for believing that critics of Darwin's theory of man's origin are now fighting a rearguard action. They are in retreat. Mr Bonner attempts in vain to hide the exhausted condition of the defence by putting up, to cover the retreat, a verbosely dense smoke-screen. Attacks are no longer launched with the passionate fierceness and argumentative zeal which characterised the earlier onslaughts on Darwin. It is true we are having a recrudescence of Paleyism, but we no longer meet with the wild protagonist who claims a special or independent origin for his own species because man alone possesses a special muscle in his leg—the *peroneus tertius*. Nor indeed could a claim be now lodged on this ground, for further inquiry has shown that one other animal does occasionally possess this muscle—the gorilla. Nor are the peculiarities of man's foot urged now as a bar to his animal origin—at least not by anyone who has taken the trouble to become acquainted with the many and striking points of correspondence which link the foot of man to that of the gorilla and also of the

chimpanzee. Even man's much-vaunted upright posture is no longer regarded as an obstacle to his lowly origin. Dr. Fleming frankly recognises that the structural similarities which bind man to other animals have to be explained. He writes:

> The human race, dominant above all others on the surface of the globe, is unquestionably as regards bodily structure closely allied to the animal races, and especially to the higher mammalia. Great as are the differences, yet in broad outline the similarities are too manifest to be denied.

Mr Bonner admits that

> There is also evident a certain similarity of organic structure between the higher mammalia such as the ape and the highest animal of all, man—a similarity which extends also to those instincts, habits and natural functions which are necessary for the preservation of physical life.

Mr Bonner also recognises that some explanation has to be given of the fact that man, like other animals, begins in an egg, and after passing through a remarkable series of transformations, in which he may trace many affinities to lower types, emerges from the womb to be suckled and reared just as are the young of apes. Darwin believed that his theory gave a satisfactory explanation of these strange phenomena, but Mr Bonner is of another opinion, and puts forward a theory of his own which I take the liberty of quoting because it shows the straits to which Darwin's opponents are now reduced.

> The fact, Mr Bonner writes, that the human embryo passes through the stages of all the lower and higher vertebrates before arriving at the human is [illegible] of that soul, but then again [illegible] that the human body, as the highest production of nature, must contain in some manner the characteristics of all the lower forms.

If, as Mr Bonner alleges, the human soul is a principle of such power that it can animate and keep together a human body after having acquired it, we cannot see why its fleshly tenement should be so prolonged and so elaborate and so closely akin to that of the ape. Nor can we see why it was necessary to put on at passing stages rags of dress borrowed from the garments of old world beasts. Most people, if there were no alternative to Mr Bonner's theory, would prefer the explanation recorded in the second chapter of Genesis.

The truth is that as our methods of enquiry improve and as our search goes deeper, the constitutional similarities between man and the higher primates impress us not less, but more. Two years ago Drs. Landsteiner and Miller, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, carried out a prolonged enquiry into the reactions of human blood by more delicate methods than had been

used before. They wished to verify observations made by previous inquirers, who had declared that the only blood which gave reactions closely similar to that of man was that of the great anthropoid apes. In summing up the results of their inquiry they state:

> In our studies only the blood of the anthropoid apes gave such [i.e., human] reactions, a fact attesting to the close relationship with man.*

We now know that the elaborate changes undergone by the egg when it becomes lodged in the womb are almost alike in ape and man, and that all of these changes are foreshadowed and approached in the placentation of the lower primates. As we come to know the susceptibilities of anthropoid apes to disease we realise that in this respect they closely resemble man. They are, at least in captivity, liable to that very human disease appendicitis. It was from the brain of anthropoids that medical men first learned to map out the functional areas of the human brain. Notwithstanding this increase of evidence affording presumptive proof of man's anthropoid origin, both Mr Bonner and Dr Fleming give their verdict against Darwin.

> There is not, states Mr Bonner, [illegible] evidence for the animal ancestry of man [illegible] animal beginnings [illegible] upon certain [illegible] and that of the animals [illegible] prevailing any element [illegible]

Unfortunately this [illegible] explanation is still Mr Bonner's secret. I know of only one explanation which can claim to be scientific, and that was given by Charles Darwin fifty-six years ago. Dr. Fleming shows [illegible] in the weighing of scientific evidence, [illegible]. He realises that there are difficulties in the form and details of Biblical statements as to man's origin, but these are not removed by substituting for them the doubtful hypothesis of a continuous evolution from amoeba to man. The Biblical record, I may remark, was made 3000 years ago by men who knew more of astronomy than of zoology. Would Dr Fleming prefer their knowledge of astronomy to that of the present day? If he refuses to accept their astronomy, how can he prefer their zoology, of which they knew so little?

What, then, is the real reason which compels our two critics to reject the evolutionary theory of man's origin? Both express their main objection most explicitly. Dr Fleming, after enumerating man's mental attributes—his altruistic qualities, his 'amazing achievements, his religious faculties'—asks the question, 'Can

* *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, December 1923, p. [illegible].

these faculties and powers be explained in terms simply involving matter and energy?" And he answers it thus: "To assume that we can explain Mind and Spirit in terms of matter is to violate the fundamental canons of philosophic thought." Medical men, I fear, have no respect for these "fundamental canons." In the successful diagnosis and treatment of mental disorders they break them daily. They find that the moment that the nerve cells of the brain are deprived of oxygen—which is matter—they cease to act; they find their action can be disturbed by such material substances as alcohol; they can be thrown out of action by opium and chloroform; they know that temperament is altered and moods are changed by materials supplied to the nerve cells by stomach, liver and glands; they see disease play material havoc with the delicate and intricate living machinery of the brain, destroying will power and turning wisdom into stupidity. Modern medicine has banished for good the idea that insanity is to be explained and cured by regarding its unfortunate subjects as being possessed of evil spirits or of devils; no real headway was made in our knowledge of the human brain so long as it was regarded as a mere shelter for spiritual abstractions. Considering all the evidence, is it not much more likely that Dr Fleming's "fundamental canons" are at fault rather than the materialistic considerations which now carry such weight with those who are best qualified to form an opinion? Besides, Dr Fleming admits that other animals besides man are endowed with a "Psyche," if but a small one.

Mr Bonner's objection also concerns man's mental attributes, but he is somewhat more obscure in his statement than Dr Fleming. He informs us that:

> A man is not his body [illegible] the [illegible] thing which is palpable to the physical senses [illegible] the name applied to the [illegible] that is man.

In another passage we learn that:

> A human being is a [illegible] and coming to [illegible] manifesting in a [illegible] eternal purpose.

Clearly this novel interpretation of the human body is one of very direct interest to medical men, who will naturally expect Mr Bonner to lay before them verifiable evidence of his assertions. The only evidence he does produce is contained in the following passage:

> The fact that the human body disintegrates at physical death is a proof that there is some principle which controls and animates the body

during life but which deserts it at death; . . . therefore the spiritual principle, whether it be called soul or by any other name, is of an immaterial nature.

Now in its disruption after death the human body is in no wise peculiar; death and corruption overtake all forms of living matter. In Mr. Bonner's sense a cabbage has a soul, so have the amoeba and the typhoid bacillus. If we construe appearances thus, we must assign a soul to every organ of the animal body; a man's heart may be beating in the laboratory of the experimental physiologist when the rest of the body lies sealed down within a coffin. Nay, each microscopic corpuscle of the heart has a soul, for in recent times colonies of them have been kept alive many years after the original heart had gone the way of all flesh. Nor is the soul in the wide sense used by Mr. Bonner or in the narrower sense, in which most people use the term, really an immaterial essence. In the wider as in the narrower sense the soul lives only as long as it transforms energy, and he is a bold physicist who now asserts that energy is not material in its ultimate constitution. When the supply of energy is withdrawn from living matter, its soul departs just as certainly as the red glow vanishes from the electric radiator when its switch is turned off.

The human soul is an infinitely more intricate manifestation than Mr. Bonner has yet realised. As we medical men know it that manifestation depends solely on the brain: the brain must be alive; it must be supplied with energy; it must transform that energy to live, think, feel, and be conscious. The human brain is beyond compare the most wonderfully complex and elaborate of all living structures known to us. In the arrangement of its parts it is inconceivably intricate; we know something of its manner of working even now, but it will take many centuries of continuous effort before we can become masters of its detail. Medical men regard the human soul as the inward response and outward manifestation which is given by every living human brain.

The human brain is Nature's greatest miracle; it would be unbelievable that such a creation could have come into being in the animal kingdom did we not have before our eyes the graded steps which leads up to it. Between the lowest and the series of highest primate, from marmoset to man, occur a series of brains which represents, or seem to represent, steps in the evolutionary ladder up which the human brain has ascended.

What, then, is the position of the problem of man's origin as we anthropologists now see it? We have been accumulating evidence for over half a century, and we can explain our facts in only one way—by postulating that the theory of evolution holds true for the whole kingdom of life, including man. As regards

man, we have to explain two sets of facts—first, those in which he resembles higher primate animals; second, those in which he differs from them. We explain the resemblances, just as we explain those which link brother to sister and cousin to cousin, by presuming a common inheritance. But how do we explain the differences? Dr Fleming recognises the poverty of our present resources when he asks:

> What were the influences or forces at work to reduce the size of teeth and jaw, shorten the arms, diminish hair on the body, remove the prehensile great toe, improve the grasp of the hand, make easy the upright posture of the body, enlarge the skull capacity and increase the complexity of the brain structure?

These are just the problems on which we are now engaged, and we may claim to be making headway. To some of his queries we can already make a partial answer; [illegible] of them are beyond the scope of our powers of investigation and elucidation. Not one of Darwin's contemporaries would have believed that we should now see the actual machinery of heredity; yet beyond doubt it has been discovered and studied at work within the nucleus of the fertilised egg. From the student of heredity and from the experimental embryologist we are receiving, and will continue to receive, explanations of our many enigmas. And in every case the explanations which are received make the theory of evolution more credible and more trustworthy. It is the way of science to know facts long before it can explain their causal origin. We are all certain that light comes from the sun, but do we know as yet the exact manner in which it succeeds in reaching us? That the evolution of man from animals is a matter of a high order of truth, although as yet no one knows the exact forces concerned and how those forces were and are regulated. We have every reason to suppose that the means of evolution are still within and around us and are not beyond the reach of final discovery.

Arthur Keith

GEOMETRY OLD AND NEW

The Dean of St. Paul's, in writing the other day about some sayings attributed to great men which there is no evidence of their ever having uttered, observed that Plato never said 'God geometrizes.' Perhaps not; but we may at any rate say of the reputed remark that, if not true, it is well invented. Plutarch was of this opinion when he wrote his dialogue (No. 2 of Book VIII of the Quaestiones Convivales) on the question 'In what sense would Plato say that God is eternally geometrizing?' At the end of the first sentence Plutarch adds the parenthesis 'assuming, that is, that the saying is really to be attributed to Plato.' He admits that it does not appear in Plato's works as handed down, but he regards the story as credible enough, seeing that the remark reflects the characteristic views of Plato. One of the interlocutors suggests that the reference is to the very similar declarations made in certain passages of the *Republic*. There Plato says, for instance, that a very little geometry and arithmetical calculation will serve the purpose of the commander of an army; it is the higher and more advanced portions which tend to lift the mind on high and to enable it to see the final aim of philosophy, the idea of the Good; the value of the sciences consists in the fact that they draw the soul towards truth and create the philosophic attitude of mind; and again, by studying such subjects, a certain organ in the mind of everyone is purified and rekindled which is lost and blinded by other pursuits, an organ which is more worthy of preservation than ten thousand eyes, for by it alone is truth discerned. The true geometry, according to Plato, is purely theoretical; he will not even regard the construction of figures as belonging to pure geometry, and he regrets that, for want of better terms, geometers are obliged to speak of operations such as 'squaring,' 'applying a rectangle,' 'adding' and the like, as if the object of geometry were to do something, whereas its true purpose is knowledge. Plutarch quotes the story that Plato objected altogether to certain contemporary constructions for solving the Delian problem of the 'duplication of the cube,' because, in order to carry them out in practice, special mechanical contrivances would have to be

[illegible] and by the use of such machines 'the good of geometry [illegible] and destroyed, as it is brought back to things of sense [illegible]d of being directed upwards and grasping at eternal and [illegible]rporeal things, in the sphere of which God has His being and, [illegible]irtue of this, is eternally God.'

Plato was an exceptional person, even for a Greek, and this is [illegible]e language of poetry. No doubt a less imaginative Greek [illegible]ould have retorted with the Greek equivalent of 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la géométrie.' Geometry, however, is, in any case, one of the most characteristic products of the Greek genius and it is the creation of the Greeks alone. To be a Greek, as someone has observed, was to seek to know; they were determined to probe the secrets of Nature, to find a rational explanation for everything in heaven and earth. Incidentally they would know the laws of the 'measurement of the earth,' which was of course the original meaning of the word 'geometry.' A certain number of rules of the nature of mensuration had been evolved in Egypt; these were of a practical character and arose out of the requirements of land surveying and architecture. It was the Greeks who first conceived the idea of making geometry a science; they were the first to think of *proving* anything in geometry. The first proofs of a few elementary propositions are attributed to Thales; it was the Pythagoreans who first studied geometry systematically as a subject in and for itself, laid down the first principles, definitions, etc., and built up the elements in the form of an ordered series of propositions each of which follows as the logical consequence of what has gone before. The Pythagoreans made geometry, along with arithmetic (in the sense of the theory of numbers), astronomy and music, a part of a liberal education.

Geometry thus came to have no special reference to land measurement and became a branch of pure mathematics as it is today. In course of time another word for the practical art of measurement or mensuration came into use, namely *geodesia*, which, according to Aristotle, meant the art of measuring not only land but also the surfaces and volumes of figures. This latter word *geodesia* is the original of our word *geodesy*, which has, however, now acquired a different and quite special meaning, to say nothing of a new pronunciation as 'geódesy' (instead of geodésy), which must give to anyone who has received a classical education a shock comparable to that suffered by a classical scholar when he first hears modern Greeks talk of *anthropos* for man. Geodesy is now again a science restricted to the earth, and in particular to the figure of the earth mathematically considered, a 'geodesic,' for instance, being the shortest distance between two points measured over the earth's surface.

which, if the earth were exactly spherical, would be a great circ
While mathematical accuracy is thus essential to what in i
original meaning was only the division or distribution of lan
Aristotle could say that there is no necessity for the 'geomete
to be particular about drawing his diagrams with such meticulou
care. It is untrue, he says, to assert that a geometer's hypothes
are false because he assumes that a line which he has drawn is
foot long when it is not, or straight when it is not straight. Th
geometer bases no conclusion on the particular line being wh
he has assumed it to be; he argues about what it *represents*, th
figure itself being a mere illustration.

According to tradition, the first person to write a book
Elements of Geometry was Hippocrates of Chios who flourishe
about the middle of the fifth century B.C., and whom Aristot
mentions as an instance to prove that a man might be a goo
geometer and yet stupid and incompetent in the business
ordinary life. Other writers of Elements were Leon and Theudiu
of whom nothing more is known. It was probably Theudius
text-book which was in current use in the school of Plato and b
Aristotle himself. This and all other earlier text-books are los
having been at once superseded by the Elements of Euclid, wh
flourished about 300 B.C. and taught and founded a school
Alexandria under the first Ptolemy (306–283 B.C.).

There is probably no other text-book on any subject whi
has ever continued in use practically unchanged for 2,000 year
In this country, at any rate, Euclid was synonymous with ge
metry down to the middle of the last century, so much so tha
there are probably many persons who have not realised tha
Euclid was a man and not a book. The Arabs even tried t
make out that the name Euclides, which they pronounce
variously as 'Uclides' or 'Iclides,' was meant the 'key
geometry,' from Ucli, a key, and Dis, a measure or, 'as som
say,' geometry. The fashion nowadays is to give the go-by t
the name of Euclid and to rewrite him under the titles of 'Ele
mentary Geometry,' 'School Geometry,' and the like, so tha
if an elderly person should innocently ask a schoolboy or school
girl whether he or she learns Euclid at school, the answer woul
commonly be 'No, we don't learn Euclid, we learn geometry,'
as if there was any difference! On the other hand, even i
these days, young people seem to have heard of Euclid, if we ma
judge by the *Manchester Guardian* story. 'Euclid?' says th
young person. 'Yes, I've heard of him. Didn't he write "The
Eternal Triangle" or something?'

What is the use of geometry as a school subject? why do we
learn it? On this question the Greeks were quite as modern a
the most up-to-date 'educationist.' Both extremes of opinion

and the moderate view are all represented in Greek literature. Plato, as we have seen, was a thorough-going believer in geometry, which he regarded as an indispensable propaedeutic for philosophy. 'Let no one who is without geometry enter here,' said the notice over the door of his school. Philistines there were who would have none of it. It is said of Hippias the sophist that he got no fees for his lectures in Sparta; the Spartans could not endure lectures on geometry and astronomy; only a small minority of them could even count. Some of the philosophical schools, namely, the Epicureans and Sceptics, objected to the whole of mathematics, mainly on the ground that there are no such things as mathematical points, lines, etc. Protagoras in Plato's dialogue of that name objects to the Sophists 'maltreating' the young by plunging them once more into astronomy, geometry and the like at an age when they have escaped such things; 'and here,' says Plato humorously, 'he cast a glance at Hippias.' On the other hand, Isocrates the orator, Plato's contemporary, takes the moderate view. He approves of the introduction of geometry and astronomy into the educational curriculum because, if these studies do no other good, they keep the young out of mischief, and they are the most useful and fitting subjects of education that have been invented. Most people, he says, think them idle because they are of no use in affairs; moreover they are forgotten directly because they do not go with us in our daily life and action. He himself does not hold with these views. Those who specialise in such subjects get, it is true, no good from them unless they choose to teach them for a livelihood; and if they allow themselves to be too deeply absorbed, they become unpractical and incapable of doing ordinary business; but the study of these subjects up to a point trains a boy to keep his attention fixed and not to allow his mind to wander; moreover they train the mind and make the boy capable of learning more important matters with greater ease and speed; they are an indispensable preparation for philosophy in particular. It would probably not be easy to find in any modern author a better statement of the case; as in other intellectual fields, so here, if we want the best statement of a truth, we have to go to the Greeks. It is true that Isocrates would have such studies as geometry and astronomy abandoned by the time the pupil has grown up to manhood; but he is speaking of education only, and has no occasion to mention the utility of these subjects in other connexions and in later life. There is a delightful episode in *Les Opinions de Jérôme Coignard*, by Anatole France, where the worthy Abbé picks up, in Monsieur Blaizot's bookshop, an old work on geometry by one Sébastien Leclerc, and is thereby moved to say: 'Perhaps instead of devouring

myself in love or in water, if I were not a Christian and a Catholic, I should decide to throw myself into the study of mathematics, where the mind finds the aliment of which it is most in need, to wit, sequence and continuity. And I vow that this little book, quite ordinary as it is, gives me a certain good opinion of man's genius." [1] We may compare the reply of Dr Johnson to the bore who pestered him with a trivial case of conscience. 'I have at least learned,' said Johnson, 'thus much by my new acquaintance:—that five hours of the four-and-twenty are enough for a man to go mad in; so I would advise you, sir, to study algebra, if you are not an adept already in it: your head would get less muddy, and you will leave off tormenting your neighbours about paper and pack-thread while we all live together in a world that is bursting with sin and sorrow.'

Given that a systematic course of geometry is of the greatest use for training the mind, for forcing the pupil to think, and for helping him to appreciate, and in due time to construct for himself, a logical argument, we are inevitably brought up against the interminable controversy as to the sort of text-book to use. Many of us, and indeed most people with any historic sense, would naturally be disposed to prefer the twenty-two centuries old classic which was not only the geometrical 'Bible' of all subsequent geometers in ancient and mediaeval times, but was up to fifty or sixty years ago the groundwork of the training of many generations of first-rate mathematicians in England, who asked for nothing better. By the middle of the last century, however, the idea gained ground that Euclid was too austere to be suitable for schoolboys of average or less than average intelligence. No doubt Euclid is austere: he did not write for schoolboys but for grown men, and he expected them to bring their best intellectual powers to bear on the subject. King Ptolemy, so the story goes, asked if there was not any shorter way than that of the Elements

[1] It is interesting to find that [illegible] was a many-sided person, a [illegible] of genius, who lived from [illegible] and had a varied career. He was first an [illegible] and made designs for [illegible]; later he deserted engineering for art, was elected a member of the Académie Royale de Peinture and became [illegible] of Perspective and [illegible] to the King. His treatise on Geometry had great success: first published in [illegible], it went through at least three more editions [illegible]; translations or editions in Latin published in Holland in [illegible] and a pirated edition [illegible] and French [illegible] to be by [illegible] and printed at Paris in [illegible]. The book had an interesting feature, probably unique: each of the [illegible] geometrical diagrams had below it a beautifully executed engraving of some landscape or scene of daily life; thus below the figure showing the construction of an equilateral triangle there was a Dutch scene with canals and a boat; another diagram had below it a picture of artillery practice, and so on, which shows that the author, in imparting instruction in geometry, wished to improve the pupil's aesthetic sense at the same time. Leclerc also wrote a treatise on Architecture in two volumes.

Euclid, abating nothing of his austerity, replied that there was no royal road to geometry. And now for the last sixty years people have been seeking the impossible 'royal road,' for this is what the authors of the unending series of new text-books for schools are actually doing. At uncertain intervals a university, a Board of Education, or some association of teachers, produces a programme or syllabus suggesting some reasonable order or succession of topics and propositions which they fondly hope may meet with some measure of general acceptance. But so far there is no unanimity; confusion seems to grow worse confounded; and we have heard examiners complain that the marking of papers is largely guesswork, since it is often not possible to judge how far the examinee has assimilated any logical system and has any real grasp over his subject.

It is amusing to turn again to a book brought out by the author of *Alice in Wonderland* and the other 'Alice' books in 1879, under the title *Euclid and his Modern Rivals*. It is still very good fun, although the then 'Modern Rivals' (except perhaps Legendre) have no doubt [illegible]. They were the first champions of the 'anti-Euclid' movement, their names being, in addition to Legendre, Cooley, Cuthbertson, Mr. J. M. Wilson (later Canon and sub-Dean Wilson), Pierce, Willock, Chauvenet, Loomis, Morell, Reynolds, Wright. Mr. Dodgson puts his story in dramatic form. The first scene of act i. is between two examiners, Minos and Rhadamanthus; the second between Minos and Euclid. The second scene [illegible] the main subjects of inquiry and lays down the procedure to be adopted in examining the various 'Rivals.' In acts ii. and iii. the different authors are brought up by proxy and examined and cross-examined by Minos. The reason why they are brought up by proxy is that Euclid says he is aware of the [illegible] and scandal attaching to the idea of men of flesh and blood being transported willy-nilly from place to place by ghosts. As the authors [illegible] are not available, 'the best thing I can do,' says Euclid, 'is to send you the Phantasm of a German professor, a great friend of mine. He has read all books and is ready to defend any theory, true or untrue.' It is agreed to call him 'Herr Niemand,' and Herr Niemand accordingly brings the books and sustains the cross-examination: in act ii. appear the manuals which reject Euclid's treatment of Parallels and in act iii. those which adopt it. In act iv. Minos and Euclid meet again. Minos informs Euclid of the results of his inquiries and his examination of the 'Rivals,' and the various complaints and charges made against Euclid are discussed. Euclid makes a short farewell speech and then vanishes with the other ghosts to the sound of slow music; Minos then 'wakes with a start' and betakes himself to bed, a

soldier and a wiser man.' Though the author calls himself by his real name (Charles L. Dodgson), we find the inimitable 'Lewis Carroll' on page after page. Thus when *Herr Niemand* is introduced under the new name of Nostradamus to speak for the Syllabus of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, a phantasmic procession comes in grouped about a banner, bearing in letters of gold the words 'Association for the Improvement of Things in General,' and included in the procession are representations of such associations, among them Guy Fawkes as president of the 'Association for raising the position of Members of Parliament.' The author has many digs at the syllabus. For example, when it asks the pupil to draw two lines from the ends of a given line making certain angles with it so as to form a triangle, Minos asks, 'And how do you prove that the lines will meet?' 'We don't prove it,' says Nostradamus, smiling; 'that is the reader's business; we only provide constructions.' Minos replies, 'You are like the gourmand who would eat so many oysters at supper that at last his friend could not help saying "They are sure to disagree with you in the night." "That is their affair," the other gaily replied; "*I* shall be asleep."' Similarly he makes merry over the proposal to prove the property of an isosceles triangle by taking it up, turning it over, and then laying it down again upon *itself*, which, he says, 'reminds one a little too vividly of the man who walked down his own throat to deserve a place in a strictly philosophical treatise.' Incidentally, how much a man loses who does not know the famous figure of Euclid's proposition I. 5, the 'asses' bridge,' which is not unlike the diagrams usually drawn to illustrate the construction of Caesar's bridge across the Rhine! Can a man be called 'educated' who does not know the 'asses' bridge'?

I have never had any experience of teaching geometry, but I have often wondered what the teaching of geometry in schools is like at the present time. Are the multitudinous text-books that come out any guide to what happens in practical teaching? To judge by some of these books which seem to have a considerable reputation, the lot of the schoolboy or other pupil is not very enviable. One of the complaints made against Euclid by the original 'reformers' of geometrical teaching was his 'diffuseness,' or the length of his demonstrations. With that accusation before one, it is amusing to find that, compared with the modern text-books, Euclid is brevity itself. Todhunter's edition of Euclid gives a good standard of comparison. This was printed in plain English throughout, with none of the usual abbreviations for 'angle,' 'therefore,' 'is equal to,' etc., and no algebraical notation. The pages were small (duodecimo), the print not smaller than is usual in other books. Yet the text of Euclid Books I.—

VI., with 22 propositions of Book XI. and two of Book XII., besides the famous lemma (= X. 1), covered no more than 290 of these small pages; in 150 more pages the editor managed to give many valuable notes in small print, an appendix of useful additional propositions, and a collection of 625 exercises or 'riders.' On the other hand, a 'Shorter Geometry' of over 300 much larger pages (crown 8vo) now before me, with a considerable quantity of small print, and with the help of all possible abbreviations as well as a good deal of algebraical notation, covers (save for some notable omissions) the subject-matter of Euclid I.—IV. and part of VI. Moreover, except for two propositions, Book II. is represented by a couple of pages of algebra, as is also Book V. (on Proportion), and no account is taken in dealing with proportion of incommensurable magnitudes. The exercises are, however, nearly twice in number as compared with 625. One wonders how schoolboys and schoolgirls in the limited number of hours that can be assigned to geometry can get through all this amount. The answer may perhaps be that they do not, and that the teacher gives them only certain portions to read at his discretion. This must be troublesome enough to the teacher in any case, but what is the unfortunate parent to do who is getting up the subject to help his child [illegible] is entitled to some consideration. The result seems to be that under the arrangement adopted in such books a large part of the subject has to be gone through twice or three times because the fashion is to mix up with geometry so much mensuration and what used to be called 'geometrical drawing.' The plan apparently is first to make the pupil do an immense deal of drawing and measuring of lines, angles and triangles without reference to any principles or theorems emerging. Then comes more of the same sort, designed to lead up to a number of definite 'facts' previously enunciated (and very question-begging [illegible] in some cases), but again without proof. The 'facts' so assumed without proof are really the most fundamental among the first thirty propositions of Euclid's Book I. Next comes a series of propositions formally proved from these 'facts' regarded as proved propositions; and, last of all, by way of appendix, proofs are added of the fundamental propositions hitherto used under the name of 'facts,' to prove the propositions which are logically posterior to them. It seems difficult to imagine any more confusing arrangement. How is a boy, when working through the 'third stage,' to carry in his head the fact that the fifteen or so 'facts' which he has been using as proved propositions have not been proved but remain to be proved afterwards, or even, at any given moment, to remember which among the things he has learnt are 'facts' and which are 'theorems'? A charge of 'maltreating' the young would surely

lie against these modern instructors much more than against the ancient teachers, and Euclid in particular. And surely the smothering of the subject in geometrical drawing and mensuration must detract from the pure use of geometry as a means of training the mind to understand and appreciate a chain of deductive reasoning to the point of being able to test and to reproduce such an argument. The more one considers the chaotic state to which elementary geometry as a school subject has been reduced by the multiplicity of text-books mostly bad or indifferent, the more some of us will sigh for the good old days when we had before us in Euclid a well-knit corpus of propositions developed in a definite logical order which we had to assimilate as it stood, and the difficulties in which (such as they were for the weaker vessels) could easily be surmounted by means of a little extra time devoted by the teacher to helping the lame dog over the stile, and a little effort on the part of the pupil himself. What costs no effort to learn is in general not worth learning.

T. L. HEATH.

THE BICENTENARY OF JOHN HUNTER

From the portrait of John Hunter, as it has come down to us painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, few would guess, one imagines, apart from its legend, that it was the representation of a surgeon—fewer still that its subject was the founder of modern scientific surgery. With its broad forehead, slightly [illegible] eyes, and somewhat thick and aggressive nose, it might much more easily have been that of some typical lowland laird. And it is a curious reflection upon what Hunter would have considered his status, and no less important, that for every dozen who have heard of the painter there would scarcely be one perhaps familiar with the sitter.

In his own profession, however, and even now, 200 years after his birth, he still remains undiminished, one of its most original and greatest masters, so that if comparisons must be made, [illegible] just as much as some giant of the Renaissance above the popular Georgian painter. Indeed, the very greatness of his influence has rather tended to obscure the [illegible]. With his basic conceptions of Nature as the only ultimate and permanent healer, of the surgeon as Nature's assistant, of the crucial importance of founding treatment upon exact knowledge of structure and function, his whole mode of thought has become so completely the inheritance of his successors that his true greatness is far more apparent when he is studied against the background of his age.

John Hunter was born on February [illegible], 1728, at Long Calderwood, some seven miles south of Glasgow, then a little country town, as it is difficult to realise, about the size of the present [illegible]. From London it was distant a six days' journey, but this was in a particularly fast chaise, and by the more usual methods open to persons of moderate means the expedition occupied nearly a fortnight. The chief industry of the town was then weaving, and it had already made a small reputation for the production of blue and white handkerchiefs, a novelty introduced from Germany. Many of these linen goods were shipped abroad chiefly to the North American colonies, and the Glasgow merchants were making fortunes out of the tobacco that their

vessels brought back. They owned between them, at the time of Hunter's birth, about a score of these ships; the first home-made one was already ten years old; and their total tonnage amounted to about one-ninth of that of the *Olympic* to-day. There were also some 500 yards of pavement, known as the Plainstanes, one of the features of the town; and here, in front of the Town Hall, these merchants would take the sun, where doubtless the little Hunter looked with admiring eyes upon their cocked hats and scarlet coats.

But the country and its interests were still predominantly agricultural. Money and roads were scarce. And indeed a Scottish gentleman desirous of travelling from Edinburgh to London would have found no turnpike road beneath the wheels of his carriage until he arrived at Grantham. Throughout the journey he would have been passing through a country of which the majority of the people could neither read nor write; wherein even the most humane could watch with equanimity a child swinging on the scaffold for the theft of a shilling; and at his destination, if he chanced to refresh himself at Lloyd's coffee-house in Abchurch Lane, he would have met godly and generous merchants, who were making their fortunes out of the African slave trade. As a Lowland Scot he would probably have been brought up in a lively apprehension of hell-fire, and the memory would have been fresh in his mind of the judicial sentence of death passed the year before upon a woman in Sutherland for having ridden upon her daughter, who had been changed into a pony and shod by the devil, with whom she had familiar relations.

As regards Medicine, with its very inferior sister Surgery, though it had been finally divorced from the custody of the Church—upon the Continent, it is true, there could still have been found a few clerical herbalists and apothecaries—the majority of its practitioners were far from being regarded as belonging to an authoritative and learned profession. Very few of them would have been generally considered as being embraced by the term "gentleman," though there were exceptional men, of course, whose gifts had secured for themselves a wide academic and social influence.

Perhaps the best known of these, in the popular sense, was the celebrated Boerhaave in Holland, then in the zenith of his activities at the University of Leyden, and probably the most sought-after physician of his own age or any other. He it was to whom, without question, there is said to have been delivered a letter from the Emperor of China, merely bearing an address to the most famous physician in Europe; and he is also reported to have kept Peter the Great waiting a whole night for a consultation. Other great teachers in the year of Hunter's birth

were the surgeon Georges Marechal at Paris (with his record of eight lithotomies performed in half an hour), Hoffmann at Halle, and Stahl at Berlin. But for the most part, and in every country, the village ancient and strolling cure-monger still plied a trade scarcely distinguishable from that of the more official general practitioner.

Thus, in Hunter's own country, at the time of his birth, all that was required before qualification—before the conferring, that is to say, of the title of surgeon-apothecary—was a three years apprenticeship to some surgeon-apothecary already in practice. The candidate had then to appear before the College of Surgeons (from whom in Scotland though not yet in England, the Barbers had just been separated), when he would be required to dissect a limb, write a thesis and make up a prescription. The properties of quinine and mercury were by then pretty well known; but the average prescription of 1728 affords plenty of evidence of the enormous authority tradition still held over accurate observation. Perhaps the most popular physician, for example, then in Scotland was a Dr. Clark of Edinburgh, a man who was able to command, even south of the border, a regular fee of no less than a guinea. The person suffering from jaundice, he advised, must take a ball of horse-dung well dried, beat it into powder, drink it, and he will be cured. On another occasion he prescribed for a child 'the juice of twenty wood-lice squeezed through a muslin bag to be drunk twice a day.'

Universally the excrement of domestic animals and the juice of snails and wood-lice were advocated. A popular cure for whooping-cough was the application of five leeches behind the sufferer's ear; and whitlows were said to vanish after the affected finger had been thrust for half an hour into the ear of a cat. There existed, of course, the sane influence of such a mind as the well known Sydenham's; and in what may be called, perhaps, the higher circles of the very loosely knit medical brotherhood, the researches of Harvey, for instance, the discovery of the circulation of the blood, had long been known and accepted. The thermometer had been discovered, though it had not yet come into its own as a weapon of clinical medicine. Boerhaave had employed the magnifying glass in his ophthalmic demonstrations. The French invention of the tourniquet was fifty years old. And inoculation against small pox with small doses of pus from actual small pox patients had been introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—'that she-meteor,' as Walpole described her—although it was still being opposed by the clergy as an interference with the divine prerogative.

With but few exceptions, however, the mind of contemporary Medicine was still largely clouded by the mediaeval legacy of

[illegible] Professor Stahl of Berlin, one of Boerhaave's most brilliant pupils, refused to prescribe quinine because he held that the soul governed the organism by means of the circulation, and that fever was an expression of the soul's efforts to preserve the body from death. His contemporary Hoffmann, on the other hand, governed his treatment according to a theory that ether was the perceptive soul; that it resided in an offshoot of the brain; and that fever was a spasm of the blood-vessels with its origin in the spinal cord.

Such was the world into which Hunter was born, the youngest of a family of ten, his father being a small freehold farmer, apparently of earnest and upright character; and the atmosphere of the home, in so far as it can be deduced from existing correspondence between its members, was very much that depicted by Barrie in the first act of *What Every Woman Knows*. Of the children the first three had died before John came on the scene. But his hardly less famous brother William was ten years old; and it was chiefly to William that John was indebted for his material and intellectual start. Indeed, it was not until he was twenty, having lost his father at thirteen, and having been somewhat indulged, we are told, by his mother, that John first bethought him of studying anatomy—doubtless owing to the reports that had come to Long Calderwood of William's success as a teacher in London.

This had already tempted the eldest surviving brother James, who had succeeded to the little property on his father's death, to give up the law, for which he had been trained, in order to follow in William's footsteps. But his health had broken down, and he had returned to the farm, where he had died three years before. Yet another child, Isobel, had also died; and though Janet, Agnes, and Dorothea remained, John was now the only boy left at home. And this may explain, perhaps, if it does not excuse, a certain weakness on the part of his mother. At any rate, he seems to have been spending his time, after leaving the local grammar-school, largely in desultory country pursuits—a habit of life somewhat inconsistent with the apparent tenor of the Hunter régime.

Meanwhile William, who had begun life as a theological student at Glasgow University, had made friends with a certain William Cullen, afterwards one of Scotland's foremost physicians, and incidentally the friend and generous patron of the poet Robert Burns. Both were extremely poor, but Cullen had persuaded William to join him at Hamilton, where he was beginning to practise, and for three years they had lived happily together, William in the capacity of pupil-assistant. It had since been

[illegible] afterwards [illegible] Cullen's partner in [illegible] practice. London and its opportunities, however, proved too tempting; William immersed himself there in the study of anatomy. And, in view of the brothers' influence upon this, it is interesting to turn back for a moment and trace its progress to the stage in which William had found it upon his arrival.

Thus, in the reign of Henry VIII., the United Company of Barbers and Surgeons in London had received the privilege of being annually allowed the dead bodies of four felons to be used for purposes of dissection, demonstration, and the advance of science. A few years later there were appointed, under the auspices of the Company, two Masters and two Stewards of Anatomy, by whom four public dissections were prepared each year, and this practice was still in existence when William Hunter had come to Town. Not long afterwards the College of Physicians, an older and much more dignified body, had asked for and been allowed similar facilities, though very little use seems to have been made of them; and indeed a knowledge of anatomy was scarcely considered necessary to the educational equipment of the true physician.

In 1663 the Royal Society had also been given permission to dissect a couple of felons a year, but private teaching of the subject, outside these bodies, was for many generations a dangerous proceeding, although it had crept into being and become precariously established. It was to a private school that William had gone; four years after his arrival, however, in the year 1745, a great change had taken place. The surgeons, who had appealed to Parliament to be liberated from the Masters or Governors of the Mystery and Commonalty of the Barbers and Surgeons in London, had won their petition and become incorporated as the Masters, Governors, and Commonalty of the Art and Science of Surgeons in London. The new Company, now known to us as the Royal College of Surgeons, was formed, as Sir Arthur Keith has reminded us, because the surgeons of London had made up their minds to have done with mystery. Henceforth there were to be no more private, secret and occult practices, but a common fund of knowledge to which all might have access and to which each was honourably bound to contribute—a tradition that has roughly separated, and still separates, what are known as quacks from qualified practitioners.

One immediate effect of this had been to abrogate certain by-laws limiting private teaching; and two years before John arrived, William had become an independent lecturer with a dissecting-room in Covent Garden. Soon afterwards he [illegible]

another and larger house in the same neighbourhood, next do to the one which has since become the home of the Natio Sporting Club. Altogether it had been a strenuous and succes ful ten years—he had also been made surgeon-man-midwife the Middlesex Hospital—but tragedy had dogged him throug out in the shape of private sorrows. He had lost not only h father and elder brother and one of his younger sisters, but al the doctor who had befriended him on his arrival, and with who he had hoped to join in practice; finally, the doctor's daughte to whom he had become engaged, had died a few months later

Such, then, was William when John arrived, heralded, as may suppose, with none too good accounts; and indeed to th elder brother he must have seemed a comparative stranger, raw and unlicked hobbledehoy, barely twenty. However, h gave him a trial found, somewhat to his surprise, that Joh shaped not too badly, and even permitted himself to expre the opinion that his younger brother might make a good anatom At any rate he definitely took him under his wing, and for th next eleven years John worked regularly in his brother's dissec ing-room, assisting him in his demonstrations and research wor He also began to study surgery under Cheselden at Chelsea an later, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital under Percival Pott, whom in time he was to become the chief rival as the foremos surgeon in the metropolis

That was in 1751, and the next year he was assisting Willia in the discovery of the seminal tubules, becoming so proficien that in 1753 he was elected a Master of Anatomy at the Surgeons Hall on equal terms with Percival Pott, under whom he wa still a pupil at St. Bartholomew's. In the next year he was th first to unravel the true nature of the placenta, or after-birth although his elder brother, in a later treatise, made no mention of this and was credited with the discovery. Many years after wards this was to add fuel to a violent quarrel between th brothers, but John at the time seems to have borne no ill-feeling or with unwonted tact to have concealed it. It was about the period that John left St. Bartholomew's to become a student at St. George's, where he afterwards went into residence for fiv months to gain practical experience as a house surgeon. There then came an interval at Oxford, apparently very brief, as he found the place uncongenial, and he was soon back in London again, demonstrating with William the condition known as con genital hernia.

Hitherto the brothers had lived, for the most part, together But William's practice was now rapidly increasing, and in 1756 leaving John at Covent Garden, he moved to a new house in Jermyn Street. He still continued, however, to lecture in his

old quarters, where the number of his students had mounted to over a hundred, John assisting him until in 1760 he accepted a post as naval surgeon. Here he served under Robert Adair, the Robin of the ballad, who was Inspector-General of Hospitals, and joined the expedition that captured from the French the island of Belleisle in the mouth of the Loire.

Meanwhile William, now a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, was upon the full tide of success. In 1762, at the age of forty-four, he was selected to attend upon the Queen at the birth of George IV., and a few months later received the post of Physician-Extraordinary to Her Majesty. When John returned therefore after three years' service abroad, with little but his half-pay on which to support himself, the material contrast between the brothers had become even more considerable. In fact for a brief time he lapses into obscurity, probably living in lodgings in Covent Garden and eking out his resources by a sort of partnership in a firm of fashionable dentists.

But if William was made of stern stuff, John's was, if anything, a little sterner. He had already seen visions of that power and more scientific insight of which he was to become the chief exponent. And even in the matter of tooth-drawing he had brought his [illegible] fresh and enquiring vision. Why, he asked himself, should the bony socket of a removed tooth disappear? A phenomenon that the [illegible] would have witnessed and taken for granted [illegible]. But not so Hunter, and he saw that it could only be explained by the existence in the body of some marvellous mechanism for the safe digestion of [illegible] dead tissue. He even devised in the past [illegible] a sort of [illegible] of which, in other terms, a later physiology was to find its own confirmation.

In spite of the competition, too, of his brother's great school and two or three others of established competence, he set himself up as a teacher of anatomy, his earlier audiences not being large. Indeed it is related that on one occasion he commanded a skeleton to be brought into the lecture room in order that he might be able to preface his remarks with the customary word "Gentlemen." The story may be apocryphal, but no matter; it is true, and within four years of his return to town he had taken a house in Golden Square, bought some meadowland at Earl's Court, become engaged to Anne Home, the attractive daughter of a surgeon he had met on active service, and been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society three months ahead of William.

Hunter was now thirty-nine. He was still comparatively poor; he had never succeeded yet in earning [illegible] a year—but in the following year his financial position began to improve.

For one thing he became a member of the Corporation of Surgeons, receiving his diploma to practise surgery, and for another he was elected to the staff of St. George's Hospital with its lucrative privilege of receiving pupils. This was the year in which William removed to Windmill Street, where he had spent some £6000 on a new house, and John succeeded him in Jermyn Street, where he also received resident pupils. Among these was Edward Jenner, afterwards to become famous as the sponsor of vaccination as we know it to-day, and to the end of John's life the two remained upon terms of the deepest affection. In 1771, when he was forty-three, Hunter married Miss Home at St. James's, Piccadilly, and his attitude to this event may be deduced from a characteristic letter to his brother William.

> 'Dear Brother,' he wrote, 'To-morrow morning at eight o'clock and at St. James's Church, I enter into the Holy State of Matrimony. As that is a ceremony which you are not particularly fond of, I will not make a point of having your company there. I propose going out of Town for a few days; when I come to Town I shall call upon you. Married or not married, ever yours, John Hunter.'

And it does not appear that William attended.

Hunter was now working harder than ever, and some idea of his energy can be gathered from what, we have been assured, was his average day's programme at this period of his life. From six in the morning until nine he was at work in his dissecting-room, either at Jermyn Street or at Earl's Court, where he regularly spent two or three months a year, and where, in addition to a house, he had built a menagerie for the study of comparative anatomy. From breakfast time till four o'clock, when he dined, he was engaged in receiving and visiting patients. He then slept for an hour before lecturing to his students, after which he was busy till one or two in the morning, dictating his correspondence, treatises and notes. Five years after his marriage he was made Surgeon-Extraordinary to the King, and it was soon after this, for some reason at present unknown, that he fell out with his brother William.

In view of the characters of the two men this is scarcely, perhaps, to be wondered at, especially as William, sated with fame and money, had tended to become definitely more quarrelsome. But whatever its origin, John, with the family thoroughness, carried the war into the enemy's camp, and in 1780, reading a paper at the Royal Society upon the structure of the placenta, publicly claimed for the first time that he himself was its discoverer. This was to aim a blow at William, as John well knew, in his most sensitive spot, and though he was probably right—William's reply was somewhat equivocal—he was never forgiven.

William completely [illegible] of his ingratitude, and the two brothers never met again—and again rather characteristically, perhaps—three years later, when William lay on his death-bed. John was then called in, probably as the best man available, but only, as it would appear, in a strictly professional capacity, and he was not subsequently present at William's funeral, and there was no mention of him in William's will. John, on the other hand—and once more in his professional capacity—deemed it his duty, when lecturing to his students, to refer to the loss sustained by anatomy upon the death of his brother, and then for a moment, and probably to his deep chagrin, found himself unable to continue his lecture. Overcome with a sudden and what must have seemed to him a wholly effeminate emotion, he was obliged, we are told, to turn from his audience and cover his face with his hands.

As for William, who had never married, he was buried in the vaults of St James's, Piccadilly; his great collection, upon which he had spent nearly 100,000, ultimately passing to Glasgow University. The property at Long Calderwood was left to his married sister Mrs Baillie, aunt of the famous Joanna. And it is interesting to note that his will forgave all outstanding debts owed to him by his friend Tobias Smollett. Meanwhile John, leaving the house in Jermyn Street, had established himself in Leicester Square, next door but one to the painter Hogarth, several of whose pictures adorned his walls. Like his brother before him, he was now earning, and also spending, a very large income, and three years later, upon the death of Percival Pott, he became the unchallenged head of his profession in England. To his enemies, of whom he had an ample supply, and to the contemporary lampoonists he was known as the 'Golden Calf of Leicester Square.' But his consulting rooms were thronged with fashionable patients, and, despite the honours and degrees he had now accumulated, it was typical of the man that the only legend upon his door-plate was a plain 'John Hunter.' To the end of his life, too, he pursued his research work, devising amongst other things a new operation for aneurysm by which many thousands of lives must have been saved. In [illegible], on the death of Robert Adair, he became Surgeon-General and Inspector of Hospitals; and four years later, after a grim struggle against increasing infirmities, he died suddenly on October 16 at St George's Hospital.

It had been a stormy life. Indeed, it was the anger engendered by a quarrel that was the immediate cause of his death. And for some years he had been in fierce opposition to his surgical colleagues at St George's. But to his immediate friends, to the inner circle of his beloved and adoring disciples, he was the

'Dear Man,' the greatest figure of his own or [illegible] surgical age. Of his concrete achievements a few have [illegible] mentioned, and it would be impossible here to give a list of them all. To quote from Mr. Peachey, one of his most authoritative historians, he was the first to demonstrate the exact nature of the circulation in crustacea and insects; the organ of hearing in cephalopods; the power possessed by molluscs of absorbing their shells; the fact that bees do not collect wax but secrete it; the physiological proof of the muscularity of arteries and of the iris of the human eye, the post-mortem digestion of the stomach by the gastric juice, and the function of the red blood-corpuscles as being related to the strength, rather than the repair, of the body. To quote Sir Arthur Keith again, he discovered that nerves must be of different kinds, otherwise no explanation could be given why branches of the first and fifth cranial nerves terminate within the same area of the mucous lining of the nose—the first, as we now know, subserving the special sense of smell, and the fifth that of general sensation. He also enunciated the first accurate views as to animal heat—that this was due to decomposition, or, as we should now put it, to combustion, going on in the body, and that the blood in health had an ultimate standard of heat that nothing could increase but some universal constitutional affection.

But his chief claim to homage, perhaps, as has already been said, lies in his general philosophical outlook. Against an age of nothing and unproved speculations, and throughout another in which they were still dying hard, he stood rock-like for the supreme necessity of accurate and first-hand observation. Himself an untiring collector of facts, however seemingly irrelevant, his advice to Jenner, 'Don't think, investigate,' is as nearly his gospel as three words can be. Like all compressions, it is open to misinterpretation, since his own was thought of the highest order. But it was continually being submitted to the arguments of the ward, the laboratory, and the dissecting-room.

John Hunter was first buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, but was later re-interred in Westminster Abbey, largely owing to the efforts of Frank Buckland the naturalist, whose father was Dean of Westminster. Of his four children two died in infancy, and those that survived left no issue. But there are few schools to-day, where anatomy, pathology and surgery are taught, that are not peopled with his descendants. His immediate pupils—men such as Sir Astley Cooper of Guy's, Sir William Blizard of the London, Sir John Abernethy of St. Bartholomew's, and Sir Anthony Carlisle of Westminster—were not only the most brilliant practitioners of the following generation, but carried his tradition into every London hospital. How vital that his

remained and [illegible] evidenced from the facts that, year by year, before the C[illegible] of Surgeons there is still delivered by some distinguished surgeon a Hunterian oration, and that, in spite of the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister, our new conceptions of the evolution of man, the advent of anaesthetics and X-rays, the name of John Hunter is still alive.

H. H. Bashford.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE ACCORDING TO MR. STRACHEY

A CHEAP reprint of Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* is announced, and gives an opportunity for considering the methods by which this admired author has presented his subjects with such picturesqueness and such clear-cut precision. For the sake of brevity, I here choose only one of his figures, Florence Nightingale, and that because in her case I am not confined to the interesting process of comparing Mr. Strachey's words with the original lives from which he quotes or derives his material, but happen to have a special knowledge, being well acquainted with Sir Edward Cook's Life of her, as a reference in his preface may show, and being conversant to some extent with the materials (Miss Nightingale's papers) on which very much of it was based. I also knew Miss Nightingale, her parents and other relatives, I think I may say well, from my childhood in the 'sixties and 'seventies until their death.

It is the first duty of the biographer, we are told in the preface to *Eminent Victorians*, to exclude everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant. To begin with trifles: Why should Miss Nightingale as a child be made to 'put her dog's wounded foot into elaborate splints as if it were a human being'? How is this significant? Let us compare the original. The dog was not her dog, but the shepherd's—not a pet, but a valuable working dog. Its leg was badly bruised, and she applied, not 'elaborate splints as if it were a human being,' but ordinary hot-water fomentations, and so saved its useful life; and unfortunately the clergyman told this little story after she became famous. 'If I don't tell it,' said Sir Edward Cook, in answer to my protests, 'someone will write to say I have left it out.' Mr. Strachey has not left it out, but he has been so careful as to rewrite it, with the purpose (as I infer from the 'angle of view' he expounds) of proving that the child was doing something under because of an overmastering instinct, or mania, for healing mankind. Was all this care worth while?

The 'local colour' of Mr. Strachey's dramatic painting of the is mostly supplied by himself. It is difficult to think of the dainty

Parthe 'tearing up dolls,' and of Florence 'mended them,' it has to be taken on the authority of Mrs. Sarah Tooley.[1] These children collected shells and flowers, made little paper books, copied verses, wrote duty letters. Mrs. Nightingale, who would have thought herself above the woolwork of the period, did not 'embroider'; she drew. Mr. Nightingale did not 'suggest that a husband might be advisable'; the mother was the match-maker. It does not much matter. Nobody but those who knew them is now interested in these minor figures. But if they are brought in, why not give the facts?

The account of the barrack hospital at Scutari on the whole runs splendidly in speed and vigour. But here again Mr. Strachey has not been content with the authorities. The complaint as to the hospital orderlies, for instance, was not Mr. Strachey's complaint, that they were 'a miserable band of convalescent soldiers,' but that they were ordinary N.C.O.'s, willing but without hospital training, and that as soon as they had learnt something of their job they were claimed for the front.[2]

We are told that 'eventually the whole business of purveying for the hospitals was in effect carried out by Miss Nightingale.' It is quite obvious, even to a hasty reader of the *Life*, that this was not so, and of course it could not have been so.

Again the writer has, we must suppose, imagined that she set up an army uniform clothing factory, as he says she supplied the men with boots and trousers. In her own lists we find no evidence of such achievements and there is nothing in the *Life* to suggest them.

Further on it is said that her report, privately printed, and of which probably hardly a copy exists now, except in her family's possession, is 'to this day the leading authority on the medical administration of armies'—a claim never before made. Not to speak of administrative reorganisations, it would be indeed marvellous if the 1860 reforms had sufficed for the Great War.

The superhuman force which could produce these achievements has next to be accounted for. Her ability is granted, but what of the character behind it? The signs of a 'harsh and dangerous temper,' 'something peevish, something mocking, and yet something precise,' are to be perceived, we learn, in her mouth. We naturally refer to the portrait,[3] and we find a poor version, from a half-tone block, of a well-known photograph. This very photograph is given in Sir Edward Cook's *Life* from an exquisitely detailed photogravure by Mr. Emery Walker, and the result of comparing the two is a conviction that the above [illegible]

[1] Author of a popular Life of Miss Nightingale written in [illegible].
[2] Life of Florence Nightingale, vol. i. p. [illegible].
[3] Eminent Victorians, [illegible] ed., p. [illegible].

[illegible] in the process of reproduction. The interpretation is reinforced by evidence like the following:

> Once after she had given some direction a doctor ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. '*But it must be done*,' said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander, who heard the words, never forgot, through all his life, the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly indeed.

I have italicised some of Mr Strachey's additions to the original of this anecdote, which is as follows:

> A Crimean veteran recalled her passing his bed with some doctors, who were saying 'It can't be done,' and her replying quietly 'It must be done.' 'I seem to hear her saying it,' wrote one who knew her well; 'there seemed to be no appeal from her quiet conclusive manner.'

The 'one who knew her well' was myself, and, as I only heard of the incident about half a century after its occurrence from my husband (who got it from an old soldier in hospital), the irresistible authority of the words remembered through all my life is out of place. But the significant improvement in the story lies in the assertion that Miss Nightingale had 'given some direction' which the doctors contested, whereupon she persisted, against their wishes.

In fact she was careful—she was obliged to be careful—to conciliate the doctors by whose permission alone she was allowed to work in the wards in their charge. What she did in the hospitals was done under medical authority, though doubtless not without suggestion and persuasion. Sir Edward Cook has amply explained this, and documented his account. The obvious interpretation of the little incident is that there was something the doctors would have liked to do, but despaired of doing, and that she promised to get it done. There is nothing to suggest that it was a clumsy attempt to browbeat and overrule her superiors.

She was able, it appears, to issue orders even when unconscious. This is the eloquent description of Miss Nightingale's mania for writing:

> She was attacked by fever, and for a moment came very near to death. Yet she worked on; if she could not move, she could at least write; and write she did until her mind had left her; and after it had left her, in what seemed the delirious trance of death itself, she still wrote.

Reading this admirably written sentence, one is swept away to believe it possible to write in the delirious trance of death itself. But, alas, two little bits of paper, perhaps not thirty words in all, were the origin of this passage. I was interested in the two scraps, evidently written during her illness in the hut at Balaklava, and pointed them out to Sir Edward Cook.

After this the comparatively gentle letter, Miss Nightingale's 'very quiet' way is no longer in evidence, and we come on to her 'fury,' her 'violent struggle,' her 'terrible rage,' her 'acrimony,' 'demoniac frenzy,' 'bitter smile,' etc. They are as picturesque as her capacity for writing in the delirious trance of death itself, and as unrelated to the evidence of her contemporaries, or the *Life*.

Miss Nightingale's papers, containing an extraordinarily full record, were handed over to Sir Edward Cook without selection, and he consulted many persons who had known her. His materials, as he explained, were treated with an impartiality stipulated by himself and willingly agreed to by her family. It is impossible to recapitulate the *Life* in these few pages. I can only say that there is nothing to suggest that her success was due to furious raging, and, as adequate quotation is impossible, I may perhaps be allowed to make a small supplement from my own knowledge, to show that the 'demoniac frenzy' is Mr. Strachey's original contribution to her reputation.

It is not easy to convey what constitutes the outward force of a great personality. Perhaps the most familiar characteristics of a leader of men are calm and control under heavy responsibility and at critical times. A man, or a woman, who can prevail by force of character and wisdom of conduct need not rage and struggle or go into demoniac frenzies or resort to sardonic grins and the rest. Florence Nightingale had this gift of calm. She had something much more compelling than frenzy—an extraordinarily persuasive and charming and conquering personality, almost impossible to resist, and capable of clothing the dullest of subjects with interest. I remember well her manner in speaking of things she disapproved. The words came out a little more quickly than usual. The voice was the same sweet voice, but on a rather lower note. There was nothing in the least acrimonious or uncontrolled, not even anything cold or bitter, nothing that could give offence. You were made to think. And if it was a thing very sore to her, there was the quiet, conclusive manner already mentioned. One might not always agree with what she said, but the way in which she said it had a constant charm.

People in authority (and hers was, after the war, the more difficult position of responsibility without authority) have their relaxations. Her relaxations were her private notes and a diary, and in them she sometimes wrote with what may seem to less responsible and more indifferent people an exaggerated indignation or despair. I admit with pleasure, not being so easily shocked as the author of *Eminent Victorians*, that some of her business letters were, for a purpose, what she called 'funny,' and that in private she called Mrs. Bridgeman 'Mother Brickbat' (should it

the time of other busy people. She was punctilious about it. There were no imploring callers downstairs hanging on her pleasure. She never saw people, whether for business or friendship, except by appointment, and never kept them waiting. As for the 'shaded chamber,' this is a really wonderful invention. Florence Nightingale was the first conspicuous advocate of light and sun as means of health, and, to describe the shaded chamber, I may say that the shade of a hat was welcome when one visited her, so strong was the glare of light and, on fine days, of sun in which she lived. Sir Edward Cook mentioned that the walls of her room were white, that there were no blinds or curtains, and that it was full of light. It faces south and has large windows, as anyone may still see from Park Lane, though the house, 10, South Street, so long left standing for her use, is now about to be pulled down.

It is impossible to go on through further draughts of the miraculous (such as the mystery of 'mighty provinces at her feet'), and, on the other hand, further examples of the demoniacal, such as the figurative interview with Dr Sutherland (so capable of taking care of himself), in which she 'grins sardonically' and he 'shivers in his shoes.' It is unnecessary to give specimens of the 'bitter railing' and the 'virulent invective' which Mr. Strachey (safely abstaining from quotation) finds in her melancholy account of a girl's life in her time—the carriage exercise, the long morning visits, the woolwork, the turning over prints; many passages from the book in question have been published. Mr. Strachey's grudge against it extends to describing it as appearing 'in close print,' whereas it is in unusually large print with ample margins. But we may note the description of the wise and entertaining little book *Notes on Nursing* as an account of the 'besetting sins of the sisterhood' written with 'the detailed acrimony and vindictive relish of a Swift.' The book is not about 'the sisterhood,' which hardly existed then (1859)—unless in the shape of Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig, but about home nursing by the patient's family.

The final paragraphs of the sketch relate to Mr. Strachey's discovery that in old age Miss Nightingale 'was reduced to compliance and complacency . . . accepted small compliments with gratitude, and indulged in sentimental friendships with young girls.' This last theory of sentimental friendships one can only suppose rests on some family letters quoted by Sir Edward Cook. These letters were not written in old age, as the dates show, nor were any but a very few of the 'Addresses to Nurses' which he calls in evidence. We may remark that any signs that Miss Nightingale showed affectionate care for her nurses and family would have ruined the conception of the tigress-eagle; whereas in old age, with a taste for flattery thrown in, they make what

journalists call a 'dramatic contrast.' Mr. Strachey's vivid imagination is at work again, and there is, as usual, a very good reason for its activity.

Throughout the sketch, his imaginative incidents and touches all go to heighten the portrait, as, for the purposes of popular and entertaining biography, it has been recreated. The woman who has been made a plaster saint is to be shown, without regard to mere evidence, as possessed by a demon of rage and fury, which is done partly by a pretty selection of epithets chosen at will, and partly, as I have shown, by rewriting passages of the original which are not spicy enough. Sir Edward Cook's *Life* disposed of the mythical figure and left in its place a very human personality. But the *Life* was not for the many, and Mr. Strachey could not resist the temptation to go a step further. What fun, he seems to have said to himself, to turn the saint into a fiend! Such an attempt, one would suppose, might overreach itself, but he has made it. This is Mr. Strachey's 'angle of view.' Is the result biography?

ROSALIND NASH.

AUSTRALIA'S ELFIN WARBLERS

STAND in a forest of Eastern Australia on a bright day in early spring, and you may hear a fairy bird voice float from a tree-top—a delicate, ethereal voice, in which plaintiveness sweetens to spirituality. It is the sweetly-sad melody that Keats knew:

> As if soft Pity, with unusual stress,
> Had touch'd her plaintive lute, and thou, being by,
> Hadst caught the tones, nor suffer'd them to die.

Perhaps, as the melody of the white-throated warbler filters through a sympathetic mind, that mind will toy with minor mysteries of the ages; will gather from the elfin voice the secret of how some sixty species of small, weak-winged birds came to be scattered throughout far-flung islands, from Borneo in the north-west and the Philippines in the north, through New Guinea and Australia to New Zealand and the lonely Chatham Islands in the east; will return to an age, possibly pre-dating the coming of man, when all these insular areas were more or less united, with the present Australian continent as the central portion; will reflect, too, upon the vagaries of a new-risen sea that cut this great land mass asunder; and, gazing up the following ages, will watch the tricks of Time and Nature operating the evolutionary process on the isolated birds, cutting them into groups, sub-dividing those groups, and, finally, modifying the biological gambol and allowing the species generally to retain such stability as they possess to-day.

There is an element of 'laughter' in warblers' voices, but this suggests animation without ecstasy; rarely does one of these birds turn itself into a musical alarm-clock, as do the tits and the wrens. And is it not this hint of uncertainty, this lack of dogmatism, in the voice of the white-throated warbler particularly, that constitutes much of the charm of its song?

Probably the little dryad is a good deal more certain of itself than its melody suggests to human minds, but the fact is that the pretty quaver creates an appeal lacking in stronger and richer bird melodies. You hear, as it were, an unbodied voice, and immediately you think of a fairy strayed into a new world and

trying bravely to sing himself into contentment with a strange environment. In short, and to vary the image slightly, it is a kind of elfin 'Lochaber no More.' How felicitous, then, was the conception of the ornithologist of old who bestowed on these fairy-voiced birds the generic name *Gerygone*—*i.e.*, born of sound. Theocritus speaks of maidens *gerygonai*. A poet of England mused upon a bird note: 'Shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?' Mark the pleasant affinity.

Among all Australian birds I know no group that so deserve the adjective *endearing* as do these tiny warblers. Butterfly smallness and symmetry, sweetness and 'airiness' of voice, activity of movement, high skill in home-making, charm of environment, sound economic qualities, and ancient lineage—these attributes of the *Gerygones*, together with a considerable measure of mystery attached to their evolution and distribution, are calculated to arrest the attention of the mildest bird student amongst us.

Elder ornithologists termed them 'Fly-eaters.' The name is inadequate, however, and of late we have returned to that used by Alfred Russel Wallace. Yet the term 'warbler' is not sufficiently definite. We have it applied also to many widely differing small birds, just as it has been applied, seemingly more or less at random, to widely differing birds in almost every part of the world, ranging from a large group of tiny birds in America to several considerably bigger birds in Europe. All of which prompts a query as to what really is a warbler.

Is there any recognised principle that should guide us in the bestowal of this happy name on a bird or group of birds? Perhaps the best definition on the point is one suggested by Mr Warde Fowler, who observed that the word warble is generally used of birds' singing in a sense which may be guessed from Milton's reference to 'melodious murmurs.' 'The word,' he said, 'seems to express a kind of singing which is soft, continuous, and legato.' And Mr W. H. Hudson has added, approvingly: 'It is precisely because they sing in this way that several of our smaller British songsters, including the blackcap and willow-wren, have received the English generic name of warbler.'

Accepting this basis as felicitous—and it is rather better grounded than the dictionary definition of a warbler as 'one who or that which warbles'—I doubt whether any birds at all have a better claim to be termed warblers than the tiny gerygonine birds of Australia. Certainly their position in this respect is stronger than that of any other local genus. The voice of our reed-warbler, for instance, neglects each of Mr Warde Fowler's requirements in a warbler: it is strong, rather staccato than legato, and continuous only in a richly conversational manner. The grass-warbler and

the [illegible], as but contemporaries of the [illegible] man, are content chiefly to pipe and whistle in their [illegible]. As for Gerygone's nearest relatives, the robust tits, or thornbills, they, it would seem, have gathered more optimistic tendencies than their congeners in the evolutionary climb; the voice of the common yellow-tail, for example, is comparatively loud (rather too loud for our present purpose), and entirely volatile, sprightly, joyous, suggesting nothing so much as the laughing chatter of young girls.

Among the so-called warblers of other lands, possibly the tiny *Dendroecas* (and kindred genera) of America approach closest to the *Gerygones* in appearance and feeding habits. But we have it on American authority that none of the warblers of that country is noted as a songster, whereas in Australia the warbling of the 'flyeaters' has won for several of them the name of 'native canary.' Personally I know only one species of these birds whose notes do not attain the dignity of connected and assured melody.

In the next breath it has to be admitted that Australia's elfin warblers are not nearly so familiar as appears to be the case with America's warblers. Indeed, the quaint fact is that no one knows how many species Australia contains. John Gould (1865) listed a mere half-dozen. A. J. Campbell (1900), the next author with authority, gave the number as eight or nine, but was quite undecided about three species. The official *Check List* of the Royal Australasian Ornithologists' Union (1913) named ten species and mentioned three other possibilities. Gregory M. Mathews, in his extensive *Birds of Australia* (1920), split *Gerygone* into four genera, with a total of twelve species. I have since shown that Mathews dropped *G. flavida* to sub-specific rank through a misapprehension; therefore his total will be thirteen. Against this the second edition of the R.A.O.U. *Check List*, recently published, retains all the gerygonine birds in one genus and limits the number, doubtfully, to eleven. It is to be expected, in view of this amiable tangle, that Mathews does not dogmatise about his sub-divisions. He offers these 'without any conclusion as to finality,' and adds a plea for field investigation. For, he says, these birds seem to be in somewhat the same case as Palaearctic warblers, many of which are precisely alike in appearance, but which prove to be quite distinct species when their habits are known.

Setting aside the point whether the scientific or the aesthetic interest makes chief demand for the study of these little warblers, it is sufficiently obvious that much remains to be ascertained in respect of the birds both as a group and individually. We know, with some certainty, the approximate distribution of *Gerygones*

[illegible] [illegible], we know that, curiously enough, none has found its way to Tasmania; that the inland or western warbler ranges throughout the interior of the continent, and has its stronghold in Western Australia; that the white-throated warbler inhabits some 3000 miles of forest country adjacent to the east coast and extends along the northern seaboard into Western Australia; that the brown warbler frequents perhaps 1000 miles of jungle near the east coast, and that all other species (eight or nine) are confined to coastal areas in or near the tropics. But we do not know, with authority, very much concerning their movements—whether, for instance, any of them obey an age-old impulse to follow ancient land lines with the ebb and flow of the seasons. Certainly some species are stationary. Some others may be migratory or semi-migratory. I do not think that any fall into the category of "great migrants"; they are too weak-winged—and possibly too "aristocratic" to wander aimlessly. Yet it is astonishing how far certain small birds, equipped with only the smallest of wings, can travel when the spirit moves them; wherefore when attributing early ancestry to small-winged birds confined to islands that were cut asunder very long ago, it is necessary to make reservations, remembering that, within the memory of white men, silvereyes were wafted from Australia 1000 miles across the Tasman Sea and have since become thoroughly established in New Zealand.

John Gould, the Englishman who named many of the *Gerygone* warblers some eighty years ago, regarded the white-throated species as a stationary bird. A. J. North (writing in 1901) described it as "strictly migratory." Both were wrong. The "bush canary" is a semi-migrant. The main body of the birds flows north and south according to season, but probably the distance covered is not great in any case; certainly the migration is not so emphatic as that of America's little warblers. Moreover, instances occur in which white-throats do not migrate at all. I was accustomed to see the species all the year through in Southern Queensland; odd pairs are occasionally seen about Sydney during the cool months; and when watching them in Northern Victoria I was told that "bush canaries" often brave the winter in the locality, which is sometimes very stern. I hesitate to suggest whether this attitude to the seasons indicates that the white-throat is losing or has not fully acquired the migratory habit. At all events, it is not a true migrant, for the species may be found breeding at both ends of the continent, outside which it does not venture.

Whether any of the other ten or a dozen warblers have migratory tendencies no one seems to know. I suspect the unfamiliar long-billed warbler, of the far north, in this regard.

A friend living in tropical Queensland tells me of a small brown bird, the possessor of 'a beautiful song, quite out of the common,' which is known locally by the aboriginal name of 'jan-da-berry.' 'Jan-da-berry pee-ta, pee-ta,' the little creature calls, in a high-pitched whistle, when it returns each year; and always the residents are alert for the melody. The bird arrives with the first general rains, about the end of December, and stays until the end of April. The nest, a large one, is suspended, and generally built in *débris* left on branches by floods. The latter point, as to the curious and distinctive nest, seems to identify the 'jan-da-berry' definitely as the large-billed warbler, which in some localities goes by the name of 'flood-bird.' But we had not recognised this species as a migrant. It does not visit Southern Australia. Where does it go? To New Guinea, probably; for it is a strange fact that several kinds of birds come from New Guinea to Northern Queensland to breed, and return in the autumn, whereas climate and conditions in both places are practically the same the year through. If the 'jan-da-berry' is a traveller of this kind it is the smallest of the tropical migrants, and the wonder is how the little wings take the bird across Torres Strait.

In the matter of nests and eggs there is general similarity between the warblers and what are apparently their nearest relatives, the purely Australian birds known as tits or thornbills. The homes are suspended, side-entranced, and usually hooded, and nearly always carry a graceful 'tail,' which may be as much as 6 inches long. But with each species there are fanciful little variations in the nests—fancies which are sometimes stressed by individual members of the one species. In all cases the eggs are white and pink, but several of the tits lay larger clutches than the two or three eggs which content the warblers—a casual indication of the 'proletarian' tendencies of the more 'modern' birds.

Another instance of the straining of the original tie between the warblers and the tits may be noted in the feeding methods. Both groups are strictly insectivorous, of course (and thereby of marked economic value to man), but some of the tits have gone to the ground for their food. Who could imagine seeing the fragile warblers, essentially light-winged dryads of the trees, feasting on the ground?

So much for the warblers as a group. Let us look more directly now at individual species, five of which I have had the pleasure of meeting, in divers portions of the great Australian continent. He of the white throat and yellow breast, the winsome sprite often termed 'bush canary,' or 'native canary,' has been indicated earlier as the chief bird of the group in Australia. This

species, indeed, is the only one at all familiar to bird watchers generally, though to many of them it is little more than a wandering voice. It is common in the forest areas of Eastern Australia, notably so in Queensland. In Victoria, where until a few years ago it was supposed to be non-existent, it appears to be confined to a favourable portion of the north-east. Perhaps the elfin voice is best known in the neighbourhood of Sydney. The beauty of this chief city of Australia is largely derived from its sandstone, and throughout the sandstone area grows a vegetation that meets the tiny bird's requirements; wherefore, the suburban householder may occasionally hear a fairy song on the fringe of his orderly garden. Certainly the melody of the white-throated warbler, if not the bird itself, is as definite as any calendar in announcing the coming of September to Sydney.

The white-throated warbler breeds in the period from August to December. You may see its long pendulous nest at heights varying from 5 to 50 feet. Lofty situations are not greatly favoured; I have only once observed a nest in an inaccessible position. That was in a Queensland coastal forest. A veteran entomological colleague thought he had located a cluster of insects aloft, but presently we saw two birds flit to the material and one begin to weave while the other supplied incidental music. This method seems to be general among the warblers; the female works while the little lord sings and prettily quivers his wings.

I saw this wing-quivering to particular advantage on another August day in Queensland, when the airy warble led to the finding of a nest, hanging 30 feet up near the top of a sapling. The cradle seemed to be nearly completed and was apparently having its lining or trimmings added, although the long tail was not finished. One bird, evidently the female, was doing all the work at the nest. She hunted rapidly about branches, and even fluttered at the tips of bits of bark for soft material. When she returned to the nest the male bird also came along. He did not enter the home, but sat alongside quivering his wings rapidly and singing, singing, singing. Her ladyship was too busy even to quiver the wings. Her tail, however, kept up the constant twitching typical of the warblers. Once a spine-billed honey-eater came into the nesting tree and both birds darted at him, their beaks clipping angrily. When I twittered to the warblers the little sprites came very close, and still one of them maintained that constant twitching of the wings.

Yet another reminiscence of the "bush canary" belongs to a tea-tree glade near Brisbane. A pair of the birds built at a height of about 6 feet in an acacia (wattle) tree. When I first saw the

[illegible], on October 4. It was only ragged, but the shell was developed. Nearly a fortnight later, when there were three eggs in the cradle, the birds (or one of them) were still bringing building material; I saw the female carry fibres to the nest and then sit on the eggs. How charming she looked in that setting, her small, alert head and white throat showing out of the side entrance, below the hood of the shapely home! I was absent for a fortnight after that, and on my return the nest contained only one egg and apparently was deserted. Presently, however, one of the warblers appeared and began to reconstruct the home. A few days later the birds were missing again, and there was an ugly hole in the rear of the nest.

What is it that wrecks warblers' homes in this manner? I have met several instances of the kind among different species and have had others brought under notice. It can scarcely be cuckoos which tear out the backs of the nests, for the vandalism sometimes happens when young are being tended. And as for large birds on malice bent, it does not seem possible that these could rest either on the swaying nests or the very slender branches on which the homes are placed. May it not be that in some cases at least, the warblers themselves are responsible for the damage; that they become, on occasions, sensible of the danger lying latent in a cuckoo's egg, and, being unable to lift the egg out of the deep chamber, tear a hole in the back of the nest in order to do so?

Reflection upon the influence of cuckoos on small birds leads naturally to a consideration of another yellow-breasted warbler, the fairy bird of Central Queensland. This warbler is strongly suggestive of the familiar white-throat, but the yellow washes up to the chin; also, the bird is smaller and less delicate in song. A pretty tangle existed over many years, and many learned men were led astray, owing to the fairy warbler, in both sexes, strongly resembling the female of another yellow-breasted warbler, namely, the black-throat, a dainty creature which lives further north again, and which was first discovered by A. R. Wallace in the Aru Islands. We cleared up the doubtful point recently, and are able to show that the fairy warbler inhabits about 500 miles of heavy coastal vegetation, from Central Queensland northwards, while its close relative, the black-throat, belongs to the fastnesses of Cape York and the islands further north.

In my view, the most interesting points about both the fairy and black-throated warblers centre upon their nesting habits. A cradle once used by a pair of 'fairies' hangs beside my desk at the moment. It is a wonderful example of the skill of small birds in home-making. Constructed generally on lines approved by all of these warblers, the nest is not so elongated as that of the better-

[illegible] The tail is shorter and the body as round [illegible] it approximates in size, and the hood, [illegible] is increased to a remarkable degree ; when the mother [illegible] clings to the entrance of the nesting cavity she cannot be [se]en from without.

What is the reason for such development ? Have the fairy [a]nd the black-throated warblers—for the Cape York bird also [co]nstructs a large verandah—adopted this in an endeavour to [esc]ape the attention of cuckoos ? If so, the method is not [suc]cessful, for the bronze cuckoo of the north parasitizes these [bi]rds' homes to the same embarrassing degree as is the case with [sou]thern warblers. (Of four pairs of fairy warblers which I have [se]en housekeeping at least two pairs had been burdened with [yo]ung cuckoos ; the eggs in the other two nests were not lifted [o]ut for examination.)

Another remarkable development in the nesting conduct of [so]me warblers of tropic forests is that they frequently hang their [cra]dles within a few inches of the nests of wasps. A confirmed [pr]actice such as this stimulates further reflection. Is it that the [bi]rds have become aware of the defensive value of the insects ? [A]nd if so, how was the knowledge acquired and how is it passed [o]n ? I am not seeking idle affinities, but consideration of this [su]bject recalls naturally an authoritative report that young [bla]ck-throated warblers possess four peculiar head-plumes, which [th]ey are able to erect and quiver vigorously. "When one looks [in]to a nest these head plumes are put into motion by the birds, [an]d remind one of a number of caterpillars waving about."

Altogether, then, it would seem that these tropical warblers [ar]e possessed of extraordinary defensive impulses. Why ? Re[me]mbering that warblers of the open forests and coastal fringes [do] not construct large verandahs, do not seek the society of wasps, [an]d do not (as far as is known) flaunt head-plumes in babyhood, [on]e wonders whether the jungle environment of the tropic warblers [ha]s influenced the creation of these abnormal attributes. But the [fa]iry warbler patronizes open forests as well as "scrub". I have [see]n nests of the species in more or less exposed situations, and [ha]ve heard one sing in association with its white-throated relative, [a] bird of sunlit spaces.

Puzzled by this problem, one turns for guidance to the brown [wa]rbler. Here is another denizen of dark jungles, but one with a [mu]ch greater southern extension than the jungle-loving yellow-[rum]ps. The nest of this bird is a beautiful little structure. Built [of] dark material and ornamented with lichen, it is shaped similarly [to] that of the fairy warbler, but the hood is not nearly so sweeping ; [it i]s more like a tunnel. Nor is the pretty home ever hung near a [was]ps' nest ; at least, not one of the many I have examined has

them so placed. Perhaps the brown warbler's defences lie, first, in the darkly-protective colour of the nest, which makes it part of the jungle symphony, and, secondly, in the fact that the home-site, whenever possible, is one of the pliable, thorn-studded lawyer-vines. What mammal or reptile could climb to such a situation?

As to the voice of the brown warbler, surely there is no weaker song in the whole group. If life in the jungle has modified the song of the 'fairy' bird (by comparison with the white-throat), it has dealt even more unkindly with the little brown bird, whose voice has fallen to a feeble twitter. 'What is it? What is it!' the bird said to one listener. Another observer, steeped in book-lore, heard it phrase its own technical name, 'Ge-ryg-on-e, Ge-ryg-on-e!' Yet another interpreted the call thus, 'Two tid-ed-ed, Two-tid-ed-ed, Two-tid-ed-ed!' And for a further illustration of the amazingly varied appeal which certain bird-calls have to different human ears—for all these people listened to similar notes—there is the 'citron-cit, citron-cit!' which some bush-dwellers in South-Eastern Queensland ascribe to the little bird. Indeed, on one mountain the brown warbler has long been fraternally known as the 'citron-bird.'

How such a modest vocalist as this came to be confounded with the 'singing flyeater,' or *vice versâ*, is something of a puzzle. For while the brown warbler is rarely, if ever, found outside the jungle, the grey bird, which bears the name *cantator*, is distinctly a lover of mangroves. About Brisbane it 'spills over' from the edges of the bay and the river into garden trees, wherefore it has become familiar as the 'Queensland canary.' When in more formal vein we term it the mangrove-warbler. Queerly enough, it was only a few years ago (in 1906) that a student chanced upon the fact that this sprite, one of the commonest native birds frequenting the Queensland capital, was 'new'—'a rather good jest against bird-men generally.' Since then we have come to know that the species only gets a few miles into New South Wales, but reaches at least 400 miles northward, to Central Queensland. Possibly that area marks the parting of the ways; there are warblers in the mangroves of Northern Queensland, but it seems doubtful whether they are precisely the same kind. If not, we may take it that the little *cantator* covers about 500 miles of coast line, approximately the same extent (though not the same area) as is occupied by the fairy warbler.

What a charming song is that of the mangrove-warbler! How spontaneous it is, how bright, how tender. How it repulses the slimy unpleasantness of tidal streams, with their heavy mangroves and myriads of mosquitoes. Possibly it is a whistling warble (or a warbling whistle) rather than a song. When first I

heard one of these birds I took the whistle to be that of a small boy whistling [illegible]. Yet one cannot overlook the under-current of [illegible] tendency in the stream of melody. You note this in the tentative chatter which often precedes the song; you note it again at times when the song breaks, or when it is so varied as almost to approximate to that of the white-throated warbler. Similarly, it would appear that the melody of the western warbler occasionally approaches that of the white-throat. An inland ornithologist has said that he cannot distinguish between the songs of these two species. I found no such difficulty on the sole occasion of meeting the inland bird. Its song seemed to me to be midway between the warble of the white-throat and the happier melody, tending to a whistle, of the mangrove-warbler. There have been occasions, however, at points near the coast, when I was in doubt as to whether the white-throated or the mangrove bird was singing; their songs are usually well defined, but it seems to be easy for them to return to something approaching a common tongue. But they do not often fraternise; I have rarely heard both singing at the same time, and only twice seen representatives of the two kinds working in the one tree.

It was always a peculiar pleasure to search along tidal creeks for nests of mangrove-warblers on the bright mornings of August and September in Southern Queensland. I found them frequently, usually situated at from a foot above high tide to 20 feet aloft. Here, again, is bird architecture seen at its best. For the swinging cradle is dainty in the extreme, and the material is sewn or matted very closely; the hood is present, but it does not cover the entrance. In a particular case a pair of birds took cotton-wool and feathers from a neighbouring yard, and caused their nest to resemble a dainty wreath.

Sometimes I carried a camera to the nests of the mangrove-warblers, but it was not always possible to get within range. In one instance I took the liberty of using string to hold the nest branch back a short distance from the water; nevertheless, that thick, ugly tide was well up to my waist before the anxious little birds summoned up courage to return. Meanwhile, the juveniles asserted their rights in a spirited piping, and presently one poked out an inquiring head. It was a quaint sight, for the head was covered with white pin-feathers, suggesting an animated pin-cushion stuck with thistledown. Only one parent fed the babies; the other, presumably the male, crept about nearby, lifting and twinkling its wings most prettily. And both of them sang so spiritedly. They sang when their beaks were full of insects, and were musical even in their 'charring' protests at this rude disturbance of their sylvan peace.

What matters it when or how the ancestors of these little

birds came to this land? For when all is said their presen[t]
and activities to-day and to-morrow are the salient facts; a[nd]
so long as they continue to charm with the eloquence of th[eir]
songs, their wings, their every movement, who shall deny the[m]
to be the sweetest little birds in the Southern Hemisphere?

A. H. CHISHOLM

Sydney.

ANIMALS IN THE DOCK

One of the penalties of being in any way 'middle' is that of receiving most of the blame or ridicule earned by one's forbears or one's descendants. It is true that the Middle Ages indulged in habits and customs which seem to us topsy-turvy to the point of being ludicrous; but in fairness to a period which, if it did nothing more, provided a good many of the fundamentals governing our modern outlook, we should at least inquire into their origins and into the manner of their death.

This article then sets out to sketch one example of mediaeval topsy-turvydom. It is the custom—not without its amusing aspects—of haling animals before a human court and subjecting them to human jurisdiction: a custom astounding enough perhaps, yet logical—commonsensical even—when it is borne in mind that the mediaeval inherited from the world of ancient learning, not as a popular tradition but as an axiom of science, the belief that animals employ the same thought processes and are actuated by the same motives as man.

Aristotle's *History of Animals* contains much that helps to explain the mediaeval point of view, as also does Pliny's *Natural History*. According to Pliny, the elephant worships the stars, possesses a sense of justice and enjoys an impulse towards mercy; the lion, besides being courageous, can be grateful, though the lioness is cunning in the extreme in concealing her amours with the leopard; the crocodile opens its jaws wide so that its teeth may be picked by a friendly bird; and fishes indulge in all sorts of wily devices to escape the hooks and nets of anglers.

Such authorities as these did but give sanction and permanence to a belief which survived the break-up of the Roman Empire, and, like so many other errors, permeated the Dark—and wholly credulous—Ages; and permeation was doubtless the more easy and complete since the philosophy of the Druids and other cults formidable in early western Europe seems to have attributed a soul to every object, animate or inanimate, in Nature. Nor did the Christian Fathers attempt even to question this axiom of

[illegible] who was also a scientist, observes [illegible] reason for believing in the marvellous.[1] He [illegible] the ability of animals to cure their own ailments and their power of foretelling the future. Sheep and goats can predict danger; the bear heals his wound by filling it with mullein (a plant belonging to the *Scrophulariaceae*), the fox with droppings from the pine tree, the tortoise with marjoram, the serpent with fennel.

Seven or eight centuries later we find frequent discussion, not as to the accuracy of the main contention (that is subject to no trace of doubt), but rather on its implication. One writer declares that animals have souls; a second that they have, not souls, but intelligences; a third that they have neither souls nor intelligences, but judgment and discretion. One scientist tells how dolphins are able to distinguish between a drowning man who has eaten dolphin flesh and one who has not, saving the second by bringing him to land on their backs and leaving the first to perish miserably for his sins. Another scientist caps this with the story of a dog who reefs the sails of his master's vessel while his master holds the tiller. A third describes a wonderful bird who sits on a tree in a tide-swept meadow and warns sheep when the tide is rising.[1] And so on: the atmosphere, as it were, is already charged with theory; all that remains is to translate theory into practice. For if animals are endowed with virtually human intelligence (or souls or judgment) it is only logical and right that they should be amenable to the discipline of human law.

And at the same time, an accompanying tradition on the more practical side is not incompatible with the theory just outlined: according to the customs of the Greeks, Romans, Celts, Teutons, Slavs and other Aryan peoples, an animal which had caused serious damage to property, or especially the death of a human being, was given up to the aggrieved party or to his relatives, plainly with the idea that (as had doubtless happened to human offenders in remote times) they might revenge themselves upon it.[2]

In 1120 the Bishop of Laon, in northern France, threatened with excommunication the caterpillars and field-mice that had ruined the crops of his diocese[3]; his action seems to be the earliest

[1] A full and interesting discussion of these theories, as well as many examples of them, will be found in Dr. Lynn Thorndike's *History of Magic and Experimental Science*.

[2] Westermarck, *Origin and Development of Moral Ideas*, i, p. 252; cf. [illegible] and. 26.

[3] Westermarck, *loc. cit.*, i., p. 255.

[illegible] a legal form, persisted until [illegible]. As late as [illegible] Gaspard Bailly, of Chambéry, in Savoy, was able to publish a learned tome defending the trial, ecclesiastical or criminal, of animals and animal pests, giving forms of indictment, modes of pleading, and other interesting details. In the preceding century Barthélemy Chassenée, of Lyons, had dealt exhaustively with the same subject; and Chassenée's was not a name to be lightly regarded in the matter, since it was as advocate in an animal trial that he had first won fame.

The rats of the diocese of Autun, in Burgundy, having done great damage to crops in the canton of Lucenay, were summoned to appear before an ecclesiastical court; and Chassenée was briefed for the defence. When they did not appear at the first hearing he pleaded that not some but all the rats of the diocese ought to be included in the summons, since it was impossible to draw distinctions between them. The court thereupon adjourned in order that the necessary amendments might be made and the fresh indictment read in every parish. At the next hearing Chassenée pleaded that, because all the rats had been summoned, including the sick, the aged and the infirm, time must be allowed them to assemble from distant parts; again, therefore, the court adjourned. At the third hearing he asked for, and obtained, a further adjournment on technical grounds; and at the fourth hearing, his clients being still absent, he ventured to remind the learned judges that the summons to court implied full protection in reaching the court, and that what was actually preventing the rats from attending was nothing less than mortal fear of the cats belonging, amongst others, to the learned judges themselves. He therefore called upon the court to bind over all the cats in the diocese to good behaviour.

After a long consideration of this point, the judges, while fully admitting its legality, could not see their way to adopting the course suggested, and adjourned the case *sine die*.*

It was chiefly with pests of various sorts—caterpillars, grasshoppers, rats, mice, moles, snails, flies or weevils—that ecclesiastical courts had to deal. On a pest manifesting itself, the inhabitants of the threatened villages or owners of the threatened crops would lodge a complaint, and the court, after listening to the evidence of experts on the damage and possibilities of further damage, appointed on the pest's behalf a counsel or *procureur*. Did the counsel fail to show that the animals or insects were

* W. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, p. [illegible].

acting within their rights, they would be summoned to appear before the court, the summons being declaimed on three succeeding Sundays at all points frequented by them. The documents were, of course, drawn up with precise legal formality and contained a detailed description of the 'wanted' animals; thus in one instance rats are described as 'dirty animals in the form of rats, of a greyish colour, living in holes.'

Even as late as Chassanée's day the defendants were supposed always to appear in person and not by proxy—although in the case of insects he does suggest that their advocate could reasonably put in a plea of incompetency. But even so, they might still find themselves condemned, *absente reo*, after a warning had been issued to them to quit the ground they occupied; often the court compelled the inhabitants of the complaining villages to provide alternative accommodation. If, after every chance had been given them, they chose to disobey and to remain where they had settled, they could be anathematised or excommunicated; yet in general the courts were chary of resorting to extreme measures, lest perchance their thunders fell upon deaf ears; in some cases where excommunication was actually pronounced the animals are said to have grown fatter and juicier than ever.

Occasionally, however, luck seems to have favoured the prosecution; a remarkable instance of this took place at the little Provençal town of Contes in 1508.[a] The defendants were caterpillars who apparently scorned the alternative accommodation offered them; and the court, after nearly a year of argument, decided that excommunication must be pronounced. A priest, at the head of a long and earnest procession chanting hymns and reciting prayers, made his way to the ravaged fields; he was on the point of reading the dread sentence when from every quarter the caterpillars were seen advancing upon him. Head to tail, with an almost military precision of formation, the caterpillars allowed themselves to be escorted to the field that had been set apart for them; and never again, so far as can be judged from the records of Contes, did they give trouble.

Sometimes, it would seem, the length of the trial wearied the defendants to desperation. In 1545 the beetles of St.-Julien-de-Maurienne, in Savoy, were summoned to court. The case dragged on until, in the middle of it, the beetles disappeared. The protracted mixture of theology and law to which (though by proxy) they had been treated was forthwith abandoned; nor was it resumed until forty-two years later, when a second beetle plague

[a] Described at some length by J. [illegible], *The Romance of [illegible]*, chap. [illegible], who bases his account upon [illegible], *L'Âme de Cortès* [illegible]

took place. Unfortunately the record of the renewed trial breaks off without revealing the end of the story.[6]

But, when all is said and done, the easiest and most satisfactory method of ridding oneself of animal pests was the prompt payment of church tithes and dues; and it may perhaps be inferred that the townsfolk of Arles in 1612, when drastic measures had to be taken against a pest of caterpillars, were no more gracious in the acquittal of their debts to the Powers-that-Be than are we to-day in the settlement of income tax.[7]

Arles, indeed, indulged in such trials with some frequency; several occurred between 1545 and 1596. At a typical one, held on a pest of grasshoppers in 1565, the defending counsel pleaded, though unsuccessfully, that since the grasshoppers had been created by God they must eat what was necessary to them; and the prosecution carried its case by quoting the serpent in the Garden of Eden and other Scriptural animals that had incurred penalties for their misdeeds. The grasshoppers were ordered to abandon the territory they had hitherto occupied, with the threat of anathema should they refuse.[8]

For some reason or other the custom of arraigning animals before justice was especially rife in France[9]; a century ago a French antiquarian, M. Berriat St. Prix, compiled a list of ninety-nine such trials; only eight of them took place outside his own country. Since then a good many others have been brought to light in village records or departmental archives; but, again, practically all of them are in France. The majority seem to have occurred in Burgundy, Provence, and the district surrounding Paris, though they are known also to have taken place with varying frequency elsewhere. Swine, cows, and asses appear to have been the worst offenders in the earlier criminal courts, insects in the later, and caterpillars and snails in the ecclesiastical; but most surprising is the fact that the number of trials apparently increases, not during the topsy-turvy Middle Ages, but throughout

[6] W. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, p. [illegible], quoting *Mém. de la Soc. Royale Académique de Savoie*.

[7] J. [illegible], *La Vie Populaire dans les Bouches-du-Rhône* [illegible] de l'Europe, des Bouches-du-Rhône), p. [illegible].

[8] Martinengo-Cesaresco, *Essays in the Study of Folk Songs* (Provençal), p. 185.

[9] Animal trials are known also in Switzerland, Spain, the Low Countries, Canada and Brazil. I believe I am correct in saying that only one is known in this country. It took place near Chichester as late as 1771, and a burlesque was afterwards written round it (*Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., March 12, 1864). Throughout the Middle Ages animals killing human beings were, in England, forfeit to the relatives of the deceased — see Westermarck, *loc. cit.*, for discussion of this point.

the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and reaches its climax in the seventeenth century.

It is, however, the earlier and criminal trials that provide the more amusing reading; after the fifteenth century the tendency is to forego the full penalties of the law, and the condemnation of the animal is tantamount merely to the infliction of damages upon its owner—assuming that it has one. When the narrowness and overcrowding of the old-time street, either in village or in town, is borne in mind, the opportunities for animal mischief appear almost unlimited; for animals of all kinds complicated an already urgent traffic problem, and the beasts of those days seem to have been less tame than those of our own. At least, murder is the commonest charge under which they made their appearance in court.

Yet may I here interpolate a story which was told me recently as of guaranteed authenticity? A small boy behaving badly at table was informed, as small boys are, that his manners 'fitted him only for the piggies' and was banished to the pigstye. His parents shortly afterwards heard screams, but attributed them to outbursts of temper; then all was quiet. Thinking that he had at last learned his lesson, they went to the stye to release him; he had been knocked down by the pigs and trampled to death.

But perhaps—I do not know—I may be adding but one more stone to the considerable fabric of modern folk-fiction, to the stories, repeated in all good faith, which are less vital and less enduring than those of former days, since they proceed not from honest ignorance, but from half-baked education and the hysteria of towns.

The procedure in cases of homicide by animals corresponded exactly to that for a human prisoner; were the animal kept in detention, he was treated both as to food and accommodation, like a man. On the animal being found guilty the sentence was read in all its awe-inspiring phrasing; here, for instance, is the translation of part of the sentence passed on a hog accused of strangling a child in its cradle at St.-Martin-de-Laon in 1494:

> We, in detestation and horror of the crime, and in order to make an example and satisfy justice, have declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced and appointed, that the said hog, being detained a prisoner and confined within the said Abbey, shall be by the executioner hung and strangled on a gibbet near and adjoining the gallows in the jurisdiction of the said monks, being near their copyhold of Avin. In witness of which we have sealed this present with our seal.

The document is indorsed:

> Sentence on a hog executed by justice, brought to the copyhold of Clermont and strangled on a gibbet at Avin.

But recognition that, although justice must be done, the whole fault did not always rest with the animal is shown in the sentence on a sow condemned at Seulis, to the south-west of Paris, in 1567 for having caused the death of a four-months-old infant by eating its head.

Pour la cruauté et férocité commise par ladite truye (runs the sentence), elle sera exterminée par mort et pour ce faire sera pendue par l'executeur de la haulte justice en ung arbre (and here is the point); en faisant deffenses à tous habitants et subjet des terres et seigneuries du dit St. Nicholas de ne plus laisser eschapper telles et semblables bestes sans et bonne seure garde, sous peine d'amende arbitraire et de pugnition corporelle s'il y défault [10].

And some ninety years earlier, when a sow was condemned to be beaten to death for having made a meal off the chin of a village child, the owner was ordered by the court to make an expiatory pilgrimage to Notre-Dame-de-Pontoise and subsequently to furnish a certificate that the pilgrimage had been actually completed.[11]

Moreover, the courts of that day were not incapable of the finer shades of justice and sentiments of mercy where animals were concerned. At Lavegny in 1457 a sow and her young were charged jointly with the murder of a child. The sow was sentenced to death, but the young ones were acquitted on account of their youth and on the plea that, if they acted guiltily at all, they did so under the evil influence of their mother.[12]

The sentence read and the day of execution approaching, the prisoner would be handed with all the formality of the law to those upon whose ground the execution was to take place. A pig condemned at Nancy in 1572 was led from his prison by a cord to a cross near the cemetery and there delivered by the officers of the Abbot of Moyen Moutier, the owner of the territory, to the officers of the Provost of St. Diey. To have been strictly in order he should have been handed over *haut ou*, as was customary with those about to pay the penalty, but, in view of the fact that the prisoner was a somewhat lively pig, after an earnest consultation between the respective officers, the transference was effected with the pig still wearing his cord.[13]

The execution itself was solemn and public. There has been preserved the attestation, dated 1403, of Simon Baudement, Lieutenant of Meulan and of Jehan, Lord of Maintenon, Bailiff of

[10] Both this and the previous sentence are quoted by W. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*.
[11] *Loc. cit.*, p. 99.
[12] Westermarck, *loc. cit.*, i, p. 258.
[13] Lionnois, *Histoire de Nancy*.

[illegible]
Mantes and Meulan, declaring expenses incurred in executing justice on a sow. To the executioner, who came from Paris to Meulan, 54 sols were paid; for the carriage that conveyed the sow to the gibbet, 6 sols; for ropes to tie and haul her up, 2 sols 8 deniers; and for gloves, 12 deniers—amounting in all to some 63 sols.[14]

Perhaps the most vivid picture of the execution of an animal comes from Falaise, in Normandy.[15] In 1386 a sow ate certain portions of the child of a labourer; and the sow was condemned to suffer publicly a similar mutilation. Her foreleg and part of her face were therefore sliced away, and the animal was then hanged by the executioner in the public square and before a concourse of people. The judge presided on horseback with feathers in his hat, while the father of the child was compelled to attend by way of teaching him to take better care of his offspring. But most amazing was the culprit herself, who, when she was brought to the gallows, was dressed like a man in waistcoat, breeches and gloves, and wore a human mask before her snout.

Could farce be carried further? Yet the trial and condemnation of animals are declared to have continued in France till 1845[16]; and an eminent French folk-lorist asserts that more recently still he has seen wolves hung from trees at cross-roads by country folk, through whose unconscious agency history was repeating itself.[17] Even to-day in parts of Provence cultivators practise a private ceremony known as the Excommunication of the Caterpillars, in which they sprinkle the borders of a field overrun by the pest and call in a loud voice for the caterpillars to betake themselves elsewhere.[18] And at Levroux, in the Department of Indre, a public ceremony intended to rid the countryside of maybugs has only fairly recently been discontinued.

On the last day of Ascension the most newly appointed member of the Chapter of St. Sylvain made a processional progress from the collegiate church to the town-gate of Levroux, and there, from a platform erected upon it, formally pronounced anathemas upon the maybugs, past, present and future. He then returned in solemn state to the church, and as fee for the performance of

[14] *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., March 12, 1864.

[15] [illegible], *Excursions in Normandy*, ii., p. 133.

[16] Karl von Amira, *Thierstrafen und Thierprocesse* (Mitth. des Inst. f. Oesterreichische Geschichtsforschung), Innsbruck, 1891.

[17] Paul Sébillot, *Folklore de France*, iii., p. 53. He suggests, furthermore, that the numerous cross-roads, fields, and other spots in France which go by the name of "le Loup Pendu" are sites of the mediaeval trial and execution of wild animals. *Cf.* *Notes and Queries*, April 15, 1899, and December 11, 1869.

[18] L. J. B. Bérenger-Féraud, *Superstitions et Survivances*.

[illegible] ceremony he would receive a lamb from the lord of the [illegible].

We may justly pride ourselves on the advance in science and law, and the recovery from topsy-turvydom made since mediaeval times. But still, 1845 is not so very long ago!

W. Branch Johnson

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE CASE AGAINST 'EVOLUTION'"

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—The observations made by Mr. George Ansley Hight in his letter in your December issue regarding my article "The Case against 'Evolution'" seem to call for some reply, especially as in one or two instances he appears to have misunderstood my meaning.

Mr. Hight seems to agree to the general conclusions of the article but to distrust the means by which they were reached. I, in turn, am heartily with him in the spirit of his final remarks, but would submit that the outlook on life which he outlines as desirable would not follow if certain of his earlier postulates were pushed to their logical conclusions.

First of all, as to causality. Mr. Hight's statement that the four causes—final, efficient, formal and material—are not causes at all seems to me to be wholly unwarranted. If there is such a principle as causality (and there must be, since, as Mr. Hight will agree, we could not form an intellectual conception of such a principle were it entirely unreal), then the agent responsible for the production, or bringing out of potentiality into actuality, of any manifested thing does stand in the relation of an efficient cause to that thing, since without him or it the thing would not be produced.

The four causes apply perfectly in Mr. Hight's example of the fugue and the organ when the fugue as an idea in the mind of the composer or player is distinguished from the fugue as a piece of musical execution and then again from the organ. Mr. Hight appears to confuse these.

If the fugue as a piece of musical execution is considered, then the final cause is, perhaps, the desire to express a mood on the part of the musician; the efficient cause is the musician manipulating with his hands and feet the keyboards of the organ; the formal cause is the ordered arrangement of the notes of the fugue which passes through, or in the case of an original composition is produced by, the mind of the musician; while the material cause is not the organ itself (because an organ is not the material of music) but the audible sounds which are produced by the organ and which, by the arrangement given to them by the composer, form the "body" of the fugue. All these are true causes, since without any one of them the effect would not be produced.

Mr. Hight observes: "There are two kinds of consciousness, and two kinds of knowledge answering to two different aspects of our minds. There is the knowledge of the external world derived through the senses, the essence of which is causality; and, secondly, there is the knowledge of ourselves, which, being wholly independent of causality, cannot [illegible] cause anything."

[illegible] knowledge of the [illegible] phenomena are related to [illegible] principles. Causality, therefore, is not to be sought in the phenomenal world, but in the ideal world of which the phenomenal world is the expression.

It is therefore misleading to say that the essence of the external world is causality. Moreover, the knowledge of ourselves is not independent of causality, for the human soul is both a causative agent and itself the outcome of the action of divine causes, as Plato has symbolically set forth in the *Timaeus*.

Space does not permit more on the subject of causality; but Mr. Hight will find in Thomas Taylor's Introduction to the *Timaeus* a most illuminating exposition of this principle from a point of view slightly different from that of Aristotle, but perfectly consistent with it.

It is, as Mr. Hight says, vitally important that we should know what our words mean. If I may say so, no system of philosophy or religion worthy of the name would use the words "the Absolute," "the Spiritual" and "the Soul" in the same connotation, since the distinction between these three principles has been so often and so clearly demonstrated. "The Absolute," as a term, is self-explanatory. The Spiritual World is the world of Divine Ideas, whereas the human Soul is the principle which makes every individual himself and no other. Being thus possesses the principles of spirit, mind, and body, the soul may either direct its attention to the spiritual world, and so become enlightened, or it may merge its consciousness in matter and become immersed in materialism.

The agnostic who states definitely that it is impossible to know the truth concerning God, the Spiritual World, and the human Soul puts himself out of court by his very attitude. Such a standpoint is either self-contradictory or unscientific, since either the dogmatic statement that it is impossible to know must rest upon certain knowledge of this impossibility, or the agnosticism is caused by an unwillingness to follow the methods of demonstration which will give certain knowledge of abstract ideas and spiritual realities, in which case the attitude is unscientific.

To say, therefore, with Mr. Hight that the agnostic is right from his point of view hardly states the case, since the point of view itself is illogical.

The sciences which give the knowledge of spiritual things are, as I have tried to make plain, as real and as demonstrable as those which give the knowledge of phenomena. Theology stands as a demonstrable science, the highest and most primary of all sciences.

"No theory of evolution," says Mr. Hight, "can affect our idea of God." But this is hardly so. Our human ideas of evolution do profoundly affect our idea of God, but human ideas are not the Divine Ideas which underlie the processes of evolution. Human views about God cannot affect the Reality, but by the study of what might be called the spiritual and ideal sciences the consciousness can be raised to the contemplation of that Reality, so that the human ideas reflect and correspond with the Divine Ideas.

To consider the special point on which Mr. Hight takes exception in my article: "the assumption that the ideas of the noumenal world can be reached through the phenomenal world." Mr. Hight has profoundly misunderstood me if he imagines that I hold that this is the only way in which these ideas can be reached, for, since the Divine Ideas are innate in the soul, the soul has only to look within in order to find them. But since they

are also depicted in the world of phenomena, there is a sense in which they can be reached through these phenomena. The natural world is the expression or reflection of the ideal world, and when the soul learns to relate the object to the idea, the symbol to the thing symbolised, it may thus rise in contemplation from the below to the above. Were it not for this possibility, the phenomenal world would be without significance.

Too much insistence upon the incompetence of the scientific method to arrive at real knowledge of the noumenal and spiritual world has led to the false and unreal conflict between science and religion. But the science which can so arrive is not the materialistic science which relies wholly on experiment and observation of externalities, but that which employs the unerring instrument of the dialectic reason.

Mr. Hight has compared me to one sounding the depths with too short a line. It is precisely the competence and utility of this 'line' that I would defend to the last ditch. The line, if I may appropriate Mr. Hight's simile, is no other than the dialectic reason itself, and its competence, when properly employed, to lead to certain knowledge of spiritual reality or the truth concerning God, the Cosmos, and Man has been abundantly proved by Plato, Plotinus, Proclus, and a host of others. It is the faculty in man which gives him the power to ascend in thought from the depths to the heights, to relate the outermost to the innermost. There are other methods, no doubt, by which man may attain to truth. Intuition, revelation, and inspiration may transcend the powers of reason; but for the uniting of the results of these higher avenues, for the setting out of that which is received in scientific and demonstrable form, it is the dialectic reason that must be employed.

Ideas, principles, and spiritual truths are real and therefore demonstrable; it is only necessary that the faculties to which and by which they can be demonstrated should be exercised for the canker of scepticism which blights our intellectual life to be eradicated once and for all.

Only so, it would seem, will that desirable state of affairs adumbrated in Mr. Hight's concluding paragraph be brought about.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

George H. Bonner.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, *10 & 12, Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.*

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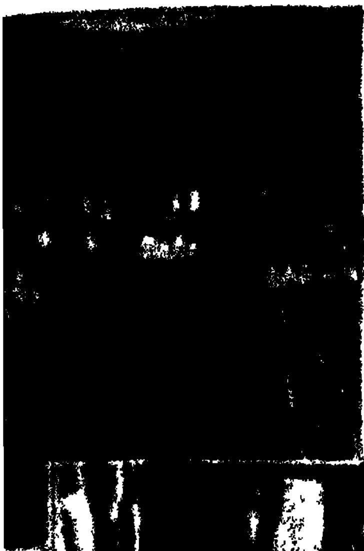


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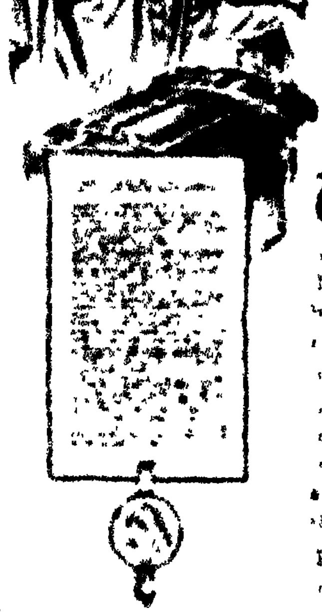
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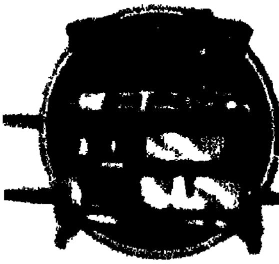


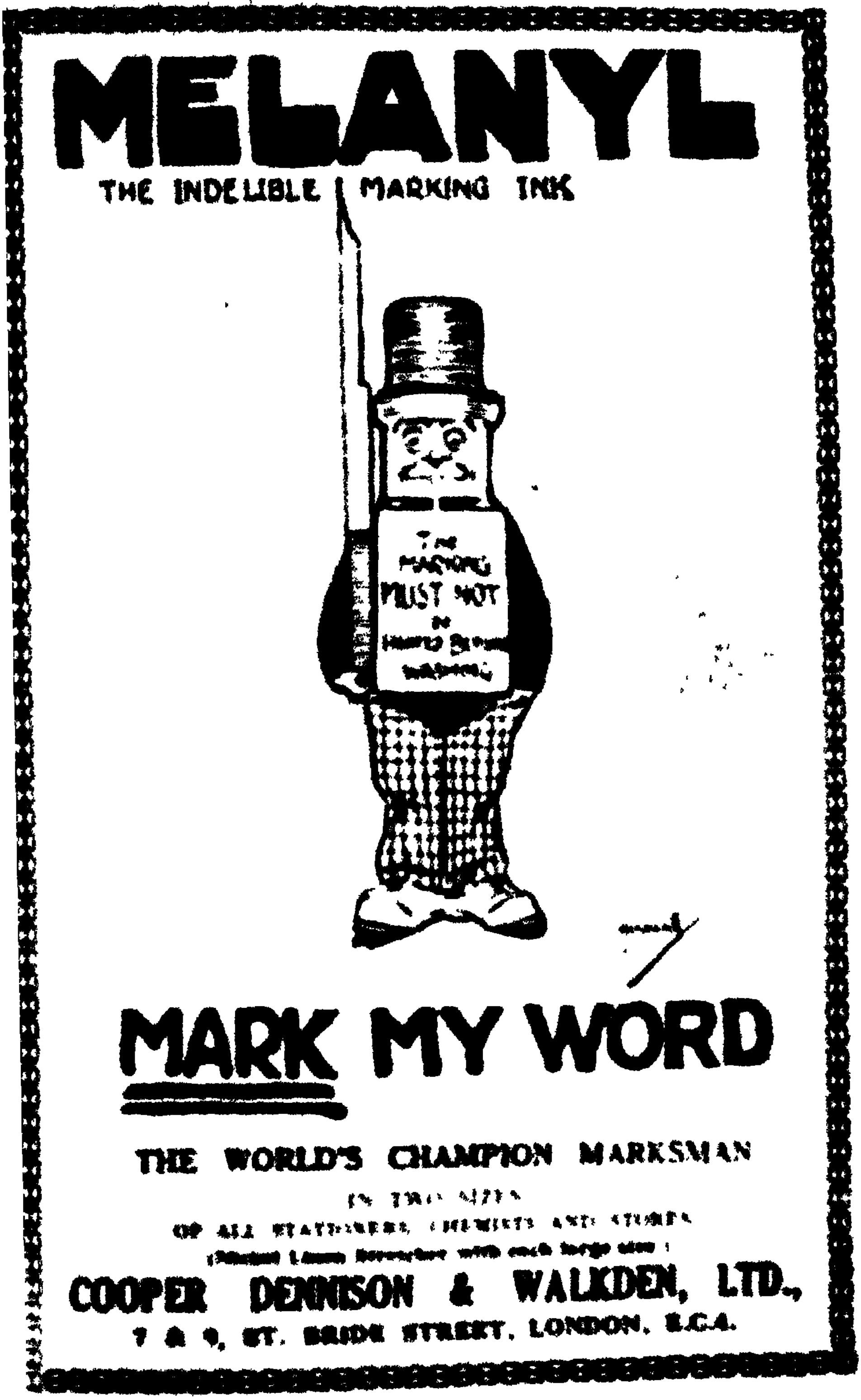
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR MARCH

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THE

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No. DCXIII—March 1928

MEMORIES OF 1914–1918

I. The Soldier

On the occasion of the dedication of the new Menin Gate at Ypres Lord Plumer delivered a brief but memorable address. No man more suited to the task could have been chosen. During the greater part of the war he had commanded the forces defending the salient, and the one mitigating feature of service in that dismal and dangerous sector of the Western Front was the personality of the army commander. There were but few of the Second Army present at the Menin Gate, but there were 900,000 not far away. And of these and of every soldier who never returned from our far-flung battle line, Lord Plumer said: 'He is not missing. He is here.'

To the soldier these words meant much. The circumstances of his life, and the traditions of his service, render him distrustful of oratory. He has forgotten, if indeed he ever heard or read, the speeches of his political leaders, which will be of such interest

and importance to the historian. If asked during the war why he had joined the Army, he was accustomed to make a facetious response, knowing well that the kind of person whose regard he valued would not believe him. The impression likely to be left on the minds of other persons (whose regard he did not value) was a matter of no consequence to him. Unfortunately, these other persons for a variety of reasons have received much attention since the war, and there is a common impression that the soldier had no idea of the issues at stake and joined the Army in a moment of over-excitement, only to repent for ever afterwards. The truth is that the soldier was so conscious of the issues at stake, and felt so strongly on the subject, that he was at pains to conceal his real feelings.

To the New Armies of 1914 it was enough that their country was at war, and that something which they valued far more than life was in jeopardy. The spirit of England in those tragic days was expressed very adequately in John Masefield's great poem, *August 1914*. 'The English city never built by hands,' though but dimly understood, was to the soldier a thing at once too precious to discuss and well worthy of that utter sacrifice of body, will, and soul which he was called upon to make on its behalf. Through four years of hardship and danger he was supported in his faith, not by the stimulus of oratory, but by his sense of comradeship with those who were with him steadfast in that faith. To them only did he listen, and their words remain in his mind. Chief among them perhaps were those memorable words in which the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France addressed his battle-worn troops in the darkest hour of the war:

> 'There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment.'

To those words the soldier responded in full confidence in his Chief. Ten years later the soldier will believe the best loved of his fellow soldiers, though the evidence of the truth of his words is far to seek.

'He is not missing. He is here.' Surely Lord Plumer meant that the spirit of the soldier is ever present in our midst, that his courage and devotion, his Stoic creed of silence and fortitude, inspire the daily life of our generation, have become the heritage of generations yet unborn. The literature of the day gives no support to the idea; can the soldier be right and the trained observer be wrong? The war is regarded as an improper subject.

[illegible] and all references to it are discouraged except on Armistice Day. On one day of the year the dead at least have their meed of honour; the living are without honour even on that day.

In our schools every boy and girl learns something of a heroic past. Salamis and Marathon and Thermopylæ are familiar names to boys who have never heard, and never will hear, of the grim and steady ranks who kept the Germans from the sea in the First Battle of Ypres and again in the long agony of the fighting on the Somme and the Lys in the spring of 1918. Were the Spartans at Thermopylæ more resolute than the Worcesters at Gheluvelt, than the Fourth Guards Brigade, surrounded, fighting back to back against hopeless odds, but gaining the few hours which enabled the Australians to detrain and the advance on Hazebrouck to be stayed? Why should the name of Leonidas be honoured more than the name of the Colonel under whose leadership the 2nd Devons, 28 officers and 552 men, fought to the last on the Aisne in May of 1918 in 'unhesitating obedience to orders' to win from the French General Berthelot a tribute well worthy of record in our literature and from the French nation the unprecedented honour of the Croix-de-Guerre? And these are but three out of many records of which every soldier could tell. The story of the blocking of Zeebrugge on St George's Day, 1918, is unknown to boys who know every incident in the destruction of the Great Armada. Is a heroic present so much less worthy of study than a heroic past?

The major issue of the war, so far as our country was concerned, was the menace to our national life denoted by the control of the Low Countries by the strongest Power in Europe. Every schoolboy knows that the wars of Marlborough were fought over that issue; why should he not be told that that was the political issue of fifteen years ago? The answer commonly given to these questions is, 'At all costs we must discourage militarism. Let the great ideals of the League of Nations be set before the young. References to the justice of our cause, and to the courage and devotion of those who fought, cannot but encourage a martial spirit and make another war inevitable.' To this the soldier may well reply that he attaches more importance to the outlawing of war than any other body of men. He has seen all that war can show in the way of horror, pain and death. But day by day, in the dire extremity which was his lot, he learned the importance of truth. In a sheltered life a man may base his life upon a lie for years and suffer no harm. In the hour of battle a man has need of the truth. If we tell lies about the war to our children, we will be found out some day. Peace cannot be built upon the shifting sands of misrepresentation. Even if it were true that the

[illegible] a discreditable episode in our history, and [illegible] was an unfortunate and misdirected person, would [illegible] encourage a martial spirit in the younger generation? It is quite more likely to have precisely the opposite effect, for the younger generation may feel it incumbent on them to retrieve our forfeited pride as a nation. Let the rights and wrongs of our policy for fifty years before the war be discussed with every frankness. Let the merits and prospects of the League of Nations be discussed with an equal candour. But let the younger generation know that there never was a body of men less imbued with militarism than the Armies of 1914, and that they fought, suffered, and died in the belief that they were defending not only the right of their country to order its own affairs, but the hard-won emancipation of the free peoples of the world from militarism. Whether they were right or wrong in their judgment may be discussed to the end of time; the spirit in which they went to war is hardly a matter of doubt.

But here literature takes up the tale. Book after book is published in which that spirit is denied. In poetry and prose alike the real life of the soldier has been 'revealed' by men who in fact never had any claim to so proud a title. Moreover, many sensitive and well-meaning people, in their anxiety to emphasise the case against war as a means of settling the affairs of the world, have not been content merely to record the horrors of war (which were not really so much worse than the horrors of peace, as any doctor or nurse can tell); they have thought it necessary to blacken the character of the soldier. There have been good books on the war by soldiers. *The First Hundred Thousand*, *The Adventures of an Ensign*, *The Way of Revelation* are examples. There is a poetry of the war which, within its limited range, attains real greatness. But it is forgotten, and the literature of the last eight years virtually ignores the existence of any war background to the lives of this generation. The defence of the city state of Athens against the Persians was coincident with the flowering of the Attic genius in Æschylus and Sophocles. The England of the Tudors, victorious on the seas and for the first time be[illegible] her destiny as a nation, gave us Shakespeare. At the time of a nation's greatest vitality literature has hitherto had no unworthy share. Was not Æschylus a better poet because he had served in the ranks at Marathon; were not the dying words of Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Zutphen the words of a poet? In this age England has at least shown a great vitality. The gathering of a free people from five continents is evidence which no man can gainsay. Are the prose and poetry of this age to be charged with disillusion and despair?

The reason is not far to seek. The hand of death has been

[illegible] who had the greatest literary gifts. The prayer of R. E. Vernède was the prayer of the war poets:

> All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,
> Yet grant thee one thing more;
> That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,
> Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I
> May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
> England, for thee to die.

For the most part they obtained that which they sought. The war was not nine months old when Julian Grenfell and Rupert Brooke passed into the Silence. The greatness of the loss to our literature we can hardly tell. Surely no anthology of English poetry can omit *The Soldier*:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust conceal'd;
> A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
> Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
> A body of England's, breathing English air,
> Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

Yet more splendid perhaps is *Into Battle*, with its prophetic close:

> The thundering line of battle stands,
> And in the air Death moans and sings;
> But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
> And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

A few days after writing this great poem Julian Grenfell, as great a soldier as he was a poet, the lineal successor of Sir Philip Sidney, lay dying of wounds, and the watchers by his bedside heard dimly on his lips the lines from the Hippolytus:

> Oh! for a deep and dewy spring,
> With runlets cold to draw and drink,
> And a great meadow blossoming,
> Long-grassed, and poplars in a ring,
> To rest me by the brink.

For a brief hour the soldier and the poet were one after three hundred years.

The loss of Julian Grenfell and Rupert Brooke was irreparable, but the tale of our losses was not complete. Charles Sorley fell at Loos, W. N. Hodgson on the first day of the Somme, and Alan Seeger met his long-sought 'rendezvous with death' almost in the same hour. They were followed by E. W. Tennant, R. E. Vernède, and many another through whose literary talents some record might have been left of the faith and fire of the Armies

[illegible] and truth.

The great writers of established reputation—G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, for example—have attempted to put the point of view of the soldier, either in war or on his return to a settled life, but it is no discredit to them as artists that they have failed really to understand him, or to appreciate that his attitude of mind derives from experience which they have not shared. For many of us the most important, the formative years of our life were spent under conditions similar to those of primitive man, living in holes in the ground, exposed to sun, wind and rain, surrounded by watchful enemies, for ever in the presence of disaster and death. We learned to hold in high honour some virtues no longer of much account in a protected community—courage, fidelity, loyalty to friends. Death was to us a byword. Our lives were forfeit, and we knew it. Life has never presented itself in this guise to men living in urban communities. The very atmosphere of a battlefield defies description and eludes the imagination. It is easy to talk of the thunder of the barrage, of the staccato rhythm of the machine-guns, of the crash of exploding bombs, of the cries of the wounded, of the blended majesty and horror which inform a modern battlefield. But words cannot convey even a suggestion of the sounds heard and of the emotions felt, when every faculty is heightened, when every nerve is tense. The hour of battle cannot be described; it is an experience open only to those who meet it. Rudyard Kipling is a great artist, whose imagination has taken him into the minds of many wayward people, whose powers of description have created for his readers the very atmosphere of strange places and unfamiliar scenes. In his book *The Irish Guards in the Great War* the morale of the Guards is splendidly depicted, but the battlefield has eluded him, and the picture is incomplete. Yet his insight has shown him, as it has not shown other writers of established reputation, that the soldier has a distinct point of view, based on experiences other than their own, that he lives in a world apart, a world denied to the older generation and to the younger. In the last words of his book, describing the march past of the Guards Division in London in the summer of 1919, he speaks of men in civilian clothes standing in the crowd—'Young men with eyes that did not match their years, shaken beyond speech or tears by the splendour and the grief of that memory.'

When many of our greatest writers have failed to see these young men, is it small wonder that they pass unnoticed in a busy world? Yet they are there for those who wish to see. On

[illegible] to be noticed. Instinctively the [illegible] other soldiers ; the dignity of their [illegible] calling has given to them a carriage of the head which cannot be mistaken ; their tragic experience has written in their eyes a certain weariness, yet those eyes are clear and free from illusion ; their manner is quiet, as is fitting to men conscious of their proven manhood ; there is an air of high memory about them, the remnant of a great fellowship, the custodians of a proud tradition. The soldier will talk of his war experiences to other soldiers—indeed, when he meets them he talks of little else ; to those who did not share those experiences he will say nothing, because he is anxious not to suggest in any way that he is a person deserving of special consideration, that there is any occasion for gratitude. Indeed, he would deny that there is a debt ; he would say that his own generation stood to lose most if freedom had fallen, if England had not lived.

Contemporary writers have failed to grasp that the soldier has these memories ; they have gone further : they have attributed to him a disillusion which they feel ; have called upon him to express their own bitterness. When the soldier came back from the war he was very tired. Victory had come late—not too late, but still long deferred. The moral of the Army, as a whole, remained magnificent throughout the last year of the war. In all armies some regiments are better than others, and there may have been unreliable infantry battalions, though if there were they were few and far between. No one will say that the Army of 1918 was the equal in fighting quality of the Army of 1916. Still it was good enough to sustain a defensive battle against a great superiority of numbers on the Somme and the Lys, and to return to the attack and remain continuously on the offensive from August to November. The infantry at least had no doubt that they were winning, and their faith was justified when the greatest military power of modern times collapsed finally in disordered retreat after the battles of the Sambre and the Selle. It is clear from books which have been written since that the moral of the infantry did not communicate itself to all those who enjoyed at once a greater security and a wider view of the situation. But the moral of the infantry was bought at a great price ; keyed up to endeavour far beyond their normal powers, marching and fighting over great tracts of country throughout the last year, they suffered the inevitable reaction when their task was done and they might rest. Those of us who spent the first Armistice Day on the battlefield have in our minds scenes very different from those common in London, Paris, and other

[illegible] by gas or [illegible] years. The civil population remembers Armistice Day [illegible] most part in terms of noise.

But the soldier was too tired to be elated; he was none the less deeply conscious of victory and of the freeing of the world from that menace which he had fought for so long, to defy which so many of his friends had died. On his return home he was still very weary, and those who had little knowledge of the soldier's life, and less insight into his mind, observing his weariness, mistook it for disillusion. The literature of the day may be charged with disillusion, but the soldier must disclaim responsibility for it. He has said little or nothing; he has gone on his way, sharing his memories with other soldiers, content that he did not fail in the great task to which he set his hand, that he was not false to that great fellowship which he was once privileged to share.

Some writers are prepared to admit that the soldier did not find victory the great illusion, but fall back on a second line, asserting that the soldier has learned disillusion since, principally in the Treaty of Versailles, but also in the widespread unemployment of so many of his comrades and in the internecine literary conflicts of politicians and others who have been anxious to prove that they were personally responsible for winning the war, or were prevented from doing so only by the jealousy and ineptitude of their colleagues.

In two of these issues the soldier has, I am afraid, taken less interest than he might have been expected to take. The Treaty of Versailles may have been iniquitous; Sir Ian Hamilton in his eloquent denunciation of it may have expressed the feelings of the soldier, or rather the feelings which would have been those of the soldier if he had read it. But the soldier took little interest in the peace; he had entered on a war to combat a menace. The menace was removed; he was content that the politicians should undertake a task for which they had a penchant, if not a capacity. Nor had he those high hopes of a world made safe for democracy, particularly German democracy, which earnest-minded people have attributed to him. He was prepared to fight, and to sacrifice his life, for the security of his country and the destruction of the militarism which happened to threaten it. But his interest in democracy has been exaggerated. He would have been shocked had he realised that his late enemies were being 'kicked when they were down,' but, as the British Army was not engaged in that pursuit on the Rhine, it did not occur to him that the process was being pursued in the interminable clauses of a treaty. The bickerings among the men who won the

[illegible] they have been [illegible] place that the soldier has hardly been able to afford them.

Unemployment is another matter. Here the soldier has real excuse for bitterness. He realises that the soldier must take his share of the unemployment brought about by hard times, but he has reason to believe, and good reason, that he has been called upon to shoulder a disproportionate share of the onerous burdens of peace. The brunt has fallen, moreover, as it fell in the war, on the infantry. The man who made munitions, and the man with a trade, who found his way during the war for the most part into the Royal Engineers, Royal Army Service Corps and other technical services, has been absorbed without difficulty into industry. The infantry were drawn largely from the ranks of the general labourer, and they included a vast body of men who might have entered a skilled trade, but forfeited their chance by joining the Army as soon as they became of military age. It is an unhappy thought that many of the men who never lost heart in the darkest hours of 1918 fighting their country's enemies, have been brought almost to despair in the face of another enemy, an enemy which must be fought without the support either of the old comradeship or of the old faith. England may well bow her head in shame at the thought of her 22,000 disabled unemployed.

It is true that disillusion has been brought about to a limited extent by that forgetfulness and neglect. But the soldier knows that much has been done, and the great majority of his comrades have found employment, and even among those who have not there is an amazing absence of genuine bitterness. Indeed, a clear view of the war, unobscured by bitterness, is quite common among soldiers, and if at any time in the future literature is to enable posterity to see the war steadily and to see it whole, the soldier is more likely to provide the material than the non-combatant. The Armies of 1914 were on the whole free from bitterness. Of chivalry as the sense understood by romantic mediaevalists, there was none, except perhaps in the clean warfare of the air. But there was respect for an enemy whose bravery, tenacity, and devotion to his country were not in doubt. Among the fighting men bitterness was least; it increased steadily through the various degrees of security until genuine ferocity was achieved by non-combatants who had neither part nor lot in the war. Men whose business it was to take another man's life were not interested in taking away also his character. Men and women who had sent their sons to the war, and lived in ever-present anxiety, often to be resolved only by a life-long sorrow, did not forget that there were men and women among their

[illegible] whose duty [illegible] Bitterness is more often caused by frustration than by suffering. Those to whom the tragedy of the war was most keen reached heights of suffering and sorrow which were far beyond the range of bitterness.

The soldier has other memories of which he prefers to say nothing. He may deny that there is a debt owing to him from his country; but he is deeply conscious that he owes a debt, and one which cannot ever be fully paid, to the dead. He knows well that in the main they were the best, the natural leaders. The cliffs of Gallipoli, the slag-heaps of Loos, the chalk uplands of the Somme hold for ever the citizen armies of August and September 1914—the men to whom the dreadful necessities of the hour were most immediately clear, the advance guard of a nation in arms. In those armies were the men of whom we stand in such crying need to-day—the fearless, the disinterested, the eager. The leadership which the possession of those qualities naturally conferred upon them brought with it almost certain death. How well we remember those men, who would not be denied, the first to volunteer for a hazardous enterprise, the last to leave the untenable position! Wounded time and again, they returned to the front; disabled for infantry fighting, they took up flying; reduced to a sedentary life, they insisted on following it in kite balloons. In March 1918 the corridors of the War Office were filled with discharged and disabled men demanding to be sent back to their old regiments. Is it small wonder that these, the natural aristocracy of their generation, are but a memory? We who are left know well that we would not be here if we had been as good men as they, and we falter on a path which under their leadership we had once the courage to follow. Remembering them, we may recapture a little of the moral of this island race at the moment of its greatest peril and highest achievement:

> Thank Him, who sent us here and roughly set
> His Britons in blown seas and storming showers,
> We have a voice with which to pay the debt
> Of boundless love and reverence and regret
> To those great men who fought and kept it ours.

We have a voice, we who are left, for we have but to name our friends, and the memories which their names evoke are more eloquent than poetry. But there is no voice which can tell our story to those who come after us; the men who might have had that power are dead, their voices are stilled for ever. Lord Plumer is right: 'He is not missing. He is here.' But he is here only so long as his memory rests in the minds of those who were intimate with him whether in the home or on the battlefield.

When the generation who fought the war is dead much will perish which might be of value to those who come after us. Is no record to be left?

Records there are in thousands in the form of letters and diaries. No one will ask that the letters may be published; they were intended usually for one person alone. The diaries are for the most part unsuited to publication; they lack literary form. Yet, rough as they are, they may be of interest, and at some future date may be of service, if a writer of genius should attempt to set on the stage the lofty scene of the Great War, as in *The Dynasts* Thomas Hardy has set the Napoleonic Wars for our contemporaries.

In this conviction I have set down in these pages a record of undistinguished service in Belgium, France, and Italy of a soldier whose highest command was that of a company of infantry. My hope is that its publication may induce other soldiers of wider experience and greater literary merit to put on record their memories of the war. The great tragic dramas of literature are said to purge the emotions through pity and fear. Tragic experience has surely no less power. The record of it may help our children: we could not save ourselves, we may yet save them.

Now when the flame they watch not towers
About the soil they trod,
Lads, we'll remember friends of ours
Who shared the work with God.

To [illegible] that land [illegible] right,
To bide that land these brave,
The [illegible] and home brought,
Themselves they could not save.

C. O. G. DOUIE.

THE PRAYER BOOK AND THE LAITY

THE Dean of Winchester has ably discussed this crisis from the point of view of a moderate-minded dignitary of the Church; and the Editor now permits me to urge certain considerations from a different standpoint. Not that the Dean does not frequently express the feelings common to both clergy and loyal laity; but, in the nature of the case, there are lay points of view unrepresented in his article, so that, for the sake of a balance and justice, I am here permitted to suggest things which, though they are perhaps fundamental, are too often left out of sight. I will try, therefore, to say what I believe the majority of the laity to be thinking—not only the very numerous non-Anglican laity, but even the majority within the fold. I do not for a moment mean that most of them would analyse the situation in the same way, or give the same reasons; but I do think that, at the back of what is sometimes dismissed as a no-Popery agitation conducted by ignorant people, there is a state of mind far more closely in touch with the realities of this world and the next than the state of mind revealed by the Deposited Book. Thousands of Anglicans would echo, if not with the same emphasis, what has recently been written by a distinguished Presbyterian who, until this vote of the Commons, was generously anxious to give the bishops their chance:

> The root mistake which has been made has been, I think, that the revision has all through been directed under the aim of pacifying all parties within the Church, rather than under the aim of expressing the true and fundamental character of the nation's religious life.[1]

If the adverse vote came as an immense surprise, this was mainly because bishops and priests in general knew so little of the inmost feelings of their flock. Neither here nor elsewhere let me seem to underestimate what the clergy have done or are doing for the country. There have probably been few societies, in any age, in which the mass of the clergy were more respected, or deserved more respect, than the Anglicans of to-day. But everywhere they have been tempted, like other folk, to a class-narrowness which sometimes puts artificial barriers between them and public

[1] Dr Carnegie Simpson, British Weekly, January 26.

opinion. The Great War, as many of them frankly confessed, revealed suddenly and brutally a number of thoughts which the clergy, if they had really sought plain speech from men whom they could personally trust, might have discovered a whole generation earlier, and at far less expense. And, on a much smaller scale, the Commons' vote has been as rude a shock. This is sometimes confessed in so many words; but it is implied in almost every letter or article on this subject.

The word 'Disestablishment' is now being freely used on both sides; but is it too late to beg of the Assembly, and the bishops behind the Assembly, that they will consider long and seriously what this would mean in practice? Its effects may be studied in France by all who care to use their eyes and to talk with the people. On one Sunday morning's ride in Normandy, three years ago, I passed five churches; only three of them had any service whatever on that day. An orthodox Catholic informed me last year that in the Marne district there were often three or even four village churches with only one priest between them. Cathedrals and great churches are placarded with a piteous cry for ordinands; 3000 churches (so says this appeal) are now without priests. The towns do not suffer so much; money can be raised there, but not in the villages. If this is so in the French Church, with only a very small minority of other religious competitors for public subscriptions, and with the Catholic's unique opportunities of putting pressure upon the lay conscience, especially at the approach of death or for relief of souls in Purgatory, how can we expect much more success in Great Britain? The disappearance of the village parson would be deeply regretted by many thinking people who are indifferent or even hostile to Anglican theology. He is the natural point round which all the beneficent work of the village can crystallize; and though of late years there has been a visible tendency for such public activities to work independently of the parson, yet even those who look forward to the final consummation of this process would hardly deny that in the present generation, at least, his disappearance would seriously weaken civilization. An eminent agnostic, Mr Havelock Ellis, has analysed scientifically the parentage of all persons celebrated enough to have found room in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He found that the sons of the clergy enjoy a pre-eminence which he characterizes as 'phenomenal'; they produce more great men than the sons of lawyers, doctors, and officers put together.[1] And Thomas Hardy, in 1922, remarked to Professor J. H. Morgan

[1] *A Study of National Genius.* A full summary of his results may be found in *The Nineteenth Century* for February 1926 by the present Dean of Durham, entitled 'The Children of the Clergy'.

I [illegible] in going to church. It is a moral drill, and people [illegible] something. If there is no church in a country village, there is nothing; the liturgy of the Church of England is a noble thing.[3]

The breakdown of the Church in the villages might very well ha[ve] equally far-reaching consequences, though not so immediate[ly] obvious, with the supersession of parliamentary government b[y] the trade unions. This, by itself, ought to expose the danger o[f] fighting for all or nothing: let us discourage all mere slogan[s]. For economic forces are very real; and bare good intention[s], narrowly concentrated upon an object ardently desired for th[e] moment, are apt to find themselves in painful conflict wit[h] economic laws. It is true that the early Christians, unendowe[d] and unprotected by the State, or even persecuted by the State, not only held their ground but won their way, for they had th[e] victorious spirit. Doubtless, therefore, if the Holy Spirit i[s] equally definitely guiding our bishops and the new Prayer Book they will succeed against all economic disadvantages. But le[t] them count the cost before they join battle; let them ask them-selves (to borrow Abraham Lincoln's reminder) not so much 'Is God on my side?' as 'Am I on God's side?'

We may begin with what is admittedly the worst crux at present, 'Reservation.' There is a general feeling that the bishops here, if they have not actually thought confusedly, have expressed themselves with a fatal want of clarity. The needs of the sick had always been put in the foreground until the blow came, but now the Bishop of Ripon writes:

> The laity [in the Assembly] contented themselves with stating their willingness to accept a measure of Reservation for the sick only if, in the opinion of the bishops, this would make for peace and order in the Church. They had no opportunity of discussing the bishops' proposals, save when they could only reject them by rejecting the measure as a whole.[4]

This heavily discounts the complaint that Parliament has overridden 'the deliberate judgment of the Church of England.'[5] Moreover, that 'street accident' excuse is now being practically abandoned[6]; yet, even now, some at least of the bishops are attempting to force Reservation through, not by logic, but by threats:

[3] *The Times*, January 19, 1928.

[4] *The Times*, January 28.

[5] *E.g.*, Bishop of Durham, University Sermon at Cambridge, January 29. Compare the admirable answer in *The Times*, February 6, signed by five Cambridge Divinity Professors, a college dean, and a college chaplain.

[6] *The Times*, leader of January 21; *cf.* letters from Rev. B. Pollard, January 27 (only seven emergency cases out of 1681 bedside communions), and from Rev. W. L. Cooke, January 28. (Roman Catholic Church, in emergency cases, allows priest to break his fast.)

[If many thoughtful people of the younger generation] find that, on a point of grave importance, the Church is prepared to change its opinions in obedience to the House of Commons, they will seek some other body to which they may render their allegiance.'[3]

But it is precisely in the name of such thoughtful younger people, with whom my work brings me sometimes into intimate contact, that I should venture to cross-question the Bishop. The younger generation are indulgent to their elders' mistakes, but rightly suspicious of an elder who feels he will be lost if he admits his errors.

The question falls naturally under three heads, which defenders of Reservation commonly confuse, and with fatal results. There is, first, the mere question of removing the consecrated elements from the altar to any other place; that, already, may be called Reservation. Secondly, there is the placing of such reserved elements in some public place, practically always with a light or some such conspicuous advertisement, where those who will may come and adore them. Thirdly, there is the holding of 'Benediction,' or similar formal liturgical services, in connexion with these reserved elements. The first of these would almost certainly have been passed by Parliament, urged as it was on the plea of necessity for the sick. The second is obviously something very different; orthodox mediæval philosophy, for instance, defended such worship against heretical accusations of idolatry on the plea that Transubstantiation had actually taken place. The third is a comparative novelty even in the Roman Church; and, even among our bishops, all, or nearly all, would refuse to license it. Thus, for practical purposes, it is only the second kind which is here in dispute. *The Times*, generously favourable to the bishops, confessed that their original demand for Reservation 'was not based at bottom on the necessities of the sick at all. In this highly complicated situation it might perhaps have been wiser to make a more candid statement of old divisions and illegalities, for which some of the bishops themselves must bear a heavy weight of responsibility.'[4] And, even after the Archbishops' official 'explanatory revision,' the writer asks: 'Cannot the process of explanation be carried now to a point at which honest doubters would have no room for misconception?' Yet there is still a painful lack of clearness in some episcopal letters to the Press. While the Bishop of Norwich tells us plainly that 'Reservation in church must lead to adoration' (*The Times*, January 26), his brother of Gloucester stoutly maintains: 'There is a continuous tradition in favour of Reservation in East and

[3] Bishop of Gloucester's letter to *The Times*, February 4. Compare the Bishop of Liverpool (February 7).

[4] Leader of January 21.

[illegible]. It is in every true sense of the word a Catholic custom' (ibid., February 4).

Let us take the classical definition of *Catholic* by St. Vincent of Lérins: 'What has been believed everywhere, what [has been believed] always, what [has been believed] by all.' Can Reservation for adoration be brought by any reasonable methods among the customs held 'everywhere, always, and by all'? Let us assume that our earliest surviving notice, in Justin Martyr, really represents the earliest practice; a very generous assumption, since it was written some 110 years after the first Eucharist; and Justin's ritual of 140 A.D. may have differed as much from St Peter's and St. Paul's as the average Anglican ritual of to-day differs from the days before a single *Tract for the Times* had been written (1833). But, taking Justin's evidence without criticism, we find that, after the Eucharistic service, the deacons (or possibly the communicants themselves) carried portions away 'to those not present.'[9] Tertullian (200 A.D.) shows us that there were some worshippers who carried the Bread away from the Lord's Table to nibble at home before their meals; and that others brought it away and reserved it apparently for their own convenience. A book of ritual of about 220 A.D. advises the faithful that the Eucharist was an antidote to bodily poison, and the book's warnings about reserving it suggest anything but reverent treatment on the part of a certain number of Christians. St. Cyprian (250 A.D.) tells a tale in which a woman keeps some of the consecrated bread in a chest at home. This was very likely for purposes of exorcism; the inscription on a leaden tablet which has survived from about the same time is sometimes interpreted as containing a spell worked by means of the Elements. Certainly something of this spirit transpires from an anecdote in the works of St. Ambrose (380 A.D.). The saint's own brother, in the face of imminent shipwreck, begged a piece of the Consecrated Bread, tied it in a napkin round his neck, and was thereby enabled to come safe to land.[10] Our first notices of Reservation in the Church itself, dating from this same century, show the Elements kept in the vestry. The Principal of Pusey House has, indeed, claimed that St. Gregory of Nazianzus (370 A.D.) supplies, for the Eastern Church, an example of the Elements kept upon the altar. But he does this only by interpreting in his own favour every point on which St. Gregory is silent; and his preconceptions tempt him into translating *or*, in a crucial passage, as *and*. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., has given good reasons for supposing that this lady who came down at midnight to the altar did not, in fact, find

[9] Full quotations and discussion by Professor F. C. Burkitt in a letter to *The Times*, February 3.

[10] Migne, *P. L.*, vol. xvi., cols. 1360–2.

[illegible] felt about for a few crumbs or a few drops of wine, left lying there, which she then mingled with her jewels.[18] Dr. Stone's interpretation would leave this incident unique; Father Thurston's is in full harmony with what we know from other sources, that the meticulous methods of comparatively modern times were at that date unknown. The Bread was broken between the fingers from a large loaf, and carried about in wicker receptacles after consecration. St. Jerome (400 A.D.) praises a saintly bishop for his unassuming simplicity: 'He used to carry the Lord's Body in a basket of osier.' There is no evidence for praying before the Elements reserved on the altar during the first ten Christian centuries, that is, not until an age when Church history, by the confession of one of the most distinguished Fathers of Trent, had become so corrupted by inventions and forgeries that good Christians must be ashamed to contrast their own falsehoods with the sincere efforts of ancient pagan writers to tell the truth.[19] Professor Burkitt writes no more than the bare truth: 'I venture to think that the Reservation practised by the ancient Church was not of a kind which any existing party would really care to adduce as a valid or seemly precedent for the present day.'

By what juggling with words, then, can any man claim Catholicity for a custom which has so little of 'everywhere, always and by all'? Not only extremists, but bishops, and even bishops reputed as historians, have too long stood before the public as supporters of comparative novelties under this flimsy cloak of antiquity. And they do it by glossing St. Vincent's words in a fashion which would practically enable anything to be read in any sense, at the expositor's momentary fancy or convenience.

Let us take the latest conspicuous expositor of that Vincentian canon, Dr. N. P. Williams, Regius Professor of Theology at Oxford, in his *Bampton Lectures* (1927). He begins by begging us not to be so simple as to demand all three of these conditions which Vincent seems so clearly to bind together. The three (he says) 'do not constitute one single criterion,' but only 'three loosely-connected and potentially alternative criteria' (p. 186). It need hardly be pointed out how entirely the intention of any law might be frustrated by dismissing as 'potentially alternative' any single clause which embarrasses us; and indeed Dr. Williams, though he thus argues for taking these three clauses disjunctively, is twice betrayed into conjoining them naturally like other folk, and writing 'ubique, semper, *et* ab omnibus' (pp. 313, 396; *cf.* p. 187). But let us follow his exegesis farther. Having thus got

[18] *Journ. Theol. Studies*, January 1910, p. 275.
[19] Melchior Canus. *De Locis Theologicis* (1550), lib. xi.

[illegible]

Given this method of employing the formula [illegible], it might very plausibly be urged that the term [illegible] be interpreted in a grossly literal, mechanical and numerical [illegible] include all Christians without exception, no matter how ignorant and unprogressive many of them may be; but that it should rather be restricted to designating the intellectually vital and fruitful areas of Christendom, which until recently were confined to Western Christendom, Catholic and Reformed.

Yet even this explanation, violently as it wrenches the text, will not really help us with Reservation for adoration. That practice has left no trace for nearly ten centuries, and it was emphatically repudiated at the Reformation. Why does the Bishop of Gloucester make this astounding claim? and why have his brethren allowed a whole party in the Church to base themselves so long upon anarchy and private judgment under this slogan of 'Catholicity' that it is now very difficult for them to recede? Have we not here one reason why so little response has been awakened by the cry of 'Trust the bishops'? Not, of course, that the average Anglican communicant knows these awkward historical facts, though a good many agnostics and secularists may. But the average layman has a vague feeling, only too much justified, that he cannot trust the bishops and the clergy to be experts in their own job, as he trusts his banker. No doubt our banker is not infallible; but at least he has a fund of sound theory, tested inexorably by daily experience which puts him immeasurably above the man in the street.

I have deliberately chosen the word slogan; for there is a painfully close parallel between this cleavage here and the cleavage between miners and country in 1926. The ideal of *Catholicity* is noble, yet is as dangerous in thoughtless or prejudiced hands as *Nationalisation*. The case which Chancellor Srawley quotes from Eusebius (about 250 A.D.; *The Times*, February 13) does not imply that the priest reserved bread elsewhere than in his own house. In each case there has grown up a sort of State within the State, a numerous and important class bound together by tradition and interest. Thus they generate a Public Opinion of their own within Public Opinion as a whole, and are gradually tempted to mistake their own class ideas for what the country thinks, or at least ought to think. There was wide and deep public sympathy for the miners personally, even when they came so hopelessly into conflict with the will of the nation. For the extremist clergy, again, there is even more individual sympathy now, in spite of their repetition of the same fatal tactics. In the parliamentary debates there was a definite attempt to beat down all resistance by means of

[illegible] you must accept our proposals as a whole or not at all.' And (another coincidence which is doubtless mainly accidental, yet to which psychological causes may well have contributed also in some real degree) the most enthusiastic non-clerical supporter of the clergy is the same prominent lawyer who was a most enthusiastic non-mining supporter of the miners, Sir Henry Slesser. His intervention on this present occasion is even more significant, perhaps, than in the miners' case; for he has helped to show how meanly Anglo-Catholics are frequently qualified to lay down the law, even on those points on which they claim special and expert authority We have seen that, to a mediæval theologian, the one thing which rebutted the accusation of idolatry against such adoration before the Red Lamp as is frequently taught nowadays was the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Sir Henry, therefore, sends a letter to *The Times* (November 11) upon this subject. In his very heading he takes high ground; he is writing to correct 'an old confusion of terms.' Then he goes on (italics mine):

> So great a *confusion of thought*, and so great an *ignorance of history*, manifest themselves in connexion with the discussion on the doctrine of Transubstantiation that, *purely for the purpose of clarifying the problem*, I venture to make a few remarks. The doctrine of Transubstantiation which received its final form at the Council of Trent was *not* an affirmation that the properties of the Sacrament suffered any material change on consecration, but was, in reality, directed against that view. . . . It is quite clear that the Elizabethan reformers were wofully ignorant of mediæval philosophy.

It is a bold thing to accuse the Reformers of ignorance here; for probably all of them knew that Wycliffe, one of the acutest scholastic philosophers of his day, had repudiated Transubstantiation on philosophical grounds. Some may well have known also that Albert the Great, the master of St. Thomas Aquinas (1250), while believing in the change of substance as the Church bade him, owned that 'all philosophy seems to be against it.' Therefore Sir Hall Caine wrote to point out that Sir Henry, while pleading 'let us at least get down to realities,' was in fact wandering away from them. Here Sir Henry became still more magisterial. Sir Hall, he suggested (November 18), had not sufficiently understood

> the language of the Council of Trent on which I based my proposition that the doctrine of Transubstantiation as there laid down *denied* any *material* change in consecration. . . . The first limb [of the Council's Canon] *asserts* 'that the substance of the Bread and Wine remain, together with the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist.' Thus the Canon *asserts* that the appearances, accidents or species of Bread and Wine *remain*; and these are, in Aristotelian philosophy, *just those qualities which constitute materiality*.

It will scarcely be believed that this first limb of the well-known Trent decree which Sir Henry claims in support of his case does in fact assert the exact opposite. Sir Henry—a most extraordinary lapse in a trained lawyer—has actually brought forward, as a doctrine *decreed* by that Council, the doctrine which it goes out of its way to *anathematise*. If he had lived in those days, and been no better advised than when he wrote this letter, he would have mistaken for a direction-post to Heaven what was in fact a danger-warning against Hell.

But evidently some friend intervened, for next day's *Times* contained a brief and inconspicuous correction, with a plea that 'this mistake does not, of course, affect the argument in any way.' Yet in truth it affects it very greatly, and, as I write from the point of view of those who expect vouchers for the assertions that the real trouble is the ignorance of the laity, let us look a little farther here. Sir Henry asserts twice over that the Roman theory of Transubstantiation denies 'any *material* change in the consecration.' The term itself, of course, asserts a change of *substance;* but, by a process of crude and evidently muddled reasoning, Sir Henry assures himself and his readers that, while the substance of the Bread changes, its matter remains unchanged. Yet what did the great philosophers of the Middle Ages think? The Universal Doctor, Alan of Lille (1180), says quite plainly 'both the matter and the substantial form are changed' (Migne, *P.L.*, vol. ccx., col. 360). So do Cardinal Stephen Langton (1220) and Pierre de Poitiers about the same time; so, again, more authoritative than any other, St. Thomas Aquinas: 'Neither the matter remains, nor the substantial form.'[18] Into such ludicrous absurdities does Sir Henry fall, while appealing to Catholic philosophy against the Elizabethan Reformers!

Nor can we trust even the bishops on certain simple and fairly familiar points in their own Church history. The Bishop of Exeter, it is true, joins the Commons in pleading for effective discipline over disobedient priests. He writes (*The Times*, January 26):

The loyal man who has obeyed his Bishop at the cost of considerable unpopularity with a certain section of his congregation finds his position untenable if the neighbouring parish has not only disobeyed his Bishop, but prospered by so doing. On the other hand the Bishop is most unwilling to discover breaches of the law which he knows he cannot enforce, and unless the matter is brought directly before him he will take no action. Later on he may deny responsibility, while the clergyman, on the other hand, will maintain that what was done was done so publicly that it must have been done with the knowledge of his Bishop. I have been over 40 years a parish clergyman and Bishop, and again and again I have seen this sad farce of Church discipline played through, and I apprehend that it will

[18] For these see Vacant and Mangenot's *Dictionary*, vol. v., pp. 1299–1307.

tend to be more frequent rather than less with the new Book. . . . I suggest, therefore, that the funds of the Church which are administered centrally, and which now form the vast majority of the endowments, shall not be paid until the clergyman has signed a declaration that he has carried on the services of the Church in accordance with the present Prayer-book Measure. This would include both the old and the new Prayer-book. I would require that the Bishop should countersign that declaration. Suitable appeals would be allowed to the clergyman if the signature was refused.

The Bishop of Southwark asks pathetically in *The Times* whether it is reasonable to enforce any such obedience, seeing that there are already 600 churches where Reservation for adoration is practised (the Principal of Pusey House accuses him of minimising, and claims 1000). Yet the Bishop of Gloucester claims to stand, not on those grounds of present expediency, but on the sounder foundation of history (*ibid*, January 25):

> The Anglo-Catholics are no more law-breakers than the early Christians who were put to death in the name of the law, or the followers of Wycliffe, or the Puritans under Laud, or the Wesleyans . . The law [which disciplines these men] must be the law of the Church and not of the State.

To most readers this comparison with the martyrdom of early Christians, or the burning of Wycliffites, must seem a very desperate and futile shift. Under his brother of Exeter's suggestion the worst that could happen to any priest would be that he would have entered into a state of liberty which the early Christians or Wycliffites or Puritans would have welcomed as the coming of a New Jerusalem: freedom of person, free teaching and preaching, no material or legal obstacle between their doctrines and the conversion of the world. What restrictions would our modern priests feel except those common to all citizens of a civilised State? True, they would cease to receive money for teaching what the nation in general disapproves, nor would they enjoy a rank in this particular Anglican army unless they could stoop to obey their generals. It is not by such superficial arguments from history that the Commons will be persuaded; and therefore it is to be hoped that the Church Assembly may approach the historical question in a more critical spirit than has been shown hitherto.

G. G. COULTON.

THE FRENCH EFFORT IN NORTH AFRICA

NOT quite a year ago French and British oversea adminstrators met in social converse at Paris. The occasion, a banquet given by the Union Coloniale Française to men of high distinction in a common field of activity, could not fail to be interesting. It was made more interesting by the ability of the English Colonial Secretary to follow the speeches of M. François Marsal, the President of the Union, and M. Poincaré with another in the language of the country. Nor was this merely a fresh instance of Mr. Amery's linguistic facility The speech was marked by a warm appreciation of Anglo-French co-operation, and a comparison of the colonial methods and responsibilities of the French and British nations. Our Empires, he said, like the Gaul of Julius Cæsar, could be considered under three heads. Under the first were French North Africa and the British self-governing Dominions; under the second, Indian empires where we each had to deal with a civilisation more ancient than our own and hearts disdainful of European tutelage; and under the third, the colonial empires, properly so-called, of each in Africa and elsewhere. But while in the two latter spheres the conditions and administrative problems by which each nation was confronted were comparable and often identical, in those of the first they were widely dissimilar. There each nation had tasks peculiar to herself. France had nothing corresponding to the British self-governing Dominions; England had nothing quite the same as French North Africa.

A glance at the map and some recollection of the extraordinary vicissitudes of which the western half of Mediterranean Africa has been the scene gives, perhaps, a clearer idea of the unique character of France's work than a detailed study of the events of the French occupation. Africa Minor is separated from Sicily, and thereby, except for the narrow straits of Messina, from Italy, by ninety, and from Spain by fifteen, miles of Mediterranean waters. For a good thousand years it shared the life of southern Europe. It gave Cæsars to Rome; the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession and *The City of God* to Christendom. The purest survivals of the Berbers, its indigenous population,

remain to this day white, not brown or black. For three centuries, after the Mohammedan conquest, it was politically one with Moslem Spain; for another three centuries it was the asylum of the splendid Arabic-Berber civilisation of the Empire of the Two Shores. In the sixteenth century the kingdoms into which that empire had dissolved were driven into piracy and degradation by the action of the Christian Powers of Europe in closing their Mediterranean ports to the formerly active commerce of Moslem Africa; and when in 1830 France took hold of Barbary, there remained of the Græco-Roman age only the tradition, and of the Arabic-Berber civilisation some faint survivals in the coastal towns. And with them, the anarchy, squalor and penury to which the venal rule of the Turk and isolation from European intercourse had brought the peoples of the land. To this derelict lost province of Europe France could bring all that the West had gained in knowledge and experience since the birth of the modern era. Rome was dead, but the tradition of Rome and the European connexion remained. As the majestic proportions of the amphitheatre of Thysdrus efface the squalors of el Djem, so from Volubilis to Carthage the memory of the Roman past dominates and ennobles the nascent and incongruous present. By Roman methods the Arabic-Berber civilisation, faintly surviving, could be nursed to vigour, a European population could be introduced once more, and the progress of both supported by the resources and equipment of a great modern State. In a word, Africa Minor could be won back for Europe.

Little enough of these high aims was before the Cabinet of Charles X. when on January 31, 1830, it was at last decided that troops must be sent to Algiers The two circumstances which had forced the decision were unexpected and unwelcome. Polignac's ingenious plan of employing Mohammed Ali to restore order in Algeria was upset by the Sultan's refusal to allow his powerful vassal to undertake the task; and the Dey Hussein had accompanied his rejection of the latest French overtures by a gross insult to the national flag. At all costs an end must be put to a position in which the dignity of France was compromised. But in the speech from the throne on March 3, when the Cabinet's decision was made public, there was a hint of a wider purpose. 'I cannot suffer the insult to my flag,' said Charles X., 'to go any longer unpunished. The glorious compensation that I desire, in satisfying the honour of France, will make, with the help of the Almighty, for the good of Christendom' And in Polignac's Circular Note to the Powers this higher purpose is in the ascendant. The Barbary corsairs had preyed for centuries upon the shipping of Europe. It was the object of France to put an end to the scandal—'. . . to abolish slavery and piracy,

to re-establish the security of navigation in the [illegible], and to open up its southern coasts anew to agriculture, [illegible] commerce, and the free access of all nations.'

The expedition, 37,000 strong, operating on the strategic plan prepared to meet this very contingency in the time of Napoleon was completely successful. The fleet left Toulon on May 25 was delayed by bad weather, reached the peninsula of Sidi Ferruch, fifteen miles due west of Algiers, on June 13, and at daybreak the next day the troops disembarked without opposition and entrenched themselves. Then, in the words of de Bourmont's order of the day, 'Fifteen days sufficed for the destruction of a State whose existence had burdened Europe for three centuries.'

Four years passed, and two commissions reported in favour of retaining the country, before the Ministry of Louis Philippe resigned itself to the unwanted task. The same sense of dignity which had sent the French flag to Algiers kept it there. The decision to remain was due not to any clear perception of the material advantages it promised, still less to any realisation of the civilising mission it entailed, but to a mere everyday sentiment of patriotism, *l'amour-propre national*. To withdraw, after what had happened, was a recognition of failure, an admission of incompetence. Few Frenchmen liked the thought of it. To the *vœu national* in this sense the Royal Ordinance of July 22, 1834, gave effect; and a government-general of the 'French Possessions in the north of Africa' was set up.

Then for many years, in M. Jules Cambon's phrase, France 'groped her way' in North Africa. In 1834 powerful voices still demanded evacuation. To appease them the Ministers of Louis Philippe promised to confine the French administration to the six coast towns already occupied with the more or less protected areas behind them, and to trust to alliances with the surviving Turkish authorities and the native chiefs for the maintenance of order and the extension of French influence outside these areas. In six years the *occupation restreinte* was declared by Bugeaud a 'chimera, and a dangerous chimera.' In three years more a third of the entire French army were on the heels of Abd el Kader. None the less, in the six and a half years of Marshal Bugeaud's governor-generalship (1841–47) the solid foundations of Algeria were laid. With the *occupation totale* and *domination absolue*, State Colonisation, military and civil, had begun in earnest. *Colonisation*, said Bugeaud, *gardera la conquête*.

Thus, within ten years of the taking of Algiers, France stood committed to absolute conquest, total occupation, and the reintroduction of a European population. All three proved to be lengthy and onerous processes. There were changes of purpose

and of system. The 'man on the spot' was little regarded and local conditions were often completely ignored. 'Divergences of opinion' between Algiers and Paris were sharper and more frequent than between Cape Town and London, and more reputations were buried in North than in South Africa. Nor did the colonists fare better. 'Nothing thrives in Algiers but the cemeteries,' was the report they sent home. Yet somehow, with loss of lives and treasure, with domestic heart-burnings and foreign estrangements, under Monarchy, Empire, and Republic the work went on. Ministers were taught by the logic of facts; colonists were seized by a passion for the 'bled'; the Arabs and Berbers found that the employment provided by European enterprise brought them a better livelihood than the lands they had staked and lost in useless revolts. With the consolidation of her rule in Algeria France gained confidence in herself, and a larger and more assured conception of the duties that awaited her. Jules Cambon, succeeding Bugeaud after half a century, speaks with this new accent. To the Senate (May 30, 1893):

> Ce que Rome, ce que Byzance, ce que les Turcs et les Arabes n'ont pas pu réaliser au cours de tant de siècles, ce n'est pas après soixante ans que nous pouvons nous vanter d'être à même de l'accomplir . .

And to the Chamber of Deputies (February 22, 1895):

> Le gouverneur général n'est plus seulement un administrateur de la côte de la Méditerranée; le gouverneur général est autre chose: il est le collaborateur du Gouvernement dans l'œuvre de civilisation que la France poursuit en Afrique

With this fuller realisation of the significance of her task, France undertook new responsibilities Taught by experience that Africa Minor was one country—a geographical and political entity—to Algeria, she added Tunis in 1881 and Morocco in 1912, applying to both the wise system of a protectorate. Between the two the conquest, physical and political, of 'the South,' necessary for the peace of all three countries, was achieved; and the tricolour was carried into regions far beyond the outposts of the Roman Africa.

To-day the rule of France extends (apart from international Tangier and the Spanish zones in Morocco) from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Tunis, and from the Mediterranean to her own Sahara. Thousands of miles of roads and railways, harbours, and all manner of works of public utility have been constructed; great European towns have been built; among French ports Algiers is third. Where, a century ago, a handful of officials and merchants were the sole Europeans, there are now well over a million; and, broadly speaking, one-tenth of the total population of Africa

Minor is European. Here is the crowning achievement of France In Jules Cambon's words, 'C'est qu'à dire vrai, la part maîtresse de notre œuvre en Afrique, c'est la colonisation ; c'est à elle qu'il faut ramener tout le reste'

Just how all this work of conquest and diplomacy was done we cannot now stop to inquire. It is enough to know that it was done; and that while France sometimes paid dearly for her experience, she made good use of it In Algeria she has welded earlier and inconsistent systems of administration into one which, while still faulty, can be adapted meantime to the conditions of the country and its peoples In Tunis and Morocco she has left the mass of the native population to the Moorish Governments which were still in being, and while gradually improving the personnel and methods of these Governments, has given the Europeans and Europeanised natives at once, but with such modifications as local conditions require, the laws and institutions of the Republic At the same time, settled principles of action, applicable *mutatis mutandis* to all three countries, for regulating the relations of the Europeans to the natives, and of both to the mother country, have been slowly formulated. The economic needs of the three countries and their inhabitants, regarded both separately and as parts of a geographical and political entity, have been learnt, the means and agencies of satisfying them investigated, and the principles upon which these means and agencies can be applied most effectively have been determined. The work of France has not yet been accomplished, but enough has been done to permit us to distinguish the factors which promote or oppose her efforts, and to estimate the prospect of her ultimate attainment of those larger purposes which the history of the past and her own high ideals alike impose upon her

There are two processes by which, either singly or in conjunction, Africa Minor can be brought again within the sphere of European civilisation. They are:

(1) To repeople it with a European population ; or

(2) To raise the political and economic capacity of the native population to the European level.

And either of these processes carries with it a third—the furnishing of the country with an administrative organisation and a national 'plant' on the scale of a European State. All three have been, and are being, employed in varying degrees and differing methods in Algeria, Tunis and Morocco ; but it is by considering the work which France has done already in relation to the two first that her prospect of final success can best be measured.

Of the European population of French North Africa (approximately 1,150,000) three-fourths are in Algeria. For the present, at any rate, Algeria is the main seat, and the 872,439 Algerians

(of whom 690,124 are returned (1926) as French and 182,307 as foreigners) are the chief representatives of the population introduced by France to restore Africa Minor to Europe. Here therefore, if anywhere, we may hope to learn something of the character of the young neo-Latin people of which French writers are already speaking The census returns of the last hundred years [1] tell us a good deal. From the first France opened the doors of Algeria to Mediterranean Europe, and some part of the stream of emigration to America was diverted to North Africa. Ten years after the occupation the European population numbered 25,000, of whom 11,000 were French. In 1851 it had increased to 131,000, with one half French By 1854 the new stock had taken root, and from that year onwards the factor of natural increment appears. The twenty years 1870–90 were marked by a notable accession of European population After the Franco-German War 22,000 French refugeesc ame from Alsace-Lorraine. Native insurrections suppressed in 1871 left confiscated lands open to European settlement; and under the *colonisation du peuplement national* of the Third Republic settlers were recruited elsewhere in France, especially in the Mediterranean provinces. The years 1875–85 were a period of active foreign immigration. The European population rose from 250 000 in 1872 to 500,000 in 1891 Towards the end of this period, in 1886, the French and foreign elements, numbering respectively 219,071 and 203,154, were almost equal; and the latter was composed of 144,530 Spanish and 44,315 Italian settlers with 14,309 of other nationalities. But from this time onwards the 'French by origin or naturalisation' gain upon the foreigners, until in 1926 they are 690,000 to 182,000. These figures, however, do not represent, and are not intended to represent, the racial components of the present European population of Algeria By the law of 1889 the colonial-born children of colonial-born foreigners, and the colonial-born sons of a foreigner, who failed to claim their father's nationality within a year of their majority, and remained in the country, were declared to be French. The apparently disproportionate increase of the French element is due mainly to this 'automatic naturalisation'; and it is believed that while one half of the European population is of French descent, a quarter is drawn from Spain, and the remainder from Italy and other Mediterranean countries By this law of 1889 France, in identifying the strangers with her own sons, gave birth to a new European people. This people is not French, nor Spanish, nor Italian, but a compound of all these, with a tincture of the Arabic-Berber civilisation and a flavour of the sun and soil of Africa. Racial

[1] *Statistique générale de l'Algérie Direction de l'Agriculture, du Commerce et de la Colonisation*: Alger, 1924, p. 16

fusion has been made easy by affinities of [illegible] and pursuits. With few exceptions the immigrants have come from the ranks of the manual labourers; and by industry and thrift the peasants of Alicante and Calabria have prospered no less than the *vignerons* of the Midi. Their descendants, the naturalised French of to-day, take part with the French of France in the larger affairs of the country, and furnish their share of officials, lawyers and doctors, merchants, and proprietors of lands and factories. Both have become Algerians. Among the older French colonists are some who, like Jos Lavieux in *Les Colons*,[1] have never set foot on the soil of France.

> Avez-vous regardé mon père ? [the doctor son of the rich colonist asks the girl he is going to marry]. Il est l'homme des fortes luttes ; sa volonté est aussi implacable qu'un rouage de machine. Allez, il en a broyé des hommes et des choses dans sa vie ! Connait-il la France ? Il n'y fourra jamais les pieds ! Il grogne contre elle quand il n'a pas cè qu'il désire et lui impute chacun de ses déboires. Il croit à l'Algérie et ne croit pas en Dieu ; sa haute estime pour votre frère vient de ce que Jean veut créer une partie algérienne La terre à labours, la brousse à défricher, les Arabes les plus sauvages sont ses amitiés. Ah ! le type ! Il n'a jamais admis qu'on lui résistât

The figure is familiar. The Algerians feel much as other new peoples, all the world over, have felt when they first became conscious of a corporate existence and identity. Constant and often unaided conflict with the forces of Nature and alien races has made them materialists, self-reliant and confident in their own powers, impatient of any comparison of the older countries with the new one they have made their own. To their Southern blood they owe it that they are a little more arrogant in prosperity and querulous in adversity, more passionate and more intellectual, than their Anglo-Saxon compeers Their achievements in art and literature already proclaim the fertility of the hybrid. The more the 'Algerianists'[2] chafe at the authority of Paris, and the Algerians at the prevalence of French institutions, the less likely are they to submit to any other tutelage

But the area suitable for European occupation is relatively small. Three zones, differing in their physical conditions and running parallel to the Mediterranean coast across the political boundaries, make Africa Minor physically not one, but three countries. They are—(1) the fertile and well-watered coastal regions, which form part of the basin of the Mediterranean and are known as 'the Tell': (2) southward and above it, the table-lands of the Atlas ranges, with an average elevation of 3000 feet;

[1] *Les Colons*, by Robert Randau.

[2] This name is assumed by a group of (mainly) colonial-born writers in Algeria, of whom 'Randau' (Arnaud), quoted above, is one.

a wild country with a poor soil, subject to extremes of heat and cold, and suitable, not for intensive culture, but for stock-raising, the 'Hauts Plateaux': and (3) still further south and below the tablelands, the barren plains, the desert, and the oases of the Sahara, which make 'le Sud.' Of these three zones only the first and narrowest, the Tell,[4] seems destined to be the seat of the European population, while in the other two, broadly four-fifths of the whole, the population will remain, as it is now, predominantly African. In the three zones there are some 12,000,000 Arabs, Arabised Berbers, and Kabyles, to whom the second of the two processes by which African Minor can be restored to Europe is being applied. Here the difficulties have been greater, the agencies employed are more recent, and progress less conspicuous.

But progress has been made. To begin with, if we except the wilder districts of Morocco, France has given the whole of this African population a greater security of life and property than it has attained for many centuries past The fellah, who lived before in perpetual fear of tribal raids and the rapacity of the tax-gatherer, can now till his land and pasture his stock with a reasonable certainty of enjoying the fruits of his labour. The pacification of the country has brought in itself, both as an incentive to industry and a prevention of the wastage of war, an appreciable increase of economic capacity. Nor does it appear that the native has been made to pay unduly in taxation for his increased security. A more probable source of detriment is the fact that in Algeria, largely through conquest and confiscation in punishment of revolts, as well as by reclamation and sale, two-thirds of the area cultivable by natives has passed into European possession. On the other hand, displaced natives are earning now in Algeria, as agricultural labourers, at the rate of 500,000,000 francs a year. And it has been computed that the native earns in wages from a vineyard in European hands six or seven times the profit that he would have made from possession of the land. Indeed, it would seem that the loss of land would have been rather beneficial than otherwise, had not another factor intervened. While the African population was kept by insurrections and famines almost stationary at some 2,000,000 up to 1872, with the effective establishment of French rule it has increased, regularly and rapidly, to over 5,000,000 in 1926,

[4] On the derivation the *New English Dictionary* is silent. Is it the Arabic *tell*—the country of artificial mounds—or the Latin *tellus*? Shaw, the British chaplain at Algiers, and F.R.S., writing in 1737, suggests the latter. 'What the *Arabs* call *Tell* or Land proper to Tillage' In this case it would be one of the rare survivals of the language of the Roumis, similar to that of the Byzantine *κανών*, still used (kanoun) by the Kabyles for the regulations of their village communities.

and shows no sign of a diminished rate of progression. Agencies are being employed to augment both the productivity and the area of the land under native occupation, but these agencies are slow-working, and it is a question whether they will keep pace with the growth of population. The danger of trouble is lessened by the circumstance that the demand for native labour in Algeria exceeds the supply. European employers have been driven already to supplement Algerian labour by additional supplies from Spain and Morocco. Moreover, employment under European supervision is in itself a civilising agency. Kimberley, it was said, was the best schoolmaster in South Africa.

In contrast to this loss of land we have a notable example of the success of French efforts to revive native agriculture in the Regency of Tunis There, a large area of domain lands locked up for over a century were released and offered for sale at 4 francs an acre to French and native planters. The result was a large expansion of olive cultivation in the neighbourhood of Sfax. At the time of the occupation (1881) the forêt de Sfax had an area of 45,000 acres under 380,000 olives; in 1922 it covered 500,000 acres and had 3 875,000 trees. To-day the forêt radiates from the town in sectors of perfectly aligned and spaced goblet-shaped olive trees, varying in length from twelve to forty miles. In a good year, such as was 1920, it yields 75,000,000 lb. of comestible oil, which, sold at 3 francs a kilo at the mill, brings in 4,000,000*l*.

In the next place, France has taken the measure of this native population. She has learnt what can and what cannot be done with it, and determined the principles of action which promise most success within the limits of the possible She knows that the vast majority of the natives are sunk in ignorance, sloth, and penury. No diagnosis could be more acidly clear than a passage in a recent report of the Education Department of Tunis.

> The Moslem population of Tunisia suffer a thousand evils: children, women, the aged, shiver naked or half-naked, trembling with fever or cold, famished: the sick are a mass of horrible wounds . . . All this physical misery, and all the moral misery which accompanies it, have the same and single source, pauperism It is because the native is poor that he is badly housed, badly clothed, badly fed, unclean and diseased. The native is poor, because he does not like, and does not know how, to work. There is a wide field for works of charity: however numerous and wealthy, they will not avail to save this race if a part of the population does not do a share of work. The mass of the natives can be rescued from the poverty which strangles them only if they themselves know, and wish to make, the indispensable effort; that is to say, if they learn to like work and if they learn how to work.

Ignorance, idleness, and the Moslem faith are the three forces which oppose the efforts of France to raise the native population

in the scale of civilisation. Of the three, the last is the most difficult to deal with. A Frenchman or an Englishman can change his religion with so little disturbance of his customary habits and pursuits that none but his intimates need know it. Not so the African who is a Moslem. For Islam is not merely his religion, but his way of life. It prescribes rules for every hour of the day, forbids him to drink alcohol, orders him to fast, to pray, to go out, or to remain indoors. Islam being what it is, the natives cannot become French (except on paper) without changing their religion; and this they cannot do, nor can the French Government, which is pledged to give absolute equality to all religions, ask them to do it. The policy of 'assimilation,' like the policy of 'domination' which preceded it, has therefore been discarded; and during the last quarter of a century France has come to rely in an increasing degree upon the indirect methods of industrial co-operation and the disinterested alleviation of material distress.

This policy of 'association' is in its essence the method of Lavigerie; and in applying it not only have the new agencies appropriate to it been employed, but the grosser incongruities of assimilation in Algeria have been removed. In 1848, under the Second Republic, Algeria was declared to be an integral part of France. It is so to-day; and although 90 per cent. of its 5,000,000 natives are illiterate, and very few can speak French, broadly speaking, one-fourth of them are living as Frenchmen among Frenchmen, with mayors and municipal councils, in the *communes de plein exercice*, and three-fourths in the *communes mixtes* as Moslem Africans, by the side of Frenchmen, in one and the same framework of French municipal institutions Two entertaining instances of the defects of this premature incorporation of the natives are given by Professor Gautier in his recent book *L'Algérie et la Métropole*. A caïd in 1913, when about to register his daughter's marriage, discovered that he had neglected to register her birth. The discovery was doubly embarrassing. As the head of the native section of the commune, he was expected to set a good example; and the neglect was punishable by a penalty of 50 francs. Obviously it would not do to draw attention to his delinquency by registering the marriage. He must have time to think it over. While he did so, Allah interposed to relieve his perplexities. His wife gave birth to a girl-child. He cheerfully registered the birth of twins. That made matters right, and the next day he went again to register the marriage. 'But,' said the registrar, 'your daughter is only a day old.' 'A day old!' returned the caïd. 'She is seventeen. Do you want to see her?'

The second is more prosaic. A native builder was summoned to the *mairie*, and asked why he had not sent in plans and

specifications of the house he was building in accordance with the municipal regulations. He promised to make good the omission. When three weeks had passed and no papers had arrived, he was summoned again. The plans were wanted, the official explained, to show that the sanitary regulations had been properly observed. 'But,' said the Arab, 'how can I bring you the plans of a house which is not yet built?'

Under the policy of association the most conspicuous defects of assimilation in Algeria have been corrected, and in particular the attempt to make native property subject to French, instead of the Koranic, law has been abandoned. But the new policy is by no means one of *laisser faire*. In Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco France maintains systems of native education. These systems, partly from lack of funds and partly from policy, do not touch the mass of the native populations. In Tunis, with a native population of 2,000,000, in 1924 there were 15,256 boys and 1571 girls in the native primary schools (*écoles franco-arabes*), and some 1500 more in the ordinary Government primary schools (*écoles françaises*); in Algeria, with 4,700,000 natives, there is provision for giving primary instruction to some 125,000 boys. In both countries there is governmental machinery for native vocational training, which, although it has a more extended range, also fails to reach the rural and nomad masses. On the other hand, French native education furnishes qualified Africans in sufficient numbers to meet the requirements of the public services and private enterprise; and the sons of well-to-do natives, and boys of special ability in the urban areas, are well provided for. There is no colour bar in Africa Minor. The admirable French schools and institutions for higher and professional education are opened as freely to native boys as are the fashionable restaurants of Algiers and Tunis to their fathers. In 1926, of the 1664 students in the University of Algiers 64 were natives, and in 1924 at the Lycée Carnot, which, in the absence of a university, furnishes the highest teaching in the regency of Tunis, there were 188 natives out of a total of 1553. Moreover, as the French agree with Lord Milner in thinking that conduct, and not colour, should be the test of fitness for political rights, education is the key by which the door to French citizenship is most readily unlocked. In Tunis and Morocco the everyday life of the mass of the native population is left to the Beylical and Shereefian administrative systems, and the field of direct French administration is correspondingly restricted, but at the same time France is preparing the way for the ultimate introduction of Western institutions by two processes. She is permeating both these native systems and their personnels with the principles and methods of French administration, and she is setting up

French institutions in districts where the population is sufficiently advanced to admit of such institutions being worked.

In Algeria, again, apart from an extended system of native poor relief and the provision of a gratuitous medical service, the native prudential societies, promoted by the Government (among more general purposes) to lessen the effects of defective harvests, could show in 1926 a membership of over 600,000. Among other measures for improving the conditions of the native population laid before the Financial Delegations by the Governor-General at the opening of last year's session was the provision of free meals for native school-children. M. Maurice Viollette's closing words are instinct with the spirit of the new policy:

> Il ne s'agit ici ni de l'œuvre d'un budget, ni d'une législation, ni peut-être d'une génération. C'est une œuvre de très longue haleine qu'il s'agit de réaliser avec des moyens financiers malheureusement très réduits. Personne ne peut penser à amener brusquement l'Algérie musulmane à réaliser un état social que l'Europe occidentale n'a pu obtenir qu'avec des siècles d'efforts patients et laborieux . . . Adoucir les misères, se pencher sur les foyers douloureux, s'efforcer de relever l'homme et de ne pas le laisser accabler par la fatalité, même si la fatalité est pour lui la conséquence de ses traditions, c'est un dernier chapitre de notre installation en Afrique à écrire. Il est indispensable pour que rien ne manque plus à la grandeur de l'œuvre et à son indestructible beauté.

France, then, it would seem, has made up her mind that if Africa Minor is to be won back to civilisation, it will be by the efforts of the European, not the native, population. And to the building up of this young neo-Latin nation she has lent, and given, of her best. Fifty years ago Frenchmen were markedly disinclined to leave their own beautiful and richly endowed homeland. To-day in family councils '*devenir colon*' ranks with the liberal professions; and it is recognised that for success in this, as in other careers, an adequate training is required. 'La colonisation est un métier qui s'apprend comme les autres. C'est même un métier complexe, et il oblige le colon à posséder des connaissances étendues.' Therefore have been built the great Institut Agricole d'Algérie at Maison-Carrée and the École Coloniale d'Agriculture at Tunis; and in them and their ancillary institutions the young Frenchman, who has chosen this career, can learn all that is essential to success. France has travelled far since the time when, fifty years ago, it was said of her that she had colonies, but no colonists. Nowhere in all her wide colonial domain has her progress been so arduous, so fruitful to herself, and so beneficial to the world at large, as in the accomplishment of the unique and supremely significant task upon which, now nearly a century ago, she embarked with such grave misgivings.

W. Basil Worsfold.

AMERICAN NAVAL POLICY

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, in his Message to Congress on December 6, declared that the United States needed 'a very substantial sea armament' He added: 'We can plan for the future and begin a moderate building programme. This country has put away the Old World policy of competitive armaments.' Eight days later (December 14) the moderate naval shipbuilding programme thus foreshadowed was submitted to Congress Covering a period of five years, it embraces seventy-one vessels, estimated to cost 148,000,000*l*. The arguments by which it is sought to justify this prodigious expansion of American naval power are evidently meant for domestic consumption, and particularly to forestall the criticism that the United States, after paying lip-service to the cause of disarmament, is about to inaugurate a new race for naval supremacy. These arguments have had little effect abroad, where the new programme is simply regarded as a triumph for the 'Big Navy' school in the United States, and as a competitive measure in every sense of the word. Like the great battleship project that was adopted soon after the war, it is designed to secure the primacy of the American Navy. No amount of propaganda can obscure this—to non-American observers—patent fact.

We are told that the strength of her navy concerns America alone, and is nobody else's business. That may be so. But in view of what has occurred in the course of the Congressional committee debates on the new programme, it is clear that this measure has a specific reference to the British Empire, which cannot, therefore, be regarded as a wholly disinterested party. The ostensible purpose of the programme is to establish 'parity' between the British and American fleets. This, it is urged, is essential to the future security of the United States, which is apparently thought to be endangered by potential enemies in Europe or Asia, although the former continent is 3000 and the latter 4000 miles distant from the American seaboard. To British naval students of strategy, at all events, the United States seems less exposed to naval attack than any other country in the world. It is vulnerable only in respect of its seaborne commerce

and certain of its detached territories; but while overseas trade is a very important element in the national prosperity, it is by no means indispensable to the national existence in war-time, and the loss of such insular possessions as are open to assault would entail nothing more serious than a forfeiture of prestige.

For these reasons the plea that the United States needs a vast naval armament for its security is unconvincing to foreign auditors. We may have our own opinion as to the true motives behind the latest programme, but to dwell upon them would serve no useful end. On the other hand, since the avowed object is to bring the United States Navy up to 'parity' with the British Navy, we are clearly entitled to examine the facts of the case in this particular connexion. The conclusion reached after a careful study of all the data is that the completion of the new building scheme will give the United States not merely equality, but a definite and very substantial margin of superiority.

The programme calls for the construction within five years of the following vessels:

25 cruisers, each of 10,000 tons 'standard' displacement, to be armed with 8 inch guns, and to cost per ship	3,400,000*l.*
9 destroyer leaders, to cost per ship	1,000,000*l.*
32 submarines, ,, ,,	1,000,000*l.*
5 aircraft carriers, ,, ,,	3,800,000*l.*

Assuming the building period to average three years, the last of these vessels should be ready for service in 1935–36.

Under the Washington Naval Treaty the battleship strength of the British and American fleets was nominally equalised, though a mathematical equality in tonnage will not be attained before 1936, when new capital ships laid down in 1931 and subsequent years have replaced a larger number of old units. It should be noted that the Treaty embodies a schedule giving the number of new ships which may be laid down year by year by each of the five signatory Powers, and specifying the number of old ships to be discarded at corresponding periods. So far as capital ships are concerned the Treaty is extremely rigid, and constitutes a most effective deterrent to competitive building. From now until 1934 the British Navy will possess twenty capital ships with an aggregate of 558,950 tons, the United States Navy eighteen capital ships with an aggregate of 525,850 tons. In round figures, therefore, we have an advantage of 33,000 tons. Broadly speaking, the American battleships are more heavily armed and have stouter protection than our own, but they are slower. They carry 192 big guns, compared with 166 in our ships. Our 166 guns are of 13·5 inch to 16 inch calibre, against 148

American guns of equivalent size, but the American fleet has in addition 44 guns of 12 inch calibre: hence its numerical superiority in gun-power. Owing to individual differences in age, tonnage, armament, protection, speed, and radius, it would be impossible to strike an exact balance between the two battle fleets. On the whole, however, they are fairly equally matched. American naval propagandists often seek to demonstrate the inferiority of their battle fleet on the grounds of its lack of battle cruisers, the slight British preponderance in guns of heavy calibre, etc., forgetting that its strength was determined at the Washington Conference by American experts on the basis of fighting equality with the British battle fleet. We may say, therefore, that the 'fifty-fifty' division of strength is an accomplished fact so far as capital ships are in question.

By many authorities the aircraft carrier is now regarded as second in importance only to the capital ship The new American building programme includes five carriers of approximately 13,000 tons each, their size being automatically determined by the Washington Treaty, which restricts the aggregate tonnage of aircraft carriers to 135,000 tons for the British Empire and the United States respectively As the latter already has two carriers of 33,000 tons each, the building of the five projected vessels would exhaust her quota But, as Navy Department officials have reminded Congress, America would be at liberty to build an unlimited number of additional carriers provided that their individual displacement did not exceed 10,000 tons It is true that the Washington Treaty defines an aircraft carrier as 'a vessel of war with a displacement in excess of 10,000 tons standard displacement, designed for the specific and exclusive purpose of carrying aircraft.' In other words, no ship of 10,000 tons or less is an aircraft carrier within the meaning of the Treaty. As carriers with a standard displacement of rather less than 10,000 tons have already been built (*e g* H.M S. *Hermes* and the Japanese ship *Hosho*) and have proved quite efficient, it will be seen that the Washington pact offers no safeguard against competitive building in this important type of warship.

At the present time the British Navy is unquestionably supreme in aircraft carriers, of which it possesses six, with a total displacement of 103,900 tons. All these ships, however, were launched from twelve to nine years ago, and are therefore not up to the modern standard, especially in point of speed. Their combined transport capacity is believed not to exceed 160 aeroplanes. The new American carriers, *Lexington* and *Saratoga*, which have just been commissioned, displace 33,000 tons each, and are therefore larger by 10,400 tons than H.M.S. *Eagle*, our heaviest carrier. As each is equipped with eighty aeroplanes,

the capacity of these two gigantic ships is equal to that of the six British vessels. In both speed and armament the two 'Lexingtons' are far in advance of our best ships. Consequently, if the five projected carriers are built, the American Navy will be so superior in this type of vessel that no real basis for comparison will exist. In aviation generally the American Navy has already gained a very long lead. It will soon possess 1000 aeroplanes, and 759 more machines are now being demanded by the Navy Department as equipment for the new carriers and cruisers. Compared with this vast array of naval aircraft, our own Fleet Air arm, with its meagre establishment of machines, cuts an almost insignificant figure Moreover, the American Navy enjoys absolute control of its air service, which is an integral part of the naval organisation, and, as such, administered by the Navy Department. Most authorities consider that this system gives better results than the method of dual control under which our Fleet Air arm is administered. There is, in any case, no question as to the American Navy's definite and unchallenged supremacy in air-power.

We turn now to cruiser strength, which has become the crux of the naval problem so far as it affects the great maritime States. Until a comparatively recent date American naval opinion appears to have attached small importance to ships of this type, so little, indeed, that within a period of fifteen years—1905 to 1920—not a single cruiser of any description was laid down in the United States. Not until the Washington Treaty, by placing drastic restrictions on battleship strength, had greatly enhanced the relative status of the cruiser, did the American Navy begin to exhibit any enthusiasm for this class of vessel The conclusion seems irresistible that the cruiser has sprung into favour, not so much on account of its value as a guardian of seaborne trade as because it has become one of the chief symbols of actual fighting power and naval prestige This conclusion is supported by America's insistence on building only the largest class of cruisers. Her experts say they have no use for the ships of modest tonnage which hitherto have satisfied all the requirements of cruiser service. When the Washington Conference assembled six years ago, the overwhelming majority of existing cruisers were ships of less than 6000 tons, armed with 6 inch guns Most unfortunately, the Conference chose to adopt maxima of 10,000 tons and 8 inch guns for future cruisers. These are the maximum limits which America is now determined to treat as the minimum. With surprising unanimity her naval experts declare it to be impossible to build a cruiser of less than 10,000 tons standard displacement which would answer their requirements, and they insist as a matter of course on 8 inch guns. They have not yet explained why, in that

case, the first ten ships they built after the war had a standard displacement of not more than 6600 tons and were armed with nothing heavier than the 6 inch gun.

Here it should be interjected that 'standard' displacement means the displacement of a ship minus fuel and reserve feed-water for the boilers. As the fuel capacity of a 10,000-ton ship may be as much as 3500 tons, it follows that the actual displacement of such a vessel, as equipped for sea, will be not far short of 14,000 tons. Under the system of measurement in vogue before the Washington Conference a proportion of the fuel was included in the legend displacement. Warships which have been built since the Conference are therefore appreciably larger than their displacement figures indicate.

On comparing the existing cruiser establishments of the British and American Navies, the latter is found to be inferior in this category. On paper the British Navy has a numerical advantage of 3 to 1, including ships under construction. The fact is, however, that the majority of our cruisers are very small ships which were designed primarily for service in the North Sea. They have a limited radius of action, their nautical qualities leave much to be desired, and their armament is weak. Useful enough as fleet scouts or destroyer leaders, they are not suitable for patrol duty on the ocean routes. Twenty of them were completed during the war, and the arduous service they performed in the North Sea has seriously curtailed their period of effective life. At least a dozen of these ships are already obsolescent, and will probably be scrapped in the near future. Of our completed cruisers, thirty-two have a displacement of less than 5000 tons. Most of them displace 4000 tons or less. Their best speed is nominally 29 knots, but few can attain this velocity now. The armament consists of four to six 6 inch guns. These small and feeble vessels will not stand comparison in any respect with the so-called 'Treaty' cruiser of 10,000 tons, and 33 knots speed, mounting eight or more 8 inch guns, yet they constitute the bulk of our cruiser strength. Until the five 'County' ships were completed last year we had only six cruisers that could be properly described as ocean-going, and even these vessels were laid down ten years ago or more. When the ships now under construction are ready we shall still possess only twenty-one cruisers above 5000 tons.

America has ten ocean cruisers ready and eight on the stocks. In order to achieve parity in this type she need build only a few more vessels, yet she is actually proposing to build twenty-five. If this plan matures she will eventually possess forty-three ocean-going cruisers. Ten of these will be ships of 7500 tons, steaming at 33¾ knots, and mounting twelve 6 inch guns, the remaining thirty-

three being of uniform 10,000-ton design, with speeds of at least 33 knots and a main armament of eight or more 8 inch guns. All of the forty-three vessels will be of modern, post-war construction, and will form a cruising fleet of absolutely unrivalled power.

In view of the Washington Navy Department's assurance to Congress that the underlying object of the new building programme is to bring American cruiser strength up to a level with that of the British Empire, it is instructive to compare the two cruiser fleets as they will exist if and when all the ships now projected are actually built. Taking the British establishment first, and reckoning in the forces of the Overseas Dominions, but omitting certain obsolete vessels which will soon be placed on the disposal list,[1] it will be found to contain fifty ships built, under construction, or ordered. They are divided into eight different classes, as follows: thirteen ships of 10,000 tons, armed with 8 inch guns; two of 8000 tons, with 8 inch guns; four of 9750 tons, with 7·5 inch guns, two of 7100 tons, with 6 inch guns; eight of 4700 tons, ten of 4190 tons, three of 4120 tons, and eight of 3750 tons, all with 6 inch guns. The total displacement of these fifty vessels is 321,000 tons, giving an average of 6420 tons per ship. All but fifteen were laid down during or before the Great War, and are therefore at least ten years old. They mount 144 heavy guns of 8 inch and 7·5 inch calibre, and 159 medium guns of 6 inch calibre.

The American cruiser establishment, if it is developed in accordance with the new building programme, will comprise forty-three ships, divided into only two classes, namely, thirty-three ships of 10,000 tons, armed with 8 inch guns, and ten ships of 7500 tons, with 6 inch guns The total displacement of these forty-three vessels will be 405,000 tons, giving an average of 9418 tons per ship. They will carry 299 heavy guns of 8 inch calibre and 151 medium guns of 6 inch calibre. Obviously, therefore, the American cruiser fleet, although numbering seven ships less, will be much superior in both aggregate tonnage and armament to that of the British Empire. America will have a clear margin of 84,000 tons, but even this figure conveys a very imperfect idea of the enormous disparity in the combatant power of the two cruiser fleets. The American force will mount more than twice as many heavy 8 inch guns—299 as against 144—besides being practically equal in 6 inch armament; its ships without exception will be of modern, post-war design, and their average displacement about 3000 tons greater than that of the British ships. Whereas all the American units will be capable of steaming at 33 knots, only seventeen British vessels can approach this speed. Finally,

[1] Namely, three 'Caroline' class, four 'Birminghams,' and the Australian 'Town' class.

the high average of displacement ensures to the American cruiser fleet an overwhelming superiority in radius of action, sea-keeping attributes, and all-round military efficiency.

This analysis of the two cruiser establishments sheds a new light on the American programme. So far from merely bringing the American force up to equality with the British, it will make the former absolutely supreme, and, incidentally, will stultify the 'fifty-fifty' ratio agreed upon at the Washington Conference. The relative position of Japan will also be gravely prejudiced. Of large ocean-going cruisers armed with 8 inch guns she has only twelve building and projected, while America will have thirty-three. Yet in the Washington Treaty the ratio of Japanese to American naval strength was fixed at 3 : 5.

It has been stated repeatedly by American naval officials that their new programme has no connexion with the failure of the Geneva Conference last summer, and that it represents the standard of strength which the United States Government had determined in any case to reach, whatever the outcome of the Conference. Now, as we have seen, the programme contemplates a cruising fleet of 405,000 tons, and we are told that this figure had been settled in advance of the Geneva Conference as the minimum necessary for American security. Nevertheless, when the Conference was in session the American delegates brought forward a proposal to limit British and American cruiser tonnage to a common quota of 250,000 to 300,000 tons. This fact is difficult to reconcile with the statements quoted, and it would be interesting to hear an authoritative explanation of the discrepancy. As will be recollected, the British delegation found itself unable to accept so low an aggregate as 300,000 tons, and after prolonged debate the Americans agreed, but apparently with great unwillingness, to raise the figure to 400,000 tons. This was the utmost limit to which they would go. We now find, however, that even before the Conference assembled the United States Government had resolved to adopt a building programme which actually provided for a cruiser tonnage in excess of 400,000 tons. That is a remarkable fact, upon which it is unnecessary to comment. Furthermore, when the British delegates declared that seventy cruisers were required for the protection of the Empire's trade routes, the figure was denounced in Washington as excessive and provocative.

It should be noted, however, that the British estimate presupposed a reduction in the size of cruisers from 10,000 tons to 8000 tons, or preferably even to 6000 tons. At no time was it suggested that we needed, or should think of building, seventy cruisers of the 10,000-ton class. Had America felt herself able to indorse the British proposal for a drastic cut in the tonnage of

future cruisers, she would have found not only that our claim to a total of seventy ships was not unreasonable, but that it corresponded very closely with her own estimate of American requirements. As this point appears to have been missed by every American commentator on the proceedings at Geneva, it calls for a brief explanation. As has been stated, the British Government desired to substitute a 6000-ton type for the maximum of 10,000 tons which the Washington Conference had adopted for future cruisers. Seventy ships of 6000 tons each would have an aggregate displacement of 420,000 tons, which is no more than 15,000 tons above the total which America had judged beforehand to be requisite for her own defence. And when American experts contend that the cruiser of 6000 tons standard displacement is too small to be of any value in their particular scheme of naval strategy, it is pertinent to remind them again that their own ocean-going cruisers of the *Omaha* class, which were built after the war—when the special requirements of American naval strategy were precisely what they are to-day —had a standard displacement but little above 6000 tons.

One thing is certain as long as the United States declines to consider a reduction in the size and armament of its cruisers, and insists on building none but ships of the heaviest type, there will be no real hope of further naval limitation. The 10,000-ton cruiser is, so to speak, a rich man's luxury. His poorer neighbours cannot compete with him on this lavish scale, although their need of cruisers may be, and in the case of Great Britain demonstrably is, more urgent than his own. In the matter of naval disarmament America can show her good faith by agreeing to reduce the tonnage and armament of future cruisers. Once she has done this the Geneva Conference, which stood adjourned last summer, could be resumed at any moment with every prospect of a successful issue. But as long as American policy continues to be swayed by naval officers, whose professional zeal impels them, quite naturally, to advocate the largest ships and the heaviest guns, it will be hopeless to expect any further progress towards the retrenchment of fighting fleets.

We have seen that the execution of the new programme would give the American Navy an overwhelming preponderance in aircraft carrier and cruiser tonnage. Being already equal to the British Navy in capital ships, it would thus attain a marked degree of superiority in all the heavy classes of tonnage. But what of the lighter craft, the destroyers and the submarines, which are by no means negligible factors in the sum of naval power? Is the United States so inferior in one or both of these categories that she deems it expedient to make up the deficit by a great expansion of her cruiser strength? On the contrary,

the American destroyers outnumber the British to the extent of eighty boats, and there are twice as many American submarines as British. It is only fair to point out that America's huge surplus of tonnage in both types is a legacy of the war. The original purpose of her great destroyer and submarine programme of 1917–18 was to bring aid to her allies, who were so hard pressed by the German U-boat campaign. Nevertheless, the surplus remains to-day one of America's most potent naval assets. The comparative figures of flotilla leaders and destroyers are as follows: United States: 270 built, none building, 9 projected—total, 279 [8]; British Empire: 162 built, none building, 29 projected—total, 191. Submarines:—United States: built and building, 123, projected, 32—total, 155; British Empire: built and building, 62, projected, 18—total, 80. In submarines, therefore, America outnumbers us by almost 2 to 1. These figures amply confirm the statement that the new building programme, so far from merely bringing the American Navy to a level of equality with the British, will raise it to absolute supremacy in every class of fighting ship.

Yet this building plan is admitted to be only the first part of an elaborate programme of expansion and replacement designed to cover 'requirements' over a period of twenty years. In the *New York World* of January 31 appeared a statement that the original 148,000,000*l* project 'has developed so many additions and ramifications that observers, taking all the facts into consideration, figure the next decade's naval expenses at 1,400,000,000*l*. at least.' At each successive hearing before the House Committees deputed to examine the claims of the Navy Department the latter's representatives have raised their demands. Admiral Hughes, for example, who as Chief of Naval Operations may be said to perform the functions of First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff, is dissatisfied with the proposed expenditure on new ships. He considers that it should be raised to 200,000,000*l*. for 'adequate security,' and he and his colleagues have put forward the following additional demands: an enlargement of the personnel by 20,825 officers and men to provide complements for the twenty-five new cruisers alone; 1490 aeroplanes over and above those already contemplated, estimated to cost 12,133,000*l*. and requiring 2930 officers and men, without counting the 4225 who will be wanted to man the five new aircraft carriers. Further huge but unspecified sums are indicated as being necessary for the development of dockyards and naval bases to keep pace with the growth of the fleet, and Congress is warned that an extra 20,000,000*l*. will be asked for in 1931 to

[8] This total excludes twenty-five older destroyers now on revenue service, which would be available for war service.

begin the replacement of battleships. It goes without saying that the cost of maintaining the fleet, which now stands at 45,000,000*l*. a year, will undergo a corresponding inflation. When to all this is added the statement by the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee that the Navy Department's estimates of expenditure are invariably 25 per cent. below the actual outlay, the estimate of 1,400,000,000*l*. as the cost of naval defence during the next ten years appears to be quite conservative.

Hitherto we have dealt only with ships, but the strength of a navy is, of course, largely determined by its man-power. At the present moment the British Navy has a personnel of 102,275 officers and men, including marines. The American Navy has 108,000 officers and men, also including marines, but it is claimed that very few of the latter serve afloat. The additional number of officers and men now desired by the Navy Department would raise the total to 136,400. Even if the marines were omitted, the establishment would still number 119,400, or 17,000 more than the British personnel Consequently, the execution of the new programme would give the American Navy supremacy in man-power as well as in material.

This far-reaching plan of naval aggrandisement has had a mixed reception from the American Press. Many journals which had consistently urged an 'adequate' measure of sea defence now exhibit consternation at the scope of the Navy Department's demands. At the moment of writing the programme is still in the committee stage, and has not yet been formally introduced into either House of Congress. So far, at any rate, its true implications do not appear to be recognised by public opinion in America. Distinguished admirals have testified before the committees that the plan contemplates nothing more than bare equality with the British Navy, and it would be churlish to impugn their good faith. Nevertheless, the facts set out in this paper suggest that the authors of the plan have placed a decidedly elastic interpretation on the 'fifty-fifty' formula.

As might have been predicted, a great deal of capital has been manufactured out of Lord Cecil's unfortunate speech in the House of Lords on November 16 last year, in which he laid almost the entire blame for the failure of the Geneva Conference at Great Britain's door. To everyone who has followed American discussions on the new programme it is only too evident that this speech has been of inestimable value to the naval propagandists. Not only has it completely absolved American naval officials from the necessity of explaining away their own none too conciliatory attitude at Geneva, but it has furnished them with a most telling argument in support of their shipbuilding project. Domestic critics who otherwise might have resisted such a

tremendous expansion of naval armament have been silenced by the reminder that since Great Britain—on the admission of her own delegate—'refused' at Geneva to agree to what the United States considered to be a fair and proper division of naval strength, the latter has no option but to build up to her own requirements, irrespective of what other Powers may do.

Expert criticism of the programme has been conspicuous by its absence, and nowhere in the committee discussions has any reference been traced to the damaging fact that the Navy Department is now demanding 100,000 tons of cruisers in excess of the total which it declared at Geneva to be sufficient for American needs. Sooner or later, no doubt, the inward significance of the programme will dawn upon the American public, as it has already dawned upon those Americans who realise the intimate connexion between national armaments and international affairs. Early in February it was announced from the White House that the President, while favouring the construction of the new cruisers, was not disposed to sanction the immediate authorisation of the other vessels projected. Since then the fate of the measure has been rendered still more uncertain as the result of a co-ordinated protest by the powerful religious and social organisations which play such an important part in American politics It now seems evident that the programme is doomed to undergo drastic amendment before being submitted to Congress Be that as it may, it rests with public opinion to decide whether or no to support a plan which, ostensibly framed to bring the national fleet up to 'parity,' would actually result in the United States Navy becoming the most formidable and, potentialy, the most aggressive war machine in the world Foreign protests are worse than futile. The decision lies solely with the people of America, who will doubtless perceive, in time, the impossibility of reconciling this programme with the twin policies of peace and disarmament which their own statesmen have been foremost in advocating since the war.

H. C. BYWATER.

THE UNITED STATES AND NICARAGUA

THE very name Nicaragua seems to hold reverberations of storm and conflict, and, like the other Caribbean republics, its political atmosphere appears to have been affected in a manner almost thaumaturgical by the volcanic influences of its soil. The European Press as a whole has not failed to indicate that the sessions of the Pan-American Congress at Havana, the expressed purpose of which is to foster a more fraternal understanding among the republics of the New World great and small, are coincident with the armed intervention of the greatest of American nations in the internal affairs of one of the least among them. The Government of the United States excuses its intervention in the concerns of Nicaragua on the grounds that both parties in the isthmian State have invited mediation, and that American interests as a whole demand it. Through the medium of Mr. Secretary Hughes it has strenuously denied any intention of annexation, or even of prolonged occupation. But, although the critics of the Government have laid stress on the circumstance that the great Northern Union has a territorial right or option, duly purchased in 1916, to construct a ship canal through Nicaraguan territory, and that half the stock of the only Nicaraguan railway has been purchased by New York bankers, not only have the apologists of the United States Government not even alluded to these matters in the course of the newspaper controversy, but both President Coolidge and Mr. Hughes have been discreetly silent concerning them whilst at Havana.

The intervention of the United States in Nicaragua is no new thing. An intermittent occupation of the country by American marines has been proceeding since 1912. Students of Latin-American politics are of course free to draw inferences with regard to the policy of the United States in Nicaragua from what occurred in Panama, which, by means not agreeable to all international jurists, was compelled to forego that part of its territory essential to the construction of the isthmian canal in favour of the United States. In view of facts and tendencies, therefore, how far is the impartial student of South American politics justified in giving credence to the asseverations of United

States Ministers that no policy either of continued intervention or hypothecation of Nicaraguan territory is meditated by them? Can he actually justify the actions of the United States with regard to its lesser neighbours, and the continual employment of an instrument of policy at once so dogmatic and so illogical as the Monroe Doctrine? If he can, it can only be on grounds of expediency and through an instinctive confidence that the spirit which animates the statesmen of North America is not essentially imperialistic or guided by a desire for territorial aggrandisement, but is dictated by a sincere intention to place the affairs of her near neighbours on a reasonable footing of placidity and prosperity, both for her own sake and theirs.

So much will readily be granted the statesmanship of North America by all reasonable men of goodwill. And so much will with equal heartiness be granted to the great American people, whose public conscience, whatever their many detractors may say, can scarcely be accused of selfish or imperialistic sentiments. With all their failings—and what nation has none?—the American people, or that section of it which concerns itself with the affairs of citizenship, has inherited from its British forebears a high sense of civic responsibility. Circumstances may frequently have distorted or occluded this powerful instinct, but only a very purblind onlooker could fail to assent to a quality which on occasion can assume an aspect and a force well-nigh exaggerated in its idealism. The North American conscience has been strongly exercised regarding the position in Nicaragua. The Democratic Party has bitterly criticised the Government in Congress concerning its dealings with Nicaragua. Senator Hedin has alleged that 'the golden wand of Wall Street' sways the policy of the Coolidge Administration in that republic. But the warmth of the Democratic protest has been referred to the proximity of a general election. Are the Democrats really justified in their strictures?

Largely, the answer must be based on considerations of expediency and necessity. But it is traversed by the whole question of the blind and illogical adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine. That doctrine is no longer subscribed to by the Latin-American republics, who have come to regard it as a never-failing excuse for North American imperialism and the desire for aggrandisement. Its continual use and constant invocation by the United States makes for irritation and estrangement between North and South, and, whereas the larger South American States scarcely need to fear its repercussions in their own affairs, sentiments of racial unity with those isthmian republics in whose affairs the United States have necessarily a closer interest inspire them to challenge the continued

application of its ill-defined provisions to modern Colombian conditions.

The recent history of Nicaraguan politics may briefly be examined with profit as a striking illustration of the perplexities which beset the North American statesman who is compelled by tradition to adopt an instrument so clumsy as the Monroe Doctrine to all the relationships of Pan-American politics. So far as the danger of European intervention is concerned, he knows it to be a dead letter, and it cannot but hamper him in his dealings with South American statesmen, who, rightly or wrongly, regard it sardonically and denounce it as a hypocritical mask for territorial aggrandisement. In 1912 a Conservative Government was installed in Nicaragua with the assistance of North American military forces, and was returned at the elections of 1916 and 1920 by similar methods. It was from the Government of 1916 that the United States obtained a concession for ninety-nine years to construct a ship canal in Nicaragua. Lake Nicaragua stands at an elevation suitable for the construction of such a canal, and the course of the San Juan river from the neighbourhood of Greytown in the east could be utilised so that only a cut from the lake to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific side would be necessary to complete the waterway. The length of the canal would not be more than 187 miles, and strategical and commercial considerations for its construction have been advanced in Congress on several occasions. Not only would it relieve the congestion on the Panama Canal, but it would supply the United States Navy with an emergency waterway between Atlantic and Pacific in time of war in the event of mishap to the Panamese maritime lane, or its destruction by an enemy force

With such an option in hand, and in consideration of its railway and other material interests in the country, the United States could not regard the continued unrest in Nicaragua with indifference. A Liberal Government, with Dr Solorzano as President, came into power in 1924, the Conservatives, led by General Chamorro, being defeated by a very heavy majority. A year later tranquillity seemed perfectly restored, and accordingly the force of American marines, which had been in occupation since 1912, was withdrawn.

In 1926 General Chamorro brought about a minor revolution in favour of the Conservative Party. He had the suffrages of the Army and caused himself to be elected as its commander-in-chief, with the portfolio of Minister of War. As a senator he took steps against the Liberals, he succeeded in getting Dr. Sacasa, the Vice-President, banished, and forced Solorzano to resign. He thus became virtual President. The United States very properly refused to recognise him, and in taking such a

course were joined by the several isthmian States. The Liberals, taking heart, rose against Chamorro, and seized Bluefields, and the consequent civil strife necessitated the return of the American marines. The important district of Bluefields was proclaimed to be a neutral zone, after which the marines were once more withdrawn.

It is in connexion with the proclaimed neutrality of Bluefields that the upholders of United States policy will feel the greatest uneasiness. For this area is situated in the zone over which the United States holds an option for the construction of a canal. We may, perhaps, leave it at that. But Chamorro did not aid his cause by a protest to the League of Nations against the landing of arms for the use of his Liberal opponents by some Mexican filibusters. For so doing he was informed that he had outraged the Monroe Doctrine. The State Department of the United States offered its services as mediator, and an embargo was placed on the export of munitions of war to Nicaragua Every effort was made by Washington to bring about a *modus vivendi* between the rival Nicaraguan parties, but to no purpose, the net result being the resignation of Chamorro and the election of General Adolfo Diaz, a Conservative, under a state of martial law

But the revolutionaries were not discouraged. They proclaimed the former Liberal Vice-President, Dr. Juan B. Sacasa, 'constitutional President' in December 1926, and hostilities were renewed. Mexico recognised Sacasa, who, it is said, has similar political leanings with the Government of that republic It seems, on the whole, more probable that Sacasa's sympathy with the Mexican *régime* is founded rather on a common hatred of foreign intervention than on a liking for the almost sovietesque doctrines of the Mexican junta. Diaz at once took up the gauntlet, and Sacasa, denouncing him as the unpatriotic tool of an imperialistic United States, commenced a guerilla warfare against the Government. Diaz, fortified by American marines and aeroplanes, easily had the upper hand for a season

In April 1927 Mr. Henry Stimson, a former United States Secretary for War, was dispatched to Nicaragua, and, by arrangement with Señor Diaz, a native constabulary was formed under the command of North American officers, pending a general election, which was arranged to take place this year under the auspices of the United States. The insurrection terminated, but not before considerable damage had been done and many lives had been sacrificed, although only about 1000 to 1500 men were engaged on either side.

But Liberal, or rather patriotic, susceptibilities were by no means assuaged, and with the appearance of General Sandino, who may be described as the William Tell of Nicaragua, the fires of

conflict broke out afresh. Sandino, a strong man and an able guerilla leader of considerable military experience, succeeded not only in keeping the Nicaraguan Government forces and the American-led gendarmerie at bay, but in gaining numerous recruits to his standard. So threatening indeed did the situation become that the United States authorities, towards the end of 1927, resolved to send a further large body of marines to the assistance of President Diaz, and 1000 men of this famous corps, equipped with mountain batteries and aeroplanes, were duly dispatched to the theatre of hostilities.

Almost at once this force, or rather its advance guard, met with opposition more or less serious. Sandino had been pushed into the mountainous country around the village of Quilali, in the north-west of Nicaragua, close to the Honduran frontier, and had made the place his headquarters It was resolved to attack this point, and a force of 200 marines, with an equal number of Nicaraguan national guards, proceeded there on December 31. The column was ambushed in the Camino Real, less than a mile from Quilali, by 500 revolutionaries accompanied by a mountain battery, and suffered a loss of five killed and twenty-three wounded The force was hurried through the pass, at the end of which it rallied and engaged the enemy in the open, forcing them backwards. It then proceeded to Quilali, which it occupied, awaiting reinforcements from Ocotol and Telpaneca.

The reinforcing column from the latter point met with similar resistance. It had reached a point four miles north-west of Quilali on January 1, when a band of Sandino's men, estimated at about 400, suddenly attacked it with automatic rifles and 'home-made' hand-grenades of dynamite and broken glass. The marines were caught in a narrow ravine, but after an hour's fighting they beat off Sandino's forces and fortified themselves on the top of Sapotlik Ridge, where they remained all night, being several times attacked by the insurgents. Next day they continued their march to Quilali without further molestation, while their convoying aeroplanes bombarded groups of the enemy with considerable effect Sandino's forces were estimated by deserters to have lost about 100 men, almost certainly an exaggeration, and their leader was rumoured to have taken refuge in a disused mine on Elchipote Hill, along with a romantically inclined lady who insisted on sharing his hardships, and a bodyguard of fifty men. Indeed, rumours regarding his position were so rife that little credence could be placed on them by the American intelligence officers. He was said to have received aid from Mexico, a report for which there was no justification whatever, but his proximity to the Honduran frontier and the presence of

an inextricable jungle in his rear gave grounds for anxiety that he might make good his escape in that direction.

There was, however, no question as to the adequacy of Sandino's armament and general equipment. Telegrams from Managua further assured the New York papers that a couple of deserters from the Marine Corps, acting under threat of death, had not only given the insurgents tuition in drill and squad-firing, but had supplied them with information regarding Marine Corps methods, so that they might the more readily harass the United States forces Under cover of darkness enemy trumpeters approached the marine lines and sounded the call to arms, often with disastrous results.

So far back as September Sandino had dispatched letters to Mexico breathing a spirit of obstinate defiance to his enemies. In one of these he wrote :

> I will fight as long as my heart beats Nicaragua shall never be the home of imperialists I have five tons of dynamite in my arsenal, which will be set off with my own hands Those who hear the blast will know that Sandino died, but they will not allow the hands of traitor invaders to profane his remains Only God and true patriots will remain to judge me.

Probably because of the comparative imminence of the United States elections, America's little war in Nicaragua now began to attract increased attention at home. The casualties among the Marine Corps, for which Americans have a very special pride and affection, and which in the popular imagination holds much the same position as the Brigade of Guards in this country, roused considerable indignation, and on January 5 the Government was accused in the Senate by Mr Wheeler, of Montana, of waging war without the consent of Congress He closely questioned 'the source and sanction of concessions in Nicaragua for which American lives are being sacrificed.' Unhappily, Mr. Kellogg's peace note and the news of the dispatch of marine reinforcements to Nicaragua were published almost simultaneously, thus laying the Government peculiarly open to the sardonic comments of its opponents. The representatives of Sandino in Mexico city wired reports to New York of the wholesale slaughter of hundreds of marines, blaming the Navy Department for suppressing this information, but the accuracy of the news was officially denied.

Meanwhile it was growing clear that military operations on any extensive scale would soon be out of the question in Nicaragua, owing to the conclusion of the rainy season. By this time nearly 2500 marines had been dispatched there. On January 9 a fresh revolt broke out at Somotillo, near the Honduran frontier. The officer commanding the marines there had proceeded to Villanueva to secure reinforcements. He returned to find the insurgents in

great strength, and that members of the Nicaraguan national guard had fled to Honduras.

The course of the campaign proceeded somewhat slowly. On January 16 American aeroplanes bombarded the forces of Sandino at El Chipote, and did considerable damage to his position and morale. The airmen, it was reported, hid behind clouds, and dived down as occasion offered, to drop bombs and fire machine-guns on groups of the insurgents. Subsequently to the bombing of his headquarters at El Chipote it was reported on the 18th that General Sandino had been killed, but no confirmation of this was forthcoming. Indeed, the officials at Washington were of the opinion that the rumour was unfounded. On the 22nd a force of 1000 United States marines left Leon on a long route march across the hill and river jungle to the State of Nueva Segovia, in Northern Nicaragua, where, at the time of writing, Sandino still holds out. The march occupied eight days, hampered as the troops were by mountain artillery and an extensive equipment.

By this time Sandino had received considerable reinforcements from the east coast, his levies being armed with rifles belonging to the late Government, however procured.

Whilst the United States forces were thus engaged, the Pan-American Congress was gathering at Havana. At that Congress the question of Nicaraguan affairs was not touched upon even indirectly, nor was the great problem of the exercise of absolute power by the United States in the Western Hemisphere approached by any of the Latin-American speakers during the first ten days of the session 'The sovereignty of small States is respected,' said President Coolidge in his speech. 'We are thoroughly committed to the principle that they are better fitted to govern themselves than anyone else is to govern them.'

The history of the Dawson Pact, negotiated by Mr. Thomas C. Dawson, the United States Minister to Nicaragua, in 1911, is eloquent of the policy pursued by North American statesmen in the isthmian republic. On the departure of the dictator Zelaya a period of unrest supervened, and doubtless with the intention of placing matters on a more satisfactory basis the United States came to an arrangement with the little republic by which the control of the custom-houses and railroads was vested in United States citizens. American marines were sent to Managua, and the Government of Nicaragua agreed to the carrying out of a monetary plan by which the old paper currency was withdrawn and a new currency on a metal basis was issued with the assistance of the United States. This, however, was only effected on the explicit promise of the North American republic to advance a sum of $15,000,000 for the financial security of Nicaragua. An American banking company was chartered, and an American

commission controlled the national finance and collected the revenues. But the promised loan was never made. The new currency, which was insufficient, was promptly absorbed in the general course of commercial transactions, and the resulting stringency brought about a good deal of unrest. It was then that the United States, under the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, agreed to pay $3,000,000 in exchange for exclusive rights over the projected Nicaraguan canal route, these to include control over the Corn Islands in the Atlantic and a site for a United States naval base on the shores of Fonseca Bay. But Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras demurred to the transaction, brought a suit before the Central American Court of Justice, and received a decision in their favour, which, however, ended in the dissolution of the Court of Justice.

Nicaragua, the largest of the Central American republics, undoubtedly contains some of the most delightful and desirable country within the bounds of the isthmus. Its area has been estimated at from 46,000 to 49,000 square miles, and its entire population is nearly that of Manchester. The three principal towns, Managua (the capital), Leon and Granada, are of no great size, the metropolis containing about 60,000 people, and all three are in direct communication with the Pacific coast by a line of railway about 170 miles in length. The resources of Nicaragua are almost entirely confined to agriculture and mining, the chief natural products being coffee, cocoa, and sugar The climate in the higher districts is temperate and in the lower valleys tropical, though not particularly unhealthy. There is a considerable amount of cattle-raising, but, so far, the extensive timber areas have been little exploited The Prinzapolka district is rich in mineral wealth—gold, copper, and other metals—but the mining industry is badly hampered by difficulties of transport. A considerable rubber supply is absorbed almost entirely by the United States, and the same holds good of the traffic in bananas. So far British capital has not been introduced into Nicaraguan exploitation to any appreciable extent, and mining is chiefly in the hands of Americans, especially in the north-east, where the present hostilities are proceeding. The English-owned mines are mostly confined to western Nicaragua, and of these it may be said that the output is comparatively high.

The country, especially in the north, is broken and rugged, but of exquisite grandeur. Towering peaks and lofty plateaus rise above leagues of dense primeval forest, and the atmosphere is one of heavy mist alternating with bright sunshine. The vast grasslands of the plateaus make them eminently suitable for colonisation, but the interior, the region south of the lofty mountain-

range and the country abutting on the Costa Rican frontier, is not only comparatively unknown, but lies entirely away from the main stream of commerce and the railway. Thousands of square miles of Nicaraguan territory of extreme fertility still lie absolutely unexplored, while in the other South American countries extraordinary competition for land still proceeds.

There can be no question that when this rich and beautiful country is, in the course of time, prospected and developed it will become one of the richest commercial domains in South America. But prospecting in Nicaragua is extremely difficult. The bush is thick and the soil deep, and a prolonged period of struggle with tropical vegetation is essential to successful settlement. Native enterprise is at present almost wholly unequal to the task of opening up those areas of extraordinary promise; therefore it is scarcely remarkable that the eyes of astute prospectors in North America should be cast with longing upon regions so valuable. The construction of a ship canal through Nicaragua would not only give an extraordinary impetus to prospecting and settlement in these presently deserted lands, but would naturally greatly assist development through the possibility of the inland districts thus gaining a suitable maritime outlet.

The whole question of the presence of the United States forces in Nicaragua is, of course, bound up with the powers self-granted to the great republic by the Monroe Doctrine. The weakness of the Monroe Doctrine is that it is not generally recognised as a juristic principle, but rather as a political standard, self-evolved by the United States and unaccepted by any other Power. It cannot, therefore, be founded on as in any way based on international law; it has no sanction in international agreement. Moreover, nothing whatsoever in the Monroe Doctrine gives the United States a mandate to intervene in the internal affairs of the other American republics. Yet a notion seems to prevail in certain circles both in the United States and Europe that it is precisely by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine, or some of its provisions, that the North American republic has intervened in Nicaragua and elsewhere. As has been shown, her intervention was solicited by Nicaragua, and that indeed is her sole legitimate excuse for occupation.

Scarcely had the Monroe Doctrine been promulgated than the Presidents and Secretaries of State of the United States began to consider a policy of hegemony as the natural complement to it. In 1856 Senator Bell, of Tennessee, remarked that the Monroe Doctrine had 'become a doctrine of progressive absorption and annexation and conquest of Spanish America.' The Latin-American republics have not only consistently opposed United States hegemony, but have on occasion formed alliances to defend

themselves from it. They regard the Monroe Doctrine as an utterly gratuitous attempt to impose on them, or such of them as are too weak to withstand it, a grandmotherly supervision which they dread may end in absorption.

These fears can now have reference only to the Caribbean republics. But intervention in that sphere naturally causes irritation throughout Latin America. The reasons adduced by United States Ministers in favour of intervention are usually the contiguity of these republics and the necessity for control in view of the American financial stake in their natural resources. Yet Nicaragua is as far distant as the crow flies from the nearest point of United States territory as London is from Egypt, and it will be agreed by the impartial that the influence of Wall Street on successive American Governments has been of such a character as scarcely to make for confidence.

Moreover, the question is complicated by a factor which is not sufficiently recognised by students of international affairs, for the simple reason that it brings them into touch with these psychological considerations which are, unhappily, the last they usually care to consider, and which are too often regarded by men of Anglo-Saxon race as unpractical and doctrinaire. Speaking generally, the average American has a deep-rooted contempt for the Latin-American peoples and their polity and customs. He regards them as unprogressive and mediæval, decadent and 'effete,' and their institutions especially are for him a matter *pour rire*.

Of this attitude it may be said that it is born of ignorance and racial complacency and vanity. The truth is that the Latin-American peoples of the higher castes are among the most spiritually and æsthetically progressive in the world, and indeed, in this sense, are immeasurably the superiors in true culture of the ruling classes of the United States. Not only is their personal refinement proverbial, but their imaginative literature, especially in the sphere of poetry, abundantly proves them to possess a spiritual outlook greatly more exalted than that of their northern neighbours. Their large cities do not suffer from the organisation of crime on an extensive scale, as do New York and Chicago. Indeed, Washington is attempting in Nicaragua to defeat a social revolution which has at least a political basis and excuse when she admittedly cannot cope with the most aggravated system of lawlessness yet known to any civilised community within her own borders.

Nor can it be said that the larger and wealthier States of Latin America are more prone to political misdemeanour than is North America, or that their politicians are less honourable than those of the United States. The incidence of political scandal is,

l, much the same. It must be admitted, however, that the ian republics have since the beginning of the century given s cause for anxiety to American politicians. The great leracy of the North cannot but regard with nervousness any tion which might jeopardise those invaluable waterways, ucted or to be constructed, which link her eastern and rn coasts. Obviously the Panama Canal is only the first ny links of the kind which are bound to multiply as a sea- commerce already enormous and growing, and a naval nsibility probably destined to be the greatest in the world, d and give rise to conditions of extraordinary importance itality. So far as this view is concerned, the United States pting a policy which all fair-minded observers will agree is on the tenets of mere self-preservation.

is, indeed, difficult to see—sweeping aside all prejudice and ting the assurance of American statesmanship as to the dis- sted nature of its motives—how the intervention of the d States in Nicaragua can eventuate in anything else but to that stormy little State. Not only have the Caribbean lics proved themselves incompetent to conduct their affairs y tolerable manner, but they have on many occasions themselves averse from that Union which might have them Thus American intervention may on the whole arded by the true well-wishers of the Caribbean States as a ng in disguise. Again and again have they been drawn into ommunity by treaty, and as many times has the union been n The generous, who credit statesmanship with its onal flights of altruism, will accept on its face value the nent of Mr. Hughes, of whose inherent honesty of purpose no doubt can be entertained, that his great country feels f to be invested with something in the nature of a ' moral ate ' to endow her restless neighbours with the decencies of d government The recent most explicit assurances of lent Coolidge that no tinge of the imperialistic spirit sullies lations of the United States with her lesser neighbours may e accepted, even in view of the history of Panama Nor is cult to believe that out of the abundance of its magnanimity s genuine love of democratic principle the great American e will not readily stoop to take a mean and immoral advan- ven of the least and most intractable of its sister republics.

LEWIS SPENCE.

AFGHANISTAN AND THE OUTER WORLD

Fair are the vales well watered, and the vines on the upland swell,
You might think you were reigning in Heaven—I know I am ruling in Hell.

Abdur-Rahman's Soliloquy (LYALL).

AT no time in the modern history of Afghanistan and the outer world have events been of more absorbing interest than to-day—absorbing for many reasons. The young King of this mountain State, a State which was once a Macedonian province, for the first time in history is in Europe—in Europe, too, with his queen. The country is being led, in the face of much reluctance in religious circles, to the ways of advanced Western development, and on the Oxus the Bolshevik hammers and intrigues at the gates—gates which lead, as they have ever done, to the plains of India.

The King, emerging a few weeks ago from his mountain-girt capital, surrounded with the remains of a stupendous past, arrived by way of Quetta, and the Indo-British armed guard there, to great seaports he had hardly ever imagined. Somewhat suspicious at first, and therefore, *more Asiatico*, somewhat arrogant, he will now come in March to us with all the *aplomb* that visits to Egypt, Italy, and France will have added to the kingly attributes with which he is undoubtedly endowed.

It is above all things desirable that in his visits he shall be confirmed in the desire for the advancement of his country, that he shall be able to sift the good and the evil of what he sees in the West, and that he shall realise that, fail as it does on occasion, civilisation wants to be civilised, and progress wants to progress. It is also to be hoped that he will realise how the wise men of the world despise and abhor the ghastly experiments which Russia has made in her attempt to rectify the universe, and will realise that all civilisation is behind him in his determination to have none of it on the Afghan side of the Oxus.

No past is more storied than that which lies behind the Afghan hills. The great Aryan waves, which came to the Oxus and southwards by many stages to India, long tarried in the uplands of Kabul and Kandahar.

To this day it is probable that many of the tribes are Aryan

and Rajput and have but borrowed a Semitic genealogy. The popular language outside the Turki districts is derived from Sanscrit, and court language is Persian. Long centuries before any Tatar races came to Turkestan, Greeks ruled over a kindred Aryan people. The mighty Buddha's teaching lies clear on the landmarks. Those who dwell on the ease with which Alexander's Eastern conquests were effected, admit that it was the close racial affinity between Aryan races which made the law and order of the Greeks acceptable. A country was but waiting for its kinsfolk to organise it, and 2300 years ago the Aryans of East and West were more akin than now. The young Aryan soldiers of Europe organised their Aryan kin of Central Asia and Afghanistan, and led them behind a European spear-point to spread their dominion.

It is a pregnant thought well worthy to be received by all who would take a long view of the Indian problem that, for 800 or 900 years after Mahmud of Ghuzni first invaded India and inaugurated Moslem dominion,[1] the dynasties of Delhi were almost always Turkish in one form or other—that is to say, of that Mongolian stock so entirely foreign in habit and outlook and instinct to anything Aryan. The success which the British leadership and regeneration of India has met with, supported, be it remembered, by the concurrence and assistance of the indigenous people themselves, has been at bottom due to the fact that it was Aryan leading Aryan.

If the Aryans of India will remember this fact they will be able to aid their development towards a greater *Swaraj*, with better grace and better understanding, and a far greater likelihood of success. John Bull and Brahminy Bull will work together better on the basis of their relationship

As a man cannot get away from his shadow, so a people cannot get away from its past. No man could hope to understand the Irish problem without a knowledge of history, nor could even the Poor Law be tackled in its aspect to-day without closely following the story of years gone by. In the same way we cannot really treat of what the future has for us on the borders of India without knowing in outline the story of the more recent centuries, and of Indian relations with Afghanistan since, at any rate, the days of Elizabethan Moguls More especially is it desirable to understand aright the earlier doings of the British with Kabul, because the Victorian habit of over-penalising non-success and the unproductive spending of money has fogged the perspective.

It is certain that at some period, probably after, as well as before, the rise of Islam, tribes of Semitic origin entered Afghani-

[1] Other than the early Arab conquest of Sinde by the sea.

stan and founded what is now known as the Douranni race. They claim descent from one Kish or Kais, said to be eighteenth in descent from Saul.[2] The Douranni are known also to themselves as the Ben-i-Israel (' the Children of Israel'), and, with the spreading of Islam, the whole of the tribes in the mountains accepted the new faith, and in the course of time got the genealogists to declare that they were of Afghan origin. Therefore in the famous *Păckhtănwali* all the tribes in the border hills and in Afghanistan are made to derive from a common ancestor. But however that may be, the tribes and chiefs of Afghanistan and of Central Asia flocked to the standards of the Islamic invaders, and settled during the centuries as kings and princes and barons all over India. Time and again leaders of horse hacked their way to power, conquering and dispossessing Hindu princes and their own Moslem neighbours, sometimes actually occupying the throne of Delhi, more often serving as leaders under the various Turkish dynasties which succeeded to that throne. To this day families long settled far down in India count kin with their clansmen across the border. Up to a century ago it was the custom to send for your wild cousins, much as, in Canada, Highland settlers still speaking Gaelic send for their relatives. Rohilcund, the country between Delhi and the Himalaya, was largely settled with Afghan barons and their men at arms. The province of Kabul was generally a portion of the Delhi Empire. Baber himself was a ruler of Kabul when he conquered India, bringing in his train hordes of Jagatai Turks as well as Semitic and Aryan Afghans, for Baber was a Turk, a descendant of Timur.[3] It was Nadir Shah, the Persian Turk, who separated the kingdom of Afghanistan, including Sinde and Mooltan, from Delhi in 1739. On Nadir's death arose the kingdom of Afghanistan under Ahmed Shah, the Abdalli, more or less as we know it, separate from the trans-Oxus Khanates, with Sinde, Mooltan, Peshawur, Kashmir and even Lahore thrown in. Often did he appear at Delhi as champion of Islam and supporter of the crumbling empire. In 1761 he destroyed the Mahrattas at Panipat, and still left a Mogul puppet on the Mogul throne. From 1761 onwards he and his successors invaded India at will, gradually losing their Indian provinces to the rising power of the Sikhs. From all of which three facts arise. The first that Afghanistan and India were inextricably mixed, and the Afghans came to India when and where they pleased and spared her not. The second that Afghanistan was long a portion of the Delhi Empire, and that the Mogul and his heir, a British-led Indian, had a perfect right to go there

[2] By his legendary son Afghana.

[3] Though descended on his mother's side from Ghengiz Khan, the Mogul, Tatar-born, therefore, on both sides.

if they pleased, so far as right went, and that for Indian troops to carry even fire and sword to Kabul was no new thing either, and certainly nothing for the Afghans to complain of. Thus when the British decided to interfere there was no one in the wide world with better right, though whether it was wise to do so was, of course, another matter. But from these two facts the third emerges, and one that must not be lost sight of. Often in the crumbling days of the empire Afghans had appeared in India as the champions of Islam against Sikh and Hindu, and the supporters of the people of their race in India. There is nothing to prevent their doing so again, except the British on the border marches What has been may be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Moreover, since Islam looks to a local head who possesses temporal power, and Afghanistan is almost the only Moslem power extant that has a king of parts, King Amanullah must appeal to many Moslems whenever the drum ecclesiastic happens to sway them.

The British first came into some relationship with Afghanistan when Tippu Sultan appealed to its ruler across the many hundred intervening miles for support. Tippu, the son of Haider Ali, the Afghan-descended soldier of fortune who had usurped the Mysore and Hindu throne, was but doing as his forebears had done. During the centuries referred to in which Afghans had obtained lands in India it had been their custom to summon more of their tribesmen to their banner. To Tippu Afghanistan represented the one virile Moslem throne within hail, and one already concerned in upholding Islam Four years after the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tippu, the British rescued the blinded relic of the Mogul throne from the Mahrattas, pensioned him in comfort, and administered the provinces immediately adjacent to Delhi. This brought them into touch with the Sikh States and the borders of Afghanistan. Lahore, though now in the hands of the Sikhs, was technically a province still of Kabul. Mooltan, Peshawur, and Kashmir were Afghan provinces Thus the British border almost marched with that of the Afghans, and the Sikh power had not yet risen in its solidarity A few years before the appeal of Tippu, Oudh and the Rohillas had petitioned the Afghan king, Shah Zeman, to turn and conquer India and the Mahrattas. During the war in the south with Tippu, Bonaparte had taken a hand in the struggle, had come to Egypt to open the way to the East, and in the next year or so was planning with the Tsar of Russia an invasion *viâ* Afghanistan.

Therefore the British had some considerable reason for their concern regarding Afghan politics, and, also being a trading company, were desirous of assuring the peaceful navigation of the Indus, and of securing an Afghanistan which would cease

to invade India, and which would also desist from its attempts to recover those parts of the Punjab which the Sikhs had wrested from it. This was the conception which guided British policy from 1803 to 1839. Embassies to Kabul or to Peshawur all worked to the same end, peace and trade, and as the years rolled on, and the 'Bear' was absorbing the Central Asian Khanates, this policy developed into a desire for a strong independent Afghanistan friendly to Great Britain, which would stand between India and Russia.

During these years Afghanistan had been much involved in civil war, and, thus weakened, the Sikhs had taken from her Kashmir, Mooltan, the Derajat provinces trans-Indus, and by 1837, Peshawur itself. Various members of the Afghan royal family, as the wheel of fortune turned, had taken refuge either at Lahore or within the British border. Shah Soojah himself had more than once been a refugee, and more than once had raised troops in the Punjab to win back the throne of Kabul.

Thus it was that the 'Great Game,' as enthusiastic political secretaries in India called it, was evolved. It was to attain the policy of a strong, independent Afghanistan by restoring once again to the throne of his fathers Shah Soojah, the rightful King of the royal house of Ahmed Shah. In so doing it was to secure a peaceful tradeable Afghanistan and end the disturbing series of quarrels with the Sikhs, now fully established by the genius of Ranjhit Singh as the sole rulers of the Punjab

This policy must be understood, for it is the key to everything that has followed ever since. It has been demonstrated that from time immemorial Afghans had ridden to India and carved out fiefs, that well into the twentieth century Afghans had invaded the plains of India, and that India now, as in the past, had ample justification for going to Afghanistan to establish order there. In 1838 was signed the Tripartite Treaty, in which the British, Shah Soojah, and Ranjhit Singh signed a treaty of amity and alliance to put the Shah back on the throne, and to live in peace and concord with every assistance for commerce. When the policy failed, no contumely was too great to heap on the head of its framers.

It has not unfairly been claimed that the justification of the original policy lay in the fact that the Shah, with troops raised a second time for him in India, but this time with British officers, backed by a British force, was established without difficulty on his throne at Kabul. Dost Muhammad, who had been placed on the throne by a powerful section when the Shah was driven out, fled. The Shah once again sat on the throne of his fathers. The British in England were delighted, honours were showered. Then came the aftermath. The clever plans of the Council

Chamber failed. Shah Soojah was not man enough to stay on the throne of Afghanistan, and his people did not want him, and there was no strong party on his side. We had to bribe the tribes and to support him by staying on. This was never intended, and the necessity of keeping on the throne by British bayonets a king whom no one wanted put us in the falsest position. Even then we could have changed our policy without disaster had not the grossest military misconduct and misjudgment thrown away our force in Kabul. We returned, it is true, triumphant as avengers to find our *protégé* murdered, but eventually secured the strong and friendly Afghanistan we needed by allowing Dost Muhammad, then a refugee guest in India, to return! We had torn the hitherto intact legend of our prestige; we had lost thousands of lives; we had spent millions doing what we had a perfect right to do, but made the cardinal mistake, in spite of warnings, of backing the wrong horse

But before those disasters came about, while we were the allies who had brought back their king, the relation between the British and the Afghans was more than cordial, far more cordial than it has ever been in India. Here is an extract from *Sale's Brigade*:

> Throughout the whole of the autumn they lived under canvas, the officers passing to and fro with a confidence which at this stage of their acquaintance appeared to command a like degree of honesty among the people. Horse-racing and cricket were got up in the vicinity of Kabul, and, in both, the chiefs and people soon learned to take a lively interest, and several of the native gentry entered their horses . . our countrymen attended them to their mains of cocks, quails and other fighting animals and lost or won their rupees in the best possible humour. The result of this frankness was to create among the Afghans a good deal of personal liking for their conquerors. The chiefs in consequence invited them to their houses in the town and to their castles in the country . . . strange to say, the Afghans refused to believe that frost and snow were familiar to the senses of the Feringhees There was a lake near Kabul on which the Afghans used to slide far more gracefully than the English, but when in due time the regimental artificers had fabricated skates a party of skaters appeared on the lake . . . the Afghans looked on in mute astonishment while the officers were fastening on their skates, but when they rose, dashed across the ice's surface, wheeled and turned . . there was an end to all disbelief in regard to the place of their nativity 'Now we see,' they cried, 'that you are men like ourselves born where the seasons vary.'

The friendship which these connections engendered undoubtedly held good during the troubles of 1841–2, and many were the good offices which some of the chiefs performed in rescuing both officers and ladies and in befriending them in captivity.

Unfortunately the aftermath of the collapse of our optimistic policy was an Afghanistan closed to all 'come-and-go' of

Europeans. Afghans might come to India at will, but the converse was a closed border. Nevertheless, the result of our endeavours was a strong and friendly Afghanistan, with a friendship, so far as the Dost was concerned, which held good through the temptations of the great Mutiny of 1857.

It is not necessary to dwell on our relations with Afghanistan in the years which are within the memory of so many of us. Suffice it to say that the Second Afghan War was due to the same cause as the first, namely, the policy, perhaps not wisely pursued, of maintaining a strong and independent country between us and Russia and also of preventing that country leaning unduly towards Russia. By 1885, it will be remembered, we were massing all our armies on the frontier to support the Afghans against Russian aggression. Since then India has spent many millions in preparing to do so more effectively. Nor is it necessary, especially at this moment, to say much of the Third Afghan War, when our young friend lost his head in the tangle of post-war politics, ignoring the remarkable loyalty of his father during those years of difficulty—a loyalty which clearly shows the general wisdom of our more recent attitude towards Afghanistan—and threw his armies on to a demobilising army, and a disorganised India hardly recovered from its own rebellious nightmare. Driving back his armies easily, despite our lack of trained troops, we have now started on a new covenant, which still packs into the same portmanteau, namely, a strong, prosperous and friendly Afghanistan, which is the spirit in which we await the young King's coming.

The Afghanistan of to-day is in many aspects much changed since the British Army was last there in the early 'eighties. But it is nothing like such a change as would have resulted from free intercourse with its European neighbour. Abdur-Rahman, the strong man who with seeming *nonchalance* received the throne at our hands in 1881, feared his neighbours and feared his people's fanaticism towards them, and knew well the complications that the murder of European travellers involves. He practically closed his borders to all such, and lived to some extent in splendid isolation, drawing only on the British Empire for arms and factory development. Trade went its natural ways, that from the eastern or Afghan provinces proper to the railheads at Chaman and Peshawur, that from the Persian and Turki provinces sloping to the Oxus, towards the Russian railheads. But, with the rise of motors, the interest in road-making developed, and during the reign of Habib Ullah, the son of Abdur-Rahman, and father of Amanullah, good roads to the main centres were constructed. From the British railhead at Chaman the short run to Kandahar is plain sailing enough, but from the new British railhead at Landi

Kotal, on the Afghan side of the Khaiber Pass, the road for wheels to Kabul has only in the last few years been made efficient and properly maintained, and since Kabul lies 6000 feet above the sea, the route is often snow-bound. Steadily have the ways of the West developed with the roads. The admission of European engineers, electrical and motor, and the use of the water-power of the country is now bringing a demand for modern appliances. For generations it has been the plaint of Afghan traders that it is less trouble to go from Australia to Peshawur than from Peshawur to Kabul. With the coming of motor roads, and with the security that has been steadily growing, that reproach is passing. The trade with Afghanistan, either east or west, is much what would be expected, namely, the ordinary transfer of produce to the markets of her neighbours, and the import of what she does not grow. It is not enormous, nor is it ever likely to be, for Afghanistan, though larger than France, has perhaps something over 6,000,000 inhabitants, and though she has much barren hillside, many a square mile of devastated plain remains to be repeopled.[4] Hides, dried fruit, and, since the refrigerator trains have run to Chaman, fresh fruit of incomparable value to India must be her chief exports, with certain spices and condiments dear to the Indian bazaars. Minerals for her own use will no doubt be forthcoming.

The future of transportation has yet to be seen. King Amanullah and his advisers may prefer for many years to preserve their isolation and keep from railways in favour of roads and motors. Ways and means are always a difficulty in a backward State with no particular mineral wealth To build railways in mountain lands is a costly business, especially with heavy winter snowfall. Not only has the permanent way to be made, at a far greater expense than a lorry road, but the rolling stock must be financed. Persia has perhaps foolishly embarked on a railway policy when her traders would gladly have themselves provided the lorry stock to work on national roads. If the Afghans are wise they will make the roads and let their public provide the lorries and cars.

Nevertheless, the railway designer, especially when provided with that dangerous thing the small-scale map, against which old Lord Salisbury was wont to inveigh, can but see how small is the gap in the world's systems. For thousands of miles the lines run to the Oxus from the northern shores of Europe. From Calcutta and Bombay to Landi Kotal and to Chaman climb the rails on to the Central Asia plateau, and there remains on the small scale map just this trivial gap of Afghanistan and of Persia. If His Majesty wants railways he can have them, for the Indian

[4] Devastated for the sheer lust of slaughter and destruction by Tatar invaders.

broad-gauge is within 80 miles of Kandahar, and on the Russian side the rail has long been across the Murghab. It is but 70 miles from the Russian railhead at Khusk to Herat, and but 300 miles as the crow flies separate Kandahar and that city. It is easy enough to connect when the time comes if Afghanistan and the world need it. From Landi Kotal to Kabul, through that tangled web of mountain and defile, is another matter. But to live up to her aspirations Afghanistan wants people, irrigation to feed them, peace to restore them. The miles of ruined cities on the Helmund and in Seistan wait for a rule that shall restore the prosperity which Hulagu and other Tatar conquerors wiped out for the merest lust of destruction. The future of the country under a guaranteed rule of development and peace is bound to be great.

And now in that beautiful Kabul where Baber built his gardens and planned his conquest of India, electricity, easily borne of mountain streams, is bringing the twentieth century to what was till lately mediæval. His Majesty, after the model of Delhi, builds himself a new palace and a new suburb. The engineers of Europe jostle one another in the broadway with their garages and their rival schemes. A *Corps Diplomatique* representative of Europe graces the Afghan Court. A British Minister, Sir Francis Humphrey, for the first time since 1879, resides with the other representatives of the West at this mountain capital, only somewhat more dignified and aloof, anxious to be as helpful and as sympathetic as His Majesty needs, careful not to be *trop camarade* in view of ancient misunderstandings, watchful of this fierce Bolshevist desire to injure Britain through her neighbour, wise and competent beyond most pro-consuls, and, should the King wish it, ready no doubt to be a tower of strength to him. And so all who know the history watch this strange pouring of new wine into old bottles, which, contrary to belief, seems by no means to be impossible. But to complicate this pouring of wine is the remarkable situation *vis-à-vis* the four ethnological Soviet republics across the Oxus—Usbegistan, Tajikistan, Turkmanistan, and Kara-Kirghiz—whose progress is not altogether negligible, whose racial feeling and mind are being stimulated, and who are closely allied with peoples of similar race on the Afghan side of the great river. Add to this the fact that some of His Majesty's entourage are said to be pro-Russian, and that a treaty allowing considerable freedom of entry to Russia and Russians exists, and you have a situation which, to say the least of it, is interesting, especially when Russia, thwarted in China, is vowing red ruin to Britain in India.

It is obvious, therefore, that the future policy of Afghanistan and its king is of very great importance to India and this Empire. If he is able to develop his ideas of Western progress so far as

suits the psychology of his people, and if he can maintain the integrity of his territory on the Oxus, and be free from the Bolshevist taint, he is serving his own interests and with them ours. We want to be relieved of anxiety on all our frontiers, but here alone in the British Commonwealth have we for years really lain alongside a frontier problem. Whether we be allied to Afghanistan by a scrap of paper or no, the maintenance of her integrity must be a cardinal principle, and no one knows this better than some of the astute brains of Kabul. The military problem at the back of our minds, which runs across all the plans which the General Staff in India have to prepare, is either the preservation of Afghanistan as an intact State against all comers, or the facing her as a semi-Bolshevised hostile neighbour.

The desires that the young King naturally has of preserving his dynasty, and of developing his State, run entirely in the age-old direction of British aspirations, namely, a strong, friendly Afghanistan. By a curious turn of the wheel that old-fashioned Islamic influence which has so long made hostility to Great Britain its guiding principle must now inevitably be on the *qui vive* against all that Bolshevism stands for, and therefore, it is to be hoped, a sheet-anchor. But it is also obvious that, with this curious position still developing, India cannot yet reduce her military expenditure For the young King and his country, however, all that India can wish, and all that Great Britain and the Commonwealth can wish, is peace, progress, prosperity, trade and still more trade. It is perhaps all to the good that for the moment, shyness of British ways is sending young Afghanistan to other countries to learn its Westernism, for it is a curious fact that to all, save to the sour minds of the world for whom the British stand as anathema, comes in due course the belief in the efficacy of the *Palaver Inglisi* and British way.

This month we shall gladly welcome him—who may well be described as another young king before him, 'a choice young man and a goodly,'—and the very charming and attractive lady with whose portrait we are now so familiar.

GEORGE MACMUNN.

THE MECHANISM OF SHANGHAI

II

KEEPING in view the main object at which the administration of Shanghai aims, the maintenance of the port as one of the chief centres of intercourse between East and West, let us now examine the municipal and judicial mechanism which serves this purpose. Owing to the position of Chinese ratepayers the municipal part of the mechanism has been much criticised. The Chinese population of the international settlement, an area of eight and two-thirds square miles, is over 810,000; the foreign population is under 23,000: yet of the total number of votes exercised in electing the municipal council, approximately 2400, the British hold about 1100, the Japanese approximately 500, the Americans about 300, and the Chinese *nil*. The Council, which is elected annually, is composed of nine members, of whom in 1927 five were British, two American, and two Japanese. According to the land regulations, which are the settlement's constitution, one vote is given to every foreigner, either individually or as a member of a firm, who resides in the settlement, who has paid all taxes due, who is an owner of land of not less than 500 taels in value, whose annual payment of assessment on land or houses or both, exclusive of all payments in respect of licences, amounts to 10 taels or more, or who is a householder paying on an assessed rental of not less than 500 taels per annum. On this basis the total of votes exceeds that of voters, for the dual reason that proxy voting is allowed, while each interest has one vote only, irrespective of the amount of land owned by it. Moreover, while the Chinese have no votes, they pay in rates more than the foreign ratepayers; in 1925, the year of anti-British agitation, about 2,021,000 taels, as against about 1,763,000 taels.

To-day everybody is agreed that these inequalities should be modified by placing Chinese representatives on the council.

There are, however, other features of Shanghai's governance which are unsatisfactory. Thus, the area of the international settlement, besides being small, is shut in by other areas under separate administrations, which results in Shanghai as a whole

being describable as a city in fetters.[1] On one side of its harbour, the importance of which has already been indicated, is a Chinese district known as Pootung, where there are big foreign interests, but where foreign municipal authority cannot function; on the foreign side compulsory powers of land purchase are limited, so that there can be little planning or provision for the future. And outside the western and northern limits of the settlement, where about 7000 foreigners now live—as they are entitled to do—the edge of municipally constructed roads delimits the sphere of municipal authority. Thus a municipal policeman might be empowered to enter the front door, but in the case of not a few houses would cease to have any legal authority in the backyard.

Not so very long ago the lack of co-ordination in the governments of adjacent areas came near to having very serious consequences. In 1911 an outbreak of bubonic plague took place in Chapei, a Chinese district north of the settlement. In the settlement measures were promptly taken to hold the disease in check. In Chapei, however, there was great negligence, and in a single month more than thirty cases were reported, the area in which they were discovered lying just outside the settlement. Exactly the same thing might occur to-day. In the past, too, conflicts of authority have frequently taken place, and great care is needed to prevent them, for with an invisible and arbitrary boundary, with cinema and dancing-halls, *cafés*, and other less respectable places to be kept from rowdyism, with fires to be fought, thieves and criminals to be traced, plots to be watched—and Shanghai is a Mecca of political plotters—opportunities for friction are many.

Again, south of the international settlement lies the so-called French 'concession,' an area just under four square miles. This, too, forms a separate administrative unit, in which the principle of administration is very different from the settlement's. For in this part of Shanghai the French consul is the controlling authority, whereas in the settlement consular authority over the municipality is limited to fixing the day for the council's election; to giving or withholding approval to new bye-laws introduced by the council, except such as relate solely to itself or its officers or servants; to convening meetings of ratepayers when considered necessary, and to giving or withholding consent to decisions of ratepayers' meetings upon any matter of a municipal nature not already enumerated in the land regulations or bye-laws and affecting the general interests This difference between the government of the 'concession' and the settlement, representing as it does differences of political theory, tradition and tempera-

[1] See an article in *The Times* of September 3, 1924, of which, I am permitted to say, I was the author.

ment, has at times increased the difficulties inseparable from the independent administration of two contiguous areas, the major problems of which, in so far as they arise from the same geographical, commercial and political circumstances, are necessarily very similar and at times identical.

In these various facts the caricaturist has had ample material. Here, he could say, is a Sino-foreign community, existing within the framework of the Chinese polity, yet holding itself aloof from it; representing interests obviously demanding unified direction and promotion, yet split into a number of independent or semi-independent units jealous of their administrative differences and apparently oblivious of their common welfare; each pursuing its own aims and objects; clinging to treaties, agreements and traditions which came into existence in an age that had little in common with the present time. The only thing to do with such a community is to poke fun at it, or, the political student might add, overrule it

Now the first thing to be said about this presentation of the position is that, as far as overruling the Shanghai community is concerned, Great Britain has been powerless to act alone. A British Government cannot overrule an international community brought into existence by international agreement; still less can it say what form of government the French 'concession' should have. That is primarily a Franco-Chinese affair, while changes in the international settlement's land regulations require international consent. The latter, moreover, have either to be limited to the international settlement, and thus leave unsolved the problem of its relations to surrounding districts, or they must be made as part, or in anticipation, of a general scheme embracing the other areas. Such a scheme, though involving more difficulties than the comparatively simple change of giving votes to Chinese ratepayers, would, if successful, do much more for Shanghai than the former measure alone could do

The next point to be realised is that an embracive scheme was actually under consideration during 1923 and 1924 It included proposals for an addition of three Chinese members to the council of the international settlement, and the addition of two foreign members to that of the Chinese district known as Chapei, while a council of Chinese and foreigners in equal numbers was to administer the Chinese districts on the right and left banks of the Whangpoo. The proposals also included the formation of a consultative body to deal with questions affecting all the areas named, and at a later stage, it was hoped, the Chinese city and the French 'concession.' They provided, too, for an extension of the international settlement on the west and north with a view to meeting some of the administrative difficulties already noted.

An important point in the story of the failure of these proposals to materialise is that they were dependent on the conclusion of separate negotiations for the rendition to the Chinese of a court known as the Mixed Court, through which, prior to 1911, the local Chinese authorities exercised jurisdiction over the Chinese residents of the international settlement. In 1911 the confusion which necessitated customs revenues being placed in foreign banks, as described in the first part of this article, also caused the foreign consuls to assume control over the Mixed Court, from which the Chinese magistrates had fled. This step, which was intended to be a temporary measure, resulted in the court being entirely divorced from the rest of China's judicial system and becoming to all intents and purposes a foreign court applying Chinese law. Accordingly, the court figured prominently in the disturbances and agitations of 1925 Its rendition was ultimately effected through the institution of a new court known as the Shanghai Provisional Court, which began to function on January 1, 1927. Many of the circumstances connected with the matter are, therefore, no longer of practical interest. But this one certainly is, the fact, namely, that the rendition negotiations, on which the municipal reforms just described depended, were not begun, partly on account of the unsettled state of Chinese political affairs, but partly also, I was informed at the time, because the American Minister, who was in favour of rendition, nevertheless thought it better to await the results of the inquiries of the Extraterritoriality Commission The leaders of the British community were perfectly ready to give effect to the reforms. It is also of interest to recall that the very different attitude which they showed at an earlier stage—namely, in 1920, when a resolution at the annual meeting of ratepayers to give Chinese representation on the council was defeated—was not very distinguishable from that of the Diplomatic Body in 1917 and 1918 towards rendition of the Mixed Court

One does not recall these facts by way of excuse for the 'die-hardness'—to-day so unfashionable—which the British community displayed at various times between 1906 and 1923, but to put in a truer perspective than has hitherto been provided both their attitude and the subsequent anti-British feeling of the Chinese, who laid at the British community's door blame which should have been laid elsewhere.

In determining to-day what share in the government of the international settlement the Chinese should be given it is necessary to set side by side with Shanghai's modern requirements needs which are not modern but mediæval. As examples of the latter take the following extracts from the annual report of the municipal council of the international settlement for 1926 :

Crime of a more than usually serious nature.—Forty-three persons were murdered in the settlement during the year as against 34 in 1925. Included in this total was a Korean, who was shot dead by armed assassins on February 1, a Japanese mill employee, who was assaulted by strikers on February 27, and an Indian watchman, who was stabbed on June 30. The persons murdered in the other cases were Chinese, nine of whom were members of the Shanghai Municipal Police. Seventeen of the murders were committed by armed robbers, four by strike agitators, whilst the others were due to faction fights, family quarrels, political and other motives. Fifteen were sentenced to death.

Abduction by Armed Gangs—Four cases of armed abduction involving five persons and one attempted armed abduction were reported as against 20 cases reported in 1925. In one of the above cases a well-known compradore and his chauffeur were abducted on the Myburgh Road on the morning of February 8 by an armed gang who removed their captives in a hired motor car after they had fired at and wounded a relative of the compradore Arrests made on March 7 and 8 led to further investigations, and to the investigators raiding a house in territory under Chinese jurisdiction on the latter date. They were met with a heavy fire which was kept up for over two hours, but were eventually successful in rescuing the two victims after three of their abductors had been shot dead. Other crimes for which members of this gang were responsible included murder and armed robbery.

Fifty Chinese were arrested for armed abduction committed in territory beyond the settlement limits.

Robbery—There were 448 cases of armed robbery reported during the year, 357 occurring at dwelling-houses, shops, etc, and 91 on the highway Ten Chinese civilians and four constables met their death in connection with the above armed robberies and attempted armed robberies, whilst sixteen Chinese civilians, one foreign sergeant and one Chinese constable were wounded.

A comparative table of robberies for the past ten years follows:

TOTAL NUMBER OF ARMED ROBBERS ARRESTED

1917	171	1922	138
1918	183	1923	221
1919	140	1924	260
1920	85	1925	605
1921	128	1926	401

The distinction between such occurrences and similar violations of law and order in, say, Chicago, is that there they represent rebellion against an established system of civil administration infinitely stronger than the attacks made on it, whereas in Shanghai they are the expression of a social order marked by nothing more clearly than the impotence of civilian rule. They represent the inflow into Shanghai of the vast, unruly currents that are agitating such large portions of the rest of China. Describing one cause of this unruliness the report of the Commission on Extraterritoriality in China said:

One of the chief factors which militate against the normal administration of justice in China to-day is the interference with the departments

of civil government by the military leaders. These leaders, possessing as they do their own armies engaged in constant warfare, exercise almost unrestrained authority over the lives, liberty and property of the people in the areas which happen for the time being to be within their control. This authority includes the power to control, directly or indirectly, if they so desire, official appointments in the civil administration of the national and provincial Governments, with the exception of certain services such as the customs administration in which there is a large measure of foreign direction. The exodus to places of safety of civil officials appointed by one military party from an area, the capital included, which has just been taken over by their opponents is a matter of common occurrence. The military interference with civil administration extends to the judiciary, so that the independence of this branch of the Government is endangered. Irregularities in this respect usually occur under the guise of the application of martial law, which, however, is declared without regard to the legal provisions on the subject. In other instances there is simply an open assumption of authority Another important factor is the control by the military of the finances of the Government, so that the courts are dependent upon the military for their financial support.

By virtue of the Chinese law itself the legal position of the military renders them immune from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts, while their power, in fact, often renders them immune from all courts. This immunity is liable to be extended to the friends of the military and to the commercial firms and organisations in which they are interested. Ample evidence of the foregoing is brought out by the fact that the military are constantly committing crimes which go unpunished, for it is generally difficult for aggrieved civilians to obtain any redress from military authorities commanding their own armies when such redress must be sought in military courts controlled by these authorities.

The Commission believes it well within the range of moderation to state that in China at the present time there is no effective security against arbitrary action by the military authorities with respect to life, liberty, or property, in so far as such security can be afforded by an effective functioning of the Chinese civil and judicial authorities.

In such circumstances it follows almost inevitably that respect for civil authority, for law as law, is in a great many parts of China non-existent. Nowhere, probably, is this more marked than in the Yangtze Valley, the most densely populated part of China, where the struggle for existence is pitilessly keen, and whence, annually, thousands upon thousands of half-starved riff-raff pour into Shanghai, bringing with them all the conceptions of political life with which their experience has endowed them.

An example of mediævalism of a different kind is the dependence of Shanghai's commercial life on silver, in the form of nuggets or 'shoes' of a stipulated weight and fineness. The local term for it is 'sycee.' Its value is reckoned in taels, in which the bulk of commercial and exchange operations are conducted. There are, as readers of books on China are aware, a variety of taels, the most familiar, probably, being

the haikuan, or customs, tael, in which import and export duties are paid. There are, as such readers are also aware, no tael coins, though there are tael notes, the coinage in use in all the modernised parts of China being silver dollars, of which the most popular in a land believed to be throbbing with republicanism and Sun Yat-senism is that of Yuan Shih-kai, who wanted to suppress both. The dollar bearing his features carries one further in the interior of China than any other. China's budget is shown in dollars, and in 1919 the Associated British Chambers of Commerce in China discussed the possibility of placing banking and commercial transactions on a uniform dollar basis Here is what the late Mr. A. G. Stephen, at that time manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank in Shanghai, said :

> Until a mint is provided in which the foreign banks have confidence, these banks cannot possibly recommend their Governments to agree to the abolition of sycee, which is the sheet-anchor of China's currency at the present time. The sycee of Shanghai melting shops has come through successfully every test it has been subjected to, and before parting with the one reliable form of currency available the banks must, in the public interest, be sure they are getting something equally good

These remarks apply just as much to-day as they did then, and Shanghai's melting shops remain as important as they were. They convert the silver bars imported by the banks into 'shoes,' so called because of their shape, the work being extremely delicate and skilful and very interesting to watch, especially the stage at which each 'shoe' is given its standard fineness.[3] You see a lump of silver and a number of dollars (required for the necessary alloy) emptied into a clay bowl and placed in the middle of glowing charcoal embers. Sand and sulphur are sprinkled into the bowl, a sheet of flame leaping upwards as the sulphur touches the metal, which in a few seconds begins to run like melted butter. Getting as close as the heat will allow, you watch it dissolving in blue-grey streaks and gradually losing form, until, at a third sprinkling, your erstwhile piece of silver bar has become a sticky-looking paste. Then begins a process of purification, tiny cupfuls of the clearing liquid being tested as soon as they have cooled and solidified. Then very quickly the final change takes place. Seizing the bowl with a pair of pincers, the workman pulls it out from the charcoal, pours the contents into an iron mould, blows through a short bamboo tube, turns the mould upside down with a sharp knock, and out falls a glistening silver 'shoe,' which is promptly christened with the characters of the melting shop—'everlasting prosperity' were those of the shop I visited—ineffaceably beaten into the 'shoe' with a neat little hammer-like seal

[3] Sycee is about 986 fine. bar silver from 996–999 fine.

There are, or were, some fourteen of these shops, and they do their work in the heart of the international settlement, receiving the silver bars, which you may first watch arriving from across the Pacific and being dumped on the 'bund,' from the vaults of the banks, which each month publish a statement showing the stock of silver in Shanghai. The latest to hand at the time of writing is that for November, and it reads, in part, thus:

Stocks of silver held by the foreign and native banks on November 30 were estimated to be taels 57,384,000 sycee and bar silver, and $77,250,000.

Bar silver arrivals were .	6,116 bars from America.
	2,368 bars from Japan.
Sycee shipments were .	taels 7,650,000 to Tientsin
	taels 720,000 to Hankow.
	taels 100,000 to Hangchow.

For such work to proceed smoothly and securely in an environment as liable to disturbance as recent history and the extracts from the municipal council's annual report show Shanghai to be, it is essential that there should be a vigilant and well-organised police system, backed by an efficient judicial administration. The police of the international settlement, some 320 foreigners (excluding Japanese, who total about 50), some 770 Sikhs and about 1700 Chinese, are controlled by a commissioner of police, an employee of the council. During the period 1911–1926, when, as we have seen, the Mixed Court was under foreign control, the relationship of the police to the part of the judicial administration which dealt with Chinese was comparatively simple and easy. Before that period it was difficult, as it has been since the replacement of the Mixed Court by the Provisional Court. Before 1911, as now, the chief cause of difficulty was the tendency of the court to become a political machine, and to introduce into the settlement's administration the evils inherent in Chinese judicial methods. The court was originally established in 1864 to facilitate the hearing of suits between foreigners and Chinese, and to deal with the delinquencies of the large number of Chinese who flocked into the settlement for protection against the ravages of the Taiping rebels. Thus, addressing the settlement's land-renters on April 15, 1865, Sir Harry Parkes, with whom the idea of the court originated, as reported by the *North China Herald*, said:

Previous to its (*i.e.*, the court's) establishment native offenders could only be brought before the consuls and committed by them to the Chinese authorities inside the city for trial and punishment. The difficulty of sending in witnesses and of prosecuting was so great, and the whole proceeding so tedious, that in many cases the ends of justice were unattainable. In common with his colleagues he had then thought it desirable that the Chinese authorities should be brought nearer to enable justice to be dealt out on the spot, and he believed the experiment had succeeded.

As explained by Sir Harry to the land-renters a year earlier, on April 15, 1864, the experiment included an arrangement whereby, whenever it became necessary to exercise jurisdiction over non-treaty Power foreigners, the Chinese officer would be assisted by two foreign assessors, who, 'without being invested with judicial powers, would exercise all the well-known functions attributed to assessors generally, while in all cases whatsoever a foreign official should be admitted to the court to take note of the proceedings.'

These arrangements were in accordance with the spirit and the letter of the treaties and with the British Government's policy as explained to the Shanghai community by the British Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, in 1862, in connexion with the proposal made by prominent Shanghai merchants that the port should be converted into a 'free city' under the protection of the Powers.

> It is my duty to remind you [he wrote] that the Chinese Government has never formally abandoned its rights over its own subjects, nor has Her Majesty's Government ever claimed or expressed any desire to exercise a protectorate over them. . . . Great Britain has no interest except in providing a secure place for British trading establishments, and whatever inconveniences may arise from the conversion of the settlement into a Chinese town I do not think Her Majesty's Government will be induced to seek a remedy for them by extending its jurisdiction over a large section of the Chinese population.

In the same year, however, as the Mixed Court was established, we find Sir Harry Parkes writing to the local Chinese official (Taotai Ying) as follows:

> I am in receipt of your letter communicating a petition received by you from certain Chinese merchants resident within the foreign settlement on the subject of gambling in Maloo and Laoza, also informing me that you had directed the chief magistrate to issue a proclamation for the arrest of offenders and requesting me to take similar proceedings. . . . In all matters relating to the public peace and good order within the foreign settlement, the labour and cost of protecting which has not hitherto been shared by the Chinese authorities, it is incumbent on the latter not to initiate any new measures without previous deliberation with the consuls of the nations who have great interests at stake This is the more necessary as it is well known that the Chinese police cannot be trusted to act alone in these cases. Extortion is generally the principal use they make of their power, or their collusion in the evil they are ordered to suppress is purchased.

For these reasons there was from the very first a disposition for the municipal administration and the Mixed Court to come into conflict, and in the rules of the court agreed to in 1866 between Parkes and the local Chinese authorities it was provided that the latter might continue to serve warrants in the settlement in criminal and civil questions in which Chinese alone were

concerned, but that such warrants should bear consular indorsement—a provision which occurs also in the agreement made by the American consul for the formal delimitation of the American settlement in 1863, the practice of the French in their 'concession' being the same. At that time Chinese judicial administration was worse even than it is to-day, so between 1866 and 1876 (when the Chefoo Convention reiterated the principles enunciated by Sir Frederick Bruce) and between 1876 and 1905 we watch three tendencies at work—a tendency on the part of the foreign assessors to Westernise the court to the extent of trying to bridge the gulf between Chinese and European legal conceptions and procedure, a tendency on the part of the Chinese magistrate's superior territorial authorities to dominate and use him, and a tendency on the part of the municipal authorities to resent this and any attempt of the court to extend its authority. The outcome of these tendencies was that by 1905 the foreign assessor sat with the Chinese magistrate in all except purely Chinese civil cases, while on the eve of the anti-Manchu revolution no sentence given by the court in criminal cases, or in civil cases in which foreigners were concerned, was valid unless concurred in by the assessor, warrants, summonses and orders issued by the Chinese magistrate being countersigned by the senior consul or one of the assessors representing him, and the municipal police accompanying the court's Chinese runners when they were served. Thus, when the revolution took place and resulted in the collapse of local administration, the conversion of the Mixed Court from a Chinese Government into a foreign institution applying Chinese law was, from a mechanical point of view, an easy operation.

To say that the court's rendition, and its reinstitution in the form of the present Provisional Court, was the result of the British Government's liberal policy as embodied in the famous Christmas memorandum of 1926 would be incorrect—in the first place because, as already indicated, rendition had been the subject of negotiation on various occasions, in the second because it represented the collective decision of the Powers. Nevertheless the spirit which inspired the Christmas memorandum undoubtedly did a good deal to produce the decision.

To-day we are watching the practical results, one of which has been that during the greater part of last year the court was a political machine presided over by a succession of easily removed nonentities, amongst whom Judge Loo Hsing-yuan appears to have been a man of some character, a fact, however, which did not save him from the fate of his predecessors. If, notwithstanding this, it is too early to describe the court as a failure, there can be no doubt that up to last December its pliability added greatly to the difficulties of administering the settlement.

Stated very briefly, the position which the court now occupies is this. It is once again a Chinese court in fact as well as in theory. The assessors do no more than watch proceedings, and only when summonses, warrants or orders have to be executed on premises occupied by a foreigner having extraterritorial rights have they to be countersigned by the consul 'or other appropriate official of the Power concerned.' In other words, the Chinese have been given, substantially, what they asked for, and up to December they had made extremely disappointing use of it. Their response to the liberalism of the Christmas memorandum of 1926 has been as disappointing as their use of the opportunities which the British Government tried to give them in the sixties and seventies of last century.

If the reader will add to these various facts the fact that the municipality owes ratepayers about 7,588,000*l.*, borrowed for the provision of public utilities, of which amount the Chinese have lent comparatively little, and the further fact that the administration of the Chinese parts of Shanghai by the Chinese shows little practical ability to apply the principles which the nationalists profess, he will have before him the main considerations which have to be weighed in deciding what share Chinese are to be given in the international settlement's government. The matter is under negotiation at the present time, and a decision is expected shortly. For that reason, though these articles represent no more than my own personal views, I would limit expression of opinion to this, that the risk involved, not only to the municipality, but to the other parts of the mechanism which I have described, in conceding the demand made a short time ago for the same number of seats on the council as foreigners have—a demand, in other words, for the cessation of foreign control—would at the present time be out of all proportion to the justice with which the demand can in theory be sustained.

The French, according to a recent report,[3] have given the Chinese five representatives in their municipality, and have made provision for additional representatives as the 'concession's' population increases. A similar number in the international settlement would place the Chinese on an equality with the British while leaving control in foreign hands, just as in the 'concession' it remains in French hands These changes would have the further advantage, perhaps, of facilitating the introduction of some scheme designed to co-ordinate the administration of Shanghai as a whole. That would enable the port to meet the needs which the growing importance of the Pacific is creating.

E. M. GULL.

[3] See the *Manchester Guardian* of January 31.

THE ALLEGED DULLNESS OF WRITERS ON EDUCATION

In the weather-reports we often read: 'Mainly dull: bright intervals.' I am afraid that this is what we have to say in general about writers on education in all languages. Educationalists are not best-sellers. At their worst they are catalogued under 'Pedagogy.' We English like that subject better under another name. Mr Lytton Strachey's pen pricked Dr. Arnold's fame by pinning him down as a pedagogue. Shakespeare was not the last young man to make fun of schoolmasters. Books on education, until they become quaint or rare, drop into the ignominious midden at the end of a second-hand catalogue: 'The following books are offered at one shilling per volume.'

But it is largely a matter of taste. Would one rather be descended from Jane Austen's Elizabeth Bennet or from Mrs. Markham? Probably the latter. The Penrose strain is good. And Darcy would be a devastating grandfather, Lydia a disagreeable aunt. But a descendant of Mrs. Markham might take unhealthy pleasure in being scolded by an educationalist. By George Wither, for example. Wither would have liked to have been called an educationalist, though teaching in a lecture-room was not his trade. His faithful words to teachers were written with what Richard Baxter called his 'plain, country honesty.'

Schoolmasters and tutors, [he wrote] being sometimes more arrogant than learned, and more covetous than industrious, many are much injured thereby. Let them therefore be remembered to judge themselves, saying thus:

'Beware, my heart,
  Lest thou too highly deem,
Of that small art
  Which may appear in me,
And proud become
  As pedants use to be,
Because to some a knowing man I seem
  For, though good lessons I have taught,
  Yet in myself if I be naught
And mar my doctrine by my ways,
Reproofs I merit more than praise'

That cuts too deep to be dull. Nor was A. D. Godley dull.

Woman Triumphant (February 20, 1920).

I sing the boons which future ages bring,
Before my eyes by prophecy displayed ;
It is to you I sing,
Matriculated maid !

Lo, how poor Man, his ancient power o'erthrown,
Slinks pariah-like in Colleges and Halls,
Trembling before the frown
Of Lady Principals !

Not long, methinks, that despicable worm
Shall hide unnoticed in his cloisters dim ;
Soon Progress and Reform
Will make an end of him,

While You, established in his wonted place,
Debate, as pondering on a nation's doom,
What cretonnes best shall grace
The chairs in Common Room.

I see you still by woman's gentle rule
Divesting Learning of its raiment sad,
Purging from every School
What ruggedness it had,

I see you Proctor, chasing fast and far
(With female bulldogs aiding in the quest)
Such damosels as are
Inadequately dressed ! [1]

Few educational writers feel free to follow Joubert's example and condense a book into a chapter, a chapter into a paragraph. When most educationalists have really got going, you wish that they would stop.

But Swift does not go on long enough. Only thirteen pages in eleven volumes. What little he wrote about education stings like Bernard Shaw.

From frequently reflecting upon the course and method of educating youth in this and in neighbouring kingdoms . . . I am come to this determination, that education is always the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents . . . Let me ask how it comes about that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs has been generally placed in the hands of new men with very few exceptions ?[2]

And in his *Essay on the Education of Ladies* :

There is a subject of controversy which I have frequently met with in mixed and select companies of both sexes, and sometimes only of men :

[1] *Reliquiæ*, by A. D. Godley, edited by C. R. L. Fletcher (Oxford University Press, 1927, vol. 1, p. 136).

[2] *An Essay on Modern Education*, published in No. IX of the *Intelligencer*, Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, vol. 11, p. 50 (London, George Bell, 1907). Written in 1729, but not unlike what has been said nearly two centuries later.

—' Whether it be prudent to choose a wife who hath good natural sense, some taste of wit and humour, sufficiently versed in her own natural language, able to read and to relish history, books of travel, moral or entertaining discourses, and be a tolerable judge of the beauties in poetry ? ' The question is generally determined in the negative by the women themselves, but almost universally by the men.

There is something medicinal in what is written about education: syrup or bitters. But the syrup has to be taken in a big dose. The sharp-tongued Thomas Love Peacock said that the subject was ' the bore of all bores, with no beginning, middle or end.' But Peacock lived in the age of Brougham, and had been preached to mercilessly by Frenchified educationalists. His mood was like Sir Frank Dicksee's—after seeing pictures by young English painters captivated by Cézanne.

In a famous novel the hero exclaims to a benevolent old lady: ' I seek in you a corrective friend.' We are told that in due time he found her ' collection of admonitions inexhaustible.' So it is with the good advice which seeps out from the syrupy sort of book on education. That we are what we are, in spite of it, makes one doubt the adhesiveness of ' direct moral instruction.'

But though the harvest is disappointing, the barns are not empty. The ' Gentleman of Cambridge ' who wrote in 1743 *The Lady's Preceptor, or a Letter to a Young Lady of Distinction upon Politeness*, may feel posthumous satisfaction at the improvement in the behaviour of young women in church.

To behave with Modesty, Madam, is requisite everywhere for a young Lady, but more particularly at Church. I would therefore advise you against the fashionable Practice of gazing about to find People to curtsey to ; though when others make some Compliments to you, I would have you return them without laughing and talking. . . .

During the time of the Sermon, always behave with Gravity and Attention, which is a thing much neglected by Young Ladies of this Age who come to Church merely to see and be seen and would be ashamed of nothing so much as to remember even the subject that the Gentleman in the Pulpit has been upon. Sometimes, indeed, they will vouchsafe to attend a little, but 'tis only in order to make ill-natured Remarks on the Preacher and to show how much better Critics they are than Christians. . . . You are not obliged to pass Judgment upon the Performance, but rather to profit by it . . .

I would at the same time warn you against attempting to dogmatise or form Difficulties with regard to Religion, which is a dangerous undertaking and often carries People further than they at first imagined Neither is it the Business of one of your Sex, Madam, to concern herself about the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church she adheres to [1]

[1] I owe this quotation to Miss Mary Alice Viall's article in *The Journal of Education*, September 1901, p. 562.

To bring out an Honours List in dullness of writing ab education would not keep the examiners long

Class I.—United States of America.
Class II.—Germany.
Class III.—England.
Class IV —France.

The French are like James Mozley in the Fellowship Examii tion at Oriel. They write very little, but what they write is go Montaigne would come out nearly top in any test. And, if y count him an educational writer, Blaise Pascal quite at the t The other Port-Royalists are austere but excellent, especia Lancelot, Nicole and Pascal's sister, Jacqueline. Madame Maintenon is like a minuet · Fénélon the ideal aunt : Madame Genlis meritorious : Jean Jacques Rousseau *hors de concours*.

Compare these with the Germans. Luther says what means, but is choleric and heavy-handed : Melanchthon, mild a persuasive : Sturm, irascible : Francke, holy but heavy : Ba dow, an attractive crank : Lessing, sage but platitudinou Goethe, wisdom itself · Wilhelm von Humboldt, a turncoa Froebel, a philosophical Mrs Barbauld, tender and delight but——: Herbart is Herbart : Friedrich Paulsen, brave, huma anti-bureaucratic.

Some educational writings have got dull through decay theological formulas. Thomas Arnold's sermons, for examp are heavy reading to-day. Read one aloud, and you catch son thing which the eye has missed. But his vibrating voice is voice from the grave Yet it is not so with John Henry Newma There is wistfulness in what he wrote, less certainty may one sa a lovelier, less expected, cadence. And yet during those fourte years of battle Arnold clove the heart of Rugby from the pul in Chapel.

> We used to creep in through the vestry on Sunday afternoon [M Norris of Weybridge told me] and tiptoe to a place where we could h and see him. He stood very upright in the pulpit when he preached, a always read from his manuscript He was very simple and unaffect Sometimes his voice nearly broke with feeling. He wore a black go preached for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and all the time y listened with all your strength so as not to miss a word

Rather dull as they are to us, Arnold's sermons were demand by an eager public. Here and there in them he speaks of sch questions which are not stale. In the very last he preach written on the Sunday afternoon before that last June Sund when he woke with the pain which ended in his death, he unc tained his thoughts about the possible impermanence of wh it had been given to him to achieve. His was the frankness

a great man, and in what (though he did not know it) was to be his final utterance he said that the result of the work which he and his friends had done at Rugby was precarious.

When we looked in his face, [wrote Arthur Stanley of Dr. Arnold more than thirty years after his death] when we heard him speak from the pulpit . . . his presence made us feel what history was. For we—any of us who could think at all—knew he was like one of those great men of whom we read in history. We thought then, and having witnessed many famous events and seen some famous men of our time, I think and know now, that he was one of the heroes of our age—one whom to have known and loved is an honour and a privilege and a responsibility which will last as long as life endures [4]

Arnold may be dull to some of us to-day, dull in the *History of Rome*, dull in the Oxford lectures, dull even in the passion-breeding essay on Church Reform, dull in that furious scolding article which he dashed off in rage against Newman and the anti-Hampdenites, but no description of him by an eye-witness is dull, because Arnold was the channel of mysterious power. A fortnight before Goethe died (March 1832) he sat talking one night with Eckermann. The two 'came to the question how far God influences the great natures of the present world in which we live.'

'To hear people speak [Goethe said], one would almost believe them to think that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man had now to see how he could get on without God and his daily invisible breath. . . . But let one only try, with human will and human power, to produce something which may be compared with the works which bear the name of Mozart, Raphael or Shakespeare. I know that these three noble beings are not the only ones, and that in every province of art excellent geniuses have produced things as good as they. But when they rose to those heights they rose above ordinary human nature and were as divinely endowed as Shakespeare, Raphael and Mozart. After all, what does it all come to? God did not retire to rest after the days of creation but, on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. . . He is now constantly active in higher natures to attract the lower ones.' And then Goethe was silent. But I cherished his great and good words in my heart [5]

Almost at the same time, Hurrell Froude, most thorough-going of the Tractarians, was writing: 'We cannot be certain that the inspiration which dictated the sacred writings differed at all in kind, or very materially in degree, from that which suggested such a book as Bishop Butler's *Analogy*.' [6]

[4] Dean Stanley Address at Rugby Chapel, June 12, 1874.

[5] *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann* (London, G. Bell, 1913, p. 569).

[6] Hurrell Froude, *Remains* (London, Rivington, 1838, vol. 1, p. 126); *Occasional Thoughts*, 1828. I owe this reference to Dr. Brilioth's *Anglican Revival* (Longmans, 1925, p. 241, note). One thinks too of the words in the first collect in the Service of Holy Communion: 'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit.'

The events connected with Arnold's sudden and early demise still move us deeply, not (I think) because his death snapped off a vigorous man's usefulness, but because it proved to be in itself a creative act which gave a new impulse to Arthur Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Hughes, Arthur Clough, and, indirectly, to Archibald Tait. Arnold was a Church Reformer with incoherent ideas. Modernists and Anglo-Catholics both owe something to him. Stanley and Robertson carried forward his Modernist ideas: Vaughan, his devotional: Lake, his Anglo-Catholic: Tait, his ideas of comprehension. Our present duplex state of mind about the Prayer Book is partly due to Arnold's death having come when it did, not to speak of the establishment, for good and for evil, of the famous Rugby tradition.

When Arnold went to Rugby in January 1828 John Keate was still Headmaster of Eton. Keate was the last of the old *régime*: Butler and Arnold the first of the new.

During his stay in Cairo in 1835 Keate's old pupil Kinglake thought it worth while to see something of the Magicians. He sent for their chief, an old man with an immense turban, a patriarchal beard and flowing robes. The Magician undertook to show to a boy brought in from the streets for the purpose the form and face of one of Kinglake's absent friends. The smoke of spices rose fragrantly from a brazier. Incantations began. A green shade was put over the boy's eyes Cabalistic figures were traced upon his palm. Kinglake was called upon to name an absent friend whose aspect was to be disclosed.

I named Keate . . . I must tell you what manner of man it was that I named. Wherever from utmost Canada to Bundelcund—wherever there was the white-washed wall of an officer's room or of any other apartment in which English gentlemen are forced to kick their heels, there, likely enough, the head of Keate would be seen, scratched, or drawn with those various degrees of skill which one observes in the representations of saints. Anybody without the least notion of drawing could still draw a speaking, nay scolding, likeness of Keate If you had no pencil, you could draw him well enough with a poker or the leg of a chair or the smoke of a candle. He was little more than five feet in height, and was not very great in girth, but in this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had a really noble voice, which he could modulate with great skill, but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck and he almost always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire respect. . . . His red shaggy eyebrows were so prominent, that he habitually used them as arms and hands for the purpose of pointing out any object towards which he wished to direct attention. . . . He wore a fancy dress, partly resembling the costume of Napoleon and partly that of a widow woman. I could not by any possibility have named anybody more decidedly differing in appearance from the rest of the human race.

'Whom do you name?' asked the Magician —'I name John Keate.' —'Now, what do you see?' said the Wizard to the boy. 'I see,' answered

the boy, 'I see a fair girl with golden hair, blue eyes, pallid face, rosy lips.' *There* was a shot! I shouted out my laughter to the horror of the Wizard, who, perceiving the grossness of his failure, declared that the boy must have known sin (for none but the innocent can see truth) and accordingly kicked him down stairs.[1]

Are we wrong in thinking that some of the brightest things in writings about education are fragments, just as the intense moments in our own educational experience are fragmentary, sudden, unlooked for? Education is not a subject by itself, but an alliance of subjects. Who can impart to us, whether by his single pen or with the help of a team of writers, the sap which runs through the veins of that vibrating, vaguely outlined, undulating body of art and science? Glimpses we get of it in those rare things, candid biographies which reveal the risks, the adventures, the evasions, the tension of a man or woman's inner life. Glimpses, and something more, in a few autobiographies—St. Augustine, Richard Baxter, Benjamin Franklin, Mrs. Sherwood, William Cobbett, John Stuart Mill, John Henry Newman, Mark Pattison, Henry Adams, Mark Rutherford, Richard Jefferies, Booker Washington in *Up from Slavery*, Sir Edmund Gosse in *Father and Son*, Helen Keller in *The Story of my Life*. Much more in novels, but there under disguise: in the *Arabian Nights*, Rabelais, Don Quixote, *Télémaque*, Sterne, *Paul and Virginia*, Bage; in Jane Austen, by the blank spaces (if Emma Woodhouse had had to earn her own living she would have been like that brisk Wakefield schoolmistress Miss Mangnall); in Charlotte Brontë, in pages overfull; in Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Meredith; and in the moderns, more than ever for our current taste. Much we get, and not without entertainment, from books on law. A good deal in official reports when written with gusto and not doctored. Here and there something in books on political economy—Adam Smith, Chalmers, Ruskin. Much from books like Mr. Coulton's, Mr. A. F. Leach's, Miss Eileen Power's, Miss Waddell's. Even more from poetry—Greek, Italian, French, German, English; from minor (or, if the phrase will pass, major minor) poets as well as from the great—from John Keble, Charles Wesley, Edward Lear, R. L. Stevenson; from books of phantasy like *Robinson Crusoe, Sandford and Merton, The Fairchild Family, Alice in Wonderland, Alice through the Looking-glass;* from Barrie, Walter de la Mare, A. A. Milne.

Dull in the lump educational writers may be, but they have their moments—and their allies.

But dull they are, dull though worthy, when they set themselves to do their duty. The more comprehensive (at least so it seems to me) the less comprehending. But these writers do not

[1] *Eothen*, by A. W. Kinglake, chap. xviii.

mask their mission. They live, as Charles Lamb said, for him rather pompously, 'under the restraint of formal didactive hypocrisy.' Yet one feels that even Mr. Fairchild, when the children had grown up and he settled up his moral accounts with the family, would put up with a composition of 7s. 6d. in the pound.

Some writers on education are dull through awkwardness with the pen, like William Lovett the Chartist. Some have turned dull through changes in the good manners of style, like Rollin, Joseph Priestley, Vicesimus Knox, though both Knox and Priestley have lively pages. Some are dull because they indulge themselves in too much detail, like Comenius and Charles Hoole. A few, like Jeremy Bentham, can sparkle on some other subjects, but when they deal with education are unspeakable. Some are dull because they thought it becoming to be dull: like H. S. Horsley, who wrote *The Affectionate Parent's Gift and Good Child's Reward, calculated to lead the tender Minds of Youth in the early promise of Virtue and Piety; to which is prefixed an Affectionate Address on the duties and obligations which they owe to God and their Parents.* Or Mrs. Chapone, whose *Letters on the Improvement of the (Female) Mind* ran through many editions Or the author of *The Moral Budget of My Aunt.*

Hannah More (who was not dull) knew what she was about when she entitled her book *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, with a view of the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fashion.* The girls and young women of each period reveal (to some contemporary censors) a sad falling off from the standards of their grandmothers. William Law felt it. So did Mrs. Trimmer. So did Sir Walter Scott. And Mrs. Lynn Linton. But what sooner gets *démodé* than unfulfilled prophecy?

Or, for that matter, than the passwords of educational reform? Milton did not take to Erasmus, Bishop Ken to Milton, William Godwin to Bishop Ken, and so down the vista to the Labour Party and the Communists. Changes in political temperature take the bubbles out of a good deal of educational writing which was lively in its day.

There is no prosecution for us, as for Caleb Williams, if we give Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* as a Christmas present No crowd at St. Mary's to hear a sermon on National Apostasy when a Labour Prime Minister nominates a Socialist to a canonry. There are pages of Mr. Wells which I can now read with a steady pulse. There have not been 'bright shoots of everlastingness' in Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics* with its argument that the franchise should be extended to children. Only Rousseau has the secret of the millennarian thrill.

Dull or not dull? Roger Ascham is graphic and racy, but he was a Yorkshireman and scandalously addicted to cock-fighting. There is not a flat word in Locke's *Some Thoughts concerning Education*, nor in his *Conduct of the Understanding*. But Locke simplified his design by speaking only of the education of gentlemen. There is nothing dull in Pestalozzi's narrative of what passed at Stanz. But he brought into his picture only destitute orphans and gutter-snipes. Bernard Mandeville's Essay on *Charity and Charity Schools* is as mordant as Voltaire. Dickens is as good as Daumier when he draws Mr. Squeers. The writers who are sometimes inspired about education and sometimes heavy on the foot count on both sides. The Edgeworths, for example. And Wordsworth. *The Prelude* is pre-eminent. But how about that piece about national schools which galumphs along at the end of *The Excursion?* Matthew Arnold, though a little too much of a 'megalopsuch' about education for my liking, was witty about that.

> One can hear the lines being quoted at a Social Science Congress: one can call up the whole scene A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns· dusty air and jaded afternoon light· benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles: an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without: and in the soul of any poor child of Nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, mourning and woe

Among thinkers on education there is one fundamental disagreement. Some, like Rousseau, wish to make earth heaven. Others, like Pascal, wish to bring heaven to a few on earth. The English, as in all things, are two-minded about this Tired of conflict between irreconcilable views, they hush up the eternal quarrel by administrative compromise. But, for all that, the English are right in believing that the discord can be resolved.

The illuminati believe that illumination of the mind will make all men good. They incline, therefore, in education as in other things, to collectivism. But English educational writing is weakest on the collectivist side Only two English writers are thorough-going enough to count among the collectivists—Robert Owen and John Ruskin. The English are most brilliant in their individualism—Ascham, Locke, Chesterfield, R. L. Edgeworth, A. N. Whitehead; most characteristic in the philosophy of social groups and of their consolidation, enlightenment and defence—Bishop Butler (with his opposite number Bernard Mandeville), Bell and Lancaster, Thomas Arnold and Bulwer Lytton, Matthew Arnold and Miall, John Morley and George Anthony Denison (who threatened to throw His Majesty's inspector into the horse-pond); most poignant in their plea for a new view of children—William Blake (whose *Songs of Innocence* owed more than he

knew to Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures of children); Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Wordsworth, T. G. Rooper, Baden-Powell, E. G. A. Holmes and Bertrand Russell; most pathetic in their pleas for wider educational opportunities for women—Mary Wollstonecraft, Anne Clough, Dorothea Beale, Frances Mary Buss, Emily Davies.

The English believe that the chief power in education is a stable social tradition. Therefore in the English novel which sketches or scarifies a social tradition we find some of the best of our educational writing—in Dickens, in Tom Hughes, in Samuel Butler, in Wells, in Arnold Bennett, in John Galsworthy. But a technical subject (and education has its technical side) must have a technical literature. This bores us so much that we will not take the trouble to master it. It must be confessed that the older universities have not set a good example The results of their contempt for the science of education are stamped upon the higher civil service, not only at the Treasury, but in India, and in almost every part of the Empire. Technical books like Rollin's which are out of date are dull. But technical books which touch the nerve of contemporary life like Maria Montessori's book on her method are enthralling to those prepared to comprehend their significance. The penalty of shirking the grind of working at the science of education is lifelong indifference or being liable to fall a victim to the latest nostrum.

Education as an art is part of the art of life. Education as a science is part of the science of life. To be true to life, to hit off something significant of the real self of a man or a woman, is, I suppose, the way by which one who writes about education may escape being dull. Huxley did it when he mounted to his brave, defiant, suddenly-leaping definition of a liberal education. But many worthy pedagogues have laid too much stress on Safety First.

M. E. SADLER.

EVOLUTION: A REPLY TO SIR ARTHUR KEITH

THE two articles [1] in which the adequacy of the theory of evolution as an explanation of the origin of man was called in question have now been answered by one in which the modern scientific view-point is represented by Sir Arthur Keith.[2] It is perhaps well that such a response has been evoked, since it may now be possible to trace the question down to its roots and examine the ultimate foundations of the 'evolutionary' point of view.

Sir Arthur Keith's explanations can hardly be said to have strengthened greatly the position of those who claim an animal descent for man, since he leaves unanswered the most vital of the points which were brought forward by Dr. Fleming and myself. He ignores altogether the proof of the real nature of man, which rests upon the Four Causes; neither has he explained why it is that progressive evolution is not traceable in the sociological development of the human race as recorded in history, nor answered the three questions propounded at the end of my article, notably the following:—

> First, by what means can the lower produce the higher, that which is not self-conscious that which is self-conscious, or that which is without free-will that which possesses it?
>
> Secondly, by what means, except through the agency of self-conscious intelligence, can any idea be expressed by a form or any form be united to matter?
>
> Thirdly, . . . how a being whose will is not free could ever arrive at the . . . conception of the principle of free-will, or how a being which has no immortal principle could arrive at that of immortality.

Until these questions, among many others, are satisfactorily answered, not even the beginnings of a case can be made for the animal descent of man.

It is true that Sir Arthur Keith does attempt to reply to that which he terms the 'argument from design' as advanced by

[1] George H. Bonner, 'The Case against "Evolution,"' *Nineteenth Century and After*, November, 1927, Dr. J. A Fleming, 'Truth and Error in the Doctrine of "Evolution,"' *ibid.*, January, 1928.

[2] Sir Arthur Keith, M.D., F.R.S., 'Evolution and its Modern Critics,' *ibid.*, February, 1928.

Dr. Fleming; but in doing so he succeeds, as will be shown, only in strengthening the position which he attacks.

Sir Arthur rather overstates the case when he remarks that 'both Mr. Bonner and Dr. Fleming believe that the doctrine of evolution gives the best explanation of the state in which we now find the heaven above and the earth beneath.' For, as Dr. Fleming has said, 'When, then, we trace out or see a gradual development of things in Nature we are entitled to use the word "evolution" to describe the *process* or *effect*, but we are not justified in using it, even if spelt with a capital E, as a name for the efficient or ultimate *cause* of order, adaptation or beauty.' A *real* explanation must embrace causes and must demonstrate their relation to effects, and it is precisely this that evolution, in the generally accepted sense of the word, fails to do.

There is one passage in Sir Arthur Keith's essay which is of great significance, for it affords a glimpse of the underlying assumptions upon which the modern scientific view is built.

In reply to Dr. Fleming's postulate that 'To assume that we can explain Mind and Spirit in terms of matter is to violate the fundamental canons of philosophic thought,' he says, 'Medical men, I fear, have no respect for these "fundamental canons." In the successful diagnosis and treatment of mental disorders they break them daily.' It may be instructive to examine this statement more closely and discover what it implies. It is by means of thought and its expression that human beings are able to enter into intelligent communication with each other and are able to exercise reason by either inductive or deductive methods. It is by means of thought that the mathematician is able to calculate the answer to a given problem, and it is by means of thought that the scientist is able to formulate the results of a number of particular experiments and build up from them a generalisation. But since human beings *can* communicate intellectually with each other, since that which is mathematically demonstrated is accepted by all reasonable men, and since the hypotheses (however tentative) which are the results of induction and the experimental method are only acceptable in so far as they appeal to the logical faculty in man and are considered to be the most probable which have yet been arrived at, it is obvious that there must be certain 'laws of thought' which give to all processes of reasoning their inherent validity. When these laws are broken or departed from the resulting conclusion is illogical, but when the laws are obeyed the conclusion will be true, provided the bases or assumptions from which the train of reasoning was begun are sound.

One such law of thought is that for every effect there must be a sufficient reason or cause. Although states of consciousness

may be affected through material means, such as the action of drugs, yet in order to explain Mind and Spirit in terms of matter it will first be necessary to explain what consciousness itself is and demonstrate fully its relation to the brain, or, in a word, to answer the question '*How* does matter produce Mind?'

All real thought, whether it be termed 'philosophic' or otherwise, is of a similar nature. When, therefore, Sir Arthur Keith tells us that medical men break these canons or laws of thought daily, we must perhaps understand that what he really means is that medical men, in some cases, are *unaware* of the real laws of thought, and in consequence do not always follow the correct method of demonstration.

We can hardly escape the conclusion that they have some respect for thought and its laws (even though it is sometimes regarded by them as a kind of by-product of matter), since in the case with which we are at the moment chiefly concerned, Sir Arthur Keith's own article, he would hardly have taken the trouble to write it, as a defence of a particular theory or view-point addressed to intelligent human beings, did he not cherish the hope, at any rate, that his evidence, or his arguments, or the general probability of his inferences, would prevail.

To question seriously the validity of the laws of thought is therefore to put oneself outside the pale of rational inquiry.

It is unfortunately true that prolonged and continuous attention to the Experimental or Inductive Method and the examination of phenomena is apt to render processes of real thought more and more difficult, until at last the consciousness finds it almost impossible to realise the true significance of an ultimate first principle or an abstract idea. This is perhaps the reason why scientists who have devoted a lifetime to the study of some particular phase of the material world do not seem capable of appreciating the need or the value of ultimate and truly satisfying explanations, but are content, and expect the rest of mankind also to be content, with naïve and almost childish theories or descriptions, which leave nearly all the most important questions unresolved. This self-imposed isolation in a limited thought-world might be less harmful were its effects confined to the scientist himself. It might even be looked upon as a sacrifice which the scientist was prepared to make for the good of the community. But those who thus intellectually immolate themselves should also be willing to be isolated from the rest of the intellectual community, and especially from young people, as they would segregate themselves if suffering from some dangerous and contagious disease. Whereas, at the present day, the conclusions at which they arrive, by starting in most cases from unproven hypotheses, are widely circulated and at once incor-

porated in our systems of education, in total disregard of the fact that, if these conclusions are true, most of that which is already being taught must be false. The result is naturally confusion and dismay.

Physical science is entitled to her hypotheses, as convenient pegs which will afford useful clues to the most fruitful lines of fresh investigation. But these should be admitted to be hypotheses and should be communicated only to those whose work made it necessary for them to know them. They should not be circulated broadcast until their truth is fully proved. The scientist would be the first to condemn the wholesale use of a drug the properties of which were imperfectly understood. Why, then, should a theory which, if it is false, will have results infinitely more disastrous than those of the most fatal of drugs be propounded as an established and fully proven fact? It must of course be admitted that if the materialistic hypothesis were true—that is to say, if it had been definitely established that man is his physical body and nothing more—the danger of unsound education would be negligible, since the only criterion of the adequacy and rightness of a teaching would then be the degree in which it could enable the body to supply its wants and satisfy its desires. This is a hypothesis which we shall examine later.

Sir Arthur Keith suggests that 'in all articles written to defend religion from science there is an underlying presumption that the modern Darwinist is impelled by an anti-religious motive,' and he further states that this is not the case, but that the aim of the scientist is solely to help to free the human body from disease. But, however exalted the motive of the scientist, it is inevitable that teachings which postulate that man is descended from the lower kingdoms, that the lower produces the higher, and that Mind and Spirit can be explained in terms of matter should be anti-religious in effect, since if they were true all religion would be a farce. Furthermore, if man has a soul, then the assumption by himself that he has not, but that he should live solely for the sake of his body, would be a 'disease' of the soul far more devastating to his real nature than any that could attack his physical body.

No one questions the sincerity of the scientist, nor his desire to help humanity. But the great danger is that in confining himself to the investigation of the phenomenal side of a single aspect of the universe he may lose touch with the wider world of thought. He may forget that, as Dr. Fleming has said, 'in common life we are all philosophers,' and may thus base upon a narrow and particular point of view teachings which could not possibly be applied to civilised life, and doctrines which he himself would be the last to put into practice. Let the scientist

fairly face the questions: Does he live and act as if material things were the only reality? Is there no pursuit of knowledge for its own sake on the part of scientists? If the physical body is all, why take the trouble to care for the aged and weak? Why not put them out of their misery at once?

It is probable that some scientists might hesitate to follow Sir Arthur Keith to the extreme form of materialism which he has propounded, for when the consequences of the doctrine are examined it will be seen that the whole orientation of human life is involved, and that, if the materialistic hypothesis is true, most human occupations other than those of eating, sleeping, and propagating the species are sheer waste of time

The implications of the theory that man has an animal ancestry, and the basic assumptions upon which modern scientific materialism is built, are therefore of such vital importance to each individual of the human race that it is necessary, even at the risk of being accused of putting up another 'verbosely dense smoke-screen,' to subject them to further scrutiny and consider how far they can be supported by any kind of proof.

In my previous essay on the subject there were outlined three types or modifications of the theory which involves a descent of man from the lower animals, and which for convenience we may call the evolutionary theory.

Sir Arthur Keith's exposition of the theory belongs to the first class, namely, the materialistic type, which postulates that man is purely corporeal, a physical being and nothing more.

This is perhaps the easiest of the three to deal with. It has at any rate the merit of being definite and, within the limits of its own assumptions, is moderately consistent. As expounded by Sir Arthur Keith it is based upon the following postulates:

(1) That 'it is the inherent and essential quality of living matter that it can both plan and execute; unless matter is purposive, it cannot be alive. For modern students of life the "thinker" and the "thought," the "directing intelligence," do not lie outside living matter, . . . but are of the essence of its constitution.'
(2) That the 'ideas' of man's inventions did not exist or have reality before their first manifestation.
(3) That the human soul depends entirely upon the brain, that it 'departs' or vanishes, presumably into non-being, when the brain is destroyed, and is not an immaterial essence.

These three postulates are intimately connected with each other—so intimately, in fact, that if one of them is proved to be false the other two also fall to the ground. Let us take them in order

and examine them with a view to deciding in what degree they are consistent with known and universally admitted facts.

In the case of the first, if the thinker, the thought, and the directing intelligence do not, in some sense, lie outside living matter, then the smallest possible unit of living matter will contain some intelligence, and the totality of all living matter will contain all intelligence. But all matter, and therefore all living matter, is characterised by extension. Intelligence, therefore, will also be characterised by extension, for wherever there is intelligence there will be matter, and wherever there is matter there will be extension. But it is an essential characteristic of intelligence to be unitive. The very term which Sir Arthur Keith uses, 'thinker,' implies unity. Intelligence implies consciousness of some sort, and every consciousness, in so far as it is a consciousness, must be one and must possess a single centre. Therefore, since all living creatures possess some kind of consciousness or intelligence, even if it be only that which enables them to direct their nourishment into their own organism rather than into some other, their own particular consciousness or intelligence is that in virtue of which they are enabled to be the particular living creatures which they are. But intelligence, as we saw, must, on the hypothesis from which we set out, be co-extended with matter. The consciousness or intelligence of any living creature will therefore be co-extended with the matter of its bodily organism. But animals and human beings can remain conscious and can exercise their intelligence even after some member of their physical body has been removed Consciousness or intelligence therefore can neither be co-extended with their physical organisms nor dependent solely upon the matter of which their bodies are composed.

To take another line of proof If intelligence does not lie outside matter, then in a multicellular organism there are three alternatives—either it will depend upon and be contained in the totality of cells, or a certain group of cells, or a single cell. We have already seen that it does not in the higher animals depend upon the totality of cells. But if it depends upon a group of cells or a single cell, then, because of the first assumption—that intelligence does not lie outside matter—the intelligence which depends upon and is contained in the remaining cells will be of a different nature from that of the group of cells or the single cell which contains the intelligence of the animal as such. But the intelligence which makes the animal act as one creature must be unitive, and therefore must be able to relate the intelligence of the specialised group of cells or the single specialised cell to that of the other cells. But this will be impossible if intelligence is wholly dependent upon material extension. Hence intelligence cannot lie wholly within living matter.

Or, finally, since the essential characteristic of intelligence is unitiveness, and the essential characteristic of matter is multiplicity of particles, intelligence cannot be dependent upon nor produced by matter.

In his example of the operations of the *osteoblasts* Sir Arthur Keith neglects to discriminate between the intelligence manifested by the osteoblasts individually or collectively and that of the human being as a human being, nor does he distinguish the two species of consciousness which are thus involved.

It may further be remarked that the hypothesis that intelligence lies wholly within living matter leaves entirely unaccounted for the marvellous order and arrangement which is found in that which is termed non-living matter, *i e*, the mineral kingdom.

The fallacy of the whole materialistic theory lies in the fact that it obscures principles by loose designations, and fails entirely to distinguish between varieties of function

This is due to a misconception of what the term 'matter' implies. When Sir Arthur Keith speaks of 'living matter' he really means matter + energy or life + intelligence. Thus all living matter is in this sense threefold, because the presence of three distinct principles can be traced in it The confusion arises because at the lower end of the scale it is comparatively difficult to distinguish between the three But in the case of man the three principles are perfectly distinct. Man has a physical body, composed, as we say, of living matter, and he can produce certain modifications in this body—in fact, he can 'act' upon it. In his body certain energies are observable in operation. But these are of different kinds or manifestations; for the energy of thought produces results different from those which are produced by the energy of digestion. Moreover, energy, as energy, is unintelligent, and requires intelligence or mind to direct its operations if its action is to subserve any intended purpose. In man we can observe various degrees of intelligence. There is the intelligence which, as Sir Arthur Keith states, we see associated with all living matter. It is this which enables aggregates of living cells of the human body to be kept alive by artificial means when the body from which they originally were taken has disintegrated. There is also the natural intelligence, which man possesses in common with the animals, which looks after such processes as digestion, normally in an efficient manner, without the need for any conscious attention to them. But neither of these is the intelligence which makes man man—that is, a thinking intelligent being, with a single unitive centre of self-consciousness which enables him to relate abstract ideas to each other, to make the intellectual affirmation 'I am,' and to employ living and non-living matter for his own purposes by artificial means.

Moreover, the difference between the 'natural' intelligence and the human intelligence is one of kind, and not merely of degree or quantity. It would be impossible to express in terms of the intelligence of osteoblasts the intelligence of an osteopath.

If, then, there are these different degrees of intelligence, these different manifestations of energy, and also the different varieties of 'matter' which we find in the world, such as animal, vegetable, and mineral, it is useless for the purposes of investigation, and exceedingly unscientific, to heap them all together under the one term 'living matter' and thence assume that, because in the lowest forms of living matter it is difficult to distinguish the directing intelligence from the material which it directs or arranges, this is in all cases impossible. In the cases in which man manipulates matter and directs energy for the purpose of producing artificial objects we know that he is enabled to do this only through the exercise of intelligence Nor is his intelligence contained in or in any way dependent upon the matter which he manipulates or the energy which he directs. It is therefore neither logical nor justifiable to assume that the intelligence and intelligences the operations of which are to be detected in the living and non-living creatures and substances of the world of Nature are wholly contained in their material bodies. Still less can we make such an assumption of the intelligence which gives order and relation to the operations of Nature as a whole.

Furthermore, if there are different aspects or manifestations of matter, energy and intelligence, and in each of these different manifestations we recognise something which we call in the one case matter, in the second energy, and in the third intelligence, there must be some common unity which is neither dependent for its reality on any particular manifestation nor upon the totality of its manifestations. There must therefore be principles of matter, of energy or force, and of intelligence which are independent of any of their manifestations.

We shall return later to the reality of first principles such as these; at present all that is necessary is to show the confusion of thought to which the neglect to distinguish between the principles inevitably leads.

In every existing thing there is something which corresponds to the principle of matter, something which corresponds to the principle of energy, and something which is either intelligent or gives evidence of the action of intelligence.

We may now pass on to Sir Arthur's second main thesis—namely, that the 'ideas' of man's inventions did not exist or have reality before their first manifestations. It is necessary first of all to be quite clear on what we mean by the word 'idea.' If there is such a reality as Truth (there would not be, of course,

upon the materialistic hypothesis, but if there is), then it must be independent of any human conception or cognisance of it, beyond time and space, and eternal. Such a reality might appropriately be called a Divine Idea. Again, if there is such a principle as Order, subsisting apart and exempt from all manifested examples of order and all collections of particular things in ordered arrangement, this also might be termed a Divine Idea. If these Ideas are not realities, how is it that the human consciousness can form conceptions of them? How is it that it can recognise certain things as true or beautiful? If mind is born of matter, whose was the first material mind which formulated the conception of an abstract idea? If the lower produces the higher, how did the idea of a God arise in human consciousness—for such an idea implies a perfection which man has not yet reached and one of which the human mind cannot have had experience, since on the materialistic hypothesis it is derived solely from things lower than itself?

But the human consciousness has these ideas, and since Divine Ideas and real first principles must, if they exist or subsist at all, be eternal, there is something of the eternal in the human consciousness. Thus there are Divine Ideas, such as of Life, of Intellect itself, and of Matter as a principle. Matter only becomes visible when united with some kind of form, but unless Form and Matter are regarded as real principles subsisting in a causal sense prior to all manifestation, then the universe and all that it contains must have come from nothing, which is unscientific.

Replying to this argument—namely, that because the ideas are eternal man must have subsisted, as a principle in the spiritual world, from all eternity—Sir Arthur says: 'The "ideas" of man's inventions have an equal claim to a past eternity.' Leaving aside the question as to what is meant by a 'past' eternity—a phrase which would seem to indicate that eternity is measured in terms of time—we shall see that the real ideas which enable men to produce artificial works *are* eternal and that the things which we speak of in common usage as the 'ideas' of a watch, a cathedral and the rest, are derived from these real ideas and are simply applications and combinations of eternal principles to the needs of physical life. Strictly speaking, of course, a watch or time-keeper is not an idea, but a 'type' dependent upon and derived from a combination of real ideas in the human consciousness, just as in the natural world the types of various genera and species depend upon and are included by the idea of 'animal.' But the main point is that unless the human mind had eternal ideas it could never produce artificial objects.

Sir Arthur attempts to dispose of the 'argument from design'

by pointing out that the watch 'has evolved, has had a history.' This is so typical of the point of view of modern physical science that it deserves to be examined in detail. If we confine our attention solely to the plane of results, effects, and physical manifestation, we see an ascending series of watches (just as later on Sir Arthur Keith refers to an ascending series of brains). The series of watches begins, let us say, at the small pocket-clock of the fifteenth century. Thus we trace the 'evolution' of the watch towards perfection. But in order to explain these phenomena we must answer the following questions: Could the first pocket-clock have been produced without the action of human intelligence? Could any human intelligence have devised a finger-clock of any sort without employing such ideas as order, arrangement, rotation, and finally time itself?

These are also the pertinent questions which, *pari passu*, must be answered in the case of the 'evolution' of man. It is not enough to assert dogmatically that the lower does produce the higher: it must be demonstrated *how* this can be so.

If the human intelligence had not, before the construction of any particular watch or time-keeper, an 'idea' of time, it could never have sought to produce an artificial means for the recording of the passage of empiric time. The construction of watches is but one example of the application of these eternal ideas. All the water-clocks, sundials, and other devices which have been produced since the beginning of history, and indeed all human inventions of whatsoever kind, result from the conscious possession and application of eternal ideas

To say, therefore, that the watch 'evolves' is merely to describe the emergence of more and more perfect types, through the action of human intelligences, upon the plane of manifestation. The potentiality of making a watch has pre-subsisted from all eternity in the human intelligence.

Confusion sometimes arises in the use of the terms 'creation' and 'evolution.' Creation, philosophically speaking, is a term which ought not to be applied to anything in the world of physical manifestation, for it implies relative instantaneousness, and therefore is only applicable in the realms of mind. When an artist 'creates,' the real creative activity goes on in his mind. When the actual object is produced, evolution, in the strict sense, comes in—the evolution or unfolding of the type in the material in the case of the individual object; or in the more generally accepted use of the term, and that in which, as Sir Arthur Keith has remarked, it is exclusively used by modern scientists, the gradual perfecting of the manifested object or organism through a long series of types.

Thus in the creation of the world. The cosmos as an Idea or a

Thought is created, but each universe 'evolves' until it is a perfect reflection of the Divine Idea. Man, however, is a Divine Idea distinct from that of the cosmos, a microcosm of the macrocosm, but endowed also with a spark of the Divine Mind. Therefore it is in virtue of the Idea which man represents that he is superior to, and is not produced by, the lower kingdoms, for he was *created* in the image of God.

To return for a moment to the osteoblasts. Sir Arthur brings in, in support of his point of view, the fact that osteoblasts in their operations in the human thigh-bone exhibit a species of intelligence, and he goes on to say:

> We have never occasion to make any distinction between 'planner' and 'doer,' as Dr Paley thought necessary to achieve that kind of result known as 'design,' and as Mr Bonner and Dr Fleming still think necessary. *If a watch were a living thing, as the human thigh-bone is, then it would be found that watchmaker and watch were one.* There is no duality of function in living matter. (The italics are mine)

This is a very remarkable statement. In the first place, a human thigh-bone is not a human being, and, therefore, as a whole human body is composed of living matter, then, if the analogy of watchmaker and watch holds good, that which makes the body is the body. But this is contradicted by what Sir Arthur says a few lines before the passage just quoted, where he states that the osteoblasts 'are normally under government, being controlled in their activities in several ways, particularly by substances which reach them from other parts of the body—substances now named "hormones." We know that at times they [the osteoblasts] become rebellious, turning malignant and destructive'

If the osteoblast is both planner and doer, if there is no duality of function in living matter, why should the osteoblast require to receive its directions from the hormone? Again, why should it at times become malignant and destructive? Finally, what is it that enables the osteoblast to decide whether it shall build up a human thigh-bone or the jaw-bone of an ass?

The intelligence of the osteoblast is not the intelligence of the human being. If there is no duality of function in living matter, it ought to be shown how the totality of matter in a human body constitutes its intelligence. But this, even with the assistance of the most active and intelligent osteoblasts, will be found a difficult task.

The argument from design is therefore strengthened rather than weakened by the examples of the watch and the osteoblast, since neither could a watch appear to 'evolve' without the action of human intelligence, nor could the operations of the osteoblasts be co-ordinated and related to the other functional activities of the human organism without some central directing intelligence.

(1) All things will spring from matter, and from matter only will pass by some unexplained means to a high state of organisation, and will then, by equally unexplainable means, disintegrate and relapse into simple forms of matter again.

(2) The soul of man will be material, produced by matter out of matter, but, having been produced, will 'vanish' at length into nothingness.

(3) There will be no ultimate standards, no Absolute Truth, Beauty, or Goodness, for all these will be in a process of 'becoming' or evolving out of matter, or else will be merely the vain imaginings of materialistic minds.

(4) Religion, philosophy, morality, self-sacrifice, immortality, will be so many farcical delusions cherished, though vainly, by human intelligences in order to blind themselves to the abysmal horror of reality.

(5) The Divine itself will be either an unreal imagining of human minds, or it will be not yet a Reality, but will be produced in the future by the process of evolution

Against these and similar results of the materialistic position the human intelligence rises in revolt, yet they are implied in the very structure of the theory that the lower produces the higher; and since the human mind is naturally logical their effects will enter into the consciousness of all those who hold this theory.

Opposite to these let us place the results which follow from the recognition of the true nature of the human soul It is strange that Sir Arthur Keith should have referred to this view of the soul and the results which follow from it as 'novel,' since it has been expounded at length by many great philosophers throughout all the ages, and is implied in the doctrines of all the greatest religions which have influenced mankind. In brief it is as follows:

(1) That there is one First Principle of all things, Absolute, Infinite and Eternal, and that, since Intelligence is one of His attributes, He creates the Cosmos in accordance with certain Divine Ideas

(2) That Man, or the Human Soul, is a special creation in the sense that the Divine Idea of Man is distinct from the Divine Idea of the Cosmos

(3) That these Divine Ideas which subsist in the noumenal world (or in the Mind of God) as eternal realities are perpetually unfolded in manifestation under the conditions of time and space. For example, the idea of a universe is unfolded through various stages from the nebula onwards until on any one particular globe which has become habitable the various plants and animals appear in their succes-

sive order, the lower types preceding the higher. But since certain demarcations, such as of genera and species, remain fixed, the limits of these must have been comprehended or contained in some manner in the Idea itself.

(4) That the soul of man 'descends' into the phenomenal world for the purpose of unfolding, or evolving in the strict sense, its inherent powers, and that since it has within itself the Divine Ideas of Beauty, Truth, and Goodness, it can become conscious of these by recognising their expressions in the world around it.

(5) That it has therefore powers which transcend anything which belongs solely to the animal kingdoms and hence could not have been produced by them, and that, though each creature of these kingdoms may be said in a certain sense to possess a 'soul,' the principle which distinguishes the human soul from these others is that each individual human soul is self-conscious and possessed of free-will, and hence is capable either of becoming identified with matter or of voluntarily directing its consciousness towards that which is above and thus actualising its inherent potentialities by coming to know the true nature of God, of the Cosmos, and of itself

It is in fact a 'living' soul—that is, ever-living or immortal—for that which is truly self-conscious cannot die.

The main question with regard to the evolutionary explanation is whether or not it can be regarded as scientific That which is scientific ought to be capable of demonstration

Among the principal human criteria by which theories and demonstrations are to be judged are the following: Observation, Experience, Tradition, Reason, and Intuition

If Evolution, in the ordinary sense of the word, involving an animal ancestry of man, were verified by Observation, there ought to be some definitely proven instance or instances of an animal turning into a man.

If Evolution were verified by Experience, there ought to be in human experience some instance of the higher being produced by the lower, so demonstrable that the action of all the causes was fully known.

If Evolution were in accordance with Tradition, it ought to be possible to trace in history a progressive and gradual advance towards perfection on the part of the whole human race in all departments of human activity.

If Evolution is to be acceptable to Reason, then the exact means and processes whereby matter produces mind must be proved and demonstrated.

As for Intuition, the fact that the inevitable consequences of

the Evolutionary Theory are materialism and atheism speaks for itself, while the quest for Infinity and the human soul's intuitive consciousness of its own immortality are both inconsistent with such a theory.

The question is not academic, but of the most vital importance to every human being. Sir Arthur Keith has suggested that those who criticise the animal origin of man are fighting a rear-guard action. It may well be that the materialism which is now being incorporated wholesale into our educational systems will give a few years longer of life to the doctrine of animal descent.

But *magna est veritas et prævalebit*. The soul of man is either immortal or it is not. If it is, then not for long will humanity be satisfied with the dry bones of partitive and unsubstantiated theory, but will cry out for the living waters of truth. That which is true can be demonstrated. Beauty is not a name and a phantom, nor Truth a mere metaphysical abstraction. In the not distant future humanity will awake to the disaster which is threatened, not only to the spiritual life, but to the collective happiness and prosperity, of mankind, when the specious but unsound dogmas of materialism are accepted and acted upon without question. Then will arise a demand for real proof, a proof which will explain the differences between humanity and the animals as well as the similarities.

GEORGE H. BONNER.

THE BRITISH TREATMENT OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

In every country of the world the belief prevails that when Napoleon was in our power he was subjected to barbarity. We ourselves are zealous propagators of this libel. The fact is that we gave an example to the world of generosity and consideration towards a fallen, but still dangerous, enemy. But no nation, not even our own, is prepared to accept the truth in this matter, and the result is the continuance of ideas derogatory to our good name, and hurtful to our relations with other Powers. The legend that we behaved cruelly to Napoleon at St Helena still severs us from France and remains an obstacle to the peace of the world. Some remarks on this subject in two recent books, *Napoleon*, by Emil Ludwig, and *Napoleon the Man*, by McNair Wilson, are the occasion of this essay.

The story begins with the entry of the Allies into Paris on March 31, 1814, and Napoleon's abdication a few days later. What was to be done with him? There was talk of St. Helena, Corsica, Corfu, Elba. Napoleon himself desired 'an asylum in England,' the only country which offered 'the quality of security'—that is, safety from assassination. But the Allies distrusted English magnanimity towards a fallen foe. At the instance of the Czar Alexander Elba was chosen. By the Treaty of Fontainebleau it was provided that 'Their Majesties the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Marie Louise shall retain their titles and rank,' and that 'the island of Elba, which the Emperor Napoleon has chosen as his place of residence, shall form during his life a separate principality, which he shall possess in full sovereignty and property.' Napoleon was to receive from the French Government an annuity of 2,000,000 francs (80,000*l*.), and there were provisions in favour of the members of his family.

The Treaty was signed by the representatives of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and of Napoleon. It was acceded to by the Provisional Government of France, and, a few weeks later, by Louis XVIII., who declared that 'the clauses with which France is charged will be faithfully executed.' On behalf of England the Prince Regent accepted the stipulations with regard to the

of Napoleon, and generosity to a fallen enemy, the Austrian Commissioner left on July 11, 1818, and the Russian Commissioner on May 3, 1820. The French Commissioner remained to the end.

Pending the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe the responsibility for the detention of Napoleon at St. Helena rested with Sir George Cockburn, who was in command of the Naval Squadron. The East India Company's Governor was Colonel Wilks, a man much liked and respected.

Wilks suggested that Napoleon should reside at Longwood, which had been for thirty years the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, and was then in the occupation of that official, Lieut.-Colonel Skelton, with his family. To accommodate Napoleon and his large retinue considerable additions were hastily made to the house. When finished Longwood contained thirty-six rooms. Napoleon's apartments consisted of a bedroom, 15 feet by 14 feet 6 inches; a study, 15 feet 1 inch by 14 feet 8 inches; a dining-room, 22 feet 7 inches by 15 feet 1 inch; a library, 19 feet 6 inches by 14 feet 9 inches; a drawing-room, 24 feet 3 inches by 15 feet 1 inch; and a billiard-room, 24 feet 6 inches by 17 feet 6 inches. These figures are from measurements taken by Sir Graham Balfour and myself, when we visited Long wood in February 1914.[3]

The bedroom and study were small, but Napoleon's bedroom at Malmaison, though slightly larger, was narrower, and the rooms he built for himself at San Martino, Elba, were much smaller, only 14 feet by 11 feet each. Napoleon liked small rooms, in which he could obtain, with a big fire and closed windows, the hot, stuffy atmosphere which he enjoyed.

Materials were sent from England for building a large house, but its erection was delayed by Napoleon's emphatic assertion that he would not leave Longwood. When, in spite of his objections, a substantial house was ready for him, with spacious and lofty rooms, he was too ill to occupy it. It would have been completed much earlier but for his obstruction. The furniture and stores placed in New Longwood cost 11,600*l.*[4]

It is impossible to expose, within a moderate compass, all the errors of those who ignore Forsyth's defence of Sir Hudson Lowe and rely upon the publications of O'Meara, Las Cases, Antommarchi, and Montholon, who are admitted by all who are acquainted with their works to be fabricators and falsifiers. We

[3] Lord Rosebery says that Longwood was 'a collection of huts which had been constructed as a cattle-shed. The lord of so many palaces was now confined to two small rooms of equal size, about 14 feet by 12.' The description in Herr Ludwig's book, *Napoleon*, is even more fallacious.

[4] *A St Helena Who's Who*, by Dr. Arnold Chaplin, M D. 'The Government,' says Chaplin, 'spared no expense in their endeavours to fit up the house in a style worthy of the position of Napoleon'

will consider some of the major complaints—with regard to the climate and scenery of the Longwood plateau, the limits, the provisions, and the title.

Before the name of Napoleon had become connected with the island Secretary Brooke (afterwards Acting-Governor for a time) wrote: 'The temperature and salubrity of the climate are not exceeded in any part of the world.' Governor Beatson wrote: 'The climate of St. Helena is perhaps the mildest and the most salubrious in the world, and is remarkably congenial to the human feelings.' The Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) visited St. Helena in 1805, and wrote to a friend: 'The interior of the island is beautiful, and the climate apparently the most healthy that I have ever lived in.'

But Lord Rosebery speaks of 'the malignity of the climate.' And Herr Ludwig says that 'whoever lands at St. Helena, is treading the road of death . . . On this island no one reaches the age of sixty, and very few live to be fifty; the climate is deadly.' Longwood was 'selected by England as the region in which the sick foe can most certainly be killed'

Later writers confirm the pre-Napoleonic statements. Mellis, in his elaborate work *St Helena, a Physical, Historical and Topographical Description of the Island*, says, writing in 1872: 'In excellence of climate, St Helena is perhaps without an equal. . . . Throughout the year bright sunshine, clear skies, gentle breezes, and deep blue seas all combine to make it one of the most charming spots to be found'

In 1900 Governor Sterndale reports that Longwood is the healthiest part of the island, troops being cured of their ailments by a sojourn in that region. (This occurred to the regiments which were sent up to Longwood from the coast during the residence of Napoleon) Governor Gallwey, in his report of 1908, after remarking that there had been only two deaths in the year in the Longwood district out of a population of about 430 persons, the ages of the deceased being seventy-two and ninety-five, says: 'The Colonial Surgeon, Dr Arnold, hazards the opinion, which I too share, that, taking it all round, there exists no healthier spot than Longwood on the face of the earth.'

Statistics prove the remarkable healthiness of St Helena, the death rate being among the lowest in the world. The average for the five years 1906–1910 was 9·6, the lowest rate in England during that period being 14·5 in 1909—the year in which St. Helena had a rate of 6·4.

The scenery, like the climate, deteriorated under the influence of Napoleon. Lord Rosebery says the island was a 'barren rock.' Charles Darwin landed at St. Helena on July 8, 1836, on his way home from his voyage on H.M.S. *Beagle*. He lodged

at Hutt's Gate, near Longwood. He speaks of the 'singularly bright green pasture . . . a vegetation possessing a character decidedly British.' He noticed 'the English, or rather Welsh, character of the scenery.' Mellis also was reminded of Wales. 'Island mutton,' he says, 'is exceedingly good, and much resembles Welsh mutton both in appearance and flavour.' He says that the Longwood plain is attractive, through the 'lovely and picturesque mountain scenery of its neighbourhood.' As for the barrenness, Brooke, writing before Napoleon's arrival, says: 'The mimosa of New South Wales, the pine of the North, and the bamboo of India seem to outvie each other in the luxuriance of their growth. From a garden of no greater extent than three acres of ground, twenty-four thousand dozen apples of a large size were gathered in one season, besides peaches, guavas, grapes, and figs in abundance.' Mr. Deason, the farmer at Longwood, told me in 1914 that he obtained two good crops of potatoes every year.

The climate, then, is one of the best in the world, the scenery is Welsh, the soil remarkably fertile.

On the Longwood plateau Napoleon had a circuit of twelve miles for exercise. He could wander further, over the whole of the island, with a British officer in attendance.

Twenty years later the Duke of Wellington said that if he had been Governor he would have 'insisted upon Napoleon showing himself to an English officer every night and morning, for the rest of the time let him go wherever he pleased.' He did not know that this proposal had been made and that Napoleon had disdained to reply to it. Soon after his arrival at Longwood he gave up rides and drives, remaining all day in the precincts of the house. At Elba also, though he could wander all over the island, he gave up excursions after the novelty had worn off. He did not desire a larger range at St. Helena, nor would he ever consent to show himself to his guardians.

The charge of meanness in the supply of provisions is itself one of the meanest of all the Longwood falsehoods Taking some of the chief items, we find that for each of the principals (excluding children) one fowl per day was provided. Three pounds of butcher's meat per head was supplied each day, for principals and attendants. Turkeys, geese, ducks, hams, roasting pigs (one every two days) were also provided from a fattening farm, established for the exclusive use of Napoleon and his followers. The hospital authorities complained that they could not get milk for their patients, owing to the demands of Longwood. The supply of wine was, for the principals, one bottle and a half of claret and one bottle and a half of dessert wine per head per day. The quantities were so extravagant

that Montholon was driven to protest. The six-shilling claret was used for cooking, and the unopened cases of champagne accumulated. The supplies could not be consumed, and the result was peculation on the part of the purveyors, waste on the part of the cooks, and thieving by all who had the opportunity.

With regard to the withholding of the title of Emperor, it should be remembered that England alone of the Powers never made peace with Napoleon, and never gave him the title of Emperor. He was regarded by all as a usurper of the position which none should occupy who was not of royal blood, but England alone had been in a position to defy the ruler of the rest of Europe. After the return from Elba the title was denied by all the Allies. In their instructions to the Commissioners sent to St. Helena the French, Russian, and Austrian Governments spoke of the captive as 'Bonaparte' or 'Napoleon Bonaparte.' At the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle the Protocol of November 31, 1818, accepted by all the Powers, described their former antagonist as 'Napoleon Bonaparte'

Napoleon himself admitted in conversation with Sir Pulteney Malcolm at Longwood that he could not expect to be styled Emperor. The Austrian and Russian Commissioners both reported this admission to their Governments If England had insisted upon giving the title for the first time, just when it had been abdicated, and in spite of Napoleon's own admission that he could not claim it, her Allies would have accused her of imperilling the anti-Napoleonic Alliance. Perfidious Albion would have been charged with repeating the treachery at Elba.

On the other hand, the designation 'General Bonaparte,' given by England, was an insult It may have seemed more polite than the 'Napoleon Bonaparte,' which was all that the other Powers would allow, but it was in fact, as Napoleon complained, 'a slap in the face' Sir Hudson Lowe on his own initiative abandoned 'General Bonaparte' for 'Napoleon Bonaparte.'

Neither for this nor for any of his other acts of conciliation and consideration has Sir Hudson Lowe been given the credit that was his due. No man has been more unjustly maligned than this upright, kindly, and long-suffering official He was attacked by Napoleon in much the same terms that he had used in denouncing Sir Neil Campbell at Elba and Sir George Cockburn at St. Helena.

Among other charges Napoleon accused Lowe of intending to poison him. Surgeon O'Meara, having accepted the bribes of Napoleon, asserted that Sir Hudson Lowe had incited him to bring about the death of the great man. For that calumny O'Meara was dismissed the Navy. But Herr Ludwig accepts the

statement. He says: '*Lowe is continually on the look-out* f*or new ways of mortifying his prisoner.* . . . "*Throw away th*e *coffee,*" *says the Emperor after one of these interviews;* "*th*at *man was near it.*" *From the first Lowe does his utmost t*o *shorten Napoleon's life.*'

The incident referred to occurred at '*The Briars*,' *before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. Sir George Cockburn* was the alleged poisoner. Sir Hudson Lowe sent up to Longwood a box of superior coffee, which he had just received; it was better than anything he had in his own house. 'Take this coffee to the storeroom,' said Napoleon to Montholon. 'Good coffee is most precious in this horrible place. In fact,' writes Montholon, 'the coffee was excellent.'

It is true that when presents for Napoleon arrived bearing upon them the title of Emperor, sent by Whig members of the Opposition, the Governor either delayed forwarding them to Longwood or sequestrated them. These presents were designed as attacks upon the Government, to put the Governor in a dilemma. They were part of the political game, deliberate infractions of the regulations, intended not so much to please Napoleon as to hurt the British Government. Letters and presents to Napoleon bearing the imperial title were sent up to Longwood without delay if their origin was not British.

The torture which Napoleon is supposed to have suffered from the British reply to a British attack is imaginary. The *tracasseries* with the Governor relieved the monotony of the St. Helena existence. The surest way to hurt Napoleon's feelings would have been to relax the regulations, whose strictness showed how much he still was feared.

In manner Sir Hudson Lowe was reserved and stiff; he was deficient in tact; he was not a man of the world. So much has been made of these defects that it is well to remember that after the first interview, when, according to Herr Ludwig, Napoleon told his followers that Lowe 'glared at me with the eye of a hyena caught in a trap,' what he really said was 'The new Governor is a man of very few words, but he appears a polite man.'

The manners of Sir Hudson Lowe did not touch Napoleon except by way of example and reproach, for when he found that he could not win the Governor, Napoleon behaved towards him in the most insulting manner. He admitted afterwards to his followers that he had fallen below the standard of an emperor. From that altitude it was unworthy of him to lose his temper with a mere general. The bearing and appearance of Sir Hudson Lowe could not, and in fact did not, affect the happiness of Napoleon. Nor was his comfort and well-being influenced by the regulations. If they had been relaxed the habits of Napoleon

would not have been changed. There was no substance, as he well knew, in his complaints. He declared for publication that the limits were too narrow, but took no advantage of extensions when they were made. He declaimed against the provisions, but remarked to his followers that they had 'a good table.'

Never did Napoleon regret taking refuge in a British man-of-war, whereby he escaped with his life from the enemies on his trail. He knew that he was lucky to be alive in St. Helena. Nothing would have induced him to leave that asylum, not even a call from France, unless it was accompanied by a guarantee of support from England. On England rested his hopes. 'Once in England,' he said to Gourgaud, 'I am saved.' 'He obstinately insists,' repeated Gourgaud to the Austrian Commissioner, 'on believing that the party of the Opposition will succeed in removing him.' The death of the Princess Charlotte on November 5, 1817, was, he said, an 'unexpected blow; this is the way that fortune upsets all our projects'

The resolutions passed at the International Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the autumn of 1818, extinguished all hopes. The Russian memorandum declared that 'since the arrival of Bonaparte at St Helena, every attempt has been made to render his captivity less painful.' Then, after mentioning 'the complaints, as false as they are puerile,' about the provisions, the house, etc, the memorandum continues, 'the truth is that these privations have never existed.' The Russian Commissioner at St. Helena, Count Balmain, reported to his Government: 'Since the closure of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the affairs of Longwood have taken a regular march, and go, like those of Europe, peaceably. Bonaparte is less agitated. His disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe have entirely ceased.'

Perhaps some day the accusations against the British Government and Sir Hudson Lowe may also cease, with advantage to international relations.

NORWOOD YOUNG.

LLOYD'S

EDWARD LLOYD'S first Coffee-house was in Tower Street, and of it little is known but the fact of its existence. It is mentioned in the *London Gazette* of February 1688.

Of Lloyd's second and more famous Coffee-house in Lombard Street, to which he moved in 1692, we begin to get early information. His connexion with shipmasters must by the time he moved have been secure, and the removal was probably a considered step. Merchants and brokers used to foregather in the coffee-houses in and around Exchange Alley, and Edward Lloyd opened competition in Lombard Street with a set purpose. He brought all the news of ships and storms and trading fortunes into the heart of the City.

News was his steady preoccupation. Within a year or two of reaching Lombard Street so much regular news reached the coffee-house that Lloyd was able to publish a news-sheet. That it does not appear to have been financially successful hardly detracts from the merit of the achievement. It was called *Lloyd's News* and was published three times a week, selling for 1*d*. a copy. Copies of all but the first seven numbers are to be found in the Bodleian Library. There is news from a dozen ports in each of the numbers ; once or twice there is an account of cargoes arrived from the East, and on October 10, 1696, there is a letter from ' Berbadoes ' telling of a ship ' troubled with Spirits.' The paper did not run quite six months, however, when Lloyd was called upon to rectify a mistaken announcement about the proceedings of the House of Lords, but ' return'd for answer that he would print no more at present.' He may have been sullen, but it is more likely that the paper did not pay. It cost a lot to print a news-sheet in those days, even a single sheet measuring only 12 by 7½ inches ; and of course the news was to be had at the coffee-house, anyhow, so that the sales may not have been numerous. Lloyd was probably not displeased that the House of Lords gave him the distinction of recognition and the opportunity of both discontinuing his paper and flouting their lordships at one and the same time.

Lloyd's News, even if it was not financially successful, provides

sound evidence of the success of the enterprise on which it was founded. The papers of Steele and Addison some years later indicate what a living centre of shipping affairs Lloyd's Coffee-house quickly became. It was the centre for auction sales, and the pulpit from which they were conducted provided an irreverent source of fun. The public sales of ships and cargoes increased in number year by year, until the time when Addison refers to the Coffee-house quite casually as the place where auctions are usually kept. By 1712 there were auctions there almost every week, some of them running to a good deal of money. In a single day there were three prize ships—two ships of 300 tons apiece, appraised at 1431*l* and 635*l*. respectively, and a smaller ship—offered for sale

In the advertisements of the sales are to be seen brokers' notices that they are 'to be spoke with every day at Lloyd's Coffee-house.' This is splendid evidence of the purpose which the Coffee-house consciously or unconsciously came to fill in the work of the City, for brokers were very important people. They were the hub round which the shipping trade of the City revolved. In addition to their main work of arranging and writing contracts of sale they arranged insurance contracts and shared with notaries the work of writing insurance policies They had to keep in touch with the body of subscribers to insurance policies, or 'underwriters,' who in turn would require to keep abreast of the news.

Close by in the Royal Exchange was the Office of Assurance, where policies had to be subscribed and registered, and where the summary Court of Assurance dragged out its latter days. The Office of Assurance was an important piece of civic machinery for the faithful supervision of affairs of a public nature so as to avoid 'deceipt in Assewraunces.' Long years before sea insurance had become customary. The idea of insurance was born in merchant adventures. It is found sanely expressed in an Elizabethan Act of Parliament in the following words:

> By means of which it cometh to pass that upon the loss or perishing of any ship there followeth not the undoing of any man but the loss lighteth rather easily upon many than heavily upon few, and rather upon them that adventure not than upon those that do adventure, whereby all merchants, specially those of the younger sort, are allured to venture more willingly and more freely.

Here is expressed the whole principle of private underwriting which has been preserved at Lloyd's.

After the period in which Swift and Addison render us an account of the Coffee-house there is almost a complete gap in our information over the space of the most critical years in its history. It is unfortunate that we know so little about Edward Lloyd's

life, and when Mr. Frederick Martin wrote the first official *History of Lloyd's* fifty years ago there was really no evidence of the date of his death. There was only evidence that in 1740 a Mr. Baker was Master of Lloyd's Coffee-house.

By 1740 the present series of *Lloyd's List* had been running a number of years, but it is unfortunate that the only existing copy should be No. 560, for earlier numbers would probably throw some light where it is badly wanted. Mr. Martin thought that *Lloyd's List* was established by Edward Lloyd himself in 1726. The newspaper was similar in type and 'make-up' to the old *Lloyd's News*, although it was a little fuller, giving a classified Marine List of the arrivals and departures of ships at home and foreign ports. It was published once a week at first, then twice a week, and has since become a daily. Mr Martin was led to believe that the man who lost money on *Lloyd's News* in 1696 must have been in charge of the new paper thirty years later. But his calculations about the establishment of *Lloyd's List* have recently been disputed, and the date of the first number has been put forward to 1734 instead of 1726. Edward Lloyd was apparently not the begetter of *Lloyd's List*, although its likeness to the old *Lloyd's News* certainly helps to preserve the continuity of the history of the Coffee-house

Certainly by 1740 Lloyd's Coffee-house was fulfilling a very complete purpose. Its future had been settled by a single splendid accident. Nothing less than legal compulsion provided for the continuance of private underwriting as by custom established. It was a pure accident, but it probably accomplished what custom alone would not have succeeded in doing Following the events of the South Sea Bubble the underwriters who carried on their business at Lloyd's were prevented from forming themselves into a corporate body on the lines of most of the trading companies, or from forming joint-stock undertakings from among their number, neither of which would have been unlikely in the course of time They were actually prohibited from doing their business in partnership But while each underwriter was compelled to manage his own affairs, every policy required the subscription of a number of underwriters, and each underwriter required to keep abreast of information and news, so that the centralisation of the business and of its corollary activities in the Coffee-house followed as a natural and necessary consequence.

Before the Bubble private underwriters had expressed their distaste for a joint-stock undertaking in their business on the substantial ground that 'a corporation has no sense of shame.' But this very sound objection did not prevent the flotation of many such companies at the time of the Bubble, and it would hardly have prevented private underwriters from following

the general tendency then or later, if something else had not done so. They hardly expected, however, that the formation of the earliest of such joint-stock companies would so delimit their method of business as to provide the necessary protection to carry it through a changeful century, which is what in fact took place. In the event, they may have objected as much to the restriction as to the joint-stock companies, but fortunately it was carried off in the highest quarters Of five marine insurance companies floated at the time of the Bubble two still flourishing companies—the London Assurance and the Royal Exchange Assurance—survived. They did so largely as a result of an offer on the part of their powerful promoters of a bribe of 600,000*l.* to the Civil List (which was never paid), in return for which the companies secured a charter which so effectively banned any further efforts towards joint-stock undertakings in marine insurance that the underwriters at Lloyd's Coffee-house were both protected at large and also from any modernist tendencies that might arise in themselves. It proved a restriction of liberty that could be complacently borne.

If Lloyd's had been a corporate body there is little doubt that in the years that followed it would surely have decayed, as the trading companies and the civic control of trade decayed From the days of Gin Row to those of Beau Nash corruption became most urbane. The mercantile system outgrew its usefulness, and was employed for devices of money-making The spirit of the times is to be observed in the records of the gambling which took place in the Coffee-house.

There followed a period of reforming zeal. Regularity and certitude entered the practice of marine insurance on all sides. First the Coffee-house threw out the vigorous branch of Lloyd's Register of Shipping A society of subscribers was formed for the purpose of looking after and publishing the printed registers that had superseded the old ships' lists Not very long after salaried surveyors were employed to classify ships The ship-owners to whom the ships belonged had perforce to co-operate or forego insurance. Their only objection found vent in the compilation of a register of their own when they were dissatisfied with the underwriters' production, but the two were eventually combined about a century ago, and the excellent principle of expert classification in shipping, which has constantly driven up the standard of safety, was thus inaugurated, and has since been maintained purely by the compelling force of public advantage.

Then, ten years or so after the formation of the Society of Lloyd's Register, and after repeated attempts to put down gambling in the old Coffee-house had failed, the principal underwriters removed from Lombard Street and formed a society of

underwriters. They found a temporary room in Pope's Hea Alley, taking with them the name of Lloyd's and the newspape Plans were mooted for building a 'new Lloyd's,' and seventy-nin subscribers bound themselves in a bond for 100*l.* each an elected a committee. By the efforts of a young subscriber, no then on the committee, Mr. John Julius Angerstein, who is remembered as the father of the modern Lloyd's as well as the founder of the National Gallery, rooms were obtained over the Royal Exchange for a rental of 180*l* a year. In 1774 the seventy-nine subscribers, adding of course later to their number, took possession of their rooms, making one into a subscribers' room and leasing the other to a 'master' for a public coffee-room. The new society of underwriters was practically identical with the older Society of Lloyd's Register

Very soon after reaching the Royal Exchange the underwriters agreed on a common form of printed policy, which has come down to us very little altered. Lord Mansfield had been laying down the basis of marine insurance law in a series of wonderfully shrewd judgments. All these were fortunate preparations for the enormous developments that were to take place during the long wars with France. Henceforward events were to move with a new rapidity Tally-ho coaches rattled over newly macadamised roads, and canals linked up the expanding industries of the country. The disastrous colonial war in America started within a couple of years of Lloyd's settling in the Royal Exchange, and the French wars followed soon after. In forty years British ships enjoyed only a dozen years of peace, but the profits both of trade and underwriting were high

The new Lloyd's was well equipped to withstand the dangers and reap the opportunities that war brings to underwriters War at sea naturally expands the business of marine insurance, rarely ending unprofitably, but there were times in the long succession of French depredations, culminating in the Napoleonic blockade, when underwriters were kept awake at nights. Only, however, in the early days of the wars did they meet with serious difficulties. That was when half a hundred merchant ships outward bound for the East and West Indies were left by their convoy in the hands of the combined French and Spanish fleets, which resulted in a loss that overwhelmed a number of underwriters. But as time went on underwriters developed their appetite for risk, and fortunes were made ; and never again during the course of the war did a single underwriter find himself unable to meet his obligations.

The demands of the wars called up a measure of public spirit that was best exemplified in the successful agitation for the abolition of slavery. Public spirit has never been deficient at Lloyd's, and was manifested during the wars in two excellent

performances. One was the institution of life-boats. When the usefulness of Greathead's life-boat was proved Mr. Angerstein at once proposed that 2000*l*. from the funds at Lloyd's should be laid aside for the encouragement of such vessels. Nearly a score of stations were equipped by Lloyd's before the work was taken over by what is now the Royal National Life-boat Institution. The establishment of the Patriotic Fund was a larger piece of work. It aroused very wonderful enthusiasm throughout the country, and gained for Lloyd's a well-deserved fame. The fund was established, when Napoleon declared war in 1803, on resolutions of powerful appeal to national spirit, for the purpose of assuaging grief, alleviating distress, and granting distinction for valour and merit in the struggle on which the country was embarking. From the common fund at Lloyd's a contribution of 20,000*l*. was made, apart from the individual contributions of the patrons of the house The fund eventually reached the remarkable amount of 629,823*l* 14*s*. 1*d*.

The great story of the *Lutine* also dates from the French wars. The *Lutine* was a captured French frigate which was converted to British use She was wrecked on the sands off Holland before the turn of the century while carrying about 1,000,000*l*. worth of specie for the use of Prussian troops The specie had been insured at Lloyd's, and the loss was duly paid, while Dutch fishermen took their pickings, when opportunity served, of the gold and silver lying in the wreck. When the long wars ended the *Lutine* had almost been forgotten. It was left for a Dutchman to attempt the recovery of the specie a dozen years later and spend time and money in vain. When the underwriters at Lloyd's came to look to their interests they were only able to obtain a half-share of their rights in the wreck, and for years this yielded nothing. Then sixty years after the wreck treasure was brought up from the sands The half-share belonging to Lloyd's yielded some 22,162*l*., together with the frigate's bell (bearing the arms of the Bourbon king who lost his life on the guillotine) and rudder. The underwriters who had subscribed the policy on the *Lutine* sixty years before were all dead, and the money and memorials of the *Lutine* remain as a symbol of the treasures held by the seas in trust for successive generations of Lloyd's underwriters.

The economic doctrines that were overtaking England 100 years ago made it inevitable that the privileges of the two chartered marine insurance companies should be reviewed. But the two companies did not enter largely into the matter. They had not turned the business of marine insurance to their own account, notwithstanding the advantages bequeathed by their parentage. Ninety years after their establishment the pair of them transacted

about 4 per cent. of the volume of business transacted by private underwriters. It was consequently the underwriters at Lloyd's who primarily enjoyed the limited enclosure provided for the benefit of the companies, and it was on their behalf that the proposal to remove the embargo on the establishment of new marine insurance companies was contested and, in fact, delayed. But sooner or later the embargo had to go.

It was a happy accident that the insurance of ships and cargoes was quartered for more than a century in the fellowship of a coffee-house. Several generations of underwriters were compelled to carry their money-making affairs on their own shoulders, only uniting freely—but how fruitfully—in their public purposes. The Coffee-house became, in words now 100 years old, 'an empire within itself—an empire which, in point of commercial sway, variety of powers, and almost incalculable resources, gives laws to the trading part of the universe.' By that time coffee-house customs had grown rooted, the old fellowship had been transferred to the Royal Exchange, and underwriters have since continued to sign policies, nowadays as many as 100 or more on a single policy, each man for his own share only and not one for the other.

All that could be said in favour of maintaining the fence that had been erected round the business of marine insurance was said so effectively by Mr Joseph Marryat—himself a Lloyd's underwriter and a member of Parliament—at a parliamentary inquiry that the repeal of the chartered companies' privileges was delayed for more than a dozen years There were then no less than 1500 subscribers at Lloyd's, many of them, such as Marryat himself, Angerstein, and Sir Francis Baring, men of standing and influence. Mr. Marryat reckoned the ships and cargoes that were being insured in the Coffee-house at a value of 200,000,000*l*. a year. He argued that the large number of underwriters at Lloyd's ensured effective competition, while the centralisation of so many men transacting the same business under one roof made for resourceful enterprise. Every underwriter at Lloyd's, he pointed out, was liable for his debts to his last shilling, and the total resources consequently provided an immense insurance fund. He added that the prestige of the society was attracting a good deal of business from abroad. His exertions postponed legislation until 1824, when the prohibitive terms of the two companies' charters were finally repealed Marine insurance was made free to all, and many new companies have since arisen. Nevertheless, the Society of Lloyd's has succeeded in maintaining its commanding position in the business throughout the rapid succession of events in the last century, while there has been no perceptible slackening in its public activities.

Very slowly the old society has changed itself into a great

corporation. Changes in practice have been hardly perceptible, for old custom has continually guided modern progress. The principal changes are to be found in the constitution of the society, its easy cloak of fraternity having been gradually woven into a stiffer texture. One is compelled to notice how circumspectly the members have adopted stricter methods of organisation, always a little in advance of the times. The committee has gradually assumed considerable responsibilities on behalf of and in regard to the whole body In this way a huge corporation has been built up with powers and privileges unique in any modern State, but resting securely on the basis of a world-wide confidence.

It has been suggested that the early house committee at Lloyd's was probably appointed because the rooms were not as clean as they might have been. It was a modest beginning for the magisterial committee of Lloyd's of to-day. The first step towards enlarging the committee's powers was taken on the initiative of Mr Marryat, who in 1811 called a meeting of the subscribers to Lloyd's, being 'merchants, bankers, traders, underwriters, insurance brokers and others,' who proceeded to bind themselves in a trust deed and appoint a new committee and a secretary. The appointment of a secretary was an urgent matter, for although the society was then an important institution, a haughty Secretary of State had nevertheless refused to 'continue a correspondence with the waiters at Lloyd's Coffee-house.' The new committee had to keep ward of 25,093*l* 12*s*. 11*d*., the common funds of the society, look after the general affairs of the Coffee-house, and institute better arrangements for the appointment of Lloyd's agents abroad It took upon itself the supervision of the formalities for the election of intending members. But it had no concern in the business affairs of the members. This constitution lasted for more than thirty years, until after the fire in the old Royal Exchange, the members took up the rooms they are now vacating in the new building

The old Exchange was burnt down in January 1838, and most of the records of Lloyd's (including the records of the *Lutine*) were then lost. Six years later it was to the rooms now being vacated by Lloyd's that Queen Victoria came when she opened the present Royal Exchange. The intervening years had been spent by the members in devising the plans from which the present organisation is derived. The principal terms have since been incorporated in an Act of Parliament of 1871, which replaced the trust deed of sixty years before, and properly authorised and regulated a society performing functions which had become indispensable to shipping and trade, and which had been entrusted with statutory privileges under the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854. Lloyd's Act defines the objects of the society to be the carrying on of the

business of marine insurance by the members, the protection of the interests of the members in respect to shipping, and the collection, publication and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping. A later amending Act in the present century authorises the members of Lloyd's to transact other forms of insurance in addition to marine insurance.

Although the business of insurance (and particularly marine insurance) is the mainstay of Lloyd's, it must take second place in public importance to the tremendous corollary activities of the society, which (unlike the ordinary business activities of the members) fall directly under the administration of the committee of Lloyd's. The interests of the members, which the society undertakes to protect, cover a contingent interest in most ships or cargoes on the seven seas, which is an extensive brief for the committee of Lloyd's to hold. It persists, however, in thus watching and assisting the widespread processes of shipping and overseas trade not only by virtue of the support of its own members, but also with that of most marine insurance companies, a host of trading bodies, and not a few statutory privileges in this and many other countries. Lloyd's agents are maintained in all the principal ports of the world to keep in touch with shipping and in telegraphic communication with London Under the regulation of the committee of Lloyd's, Lloyd's agents offer many services in the ordinary routine of trade, which have become part and parcel of the shipping and trading equipment of the world. Signal stations in many parts of the world are maintained by Lloyd's, while a number of Governments, recognising the advantage of a universal system, have arranged that reports and messages through their own stations should be forwarded and obtained through Lloyd's, so that a shipowner or trader can communicate with any vessel at sea at any signalling point which she may pass by one communication to Lloyd's. The Society of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, although not administered by the committee of Lloyd's, but naturally associated with the parent society, issues an annual register of every sea-going vessel (other than warships) of 100 tons and above, and the society's classification has been voluntarily sought for more than half the merchant shipping of the world, which probably comprises more than three-quarters of the actual tonnage in trade.

The collection and diffusion of shipping intelligence has reached a stage of development to which no parallel can be found in any other branch of the world's work. The *Lutine* bell at Lloyd's tolls the loss of a vessel at the other end of the world within minutes of its occurrence, and a 'waiter' ascends the rostrum (the successor of the Coffee-house pulpit) to announce the misfortune (with the assistance of a microphone) to the assembly in 'the room.' All

the resources of discovery are called in aid to transmit the message to London, and it is then deliberately recorded in the gigantic loss-book which commands the centre stand in the underwriting room by human hand in round copper plate handwriting ! Thus do custom and progress march together. Many times since Sir Robert Walpole was so agreeably surprised with the early news of Admiral Vernon's taking Portobello has the intelligence department of Lloyd's rendered service to its own and other Governments, while its resources have always been gratuitously at the disposal of the relatives of crews and passengers at sea. *Lloyd's List*, of respectable antiquity, has for a long time been a daily newspaper, while to it have been added many other shipping publications A long line of volumes keeps record of the daily movements of ships, and another series keeps note of the services of ships' captains—all the volumes, up to the present, incidentally, being hand-written

Since 1844 Lloyd's has ceased to be a coffee-house, although the cry of ' waiter ' will no doubt continue to be heard, even in Leadenhall Street Lloyd's rooms in the Royal Exchange have comprised ' the room ' itself, equipped with rows of desks or ' boxes ' devoted to underwriting, a second room at right angles by the approach, given over to the registers and the use of brokers, and beyond the ' Captains' Room,' as a survival of the days when ships' captains regularly visited Lloyd's In the new Lloyd's the ' Captains' Room ' is to come into its own rather more pretentiously than of old, as the newly-formed Company of Master Mariners is to make its headquarters there

The modern constitution of Lloyd's has worked itself out on the groundwork of the scheme drawn up in 1844, but procedure has shaped itself rather differently from what was then intended. The supporters were divided into two classes, members and annual subscribers, which is the starting point of the present constitution Underwriters were to sit at the boxes for the purpose of signing policies, while annual subscribers, who were primarily intended to be merchants and traders, were to be free of Lloyd's so that they might come and settle their business directly with the members This development has not quite come about, as merchants have made more and more use of brokers, until their own direct connexion with Lloyd's has been almost entirely lost. Annual subscribers consist mainly of the body of Lloyd's brokers, whose skilled work it is to prepare policies for the signature of the underwriters on behalf of shipowners and traders and collect claims on their behalf. The method of ' placing ' risks in use at Lloyd's has been adopted in the marine insurance markets of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. The broker notes the abbreviated particulars on a slip of paper,

together with the amount of the insurance and the suggested rate of premium. The slip is then taken the rounds of the boxes in 'the room' for each underwriter to mark what amount he will accept until the whole amount is completed. Policies on Lloyd's standard forms are prepared by brokers from the 'slips,' and are checked and the signatures of underwriters affixed at a special bureau at Lloyd's.

The society does not, of course, issue policies or assume any liability. Each underwriter, now as in the past, carries on business purely for his own account and risk; and, although the method of underwriting in syndicates has developed very markedly, the syndicates are only associations of underwriters, not partnerships. They may consist of anything from two to 100 individual 'names,' each of whom pays a proportion of his premium income and profits to an agent who is deputed to act as underwriter in the room for the whole group. Syndicates appear in policies as bracketed groups of names, such as:

	A. B. . .	3/5ths	
100*l*	C. D. . .	1/5th	per X. Y., Agent.
	E. F. . .	1/5th	

Thus, an underwriting member, unless he is acting as an agent as well as being a 'name,' has no need to take an active part in the room, although he may have one or more businesses conducted there entirely for his own account, and he is liable for his undertakings to the full extent of his means.

Now, while the business transactions of the members are entirely their own concern, the integrity of a Lloyd's policy is a vitally important matter to the society as a whole, and the committee, in the interests of the society, has gradually adopted far-reaching measures of supervision over the affairs of members without actually undertaking any direct responsibility. Of course, the probity of the members of Lloyd's added to their unlimited liability provides an even more wonderful insurance fund now than in Mr. Marryat's time. Nevertheless, important safeguards, over and above the jealous scrutiny of the good name of candidates for membership, have been adopted, the chief of which is probably the system of deposits. It sprang from small beginnings. In 1856 the committee of the time, troubled about the competence of a member of the society, demanded a guarantee that the member would fulfil his undertakings. Ten years later a deposit of 5000*l*. was demanded from a member, and since that time the system has slowly become universal. Candidates for admission to underwriting membership have to deposit with the committee

such security as may be required. The deposited securities now amount to over 10,000,000*l*. and are supplemented by certain annual guarantees. The deposits, which are in cash or approved investments, are exclusively available for the discharge of underwriting liabilities undertaken at Lloyd's.

In all but the millionth case the integrity of a Lloyd's policy is as sound as any human contract can be made. But even in the millionth case the Society of Lloyd's, jealous of its reputation, assumes liability in all but the legal formula Such a case has arisen in the last few years, and it serves to complete the development of the society from a free body of free individuals into a compact corporation, sound in itself and doubly sound in its transactions with others No doubt before very long the society will assume a corporate liability in the transactions of its members in law as well as in fact, and it is fitting that this stage should be reached at the conclusion of the Royal Exchange period and the commencement of a new period in Lloyd's new home in Leadenhall Street, which is to be opened on the 24th of March

JOSHUA LEA.

AN ACTOR ON IBSEN

ON March 20 we shall celebrate the hundredth birthday of one of the greatest playwrights the world has ever known, Henrik Ibsen, on whom I speak from perhaps an unusual angle, for I have been playing in Ibsen's plays for the past seven years now, and in all I have portrayed twenty-one characters out of that great dramatist's twenty-five plays. Therefore I look on his creations in a different way from the ordinary member of the public. To me, Ibsen's characters are living people, intimate friends who will visit me in an idle moment and recall a thousand memories of the past. Those that I have played have become, as it were, parts of myself, so human are they all. The biggest parts that I have played are, I suppose, Professor Rubek in *When we Dead Awaken*, the Chamberlain in *The Young Men's League*, and Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck*

It would be difficult to say which part is my favourite, for they are all so diverse I think, perhaps, that the one I like best is Ulric Brendel, the dreamer; but Pastor Straamand in *Love's Comedy* and Pastor Manders in *Ghosts* have a very warm place in my heart.

I cannot speak too highly of Ibsen's dramatic qualities. His plays are written with amazing skill With a single word he will recall a whole scene to our minds, while his power of rousing the curiosity of the audience is incomparable. Never have I found difficulty in learning a part in one of his plays, for the dialogue is natural, so that the line that comes to mind is right. The plays are not usually difficult to produce, but there must be a producer who understands, and who realises that his plays are slices out of life, and who does not attempt to find hidden meanings that the artist never conceived.

Now, to understand Norwegian art properly we must understand the peculiar character of the land which produces it. It is a land having in the more northerly portion a year of but one day and one night—the summer a perpetual warm, sun-lit day filled with the perfume of the woods and the valleys, and the rest of the year a night of darkness and horror; a land on the outskirts of which the great primitive gods still dwell, where elves and

fairies and mermaids are still regarded—to quote one of Norway's poets—' as tame domestic animals.' Such an environment must work mightily on the spirit and temper of the race. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind when following the creative life of such a Norse writer as Ibsen.

Henrik Johan Ibsen was born on March 20, 1828, at the small seaport town of Skien, in Norway. His father, Knud Ibsen, was a merchant. Ibsen's forebears for the previous three generations had been merchants and seamen, and Ibsen's great-grandfather had brought a Scottish strain into the family by marrying one Wencke Dischington, the daughter of a Scotsman naturalised in Norway. It is to this Gaelic element that Ibsen attributes many of his characteristics Ibsen's mother was a pure Norwegian, Maria Cornelia Altenburg by name, and his parents were fairly prosperous, and moved among the society of the little town of his birthplace His earliest recollection, at the age of three, is that of being held over the parapet of the tower on the old market church by his nursemaid, much to the horror of his mother. Ibsen never forgot the strange view of the world as it presented itself to his baby eyes When Ibsen was eight his father became bankrupt, and the little family withdrew to a small cottage on the outskirts of the town, where they lived with a frugality in a marked contrast to their former rather lavish existence Young Ibsen keenly felt this cleavage from the little world in which he had hitherto lived, and it gave him an insight into the social life of a small town, which afterwards showed itself in many of his social dramas.

It was at this point of his life that young Henrik's personality first came to be noticed He did not run about and play like the other children, but would sit apart by the fjord or on the hills, where he would be alone with his own thoughts, or else barricade himself in the loft against the heedless incursions of the younger members of the family It is said that his first books were plays and his first toys were bricks. So all through his life he was a builder, and when quite young built himself a model theatre and used his dolls as puppets. After a brief schooling at the local school at Skien, Ibsen was sent as an apprentice to an apothecary in Grimstad, where he remained through seven dreary years of drudgery which afterwards greatly left their mark on his spirit.

In 1847 he began to write poetry, and came up as a student to Christiania, to study medicine at the remarkable school of Heltberg, where he was a comrade of the two great writers Bjornstjerne Bjornson and Jonas Lie

One night while reading Cicero he suddenly conceived and wrote his first play, *Catalina*, burning much midnight oil. He and two enthusiastic friends clubbed together and published it

under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, but the result did not permit of the proposed tour in the East, to which they intended to devote the proceeds, as only thirty copies were sold. The second short drama, *The Hero's Mound*, was acted, but not printed, a few months later. Ibsen was at this time entirely under the influence of the Danish poet Oehlenschlager. For the next year or two Ibsen made a somewhat precarious livelihood in Christiania as a journalist, but in November 1851 he had the good fortune to be appointed stage poet and artistic director of the National Theatre, which the famous violinist Ole Bull, who was doing so much to infuse life into the stage in Norway, had just previously established in Bergen Ibsen received a small but regular salary. He was practically manager of this house, and received a travelling stipend. As stage poet one of his duties was to write a play for each 2nd of January, the anniversary of the theatre's opening. For 1853 he was asked to write a play bringing in the spirit of Christmas, and at the same time conveying the warmer atmosphere of midsummer He accordingly took a satirical comedy which he had partly written in Christiania and had intended to call *Norma*, and wrote what we know as his first comedy, the charming three-act play *St. John's Night* This play has never been published either in Norway or in England, and was unearthed by Miss Constance Arfwedson, the author of the Ibsen Calendar, when she translated it for the Pax Robertson Salon, that energetic society which produces so many dramatic masterpieces of all nations which otherwise would be practically unknown to British audiences It was in this play that I had the honour of creating the part of Jorgen Kirst for the first time in England.

During the following years, for the theatre's birthday, he produced his historical and dramatic plays—*The Hero's Mound*, *Lady Inger of Ostraat*, *The Feast at Solhaug*, and his early romantic drama, so interwoven with folk-lore, *Olaf Liljekrans* He then returned to Christiania, and, throwing off completely the influence of the Danish romantic tragedians, he took his material directly from ancient Icelandic sources and produced his beautiful saga drama *The Vikings at Helgeland*. It was received everywhere with contemptuous disapproval, but, nevertheless, in 1862, he brought out his brilliant drama, partly in rhymed verse and partly in prose, *Love's Comedy*, a masterpiece of lyric wit and incisive vivacity. This play, again received with scorn, was at its revival twelve years later hailed with enthusiasm. In 1862 his theatre became bankrupt, and he was glad to accept the poorly paid post of æsthetic adviser at the other house. An attempt to obtain a poet's pension for him was unsuccessful. The Storthing, which had just voted one to Bjornson, refused to do the same for Ibsen.

His cup was full of disillusion and bitterness, and so, like many another dramatist, Ibsen left his native country to travel. He started in April 1864, after the production of *The Pretenders*, journeyed by Berlin and Trieste, and ultimately settled in Italy, spending most of his time in Rome and Naples, where his gift for languages was shown by conversation with the children of the latter city in the Neapolitan dialect, which even some Italians themselves have difficulty in mastering. His anger and sorrow gave point to the satirical arrows which he shot back at his thankless fatherland from Italy in the splendid poem of *Brand*, published in Copenhagen in 1866. Ibsen had scarcely closed *Brand* before he started a third lyrico-dramatic satire, *Peer Gynt*, perhaps one of the most beautiful and most magnificent of all his works. *The Hero's Mound*, *Olaf Liljekrans*, and *Peer Gynt* were all originally produced in England by Miss Catherine Lewis at the Ibsen Club in Long Acre before the war, where that gifted actress Miss Pax Robertson created the part of Peer Gynt with such marked success. This name, by the way, should be pronounced 'Pear Goont.'

This closes the first half of Ibsen's work. Although *Love's Comedy* is in a sense a modern play, it is only now that Ibsen starts his famous social dramas This series opened in 1869 with *The Young Men's League* In this vivid and skilful portrait Ibsen has given his chief utterance on political matters, and it is scarcely favourable. As he afterwards remarked in *An Enemy of the People*, 'A party is like a sausage machine It grinds all the heads together in one mash '

In 1873 he published a volume which he had begun many years before, comprising two full-length plays, *Cæsar's Apostasy* and *The Emperor Julian*, under the title of *Emperor and Galilean*. This play dealt in full with the Emperor Julian from his early life to his death, and is in all so historically accurate, even to the minutest details, and gives such a vivid picture of Julian himself, the life of the times, and the big final attempt to overthrow Christianity and to restore the worship of the pagan gods, that this volume is recommended as a text-book by the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at one of our great universities.

The year 1877 saw *Pillars of Society*, in which Ibsen pours delicious irony on those conventional lies which are regarded as the foundation of society and domestic life

Two years later saw the production of *A Doll's House*. This is, I think, the only one of Ibsen's plays which can be said to be 'dated.' All his other modern plays, not even excluding the youthful *St. John's Night*, can be played to-day as absolutely modern, with perhaps the alteration of a word or two describing dress. *A Doll's House* shows itself as behind the times only

because Ibsen sets out in *A Doll's House* to free women from the shackles which bound them, to emancipate them and to place them on an equal footing with men, and it has accomplished its mission.

This was followed in 1881 with the most famous of Ibsen's plays, *Ghosts*, perhaps the most powerful of the series of plays in which he diagnoses the diseases of modern society. As *A Doll's House* was a tragedy of marriage, so *Ghosts* is a tragedy of heredity. It was received in Norway with a tumult of ill-will, and its author was attacked no less venomously than he had been twenty years before. We remember it in England chiefly from the performance at the St. James's Theatre, when the censor lifted his ban towards the close of the war. It was then that Miss Catherine Lewis, the founder of the Ibsen Club, gave her exquisite performance as Mrs. Alving. She sums up the author's feelings in the words:

> I almost think that we are all of us ghosts, Pastor Manders. It is not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It is all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs . . . There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sand of the sea

Ghosts is perhaps the greatest of all Ibsen's plays. Nowhere else can we feel so strong and invigorating a breath of new life.

An Enemy of Society, which followed it in 1882, one of his best comedies, seemed in a way a back thrust at the indignation *Ghosts* had evoked For in it we see Ibsen in the character of Doctor Stockmann taking great pains and trouble to unearth an evil for the good of the whole community, and being turned on and reviled as an enemy of the people. In this play occurs Ibsen's famous saying, 'A minority may be right; a majority is always wrong.'

His next drama, in 1884, *The Wild Duck*, is a remarkable blend of comedy and tragedy In it Ibsen has placed a figure in which he whimsically reflects himself, one Gregers Werle, who enters a home with his 'claims of the ideal' and brings all to rack and ruin. In this play we get a big glimpse of Ibsen's childhood. In it we find the half-blind girl Hedvig, named after his sister. Here we have the same loft in which Ibsen spent his boyhood. We find Harrison's *History of London*, the paint-box, the hour-glass, the clock that will not go, and the other memories of his youth. Even as Gregers insists on doing everything for himself, again we find Ibsen; for it is said that Ibsen insisted on sewing on his own buttons when they came off, maintaining that women could not sew them on so firmly. But his wife has divulged the fact that she used to go surreptitiously to his room and 'finish them off,' a process which he usually forgot!

With *Rosmersholm* in 1886 Ibsen was at the height of his genius. The play is mournful, but neither pessimistic nor cynical. The fates which hang round the contrasted lives of Rosmer and Rebecca, the weak-willed, scrupulous man and the strong-willed, unshrinking woman, the old culture and the new, the sickly conscience and the robust, create a splendid dramatic antithesis. Ibsen had visited Norway in the summer of 1885 at the conclusion of a great political battle, and found that it had left behind it a fanaticism and a bitterness of spirit which astounded him. This impression has recorded itself in the picture of party divisions presented in *Rosmersholm.* The bitterness of the vanquished is admirably embodied in Rector Kroll, while the victors' craven reluctance to speak out their whole hearts is characterised in the freethinker Mortengard. In the dreamer Ulric Brendel, who creates only in mind, we find the first of the strange poetic trio, with the mysterious troll-like touch which seems to float out of Ibsen's earlier work to lay its shadowy hand on his later dramas. These three are the Stranger in the *Lady from the Sea*, the Rat Wife in *Little Eyolf*, and Ulric Brendel in *Rosmersholm* On the grey background of this play the passionate figure of Rebecca West stands out in bold relief as a vivid and highly coloured portrait. The whole life and soul of this ardent, silent woman uncoils itself before us, working relentlessly towards one given end, driven on always almost against her will, a little further and a little further, till finally, hand in hand with the man whom she has emancipated from all conventional thought, she disappears from our eyes and vanishes down the mill-race.

With *The Lady from the Sea* in 1888 Ibsen started a series of dramas of a more and more symbolical and poetical character. In this play we see the Stranger's influence over Ellida, even at a distance, and her inability to free herself from his spell until she was able to choose her own way in freedom. Here, in the part of Lyngstrand, the dying sculptor, I had the pleasure of playing opposite the delightfully vivacious Hilda of that charming actress Miss Catherine Robertson

Next followed *Hedda Gabler*, and in 1892 Ibsen brought out his masterpiece, *The Master Builder*. This play has perhaps one of the finest first acts ever written, for it leaves the audience in a state of tense curiosity to know what is coming Here again we have Hilda Wangel, always with the phrase summing up her inmost feelings, 'Frightfully thrilling.' Here we have Solness himself, the master mind who has risen to his eminence by crushing those who stood in his path We see him exercising unconscious hypnotism over those around him, aided by his unseen trolls and devils. As he says, 'There are devils innumerable abroad in the world, Hilda, which one never sees; good devils

and bad devils, light-haired devils and dark-haired devils. Oh, if one only knew whether the light or dark had got hold of one. Then it would be simple enough'; and Hilda answers him, 'Or if one had a really robust, radiantly healthy conscience, so that one dared to do what one ought to do.'

It was always Ibsen's custom, when sketching out a play, to crystallise in a little poem the mood which then possessed him. The prelude poem, as one might call it, of *The Master Builder* has come down to us. It was written in 1858. It is entitled 'Building Plans.' It reads, literally, as follows:

> I remember as clearly as if it had been to-day the evening when in the paper I saw my first poem in print. There I sat in my den, and with long-drawn puffs I smoked and I dreamed in blissful self-complacency.
>
> I will build a cloud castle. It shall shine all over the North. It shall have two wings: one little and one great. The great wing shall shelter a deathless poet The little wing shall serve as a young girl's bower.
>
> The plan seemed to me nobly harmonious: but as time went on it fell into confusion. When the master grew reasonable, the castle turned utterly crazy; the great wing became too little, the little wing fell to ruin.

Thus we see that thirty-five years before the date of *Master Builder Solness* Ibsen's imagination was preoccupied with the symbol of a master building a castle in the air, and a young girl in one of its towers.

In 1894 he wrote *Little Eyolf*, the pathetic story of the lame child; and of Allmers on the lonely mountain top walking hand in hand with Death.

In 1896 he brought out the rather gloomy *John Gabriel Bjorkman*, and in 1898 the world again looked to him for a new play; but now there was silence, and fear seized the hearts of Ibsen's friends, but the following Christmas his last and perhaps most beautiful play of all, *When we Dead Awaken*, was produced. Ibsen had been working away at this play with a fierce intensity, to all seeming in a burning desire to get it finished. He seemed perhaps to see before him Allmers' grim fellow traveller already raising its shadowy finger and beckoning to him. He said to those around him, 'This will be my last play. It must be worthy of me.' He originally intended to call it *The Resurrection Day*, but finally entitled it *When we Dead Awaken*, a dramatic epilogue. It is a fitting conclusion to a great man's work. In it we see Ibsen in the person of Rubek, the great sculptor, reviewing the whole of his life as it passes in front of his eyes. Here, too, we see the characters Ibsen has created coming before his mind being woven into shape with that poetic fancifulness which only shows in his early and later plays. Ibsen once expressed a desire to write another play in verse, and the beauty and rhythmetic quality of his dramatic epilogue is such that it almost seems verse.

Without doubt it is one of his most beautiful plays, and I think that on the whole it is my favourite. Strangely enough, the last words of Ibsen's last play are 'Pax vobiscum.'

The nineteenth century closed, and towards the end of the first year of the new century in which a new era of enlightenment was to come the great master mind, whose whole life work had been devoted to freeing *men's minds*, was eclipsed. Ibsen had a paralytic stroke, and his mind became as that of a child. During the few remaining years he had occasional glimpses of the past, and in one of them he said, 'I was a great writer once; now I can write nothing but pothooks.'

At the beginning of 1906 he was again taken ill, and up there in the north, in the cold black Norwegian winter, Ibsen longed for the sun which for so many years of his life had been his friend as he wrote in the warm climate of Southern Italy, and by a horrible coincidence he died on May 23, 1906, repeating the very words of Oswald, which closed his mighty drama *Ghosts*, 'The sun, the sun.'

This has given rise to the unfortunate and entirely erroneous supposition that Ibsen led an immoral life and that he was afflicted with the same terrible hereditary disease which struck down Oswald. This was not so, and it cannot be too emphatically contradicted, as it is cruelly unfair to such a great man to allow this blot to remain on his memory. Ibsen suffered from a lack of play-time. He had from his boyhood been working hard, his brain at high tension the whole of the time, and without allowing him those moments of mental relaxation which Nature demands, and he had to pay the penalty. The time came when his great brain could do no more. It was literally worn out, and, after the final great effort, collapsed, and the poet's dying words were a definite wish to see the sun again; and the fact that they should also be Oswald's words is merely coincidence.

Thus died Henrik Ibsen, and the world mourned him, for it owed him more than it then knew. Now, two decades later, we can see with eyes from which the scales of prejudice and conventionality have dropped. Now we can see Ibsen in his true perspective, and we realise the great debt which the drama of to-day owes to the master, for Ibsen had revolutionised play-writing and its dramatic interpretations Ibsen was born to abolish the soliloquy, the prologue and the epilogue, and only in his early plays do we find characters making use of these means to acquaint the audience with the workings of the plots

Of the women who entered Ibsen's life, the first was the gay, elfish Elrikke Holst, who was his little comrade during the time he was stage poet at the Bergen Theatre They were very happy in one another's company, and Ibsen wished to marry her, but her

father refused his consent and they parted. They did not meet again till one day when Ibsen was seventy and Elrikke was an old white-haired lady, and as she had once in her childhood at a fancy dress ball in Bergen laughingly thrown a bunch of wild flowers in his face, so now when he was the great writer of Scandinavia she came to his hotel and gave him a bunch of those same wild flowers, and they had tea together and talked of the days gone by. While Ibsen was artistic director at Bergen he had in the course of his work at the theatre to do a number of translations and adaptations, and in these he was very much helped by a well-known authoress, Magdalene Thoresen, the wife of a Bergen clergyman. While at her house he came into contact with her daughter Suzannah, whom he afterwards married. They were always very happy together, and Ibsen's last poem written to his wife not very long before he died pays the greatest tribute to her that any wife could desire. It is most probable that we get a picture of her in *The Enemy of the People*, where, while the doctor undoubtedly represents Ibsen himself, his wife is depicted in Mrs. Stockmann.

Ibsen was often during his life-time violently attacked by the Church, and from this some people have come to believe that he held anti-religious views and promulgated them in his plays. This was not so. His clerical opponents were merely representative of the conventions which Ibsen so strongly ridiculed. Ibsen has never in any of his plays shown a clergyman in an evil light. Brand, though we may not sympathise with him, was an idealist. For Pastor Straamand in *Love's Comedy* we must all feel a sympathetic fondness, and as for Pastor Manders in *Ghosts*, he has many bitter opponents, but on going closely into his character we find it kindly and upright. Whether or not his point of view can be upheld, at least we can say that he stood by and lived up to his convictions. As for Molvik in *The Wild Duck*, he is not a pastor, but only a man who has studied theology. As regards Rector Rörlund in *Pillars of Society* and Rector Kroll in *Rosmersholm*, they are not clergymen, for 'rector' is used in these two plays in the Scottish and Continental sense of a headmaster of a school.

With regard to Ibsen's politics, I leave my readers to judge for themselves. In private conversation it is said that Ibsen describes himself as a Socialist, although he can certainly not be identified with any definite school. No one who ever saw Henrik Ibsen in his later years, at any rate, could doubt that he was a born aristocrat. It is said that a change came over his appearance and manner after the publication of *Brand*, that he put off the Bohemian and put on the reserved, correct, punctilious man of the world. We have a vigorous impression of the early Ibsen from his friend Bjornson, who wrote :

Tense and lean, the colour of gypsum,
Behind a vast coal-black beard, Henrik Ibsen.

In a speech delivered to a club of working men at Trondhjem in June 1885 he made the following statement, after commenting on the great Socialist victory which had taken place all over Norway since his last visit:

I find neither freedom of thought nor freedom of speech beyond a limit fixed by the democratic majority There remains much to be done before we can be said to have attained real liberty, but I fear that our present democracy will not be equal to the task. An element of nobility must be introduced into our national life, into our Parliament and into our Press. It is not nobility of birth that I am thinking of, nor yet of money, nor yet of knowledge or even of intellect and talent, I am thinking of nobility of character, of will, of soul. That only can free us. From two groups will this nobility, I hope, come to our people—from our women and from our workmen. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe is chiefly concerned in the future of the workers and the women. In this I place all my hopes and my expectations, for this I will work all my life and with all my strength.

This deep-rooted trait in Ibsen's character found its highest expression in *Rosmersholm*, for, as Rosmer says, 'The great task for democracy is to make every man in the land a joyful nobleman' No democratic movement which implied a levelling down could ever command Ibsen's sympathy. He was a leveller-up or nothing

The picture of Ibsen which most of us have in our minds is of course the later Ibsen. In personal appearance he was rather short, but impressive and very vigorous He had a peculiarly high and broad forehead, with small, keen blue-gray eyes which seemed to penetrate into the heart of things. His firm and compressed mouth is characteristic of 'the man of the iron will,' as he has been called by a fellow countryman With his white side whiskers, his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his shock of white hair we see a remarkable and significant face, clear-seeing and alert, with a decisive energy of will about it which none can fail to recognise. This face, appearing above a black frock-coat, presents Henrik Ibsen.

Bruce Kinnaird Moir.

THE HUMOUR OF MONTE CARLO

When the success of the casino won for François Blanc the serious recognition of his contemporaries he became the unofficial head of a society which comprised minor royalties, penurious aristocrats, painters, poets, musicians, and almost all varieties of adventurers and adventuresses. It was common knowledge that the Blancs had two daughters whom they intended to offer to the highest bidder (not in cash, but in blood), and, no one being sufficiently imaginative to guess they aimed at royalty, it was tacitly believed by the poor but titled that they had a chance to share in the vast fortune of the roulette king by marrying Louise or Marie. If, however, they expected François or Madame to be dazzled by their titles, they were quickly disappointed. Blanc was no respecter of persons, and he had a cynical contempt for what may be termed the human side of human nature. He who had been a waiter and once had lived by watching men and women eat could hardly be an idealist, and before he had left Germany for the principality he had learnt the lesson that a lengthy lineage and a glittering coat of arms are no guarantee of the honesty of their owner. Many proposed for the hand of 'Her Roulette Highness Princess Louise,' as the wits termed her, before Prince Radziwill gave her a rank just a little lower than royalty itself, and all were refused on her behalf by her father, who on one occasion pointedly informed a middle-aged French vicomte that he simply was not good enough. The nobleman was stupefied by the surprising information that he was inferior to the daughter of a waiter and a domestic servant, and he went back to Paris to spread the news that Blanc was insane.

'My daughters must marry men whose social position is so great that they dare not be seen gambling,' was how he summed up a question which was constantly debated in his circle.

'Then you will never let Louise or Marie marry a gambler?' asked an elderly aristocrat who had contributed about 100,000*l*. to the profits of the casino.

The reply is historic.

'If he played at trente et quarante, perhaps,' said François Blanc, thoughtfully, 'but if he played roulette, never!'

No one could accuse him of any inconsistency in this attitude of his towards his *clientèle*. The world was populated chiefly with fools, he argued, who were anxious to give their money to someone. That he could provide them with the means of handing it over to himself did not increase the number of fools or make them any the poorer in the long run. No one who knew him had any difficulty in obtaining from him his opinion that gambling was akin to lunacy, for he made no secret of the impregnability of his monster *maison de jeux*, and he had dozens of stories by way of illustration and proof. His favourite was an account of the adventures of one of the earliest syndicates formed to break the bank. It was none of your hole-in-corner affairs with three or four partners, but something resembling a modern limited liability company, consisting of nine determined men with an expert accountant as their secretary, plus a capital of 20,000*l.* What their system was does not matter now—we may be sure it has been played thousands of times since—but it more than fulfilled their expectations for three weeks, returning each day profits which were never less than 900*l* and occasionally more than double that amount. The hero of the syndicate was the secretary, whose eminence as a mathematician had hitherto provided him with nothing more than reputation and a small stipend in a French academy Engaged at a salary and promised a large commission on the winnings, he had soon, by reason of his spectacular and confident play, taken the lead, and when at the beginning of the fourth week the ten active members of the syndicate met in conference, the secretary presided at the meeting It was a pleasant report he made, and there was something delicious and alluring in the fact that the only reason for the conclave was the urgent necessity for taking steps to ensure the safety of their capital and winnings

'Altogether they had 45,000*l*,' said François Blanc with a reminiscent grin. I translate the francs into pounds because the franc has ceased to be an understandable money unit nowadays. 'And their problem was how to keep at bay the thieves known to be in the neighbourhood of the casino The syndicate had no desire to do any business with the local bank, and eventually, on the suggestion of the secretary, it was decided to purchase a huge iron chest and hire an ex-soldier to mount guard over it at night.'

The chest was bought, a formidable-looking article that resembled a miniature vault, and when it was conveyed into the secretary's room at the hotel where the members of the syndicate were staying the treasure was poured into it and it was thrice padlocked. Some hours later the ex-soldier came on guard, a loaded pistol in his pocket and a sword in his hand, and all through the night he watched it faithfully and valiantly, alert at

every sound and eager to prove his courage and faithfulness. He was prepared to risk his life guarding the chest and its treasure, and he said as much when at nine o'clock in the morning he was relieved by the entrance of four members of the syndicate.

'Remain here while we open it,' said one of them, as they proceeded to insert the keys in the three padlocks.

The faithful retainer craned his neck forward to catch a glimpse of the glittering treasure, and his cry of amazement when they lifted the lid was drowned by the oaths of his employers as they all stared at—*emptiness!*

'The secretary had taken the capital and the winnings into the casino just before the sentry arrived,' Blanc explained with a chuckle, 'and had lost every sou.' He paused, and was wrapt in thought for a few moments. 'Why, I not only got my own money back and their original capital, but I even became possessed of the iron chest, for the hotel belonged to me, and when they left without paying their bills I took the chest on account.'

François Blanc had a sense of humour, although it was in abeyance whenever the point of the joke was a successful raid by an invading gambler. There was a faded beauty in the 'seventies for whom his only word was 'imbecile.' Among his hangers-on this woman's exploit in the casino was a subject for hilarity, her one and only visit to the rooms enabling her to add 7000*l*. to her small means, and all owing to a mistake A friend of hers, an elderly Austrian, who had every right to claim the title of expert, seeing that he had lost over 200,000*l* and had sacrificed the whole of the family estates, had explained to her how easy it was to win if only she would follow a simple system. Again and again he went through the figures, impressing upon her that it was trente et quarante she was to play, and with the words 'trente et quarante' ringing in her ears she entered the casino, and unexpectedly finding a chair vacant at the first table she came to, sank on to it. She had never been in a gambling den before, and she did not identify the game at this particular table as roulette. All she could remember was that she was to play something that involved certain numbers over thirty and under forty, and so she began playing on the last six numbers of roulette She was puzzled by the absence of cards, but, concluding that the cards were kept out of sight, she was content, especially as she was winning in fulfilment of her Austrian friend's prophecies of success. Hour after hour she played with scarcely a losing *coup*, and, increasing her stakes until she had maximums on the last six and the last dozen, she despoiled François Blanc of a sum which caused him no distress until he heard that she had left Monte Carlo the morning after her triumph and would never return. She was, therefore, 'that imbecile' for years afterwards,

one of the few lucky gamblers who kept their winnings, and François Blanc, who was so ready with his polite grin whenever gamesters were mentioned by name in his hearing, saw no humour in the exploit of the lucky lady who won a small fortune at roulette and came away under the impression that she had been playing trente et quarante.

The late Henry Labouchere met François Blanc more than once, and conceived an instinctive admiration for that unique millionaire. All through his life 'Labby' was a practical joker, and one of the best of his jokes was that system of his which bears his name. Its inventor was rich enough to be able to accept his losses philosophically, and when a friend tried it at a cost of 500*l.* 'Labby's' comment was, 'It is all right on paper, my boy, but unfortunately it is not the sort of paper you can pay your bills with.'

Nothing delighted the old cynic more than the election of Charles Bradlaugh for Northampton, an election which made him Labouchere's colleague in the House Bradlaugh was an avowed atheist, and his performances in Parliament threw into strong relief the rather meagre and hitherto unsuspected Christianity of his fellow-member for Northampton.

'At last I am respectable,' said Labouchere gleefully ; 'I can style myself the Christian member for Northampton.'

The little joke may have left a bitter taste in his mouth, for if ever there was a disappointed man politically, that man was Henry Labouchere Queen Victoria vetoed his candidature for a place in the Government, and his pose of Olympian censor of the country's morals, chiefly in the commercial department, deceived no one, for everybody who mattered knew that the real editor of *Truth* was not Henry Labouchere, but Horace Voules, one of the most brilliant journalists of the last 100 years. When 'Labby' found himself in London society with a fortune behind him and—he was sure of this—fame in front of him, he meant to send his name ringing down the ages, but the only thing his name is coupled with now is that system which will win at Monte Carlo if accompanied by luck. And if the luck is there a system is as foolish as it is unnecessary

I should like to have been present when Henry Labouchere, W. S. Gilbert, Arthur Sullivan, Sam Lewis (the moneylender), and a collection of moneyed nonentities were all playing at the same table. Gilbert was too practical-minded to enjoy roulette or trente et quarante, and he visited Monte Carlo only because his collaborator lived there during the greater part of the English winter. All the humour Gilbert extracted from the toy principality he put into *The Grand Duke*, but he has created funnier characters than the Prince of Monte Carlo. But then Gilbert had

no liking for the place which fascinated his collaborator, and the miniature principality was too comic in itself to inspire an original humorist. It may have been that he resented even unconscious rivalry, for if ever there was a serious humorist it was W. S. Gilbert, and they take their court very seriously in Monaco. *The Grand Duke*, however, has its own niche in theatrical history. It was the last opera in which the two Savoyards collaborated, its production on March 7, 1896, marking the end of a partnership which will be remembered as long as the English theatre endures.

A little more than three years earlier Gilbert had been Sir Arthur Sullivan's guest at Monte Carlo so that they might discuss a new work. *Utopia, Ltd.* was the result—not one of their greatest by any means, but an opera which might be revived more often than it is. However, I must keep to my subject. I have referred to some players—in the Monte Carlo sense—of the 'eighties and 'nineties, and, although I have selected the names at random, they include representatives of almost every class. Sam Lewis proudly aired his gentility 1000 miles from his office, and was happy if recognised by a peer, whether former or prospective customer We all know the exquisite mistranslation by Smith Minor that 'the possession of wealth often creates a hunger for ancestors,' and it was about this time that Lewis, whose only pedigree was purchased with his dog, began to have social ambitions. He even went so far as to ride in the park, presenting a spectacle of intense concentration not more laughable than that millionaire of to-day who inflicts himself on Monte Carlo in a yachting costume of aggressive whiteness

'I made a profit of 20,000 francs to-day, Mr. Gilbert,' said Lewis to the dramatist, waiving the formality of an introduction because they had in Sullivan a mutual acquaintance.

'Naturally you take a great interest in the game,' said Gilbert quietly, and the moneylender, who could not appreciate even the smallest of jokes, went off to publish further the story of his good fortune.

A few more Sam Lewises, however, would have doubled the dividends of the casino. He was a gambler without any judgment, and he never knew when to cease playing. He had his runs—and some of them were marvellous runs—of luck, but invariably he kept on gambling until the bank had recovered its losses with interest. During one week he must have won at least 15,000*l*., and yet he left at the end of the season more than that amount to the bad. It was commonly believed in the principality that the most celebrated of all London moneylenders combined business with pleasure in the principality, and that in the private suite of his hotel he advanced large sums to well-known men and women at heavy rates. It is not unlikely that he added to his

list of clients many names which would never have got there had it not been for ill luck at trente et quarante and roulette. I can well imagine Lewis scanning eagerly the list of arrivals at the local hotels and waiting for them with the immobile eagerness of a cat waiting for a mouse. Sam had a great pride in the standing of those he despoiled, and the 100 per cent. or so he charged the great untitled scarcely compensated for the lack of decoration in their names. He began by admiring the aristocracy and ended by despising it, but there was a period in between when Sam would have sold what he called his soul for an invitation to one of the stately homes of England which he did so much to embarrass. The invitation never came, but in Monte Carlo it was possible for those who wished to win or keep his favour to dine with him or make a show of friendliness in the rooms. A certain peer who flourished like a weed forty years ago, and whose follies in the principality would still be remembered were it not that every season produces a fresh crop of fools, waylaid Lewis in the Hôtel de Paris and asked for a further loan. When it was peremptorily refused his lordship drew himself up and away, and later on with brandyfied eloquence related the story of the snub to a friend.

'The only way to get anything out of Sam is to ask him to your place in Sussex,' said the consoler. The peer shook his head. 'I can't ask a man to stay at his own house,' he said, and drank another libation to Oblivion.

But Monte Carlo cannot have brought so many old homes into the market as horse-racing has, and the reason is that there is no credit betting in the casino. The road to ruin *viâ* the Turf is longer and more formal. The most popular error in fiction is the mortgage which is foreclosed at a moment's notice and the property wrenched from its owner instanter. Foreclosing a mortgage is a much more protracted affair, and frequently takes a year or eighteen months to accomplish. The English bookmaker will give almost any credit to the wealthy, but the directors of the casino at Monte Carlo do not deal in mortgages or promissory notes. The utmost concession they make is to accept a cheque, and that very rarely, but their preference for cash must spare them an immense amount of trouble

For this and other reasons it is strange that well-known men and women associate themselves with the English Turf without any danger of loss of prestige and yet shrink from disclosing their visits to Monte Carlo. Henry Labouchere, the unconventional Liberal who had always plenty of shots in his locker for all classes and creeds, made his headquarters at Cannes or Mentone, although Monte Carlo was his real objective, but he felt he had to study the prejudices of his readers and constituents. I have

related elsewhere the custom of posting letters written in the principality outside its borders so that the postmark may not reveal the writers' proximity to the casino, a piece of hypocrisy delightful to contemplate.

'I have been to Monte Carlo every year for thirty years,' said an American, with that vibration in his voice which usually accompanies declarations of virtue, 'and I have never gambled at the casino.'

The only tribute one could pay to this disclosure of virtue and high principle was a bottle of champagne, and when it had been consumed the provider of it was rewarded by an invitation to 'a little poker.' The game lasted until the early hours of the morning.

On the other hand, there are frequenters of the rooms who regard horse-racing with horror and never touch a card. Folly has its prejudices and its fads, and we know how easy it is 'to damn the sins we have no mind to.' No one ever goes to Monte Carlo to gamble extravagantly, and no one will admit that his or her motive is simply greed. But somehow they are all reduced to the same common level before the casino finishes with them, and yet, no matter how badly hit, they invariably return. Here and there one hears of a wealthy woman seeking a cure for *ennui* by playing in the rooms, or a millionaire, desperately anxious for something to vary monotony, satisfying his curiosity as to how it must feel to be losing money instead of making it, but these are exceptions and exceptional enough to be almost non-existent.

The humour peculiar to Monte Carlo is sometimes sordid, often grim, and generally ironic The average man brought face to face with his deficiencies seldom fails to yield to the temptation to turn hypocrite. He will not admit that he gambles, preferring to style it playing at the tables. François Blanc, when reproached for creating a paradise for gamblers, retorted that it was not for gamblers but for ordinary men and women, the real source of his profits. I am sure that he would have been delighted had the Anti-Gambling League made its headquarters in Monte Carlo, and in all probability would have subscribed to its funds. Did he not practically subsidise the pulpits of those whose office it was to denounce gambling? But then François Blanc was ever generously disposed towards ecclesiastics.

His widow was not without a sense of humour either. When a certain mayor of Nice, who had not been a friendly critic of the casino, advertised his house for sale, Madame Blanc purchased it at a figure which must have convinced the mayor that good may come out of evil. When a persistent wooer of Marie, her younger daughter, threatened to beleaguer the Blanc residence in the principality, she asked him to test a certain system for her at the

tables, and when he had gone off with her 1000 francs as capital she betook herself and her daughter to Vienna, where Prince Roland Bonaparte was waiting for them.

The betrothal of the prince and Marie Blanc quickly followed, and soon after the marriage had been celebrated the society which had been organised with the object of bringing about the abolition of gambling at Monte Carlo thought it had found in this alliance of royalty and roulette a sure and certain means of enlisting the practical support of the French Government. François Paul Jules Grévy was President of the French Republic in those days, and to him went a deputation of eloquent and humourless reformers who solemnly warned him that unless the Blanc concession was cancelled the Bonapartists would re-establish the Empire They insisted that the marriage was part of a conspiracy against the Republic, and that henceforth the casino would devote its profits to gaining for Marie Bonaparte the crown of an empress. Hitherto the imperial party had suffered from lack of funds, but now that they had millions in hand and millions to come they would be able to bribe their way back to the Tuileries, the reformer argued.

'France will never stake its fortunes on a roulette wheel,' said the President with ironic politeness ; 'if it did, it would not be thought worth the winning even by a Bonapartist'

Perhaps Grévy foresaw that the marriage would weaken rather than strengthen the position of the Bonapartes, and if he did he was a true prophet. Pretenders are peculiarly susceptible to ridicule, and Prince Roland might have suffered tortures had he not been of a retiring disposition 'The Red Prince' and 'Prince Roulette' were the most complimentary nicknames bestowed on him when he became the son-in-law of an ex-waiter, and all the wits of the theatres and music-halls laboured assiduously to produce lampoons which did more to discredit the Bonapartist cause than all the efforts of the Government's hirelings. The ex-Empress Eugénie, who, not having been 'born to the purple,' was naturally supersensitive where her dignity was concerned, described the choice of her relative as the act of a traitor. But Prince Roland was imperturbable, and the early death of his wife made him more of a recluse than ever. He had a daughter who married into the royal family of Greece and in course of time became connected by marriage with the then German Emperor. Thus was the ex-waiter the founder of a royal family, which, all things considered, must be accounted his greatest joke.

There is, however, something too ridiculous in this association of casino and high politics, although it all serves to emphasise what a game of chance roulette is. The characteristic humour of

Monte Carlo is to be found at the tables, where the wise and the foolish, the respectable and the disreputable, the rogue and super-rogue gather every season. Two Englishmen enter to settle the question of the superiority of their respective gambling systems. They have argued until they are almost hoarse about their methods of playing, and it has been arranged between them that each should test his system with a capital of 2000*l*., the prize for the owner of the better system, as proved by results, to be a dinner paid for by the loser. In less than a week they discover that by rights they ought to stand a dinner to the casino, but while they laugh at the discovery they are unconvinced that their systems are at fault, and the consequence is that the casino obtains from them before the end of the season the price of many thousands of dinners.

CHARLES KINGSTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

'THE EQUESTRIAN DRAMA'

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—In the sketch of Adah Isaacs Menken in the January number there were a few slight errors. Her Jewish name did not imply a 'hint of a family scandal,' as the writer states Her maiden name was Adah Isaacs McCord. Her mother was a Jewess and her father was a Scot, and she was born in Memphis, Tennessee Her father was a practising physician. There were two other children—Josephine, a younger sister, and a brother, whose name I forget He went to Cuba with a filibuster expedition, was captured, and condemned to death, but was released on the demand of our State Department. Adah was of a romantic turn, wrote poetry, gave recitations, and finally went to New Orleans, where she played small parts in a theatre There she met Menken, a violinist, and leader of the orchestra They were legally married there.

In the fall of 1856, a few months later, the 'Menken Concert Troupe' appeared in Shreveport, Louisiana, and gave entertainments. The 'troupe' consisted of 'Miss Adah' Menken, Miss Josephine Isaacs, and Mr. Menken, who sat in front and accompanied their songs on the violin. He also played while 'Mlle Josephine' danced In the following year this 'troupe' returned, having been merged into a theatrical company. 'Miss' Menken, as she was always called, was the star, and played 'Desdemona,' 'Julia' in *The Hunchback*, 'Lucrecia Borgia,' 'Camille,' and 'Cousin Margery.' She was a fine tragedienne, and was best in 'Camille.' It seemed to be part of her life I have seen many Camilles, but none to equal that of Miss Menken, who had been on the stage but two seasons. She was also very good in comedy.

At this time I was an apprentice in a newspaper office in that town of about 4000 inhabitants Miss Menken wrote several poems for the *Gazette*, and I carried the 'proof' to her, which she read, but seldom made a change, and always received me with a smile, and 'Thanks.' I had 'free admission to all parts of the house,' and often went back-stage and gave her a bouquet, which she sometimes wore on the stage One of her poems—which I put in my scrap-book, and I believe is still preserved—depicted the gipsy life of a Jewess. I have often wondered if it were not part of her own life. Her mother may have been a gipsy before she came to Memphis. She was well educated — that is, she had read much, especially the poets, and particularly the *Mazeppa* of Byron It was this poem, no doubt, that influenced her to select the *rôle* in which she made her great success; and it was this *rôle* that ultimately caused her death. A report, which I believe is authentic, is that while strapped to the wild horse the animal ran against one of the wings, which severely bruised her

in the side. Though she went through the performance, she was taken to her home and never recovered. The tragedy of her death was as great as any she enacted on the stage.

J. M. SCANLAND.

Los Angeles, California.

EVOLUTION: USE OF THE ONTOLOGICAL ARGUMENT

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article entitled 'The Case Against Evolution,' by Mr G H. Bonner, in the November issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After*. While not intending to enter into any criticism of subject-matter of this article, I am venturing to draw attention to a form of argument used by him which seems to be illogical.

On p. 595 Mr. Bonner wrote. 'The doctrine of the immortality of man . . . is indeed proved by the very fact that the human mind has the conception of immortality.' And again on p. 596. '. . . let it be explained how a being whose will is not free could ever arrive at the intellectual conception of the principle of free-will . . .' These are two instances of the 'ontological argument' which used to be made much use of in attempting to prove the existence of God, but the inaccuracy of which was exposed by Kant, since when it has been universally admitted to be logically fallacious.

That Mr Bonner takes this form of argument to be sound is apparent from the fact that he again makes use of it when replying to a critic in the February number: 'If there is such a principle as causality (and there must be, since, as Mr. Hight will agree, we could not form an intellectual conception of such a principle were it entirely false) . . .'

Mr. Hight may agree, but I am afraid I do not. The flaw in this form of argument is that it is impossible to pass from concept to existence; existence is not a predicate which can be attached to a reality. Kant wrote:

'By whatever and whatever number of predicates—even to the complete determination of it—I may cogitate a thing, I do not in the least augment the object of my conception by the addition of the statement This thing exists If I cogitate a thing as containing all modes of reality except one, the one absent is not added by the affirmation that the thing exists with the same defect as that cogitated; otherwise not that which was cogitated but something different would exist' (*Critique of Pure Reason*, pp 368 *et seq*)

It seems to me that the fallacy of this form of argument can easily be shown in this way—as well as a conception of man as immortal it must be admitted that we can (and indeed many thinkers do) hold the conception that man is *not* immortal Then by the ontological argument this latter conception must by its very existence represent the truth, so we are in the ridiculous position of having to believe that man is both immortal and at the same time mortal.

As Sir Arthur Keith, in his article replying to Mr. Bonner, does not seem to have picked out this use of a fallacious argument, I am venturing to join the discussion in the hope that such small criticism may help towards the eventual elucidation of such weighty points as are raised by both sides in the interesting articles under discussion.

Yours faithfully,

P. F. DUNCAN.

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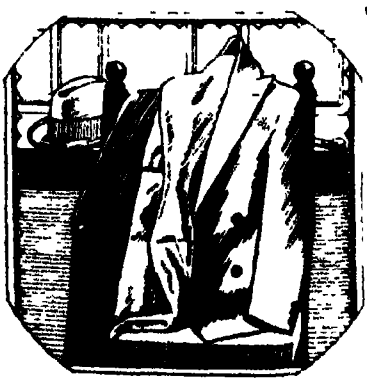
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THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER

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IRVING BABBITT

I A New Humanism

Cardinal Newman characterised one of his friends in his own inimitable way by saying that, in any subject-matter with which he was called upon to deal, he always looked for a principle. Irving Babbitt, Professor of French Literature in Harvard University, is a man who has sought and found a principle, or rather a set of principles, which will introduce light and order into the chaos that has prevailed in Western thought and literature for, roughly, the last 150 years. He is possessed of immense learning, which he carries lightly, and he writes admirable English, free from pedantry and from all but a very few Americanisms. He has expounded his convictions in five volumes [1] published

[1] *Literature and the American College*, 1908, *The New Laokoon*, 1910, *Masters of Modern French Criticism*, 1912, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, 1919, *Democracy and Leadership*, 1924.

between 1908 and 1924, of which only the last, *Democracy and Leadership*, has aroused even momentary attention in this country: it was warmly extolled by Dean Inge and the late St. Loe Strachey. There must be many people who, if they read Babbitt, would say of him what Plotinus said of Ammonius Saccas, the philosophic porter of Alexandria: 'This is the man I was looking for.' By an ironic mischance, which has probably told quite seriously against his influence in England, his surname adorns a novel representing all those tendencies in American and European life of which he himself supplies a crushing and (what is better) a constructive criticism.

As might be expected from his academic position, Professor Babbitt draws most of his illustrations and many of his arguments from the development of French literature as exhibited in the succession of writers from the Renaissance to our own day. But he includes the whole of modern literature and much of modern art in his survey, and for his leading principles he goes back to the Greeks, and in particular to Aristotle. To quote his own words: 'I would term the point of view that I am myself seeking to develop Aristotelian.' The essential significance of that point of view, and its wide divergence from current conceptions, can be sufficiently indicated by saying that it includes a belief in 'a distinctively human realm that is set above Nature,' with the corollary that man's primary concern is, or should be, with the unwritten but abiding laws of the human realm rather than with those of the physical universe. It is by no means denied that in one aspect man, like all phenomena, is subject to natural laws: but it is argued with an impressive marshalling of evidence that in another and more important aspect he is subject only to divine and human laws: those laws of which Antigone said that they live for ever and no one knows whence they came Emerson put the matter tersely in lines which Babbitt prefixed to his first book, *Literature and the American College*:

> There are two laws discrete
> Not reconciled,—
> Law for man, and law for thing

The calamity of modern times is that both theoretically and practically 'things are in the saddle and ride mankind.' It is because he wishes to reassert the supremacy of the human law that Babbitt calls himself a humanist. The negative and critical side of his teaching may be summed up by saying that naturalism is the enemy. It is remarkable that in all his published writings he hardly uses the word 'evolution,' and never uses the idea in his interpretation of human achievements.

Are we then invited, it may well be asked, to ignore the dis-

coveries of biology and anthropology, to refuse the light which the theory of evolution has thrown on every branch of study, and to return to the old anthropocentric view of the universe, which is as dead as the Ptolemaic astronomy? This is a pertinent question, and unless a satisfactory answer can be given to it the new humanism is likely to be rejected without examination as a hopeless attempt to put the clock back.

It becomes necessary to draw a distinction: naturalism may be true—let us grant that it is true—in the scientific sphere, and yet be false and mischievous in the region of ethics and of human values generally In other words, for the strictly limited purposes of the biologist man may safely be regarded, nay, must be regarded, as a phenomenon among phenomena, as a particular species of animal among other species In this aspect he must be treated as the product of purely natural forces, irresistibly moved by natural appetites, in response to ascertainable stimuli: for only on this assumption is he a subject for scientific study in the strict sense. But to exalt this limited and relative point of view to the place of an absolute and final truth, and on the strength of it to deny freewill and the reality of the divine and human law, is to fall into the metaphysical illusion. 'The mechanistic view of Nature, involving as it does factors that are infinite and beyond calculation, cannot furnish proofs that will satisfy the true positivist: he is inclined to dismiss it as a mere phantasmagoria of the intellect.' The naturalists, *i e*, those who assert that man is *merely* a part of Nature, are dogmatic on insufficient grounds The humanist has no assertions to offer about 'man's place in Nature': he is free to confess that in an infinite universe we do not know enough to speak with assurance. What does concern him is the specifically human realm of which he has immediate knowledge. That realm includes the whole of man's religious, ethical and æsthetic values, verified by the cumulative experience of the race: and the humanist is not prepared to discount that experience, or dismiss it as a delusion, in deference to any metaphysical theory, least of all such a crude metaphysic as underlies most naturalism.

In one sense we are all necessarily anthropocentric in our outlook: we can no more help being so than we can jump off our own shadows. Surely it is better to accept this inexorable truth frankly with the humanist than to adopt such a melodramatic attitude as that of Mr. Bertrand Russell, who is so very sure that the universe denies all his human values and then proceeds to assert those values heroically (if a little hysterically) in the teeth of an indifferent universe. A touch of hysteria, or at least of sentimentality, is observable in the bearing of all naturalists when they come to deal with the human realm. Zola's view of human

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nature is every whit as sentimental as Rousseau's: the one is a dream, the other a hallucination. The reason for this is not far to seek. Our values exist as psychological facts, and to deny that there is any reality corresponding to them (as all naturalists do) is simply to take away their rational basis, and to relegate them wholly to the domain of emotion. This is indeed the chief evil to be feared from the intrusion of naturalism into art, politics and morals. The humanitarian sympathies of thorough-going naturalists like Mr. Russell or Mr. H. G. Wells are limitless and subversive, just because they recognise no fixed human standards to check their emotional expansiveness. A similar defect impairs much of the work of a far greater man—the late Thomas Hardy. The scene where the black flag goes up for Tess's execution is merely the reverse of the medal of which a pious death to slow music is the equally sentimental obverse In order to see any area steadily and see it whole it is necessary to occupy a central position : and the central position for viewing human life is supplied by humanism, which is nothing but the steadfast affirmation 'of what is normal and central in human life'

It is of course of the essence of naturalism in its evolutionary form to deny that there is any norm or centre to which human experience can be related. Bernard Shaw speaks for the whole school when he says that the Golden Rule is that there is no golden rule: for this is the conviction that is behind all the modern movements According to the evolutionary philosophy there are no permanent types anywhere : everything is momentarily passing over into something else ; and the only realities, if they can be called such, are perpetual change and relativity. The Heraclitean doctrine of the Flux has been revived, with the whole weight of scientific authority to support it ; and instead of being confined to an intellectual few, it has become the accepted creed of the majority.

It is on this issue that Babbitt's critical studies have made him an implacable opponent of naturalism as applied to human problems. In the quarrel between Classicism and Romanticism (which he regards as one form of naturalism) he is heart and soul for the classics, because the classical writers of every age are disinterested and irrefutable witnesses to the existence of an abiding and unchanging element at the core of human nature. The life of the universe at large may be, as Bergson says, 'a perpetual gushing-forth of novelties,' but in man there is something that lifts him above this endless whirl of vain appearances The bare existence of masterpieces that are recognised as 'classical' is in itself a proof of the classical contention. If in reading Homer or Virgil we find that the representation of human life is still truer to our own experience than any that meets us in the works of the most

brilliant novelists or dramatists of the day, the inference is inevitable that human nature has not changed in its essentials during the last 3000 years. The vast difference in all the outward circumstances only makes the central identity the more remarkable: *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Doubtless people will be found to assert that *Man and Superman* is truer than the *Iliad*, just as others will maintain that Epstein's Rima is lovelier than the Winged Victory. Such people are well-advised; for the whole evolutionary philosophy of man stands or falls with their assertion. That philosophy is based on a universal negative—'there is no golden rule'; and a single instance to the contrary is sufficient for its disproof

Professor Babbitt eschews metaphysics, but he is too well-informed (to say the least) not to perceive that at this stage of his argument he is grappling with one particular form of that metaphysical Proteus, the problem of the One and the Many. Human life, like the life of the universe, contains endless multiplicity and diversity, and it is on this aspect that the moderns have concentrated their attention, until they have come to believe, with Bergson, that the Flux alone is real But beneath or amid this welter of change and relativity a principle of unity and identity also exists, and can be discerned by the appropriate faculty It is indeed possible to deny in words the existence of the unity, but in experience the oneness and the change are inseparable; and it may be noted in passing that the sense of reality attaches to the One rather than to the Many, if only because 'The One remains, the Many change and pass'

So far Babbitt is only reaffirming what many also of our own poets and thinkers besides Shelley have affirmed before him; and this, it may be said, is merely to beg the question at issue Has he any fresh evidence to adduce in favour of the reality of the One as against the Many? A fair answer to this would be to ask in turn what sort of proof is possible or conceivable in a matter of the kind. If a man can read Homer or Sophocles with comprehension, and still doubt the reality of a permanent element of oneness in human nature, above and beyond its diversity, it is tolerably certain that he would continue to doubt though one rose from the dead to proclaim it. Instead, therefore, of discussing fruitlessly whether there is such a unity, Babbitt accepts the witness of a considerable portion of humanity to the fact of its existence, and addresses himself to the question of how it becomes known to us. Similarly, in philosophy proper, Kant substituted for an aimless scepticism as to the possibility of knowledge the pertinent inquiry as to how knowledge is possible. In both cases the question is begged, if you like to say so, but in the result it receives the only sort of answer of which it is susceptible.

How, then, do the great masters of humanism—an Æschylus, a Virgil, a Dante or a Shakespeare—arrive at their apprehension of what we too recognise to be normal and central in human experience? Whence is the power which enables them across the centuries to 'pierce us with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness'? It is here that Babbitt becomes, as he says, definitely Aristotelian, though he wears his Aristotelianism with a difference; which is perhaps, as he suggests, a difference of language rather than of meaning. Poetry, according to Aristotle, is an expression through 'imitation' of the universal element in human life. Genius, according to Babbitt, may be defined as imaginative perception of the universal. Unquestionably in Aristotle's system the faculty which apprehends the universal is 'reason' or 'mind,' while 'imagination' is a much lower power of reproducing the images of sense. Still, this 'reason' is something that perceives immediately or intuitively, and not the analytic and discursive power to which we commonly give the name of reason. The gap between the two views, if there be a gap, is adequately bridged by Wordsworth's description of imagination as 'but another name for reason in her most exalted mood.' What is common to both views, and what saves them both from falling into the metaphysical illusion, is the recognition that the universal, which is the real, can be known only through a veil of illusion, *i.e.*, imaginatively or 'by imitation.'[1]

This doctrine is so cardinal with Babbitt that it is well to give his actual words:

> My effort . . . is to show that this failure (of the nineteenth century to deal adequately with the problem of the One and the Many) can be retrieved only by a deeper insight into the imagination and its all-important *rôle* in both literature and life. Man is cut off from immediate contact with anything abiding and therefore worthy to be called real, and condemned to live in an element of fiction or illusion, but he may, I have tried to show, lay hold with the aid of the imagination on the element of oneness that is inextricably blended with the manifoldness and change, and to just that extent may build up a sound model for imitation.

We shall return later to the function of the imagination. The last phrase in the passage quoted explains why the problem of the One and the Many calls so pressingly for a solution. The world is suffering from the lack of a model for imitation, or, as it is expressed more broadly and truly in the Introduction to *Democracy and Leadership*, from 'the progressive decline of standards.' Babbitt traces this decline from its starting-points in the Renaissance and the eighteenth century to its culmination

[1] This is true of Aristotle only in regard to his theory of Poetry. Elsewhere he was, happily for mankind, subject to what Babbitt calls the metaphysical illusion.

in the present state of almost universal chaos. Such a description of the modern world may sound alarmist, but its truth can be brought to a simple test. Does not Bernard Shaw's epigram about the Golden Rule fairly describe the attitude of the typically modern mind? If so—and it should be remembered that it was uttered long before Relativity and Psycho-analysis were added to the intellectual ferment—surely there is nothing more to be said. If there are no rules, Chaos is come again. The fact that subversive movements are for the time being in abeyance or held in check is mainly due to the sheer *vis inertiæ* which is so important a factor in human history: it certainly cannot be ascribed to any general agreement about fundamentals. Indeed it is only in regard to the political and international spheres that it is possible to cherish the feeblest illusions on this head—the Great War and the Russian revolution having induced a widespread disposition to let sleeping dogs lie. In philosophy, in art, in poetry, in education the wildest confusion reigns Revolution for revolution's sake is all the cry. It is all very exciting and very ridiculous, but it is also dangerous, and it leads nowhere except to the bottomless abyss.

In this state of affairs Babbitt sees the logical and necessary goal of the great naturalistic movement which was started by Bacon, and which received a second and more violent impetus from Rousseau. Other names almost equally important might be mentioned, but it remains true, in a rough and symbolical sense, that Bacon was the originator of the scientific-utilitarian school of thought, as Rousseau was of the romantic school of feeling Both movements involved a repudiation of authority, whether divine or human, a breach with the two great traditions, Christian and classical; and both, either by implication or directly, abandoned the human claim to a superiority of essence over the world of Nature—a claim which had been as integral an element in the humanism of Greece and Rome as in Catholic theology.

A host of objections to this reading of the history of thought will at once occur to the mind of anyone to whom it is thus baldly propounded for the first time. Surely there is rather a fundamental and irreconcilable opposition between naturalism and romanticism? What common ground is there between Bentham and Shelley, Herbert Spencer and Ruskin, Zola and Victor Hugo? To put the matter in a nutshell, is not romance precisely a protest against a rationalistic and mechanical universe? It is in his answers to these and kindred questions that Babbitt displays to most advantage his learning and his unrivalled powers of analysis. One may dissent from his conclusions, but it is impossible not to feel that they are founded on a careful examination of all the evidence; and his theory possesses the two

[illegible] covers [illegible] intelligible [illegible] and it offers a satisfactory explanation of what professes to explain.

If for the sake of brevity we may summarise the who Baconian movement under the name of 'science,' Babbitt's firs contention amounts to this—*that science since its inception ha* been the deadly foe, not of religion, as *is often assumed, but o* humanism. *It has not so much denied God as dethroned man; and it has dethroned him, first, by concentrating the human intellect on the study of the physical universe* and on the control of natural forces—in a word, on what is called material progress, to the neglect of specifically human interests; secondly, and largely as a result of this first preoccupation, it has tended more and more to deal with man as if he were wholly of one substance with the material and organic universe, denying that he has any intrinsic distinction from the beasts of the field. Obviously Bacon himself, with his genuinely Christian beliefs, would have had no sympathy with this secondary outcome of the scientific spirit. Nevertheless his wonderful prevision of the limitless possibilities of applied science justifies the use of his name to symbolise the whole movement; and further, as Babbitt brings out very clearly, it was the astonishing success of 'critical' and 'positive' methods in the physical sciences that lent such an invincible prestige to those methods when they came later to be applied in the spheres of Law, Ethics, and Religion. We said above that science had ignored specifically human interests. It has done worse in the long run. It has attempted to deal with those interests by methods which, since they ignore specifically human attributes, are inapplicable in the human sphere

We cannot emphasise too strongly that Babbitt has no sort of prejudice against the positive and critical spirit, the spirit that refuses to take things on authority. On the contrary he writes as one who is 'irrevocably committed to the modern experiment'; and his complaint is just that the naturalists are insufficiently critical and positive in their attitude to the 'human law' In their eagerness to bring the whole of experience under the natural law, the law for thing, they deny the duality of human nature, the war in the members, or, as Diderot, one of their earlier prophets, phrased it, 'the war in the cave.' This denial lies behind modern Socialism, as behind Rousseau's dream of the natural goodness of man. The former puts the blame for all the ills of life on the economic system, the latter on Society. Neither faces the facts, as Aristotle does, who was 'positive and critical both according to the natural and the human law.' 'These evils,' he says, when discussing communism as a remedy, 'are due to a very different

cause—the wickedness of human nature.' The attempt to bring man under the law for thing is responsible for such absurdities as the historical theories which attribute the Crusades to the urge for 'folk-wandering' or to the pressure of the problem of the food supply. Man may be an animal, but he is a religious and ethical animal: and to disregard his religious and ethical experiences, or to treat them as secondary by-products of his animal nature and physical environment, is neither scientific nor critical, but dogmatic in the worst sense.

It follows from Babbitt's acceptance of the critical method that he does not conceive the standards which he desiderates in life and art in any formal or external way. They are not imposed from without by any authority 'anterior, exterior and superior' to the individual, but intuitively apprehended by imaginative insight. The romantic heresy, which sprang from a reaction against the pseudo-classicism of the eighteenth century, went wrong in just this point, that it 'regarded as an outer form, what is in reality an inner discipline.' Form, which is only another name for standards, is not an arbitrary framework, but the expression of a vital law, an inner necessity. The same idea might perhaps be expressed by saying that all authority is ultimately intrinsic: it imposes itself, or it cannot be imposed at all. And that is the kind of authority which was originally indicated by the Roman word *auctoritas*—a purely personal quality inherent in those who had experience in some special field. Against such authority there is really no appeal. The penalty for disobedience is the terrible one of being a fool.

The revolt which took place in the eighteenth century was inevitable and even justifiable, because both authoritative traditions, the Christian and the classical, had come to be conceived by their exponents, no less than by their enemies, in a lifeless, external and formalistic way. Christianity had become a set of fixed beliefs derived from an infallible Church or an infallible Book. For the classical spirit of disciplined imagination had been substituted a collection of rigid and unimaginative rules. Moreover, in certain quarters, notably in the Jesuit schools, a sincere but uncritical attempt had been made to harmonise the two traditions, which had led to the further externalising of both, and to the creation of an ideal of hollow decorum, exemplified in England by the torpor of the national Church, in France by the artificiality of the court and its courtly ecclesiastics.

Unfortunately the revolt came to pass on wrong lines, with disastrous consequences, of which the French Revolution was comparatively a minor episode, and the late war only a further instalment. The error lay in a failure to distinguish the imperishable truths of Christianity and classical humanism from the per-

verted forms in which they had become embodied. In Babbitt's judgment the essential element in Christianity, as in all true religion, is its insistence on the duality in human nature, on the war in the members. This vital truth seemed bound up with a repellent and incredible dogma of original sin and predestination; and both truth and dogma were rejected in favour of a crude naturalism, optimistic in Rousseau, pessimistic in most of his successors. Similarly the grand truth of classical humanism is the doctrine of 'measure,' of decorum in the original sense, of a 'mean' in conduct or art, which can only be perceived by imaginative insight. This doctrine had been debased into a shallow convention of propriety and elegance, and in sweeping away the convention the romanticist swept away the truth with it. As time has gone on, the two streams of scientific naturalism and romanticism have tended more and more to unite, until they have become practically indistinguishable and irresistible. Their final and fatal union is symbolised in the recently coined catchword of 'education for service and for power'—power meaning mechanical efficiency, and service a vague sentiment of universal brotherhood, of which the chief practical outcome is the class war.

In this caustic criticism of the 'ideal of service' Babbitt is entirely in earnest. He maintains—and in this he is surely right—that a brotherhood which is not founded on a common discipline is a mere name. Attempts to found it on an expansive emotion are foredoomed to failure, because the more freely our emotions are allowed to expand the more certainly they will bring us into conflict with one another. The nightmare of the Terror is the inevitable sequel to the dream of Fraternity. Humanism, as conceived by the ancients, was a discipline: humanitarianism is, and has often shown itself to be, what Bossuet called 'a murderous pity.' The Catholic Church has always been right in teaching that charity, in the modern sense of love for man, is only possible as the fruit of charity in the old sense of love for God. For man is only lovable as potentially obedient to the will of God, or, if you prefer to phrase it so, in so far as he is capable of subordinating his natural to his ethical or human self. In his merely natural self he is detestable: *le moi est haïssable*. Christianity said that the old Adam must die; humanism that it must be schooled into harmony; naturalism and romanticism that it must be liberated and given free play. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

Such in brief outline is Babbitt's leading idea. That it is substantially true seems hardly open to question; but only by following it up in all its ramifications, as he works it out in his books with a wealth of illustrative evidence, is it possible to

realise its amazing fruitfulness, and its universal applicability to the intellectual and moral problems which we have inherited from the nineteenth century. When once its import is fairly grasped, its influence is like that of a new principle of classification in one of the descriptive sciences. New and natural lines of cleavage or affiliation at once appear, introducing order and interdependence into a mass of chaotic or misrelated facts. A simple criterion is put into the reader's hands, which he cannot help using, even though it mean the abandonment of secret loyalties and the dethronement of long-cherished idols. To some extent Babbitt's work takes on the character of a heresy-hunt ; and that, in spite of modern prejudice, is a useful as well as an exhilarating branch of sport. Or we may regard him as a pathologist who traces the romantic malady from its origin in Rousseau, through its mild and chronic stage in Wordsworth, to its acute and delirious phases in Tolstoy or the expressionist drama.

The task of selection is difficult, but we shall at least be following our author's lead if we choose the question of the imagination as central and decisive. To him the cardinal feature of human experience is its duality—the conflict between the ethical and the natural self, or, as he elsewhere puts it, between the principle of vital expansion and the principle of vital restraint and concentration. In this conflict the imagination holds the balance of power, according as it sides with the reason or the affections, and therefore there will be no deliverance from our present ills until we learn once more to make a right use of the imagination It must be disciplined to some centre of unity instead of being encouraged, as now, to roam untrammelled through its own empire of chimeras There is at least as much imagination in a myth of Plato or a play of Æschylus as there is in the tales of Poe or the poems of Baudelaire : only in the former it is under stern control, in the latter it has ordained itself free of all lines or imaginary limitations There you have the difference between purposeful meditation and aimless reverie, between Hellenic reverence for ' the limit ' and romantic longing for the infinite. It may be held that the modern rejection of all standards is the better way : it will hardly be disputed that the two paths lead in opposite directions—one to the centre of a normal human experience, the other away from it. Babbitt aptly names them concentric and eccentric imagination.

The root of the trouble was that the pseudo-classicists of the eighteenth century had established a false opposition between ' judgment ' or ' common-sense ' or ' reason ' on the one hand, and ' fancy ' or ' imagination ' on the other. As a result the gates of the future seemed to be barred, and the man of imagination felt stifled in an atmosphere of pedantic and deadening restric-

-tions. The appalling state of affairs may be gauged from the fact that the highest praise a critic could find to bestow on the *Æneid* was that it was 'a judicious poem.' Naturally the revolt, when it came, was made in the name of imagination *against* reason and judgment. 'Poetry,' as the arch-rebel Diderot said, 'calls for something enormous, barbaric and savage.' In that phrase we have foreshadowed Victor Hugo and—shall we say? —the Sitwells, as well as Ossian and Byron. Hence proceeds the romantic cult of untaught genius, the doctrine of the 'beautiful soul,' the longing for reunion with outward nature (unknown to both Christian and classical traditions), and an ever-growing exaltation of the emotional over the rational side of human nature, which has led—human nature being what Professor Freud assures us that it is—to what is virtually a worship of sex. The exaltation of spontaneous goodness over hard-won virtues has ended in the total emasculation of popular theology and popular morality, until we are condemned to witness such phenomena as the spread of Christian Science, or multitudinous appeals to Governments to spare the lives of bestial and undoubted murderers. The cynical 'realism' of many popular philosophies, which profess to see in human society nothing but the operation of economic or biological laws, is an equally perverse reaction from the central truth. Nothing resembles a swelling so much as a hollow. Karl Marx as a prophet is only Rousseau turned inside out.

'The naturalistic movement in the midst of which we are still living had from the first this taint of eccentricity As for the results, they are being writ large in disastrous events.' Such is Professor Babbitt's summing-up. It is at least a clear indictment and, we suspect, irrefutable. If not, it calls for refutation from the naturalist side: for criticism of this calibre is deadly in the long run. Professor Babbitt, if he were not too modest, might well appropriate to himself the words of Matthew Arnold:

> Charge once more, then, and be dumb
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall

PHILIP S. RICHARDS.

CHURCH AND STATE

As a religion cannot be made to order, but is the actual expression of man's belief of his relation to God and of God's to him and man's consequential duty, so neither can a Church (that is, a community of believers) be made to order. The members must be partakers of beliefs and rites and prayers, which they receive as inspired by God, whether their origin be traced to direct revelation or the inner light of private inspiration. The State cannot make a religion or a Church.

When Jeroboam accompanied his foundation of a secession State with the establishment of a secession Church, he was careful to explain to his people that it was no new Church, but that it was a restoration, and that it was the setting up of the Temple worship which had been a departure from the true religion. 'These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt.'

The religion of the 'Goddess of Reason' set up by the French Revolution in its first fury endured but for a day.

The State cannot create a Church; but any community of believers must stand in some relation to the State, and so we may say that a Church can stand in relation to the State in any one of four positions: it may be established, it may be recognised, it may be tolerated, it may be banned.

When one analyses the process by which an antecedently existing Church is established, it is easier to understand if the government of the State be taken as residing in a single person. Hereafter it will be necessary to make adjustments for the case of a constitutional or republican State. A ruler establishes a Church because he believes in the religion which it teaches, and in the divine origin or inspiration of its principal organisation, its rites and its prayers. He does his best to make it the religion of all his people; he makes its great functions State ceremonies; he provides for the erection and support of its places of worship, for the maintenance of its priests; he gives them, as such, recognised positions in the State, and, as far as civil power can usefully intrude into religious matters, he supports its rules by his laws and his courts of justice. If he is a thorough-going

believer, he may be logically driven to enforce his belief upon his subjects. In that case, all other religions and Churches are in the fourth class—'banned.'

There may also be cases in which one particular Church falls into the category of 'banned' while others may fall into the third category of 'tolerated.'

Christianity was 'banned' from time to time during the first three centuries. There was an epoch when it might be said to be 'tolerated.' Other examples of banning are Protestantism in Spain and Roman Catholicism in Geneva, each for some centuries.

The stage above banning is 'toleration' Tolerated beliefs may remain, in the eye of the State, unlawful, but no proceedings will be taken against those who hold them. The law will simply take no notice of their beliefs, or of their organisation or practices. No contracts between office-bearers and congregations or between the members *inter se* will be enforced. No property can lawfully be held on trust for the tolerated body. Such was, apparently, the position of the Jews under the Roman Empire, which can be illustrated by the case when Gallio drove the Jews from the judgment-seat, saying · 'If it be a question of words and names and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters.'

The position of trade unions was, and in a sense still is, analogous. They are considered unlawful because their objects are in restraint of trade, and the contracts between their members cannot therefore been forced; but they are not interfered with by law.

The most artificial position with subtlest shades of distinction up and down is that of the 'recognised' Church The Christian Church was for a short time in that position, when it first became recognised by Constantine as a *collegium licitum*—a lawful association—and before it became the established Church of the Roman Empire With this one historical exception, there does not appear to have been any example of this class of case, in Europe at any rate, till the very end of the seventeenth century.

'Recognised' Churches are now to be found in many countries. Their origin is probably English, and they are institutions in all English-speaking countries, including the United States. They exist, however, in other civilised parts of the world. Perhaps the earliest instance of a non-English one is that of the Huguenot body in France from Napoleonic times

In England their origin may be traced to the action of the Court of Chancery, which after the Toleration Act was passed treated the funds of such Protestant nonconformist bodies as were then tolerated as being 'charitable' funds—*i.e.*, funds for

lawful public purposes, to which the protection of the court is given, and which are exempt from any rule of law against perpetuities.

Under this principle buildings could be acquired and held and funds placed on trust, and the court would prevent malversation or robbery, interfering as little as possible with internal management, but on the other hand keeping itself open for applications to restrain deviations from any fundamental deed or contract from which the administrators of the fund could not properly depart.

As time went on the State has sometimes made a further step and accepted the prevalent voice of the religious body as sufficient warrant for opening up the original or fundamental constitution, cutting the legal knot by an act of legislation, as in the case of the Dissenters' Chapels Act, 1844 (7 & 8 Vict. c. 56), and the modern Act for settling the difficulties created by the union of the majority of the members of the Free Kirk of Scotland with the United Presbyterians

Sometimes the State has merely facilitated the organisation by giving it the form of a local or personal Act of Parliament. This was done for the Irish Presbyterians shortly after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and, if I recollect rightly, has also been done for the Irvingite body.

Similar acts of legislation have occurred in the Colonies. So far has the process gone that some writers have contended that all Churches in this position are really established Churches, and that there may be more than one established Church in a country. Up to a certain point this is true; but, contrariwise, it may be remarked that the very Acts for disestablishing the Irish and Welsh Churches gave to these Churches the position of recognised Churches, providing, in the language of the Irish Act, that—

> The present ecclesiastical law of Ireland, and the present articles, doctrines, rites, rules, discipline and ordinances of the said Church, with and subject to such (if any) modification or alteration as may be duly made therein according to the constitution of the said Church for the time being, shall be deemed to be binding on the members for the time being thereof in the same manner as if such members had mutually contracted and agreed to abide by and observe the same, and shall be capable of being enforced in the temporal courts in relation to any property which under and by virtue of this Act is reserved or given to or taken and enjoyed by the said Church, or any members thereof, in the same manner and to the same extent as if such property had been expressly given, granted or conveyed upon trust. . . .

This discussion about 'recognised' Churches is not without its bearing on the position of 'established' Churches, the consideration of which must now be resumed.

Again for a moment we should deal with this question upon

the footing of the control of the government being in the hands of a monarch. The original monarch who believed in and accepted the religion and the Church is followed by successors. They may do as he did—take over the Church with its natural heads and priests and merely give force to their dictates. Or they may begin to conceive that their secular position entitles them in some way to take part in the internal government. The monarch may conceive of himself as the 'godly prince' of our thirty-nine articles, or he may be indifferent to religion and conceive of the Church as merely a useful organ of civil government, much on the lines suggested by Bishop Warburton in his defence of the Church establishment in the eighteenth century,[1] or in the way in which the Inquisition was at one time used in Spain as a political organ.

The conception of the godly prince who is so zealous a believer that he is induced to bring his secular power into the counsels of the Church came to Christianity as nothing new. Hezekiah and Josiah among the Jews are typical examples The scholars who formed part of the court of Charlemagne were especially students of the Old Testament and inspired their monarch with the feeling that he should emulate the Jewish kings, and from time to time the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire interfered drastically for disciplinary purposes with the pope and the papal *curia*

Rex est persona mixta—half-layman, half-priest—is to be found in early English law as a reason for allowing the king to receive tithe in some cases Charlemagne at his coronation was vested in a dalmatic, the proper robe for a deacon when assisting at high mass, and some of the Anglo-Saxon kings imitated his example and made it an English coronation robe

But this interference in holy things may always, if not watched, turn to the excess of Uzziah The action of James I provoked the reaction of the Commonwealth, and nobody nowadays would defend the harsh proceedings of Louis XIV against the Jansenists of Port Royal or doubt that the Erastian proceedings of all the later Louis counted for much in the rejection of Christianity by the early French Republic. It is but another instance of the soundness in politics as well as in morals of the maxim that the end does not justify the means

On the other hand, that the interference of an indifferent or agnostic monarch in religious matters can be nothing but the imposition of a dead hand and the stifling of religious fervour and zeal wants no proof.

If, to proceed further, we substitute for the monarch a republic, or what is called a constitutional king, who is just the

[1] Warburton, *The Alliance between Church and State, or, The necessity and equity of an established religion* (1741).

head of a parliamentary government, the evils of State interference become more prominent.

Of a republic taking the part of a godly prince there are not many examples in history. The city of Florence under the short-lived leadership of Savonarola and the harsh, perhaps even tyrannical, Puritan rule in Massachusetts do not form encouraging instances.

On the other hand, if the ruling body is, so to speak, undenominational, and there is notwithstanding an established Church, the interference of the rulers will generally be negative. The line probably taken will be that so well described in an old picture in *Punch:* two elder sisters sitting together, and one saying to the other, 'Go and see what baby is doing and tell her she mustn't.' Any new and vigorous life, any fresh start, will be regarded with suspicion and a dislike equal to that of the eighteenth century bishop who lived in the time of Wesley and who has it for a part of the laudatory epitaph on his tomb that 'he discouraged enthusiasm' This is the course of policy which has been adopted by the Whig Party since the days of Queen Anne, and the spirit which unhappily showed itself in the vote of the great majority of the Liberal M P 's on the Prayer Book question, departing from the wider and more intelligent view taken by the principal spokesmen of their party in the House of Lords.

It all comes back to what has been said at the beginning of this paper. An artificial Church is no Church A Church comes first, and then the ruler of the State, whether he be converted to Christianity or convinced, for example, of the soundness of a Reformation, accepts the Christian or reformed Church, as the case may be, and gives it the assistance of the State, magnifies it above all other Churches or religions and gives it privileges, but does not thereby acquire ownership It is not a toy which he can play with as he pleases, and if he goes beyond such regulation or interference as the Church can conscientiously admit he destroys it or drives it into disestablishment

This does not mean that he may not withdraw State privileges which he has given and which have no concern with doctrine or prayer. For instance, all over the West, the Church courts were given jurisdiction to decide questions of marriage and divorce and matrimonial relief, and of the validity of wills, or at any rate of wills of personal estate, and this jurisdiction lasted in England till living memory The State could obviously resume this, as it has probably done by now throughout Europe In so doing the State infringed no inherent right of the Church, and only took away what for convenience it had given Again, with regard to any secular matter where the State lends its aid, it may regulate or condition its mode of giving aid without occasioning

doctrinal offence. If it orders the payment of tithe, it may appoint the court which is to decide when tithe is due, and if at one time it allowed the Church courts to decide this question, it may without offence withdraw the jurisdiction.

There will always be a border-line of cases as to which there may be two opinions. There must be some give and take, and it will be of the essence of religious prudence for the Church authorities to abstain from asserting extreme rights in cases of doubt. The clerical *non possumus* is the policy of the last ditch.

Even, however, in this debatable land, it would be wise for a ruler, and perhaps even more for the rulers who are not chosen *ad hoc*, to remember the old maxim, *peritis credendum in arte sua*, and to trust the internal organisation to the authorities of the Church. In other words, the State should keep a watchful eye upon possible encroachments of the Church upon the liberty or property of its people. But it should interfere as little as possible with its internal management, but be ready to lend a hand when called upon by the representatives of the Church.

If there is an established Church, the true policy must be to make it as vigorous and lifelike as possible, not to cripple it.

This discussion has proceeded, so far, on abstract and general lines, but naturally not without regard in my mind to the special position of the Church of England and its recent relations to the House of Commons.

The branch of the Church Catholic which was at one time the established Church of England, Wales and Ireland, and further had many elements of the position of an established Church in most of the British Dominions and even to some extent in India, is now the established Church only for thirty-nine English counties, the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, and the Island of Barbados. The last link that was untwisted was that with India, and the separation was effected by the Indian Church Act and the Indian Church Measure, both of 1927.

And yet in history there have been few such examples of a national feeling for close intertwining of Church and State. The insularity which was characteristic of England (and of Ireland) in the Middle Ages affected the Church as well as the State, and it was intensified when Pius V. excommunicated the sovereign and cut off the Church from the body of the Western Church.

It so happened that a development of parliamentary government occurred about the same time. The Island Church was left to govern itself, and had its convocations of bishops and clergy with certain limited powers, but the only way of collecting the opinion of the laity was by reference to Parliament, which was of necessity at that time composed wholly of Church-people. Thenceforward, and till just a few years ago, Parliament performed a double

duty. First, the King and Parliament represented the State in its supreme power in all temporal matters, and in the second place Parliament represented—and all the more so as the proportion of lords spiritual to lords temporal diminished—the laity of the nation. In a sense this has always been the case. The King's writ summoning Parliament states in ancient form that it is called together to deliberate on arduous matters concerning the Church and the State.

Theoretically fault might be found with this arrangement, but for some time it, like so many other English institutions and practices, however illogical, worked fairly well. But various changes in the constitution of Parliament, though their individual effect passed unnoticed, cumulatively brought about a state of things in which any claim of Parliament to be counted as an assembly of Church laity became unfounded and mischievous.

The first inroad on the idea that Parliament was an assembly of members of the Church of England was made by the Act of Union between England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, whereby a body of persons not only not officially members of the Church of England, but officially members of another Church equally established, sitting in Parliament not by tolerance but of right, was introduced into the House of Lords and into the House of Commons Then gradually the removal of all religious disabilities for electors and elected admitted first the orthodox nonconformist Protestants, then Unitarians, then Roman Catholics, then Jews, and finally persons of any or no religion, and without any regard to religious qualification, to be electors for the Commons and to be members of either House

It was in these circumstances that the Archbishops first called into being voluntary Houses of Laity to sit with the Convocations of the Clergy, and then developed the six Houses into a Church Assembly, and finally got the approval of Parliament to what is called the Enabling Act, whereby Parliament parted with none of its ultimate controlling power but accepted the Church legislature as a fit organ for preparatory work to be submitted to Parliament for ratification under privileged conditions of procedure. There is nothing express in the Enabling Act to derogate from the power of Parliament to be influenced by whatever motives it pleases to pass or reject a Measure, as it may pass or reject a Bill, yet any excuse for its interference in purely Church matters, as being the only organ, however unfitted and imperfect, for the voice of the Church laity, disappeared when Parliament recognised the efficiency of the Church Assembly as an organ for expressing the mind of the component parts of the Church.

Still, however, it may be admitted that the function of Parlia-

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ment is not absolutely confined to that which is its first and primary duty—to see that no encroachment is made by the Church upon the civil rights and privileges of all the King's subjects. It has the further right to see that the identity of the Church is preserved; that the body to which the State gave the privilege of establishment remains the same; that (to put an extreme case) the episcopate have not suddenly all become Mohammedans and propose to read the Koran in church instead of the Bible.

This limit was well expressed in the report of the Ecclesiastical Committee:—

> The Committee would not recommend any interference with the decisions of the Church Assembly on matters so clearly lying within the province of that Assembly as the doctrines and ceremonial of the Church, unless persuaded that any proposed change of doctrine were of so vital a description as materially to alter the general character of the National Church as recognised in the Act of Settlement and by the oath sworn by His Majesty at his Coronation, whereby His Majesty has promised to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law

But it is needless to say that this is a jurisdiction to be exercised with the utmost modesty and self-restraint, because it assumes that Parliament, though not created as a Church body, containing members not chosen with any religious intent, and many of them outside the body, is a better judge of what is the essential character of the Church than its own members in lawful assembly presided over by its own bishops. The Presbyterian M.P. who would presume to say that he knew better than the Church itself what is the doctrine of the Church would certainly not be without what the Scottish call 'a good conceit of himself'

As a final word, I would say that, after many doubts and discussions within myself during the course of a long life, I have arrived at the distinct conclusion that the advantages of establishment prevail over the disadvantages. that the Christian religion thereby gains, but, above all, that the State thereby gains. I adopt the words of Mr. Gladstone in his *Church and State:*

> The union is to the Church of secondary though great importance. Her foundations are on the holy hills. Her charter is legibly divine. She, if she should be excluded from the precinct of government, may still fulfil all her functions and carry them out to perfection. Her condition would be anything rather than pitiable should she once more occupy the position which she held before the reign of Constantine [8]

PHILLIMORE.

[8] *The State in its Relations with the Church*, by W. E. Gladstone, 4th ed., vol. i., pp. 4–5.

THE PRAYER BOOK CALENDAR

WHILE we are discussing the revised Prayer Book there is one part which deserves a special and a non-polemical consideration which in the turmoil of the last few months it has not received. It is the Calendar. The Lectionary is a separate subject. The great festivals, which the reformers do not propose to touch, need not be mentioned. The alterations that have been suggested are mostly in the Black Letter days—that is, those set to be observed but without any specially directed form of observance; and these days are almost without exception dedicated to some name of conspicuous Christian eminence

'Let us now praise famous men' Those who were present at the party which Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, gave in the Temple to commemorate her father's centenary will never forget the thrill which came to us all when a sturdy child stood up and with capacious mouth and expanded lungs shouted the splendid phrase in which Sir Walford Davies has interpreted those words. The thought goes back to the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament, or before it. When men have praised famous men and their fathers who begat them they have felt that their greatness was God-given. From Homer's heroes that thought goes on to the saints of modern days. So when great deeds of the past were remembered on the days they were done on, there persisted, too, the memory of the men who did them. Your chalk marked the happy day; your thoughts went back to those who had made days happy or famous

The progress in the Christian Church of admiration and emulation of human saintliness may be traced through the Fathers and the historians. Prayers for the departed naturally developed towards prayers also for their intercession. The 'heroic virtue' which made the saint was felt to be a legacy to the whole Church, which could claim some share in the treasury of merit which saintliness and self-sacrifice had accumulated all over the world All this may be read in that most remarkable book by Cardinal Lambertini, who became, as Benedict XIV., one of the wisest and best of Popes, *De Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Beatorum Canonizatione*, of which several editions were published in the

later years of the eighteenth century (mine is the second Roman edition, 1787–1792: in thirteen volumes). This is a veritable store of information on all sacred mediæval doctrines and facts, theories and decisions. Formal canonisation, which can hardly be said to have been systematised till the twelfth century, succeeded the popular canonisation which had in earlier days caused the placing of names upon the diptychs for recitation at the Eucharist, and then the calendars and the martyrologies. The whole subject is fascinating, whether studied systematically with Benedict XIV. or critically with Fr. Delehaye in his *Légendes Hagiographiques* or his many later studies.

Canonisation is the recognition of the solidarity of the Church, and the calendars of the national Churches are the expression of this for constant use. My subject is now the English Calendar, and the first thing that strikes one, in a comparison, for example, between the Calendar of 1662 and that given in (say) De Mas Latrie's *Trésor de Chronologie*, is that, whereas Rome has some saint, and often more than one saint, to commemorate for every day in the year, England since the Reformation has been content with some sixty or so outside the great festivals common to all Catholic Christianity. Eastern calendars may be left aside, for they have little or no influence on the West. But the English post-Reformation Calendar has an interest of its own. Some years ago an account of the minor festivals of the Church was written (for *Church Bells*, I think) by Canon John Vaughan (*clarum et venerabile nomen*), and from that I will quote these introductory words:

> The minor or 'black-letter' festivals of the English Church were selected by a commission appointed in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In both the Prayer Books of Edward VI they were entirely omitted. The principle of selection followed by the commissioners is not always easy to discover, though in the main the festivals seem to have been taken from the old Sarum Calendar. To this cause may probably be assigned the omission of such celebrated names as S. Polycarp and S. Ignatius; as the four Greek Fathers—S. Chrysostom, S. Basil, S. Athanasius, and S. Gregory Nazianzen, as S. Anselm and S. Bernard. Stranger still is their omission of the names of two of our greatest national saints, S. Aidan and S. Cuthbert. Equally extraordinary is the absence of S. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, and indirectly the Apostle of Northern England. The omission of S. Thomas Becket, who, in pre-Reformation times, was commemorated three times a year, is due to the inveterate dislike of Henry VIII., who caused his name to be removed from the Calendar.

So far, we speak of the Calendar which is still in the Prayer Book as authorised by law of Church and State to-day.

For fifteen years or more the question of a revision of the Calendar has been mooted, and during that period it has several

times been discussed. Of the definite schemes submitted to Convocation or the Church Assembly more will be said, but before that it may be well to dispose of certain names which have been mentioned but not pressed. A debate in the Canterbury Convocation showed the difficulties in the way of inserting them. Cranmer was one. No one would dream of denying his services to the English Church, or that many of his actions were overruled for good. But for admission to a commemorative Calendar there should certainly be either some conspicuous greatness of service or very special holiness of life, yet certainly not the former without the latter. Now this cannot be claimed for Cranmer. It is very doubtful what his real opinions were, though for some of them he bravely died; but holiness will not be claimed for him when it is remembered that he took a wife to himself when the laws of both Church and State declared that the marriage of priests was unlawful; that as chaplain to Anne Bullen he must have been fully acquainted with the circumstances of her family, not only that she was the King's mistress, but that her sister Mary had also been his mistress: this marriage which he had performed he declared to be null and void; he declared the marriage with Anne of Cleves likewise to be null and void; he signed Edward VI.'s illegal will excluding Mary from the throne: the list is tedious, but could be prolonged. Keeping still to the Calendar in the Prayer Book as printed to-day, it may be well to say a word about one conspicuous omission. The insertion of Charles I. in the Calendar had the full authority of the Convocations, of Parliament, and of the Crown, being in the Sealed Book. It is therefore at the present moment as much in force as any other provision made by the Act of Uniformity. The Royal Order of 1859 only superseded what had been annexed to the Prayer Book by Royal Warrant. The Calendar is part of the Prayer Book itself, and, so far, no action has ever been taken by the Crown or Parliament —nor until now, I think, even suggested to Convocation—to remove the King's name It will be remembered that so late as the accession of King Edward VII the greatest historian of the nineteenth century, Bishop Stubbs, preaching before a great assemblage of royal personages at Windsor (February 3, 1901), spoke of 'the tragedy of the royal martyr, itself the sealing of the Crown of England in the faith of the Church.' Bishop Creighton, not long before, had repeated the historical fact that Charles died for the Church of England. Till Carlyle perversely taught Englishmen to admire those blood-stained 'heroes' Cromwell and Frederick the Great, there were few who denied the claim of Charles to honourable mention. I am glad to remember the impressive speech delivered by that stalwart Protestant Dean Wace in support of the retention of Charles's name in the Calendar.

What is a religious man? A man who believes in God and prays to Him, and tries hard to serve Him and his fellow-men. Whether he is successful or not does not affect the question so long as he tries, and tries truly and tries hard. Charles, whatever his failures, answers this test. He failed, but then others who have clung to Christ have failed more often and more grievously. And at the end Charles sealed his faith with his blood and went cheerfully and bravely to his death. Political theories are things quite apart; but was Keble wrong when he said, 'It is as natural that the Church of England should keep this day as that Christ's Universal Church should keep St Stephen's martyrdom'?

One feels again and again when discussing the details of the Calendar now proposed for acceptance that one is writing in the dark; for, so far as I know, not a word of explanation has been given of the changes or as to who were the authors of them Is it possible that those in authority have come to the conclusion that saintliness ceased in England at the Reformation, or that it has since then stood on too insecure a foundation to be worthy the recognition of Englishmen? Rome goes on making saints, and takes a good deal of trouble (not always with success, one thinks) about it. But England still only accepts pre-Reformation saintliness Why may we not remember by name Simeon or Keble, Howard or Wilberforce, Patteson or Hannington, Joseph Lightfoot or Edward King? Nor does there seem any reason why the Calendar revisers when they admitted mediæval foreigners should have stopped at some doubtful but arbitrary line. Will anyone who has read Sir James Stephen's *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography* (the work of a Protestant if ever there was one) dispute the claim—as great as that of Francis of Assisi, whom our revisers have inserted—of Francis Xavier to be counted among the saints of God? 'Never,' wrote Stephen, 'did the polytheism of ancient or of modern Rome assign a seat among the demigods to a hero of nobler mould or of a more exalted magnanimity than Francis Xavier.' But perhaps it is natural that those who will not allow us to venerate Patteson should refuse the reverence due to the Apostle of the Indies Let me timidly suggest a reason which may brand the mistake as rather an eccentricity than an obliquity of judgment. May it be that a papal prejudice long since abandoned in Rome has survived in England? As I write I look at the medal struck by Clement XIV. on the suppression of the Jesuits. It shows our Lord, with two apostles, driving three Jesuits, in cassock, biretta and mantiletta, from His presence, with the words, '*Nunquam novi vos, discedite a me omnes.*' Space would not allow the completion of the sentence, *fautores iniquitatis*, or a reference to the context, where it is those who claimed to have done mighty works in the Lord's name whom He banned.

The whole history of the suppression can be found in Danvila y Collado or in François Rousseau's biography of Charles III., both political and unprejudiced books. Was the Pope right, one wonders, if not actually infallible, when he in such stern language condemned the Jesuits? The English Calendar makes us perhaps think that he was. But none the less it is hard to exclude St. Francis Xavier from the galaxy of sainted missionaries.

The reason cannot be that it is thought wise to restrict the English Calendar to English saints, though that might be reasonable enough. More English saints have been brought in, rather arbitrarily, but others not English also. Let us examine the list.

Insensibly I have been led to wander from the present Prayer Book Calendar to some of the points to be considered in altering (or mending) it. Let me return to the Elizabethan period.

The Calendar then made became from 1662 the definite and unaltered Calendar of the English Church It was natural that when the Prayer Book came to be revised it should be revised also. The matter was several times discussed, not very systematically, in the Convocations During the last year it has assumed more definite form in the issue, as part of the revised Book, first of one and then of another revised Calendar It will simplify our consideration to place the three Calendars in parallel columns.

	Present Prayer Book	Book proposed, February 7, 1927	Book referred to in the Measure, March 1927
		JANUARY.	
1	Circumcision	Circumcision	Circumcision
6	Epiphany	Epiphany	Epiphany
8	Lucian		
13.	Hilary	Hilary	Hilary
17		Antony of Egypt	Antony of Egypt
18	Prisca.		
19		Wulfstan	Wulfstan
20	Fabian	Fabian	Fabian
21	Agnes	Agnes	Agnes
22	Vincent	Vincent	Vincent
25	Conv St. Paul	Conv. St Paul	Conv St Paul
26		Polycarp	Polycarp
27		John Chrysostom.	John Chrysostom.
		FEBRUARY	
2.	Purification.	Purification	Purification
3.	Blasius	Anskar of Sweden	Anskar of Sweden.
5	Agatha.		
14.	St. Valentine.		
24.	St. Matthias.	St Matthias.	St Matthias.

Present Prayer Book.	Book proposed, February 7, 1927.	Book referred to in the Measure, March 1927.
	MARCH.	
1. David, Abp. of Menevia.	David.	David.
2. Chad, Bp. of Lichfield.	Chad.	Chad.
7. Perpetua.	Perpetua.	Perpetua.
12. Gregorius Magnus.	Gregory.	Gregory.
17.	Patrick.	Patrick
18. Edward, King of the West Saxons.		
20.	Cuthbert, Bp. of Lindisfarne.	Cuthbert.
21. Benedict	Benedict	Benedict.
25. Annunciation of the B. V. M	Annunciation.	Annunciation.
	APRIL.	
3. Richard, Bp of Chichester.	Richard.	Richard
4. Ambrose, Bp. of Milan	Ambrose	Ambrose
11.	Leo the Great, Bp of Rome and Doctor, 461.	Leo
19. Alphege, Abp of Canterbury.	Alphege.	Alphege
21.	Anselm, Abp of Canterbury and Doctor, 1109.	Anselm
23. St. George, Martyr	St George	St George
25. St. Mark.	St. Mark.	St Mark.
30.	Catherine of Siena, Virgin, 1380	Catherine
	MAY.	
1. St. Philip and St James, Aps and Martyrs.	St Philip and St James	St Philip and St. James.
2.	Athanasius, Bp of Alexandria and Doctor, 373	Athanasius.
3. Invention of the Cross		
4.	Monnica, Matron, 387.	Monnica
6. St. John, Evangelist, before the Latin Gate.	St John, Evangelist, before the Latin Gate	St John, Evangelist, before the Latin Gate.
19. Dunstan, Abp. of Canterbury.	Dunstan, Abp of Canterbury	Dunstan
25.	Aldhelm, Bp of Sherborne, 709	Aldhelm.
26. Augustine.	Augustine, the first Abp. of Canterbury, 605.	Augustine
27. Ven. Bede, Presbyter.	Ven. Bede of Jarrow, Presbyter and Doctor, 735.	Ven Bede.

Present Prayer Book.	Book proposed, February 7, 1917.	Book referred to in the Measure, March 1927.
	JUNE.	
1. Nicomede, Roman Presbyter and Martyr.		
5. Boniface, Bp. of Mainz and Martyr.	Boniface, *c.* 755.	Boniface.
9.	Columba, Abbot of Iona, 597.	Columba.
11. St. Barnabas, Ap. and Martyr.	St. Barnabas.	St. Barnabas.
14.	Basil, Bp of Cæsarea in Cappadocia and Doctor, 379	Basil
17. St. Alban, Martyr		
22.	Alban, Martyr, *c* 304	Alban.
20. Translation of Edward, King of the West Saxons		
24 Nativity of St John Baptist	Nativity of St John Baptist	Nativity of St. John Baptist
28.	Irenæus, Bp of Lyons and Doctor, 202	Irenæus
29 St. Peter.	St Peter, Ap and Martyr.	St Peter
	JULY	
2. Visitation of the B. V M	Visitation	Visitation of the B V.M
4. Trans of St Martin, Bp and Con		
15. Swithun, Bp of Winchester, Translation	Swithun	Swithun, *c* 862, translated 971
20. Margaret, Virgin and Martyr at Antioch	Margaret	Margaret, Virgin and Martyr at Antioch in Pisidia
22 St Mary Magdalene	St Mary	St Mary Magdalene
25. St James, Ap. and Martyr	St. James.	St James, the great Ap and Martyr
26. St Anne, Mother to the B. V M.	Anne	Anne Mother to the B V M
	AUGUST	
1. Lammas Day	Lammas.	Lammas Day.
5.	Oswald.	Oswald King of Northumbria and Martyr, 642
6. Transfiguration	Transfiguration	Transfiguration of our Lord
7. Name of Jesus.	Name of Jesus	Name of Jesus
10. St. Laurence	Laurence	Laurence, Deacon at Rome and Martyr, 258.
20.	Bernard of Clairvaux.	Bernard of Clairvaux, Abbot, 1153.

Present Prayer Book.	Book proposed, February 7, 1927.	Book referred to in the Measure, March 1927.
	AUGUST—*continued.*	
24. St. Bartholomew.	St. Bartholomew.	St. Bartholomew, Ap.
28. St. Augustine.	St. Augustine.	Augustine, Bp. of Hippo in Africa and Doctor, 430
29. Beheading of St John Baptist.	Beheading of St John Baptist.	Beheading of St. John Baptist.
31.	Aidan.	Aidan, Bp. of Lindisfarne, 651.
	SEPTEMBER	
1. Giles, Abbot and Confessor.	Giles of Provence	Giles of Provence, Abbot, *c.* 720
7. Enurchus (Evurtius), Bp. of Orleans.		
8. Nativity of the B V. M	Nativity.	Nativity of the B V. M
13.	Cyprian.	Cyprian, Bp of Carthage and Martyr, 258.
14. Holy Cross Day.	Holy Cross Day	Holy Cross Day.
16.	Ninian.	Ninian, Bp. in Galloway, *c.* 430.
17. Lambert, Bp and Martyr.		
19.	Theodore of Tarsus.	Theodore of Tarsus, Abp. of Canterbury, 690
21. St. Matthew, Ap, Evangelist and Martyr.	St Matthew	St Matthew, Ap. and Evangelist
26. St. Cyprian, Abp of Carthage and Martyr		
29. St Michael and All Angels	St Michael	St Michael and All Angels
30. St. Jerome, Presbyter, Confessor and Doctor	Jerome	Jerome, Presbyter and Doctor, 420.
	OCTOBER.	
1. Remigius, Bp. of Rheims.	Remigius.	Remigius, Bp. of Rheims, *c* 530
4.	Francis of Assisi	Francis of Assisi, 1226.
6 Faith, Virgin and Martyr.	Faith of Aquitaine	Faith of Aquitaine, Virgin and Martyr, *c.* 304.
9. St. Denys, Bp. and Martyr.		Denys, Bp and Martyr.
13. Translation of King Edward Confessor.	Edward, King and Confessor.	Edward the King and Confessor, 1066, translated 1163.
17. Etheldreda, Virgin.	Etheldreda	Etheldreda, Queen and Abbess of Ely, 679.
18. St. Luke, Evangelist.	St. Luke.	St. Luke, Evangelist.
25. Crispin, Martyr.		Crispin and Crispinian, Martyrs.
26.	Alfred, King of the West Saxons.	Alfred, King of the West Saxons, 899.
28. St. Simon and St. Jude, Aps. and Martyrs.	St Simon and St. Jude.	St. Simon and St. Jude, Aps.

Present Prayer Book.	Book proposed, February 7, 1927.	Book referred to in the Measure, March 1927.
	NOVEMBER.	
1. All Saints' Day.	All Saints'.	All Saints' Day.
2.	All Souls.	Commemoration of All Souls
6. Leonard, Confessor.	Leonard.	Leonard, Abbot, c. 559.
8.	Saints, Martyrs and Doctors of the Church of England	Saints, Martyrs and Doctors of the Church of England.
11. St. Martin, Bp. and Confessor.	Martin.	Martin, Bp. of Tours, c 397
13. Britius, Bp.		
15 Machutus, Bishop		
16.	Hugh	Hugh, Bp of Lincoln, 1200
17. Hugh, Bp. of Lincoln	Hilda	Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, 680
20. Edmund, King and Martyr.	Edmund	Edmund, King of East Anglia and Martyr, 870
22. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr	Cecilia	Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr at Rome, c 230.
23. St. Clement I, Bp of Rome and Martyr	Clement	Clement, Bp of Rome and Martyr, c 100.
25. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr		Catherine, Virgin and Martyr at Alexandria.
30. St Andrew, Ap and Martyr	St Andrew, Ap	St Andrew, Ap
	DECEMBER	
4	Clement of Alexandria	Clement of Alexandria, Doctor, c 210
6. Nicholas.		Nicholas, Bp of Myra, in Lycia
8. Conception of the B. V M.	Conception of the B V M	Conception of the B V M
13. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr		
16. O Sapientia.	(O Sapientia).	(O Sapientia)
17.	Ignatius	Ignatius Bp of Antioch and Martyr in Rome, c 110
21 St. Thomas, Ap and Martyr	St Thomas	St Thomas, Ap.
25. Christmas	Christmas	Christmas-Day
26. St Stephen, the first Martyr.	St Stephen	St Stephen, the first Martyr
27. St John, Ap. and Evangelist.	St John	St John, Ap. and Evangelist.
28. Innocents'	Innocents'.	Innocents' Day.
31 Silvester, Bp of Rome.		

[In these lists I have abridged some of the titles.]

A mere glance at the three tables will enable the reader to see that there are many alterations. So we might have expected. But it is an explanation that is to seek. As the Prayer Book

revisers will not give us any, it may be lawful for one who stands outside their dignified ranks to make a few comments.

It will be noted when we come to look into the Calendar in detail that two days have been elevated from the Black into the Red Letter—St. Mary Magdalene and the Transfiguration of our Lord. For this there is full precedent, and against it I can see no valid criticism. But this forces upon our consideration one extraordinary omission. Why of all Biblical saints was St. Joseph omitted, in whom all Europe for centuries has found the pattern of faithful age? The saints of home should surely not be forgotten. Englishmen who know the great English painter's *Holy Family* will not forget them; and still, in spite of calendar-makers, we do reverence the foster-father of the Lord Jesus. Let us hope that before the revision is complete the revisers will read the Gospels again and remember St. Joseph.

About some of the omissions there need not be much regret. If very much was ever known about Lucian, Prisca, Blasius, Nicomede, Enurchus, it has passed, not unreasonably, into oblivion now. Others have been put right, in the silent revision which somehow occurred, without any explanation, between February and March. One is St. Crispin. It was indeed extraordinary that the episcopal bench, even if unwilling to sanctify post-Reformation glories, should be willing to banish from their memories the great day of Agincourt. They did not succeed in banishing it from the hearts of Englishmen. A protest was heard the moment the purposed omission was known, and silently, without apology or explanation, St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, martyrs under Diocletian and patrons of shoemakers, resumed their places on October 25, immortalised by some of the finest thoughts of the great Englishman who wrote:

> Then call we this the field of Agincourt
> Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus

So the claim of great literature to preserve great memories has been vindicated. But not completely. Why has St. Lucy been banished from December 13? Her claim, it may be argued, is really a literary one. I will quote that very wise veteran of letters, Mr. George Saintsbury. In a letter which he wrote to *The Times* last year on St. Valentine's Day he said:

> I could add not a little if I had the impudence to ask for more space. But one thing, if I may, I will add. Some may say, 'Oh! this is frivolous: at best it is literature, not religion.'
>
> Well, sir, for my part, I hold that of all exercises of human faculty Literature and Art 'tread nearest to God'; and I think the more we can avail ourselves of their company in His service the better.

Yes, truly. But also there are not a few who read Dante as well as Shakespeare, and, though the English poet has been

reconsidered, will still wonder why the Italian has been still forgotten in what Mr. Saintsbury calls 'this curious hagioclastic or saint-smashing fancy of our bishops.' This is what Mr. Saintsbury writes about two of the omissions :

First there is St. Lucy. I suppose Dante is an Italian, and a Papist, and does not count; so it would be idle to remark that not the least beautiful passage in some of the most beautiful poetry of the world comes to one's mind when one sees her name in the Calendar. Fortunately one can allege a lighter but in its own way hardly less charming touch in that English 'best poet in the world for some things' and greatest of the great Deans of St. Paul's, Donne, where he refers to her

'Who but seven hours herself unmasks'

in the dark days of December that she enlightens

Lucia, *inimica di ciascum crudele* (do we not need such a thought now ?), placed in the Celestial Rose, who led Dante to purgatory and abides herself in paradise, surely should be left to our reverence even if St Agatha is forgotten. Might not that fine fresco of Jacopo d'Avanzo at Padua, where she stands so nobly to receive her sentence of death, plead for her ? But perhaps art has no greater claim than letters, an Italian painter than the greatest of Italian poets.

St. Catherine ? She has always been among the favourite saints of English folk There are many churches dedicated to her, and countless children have been called by her name Says Mr. Saintsbury not in vain :

Then why is the glorious Catherine of the Wheel turned out for her doubtless very respectable namesake of Siena ? Is it because 'catherine' wheels still please the vulgar as 'valentine' missives did and to some extent, thank Heaven ! still do ? She (the elder one) has a college at Cambridge, I believe, and though *Tyrannic Love* has something of Bombastes Furioso in it, the part which the Virgin-Martyr herself plays is not despicable.

There are at least eighty churches dedicated to her in England, of which twenty-three are post-Reformation The importance of dedication should not be forgotten by those who desire to preserve the historical memories of England On that ground I certainly should be disposed to plead for St Thomas of Canterbury, a thoroughly English saint if ever there was one But I have in the last forty years written so much about him that I have nothing more to say now, except that really we in the twentieth century should have outlived the prejudice of Henry VIII. On the other hand, if we forget those to whom many churches are dedicated, it were strange to insert, after an interval of eleven centuries, St. Anskar of Sweden, to whom no English church is dedicated, whom no Old English historian mentions, and of whom not one English person in a million has ever heard [1] I cannot see

[1] I do not forget that Canon C. H. Robinson in 1921 admirably translated his biography by Rimbert. Is this why he is come into our Calendar ?

why in the world Anskar should be introduced into an English Calendar (and I may venture to say that my view is shared by the two greatest English scholars in the lore of the pre-Norman Church, veterans of true religion and sound learning). Before Anskar is thought of I would ask, Why not Willibrod? He died in 739. This very Anskar wrote his life in the following century. The Calendar of Willibrod (published by the Henry Bradshaw Society in 1918) was written about the middle of the eighth century. Bede tells of the missionary labours of Willibrod, in North Germany, Denmark, Frisia and Fositesland (Heligoland), in a way which shows him to have been a wise and gentle teacher. If we are to have among the saints of our Calendar one of those noble men who first brought Christ to Scandinavia, we could not have had a better example than St. Willibrod, whose Calendar, and the martyrology which lies behind it, are of extraordinary interest and value. St. Anskar when he wrote his life, one cannot doubt, believed that he would be venerated among the English saints. In the new Calendar there is no mention of him, but there is of Anskar. But then Willibrod was an Englishman, though he had little connexion with literature and none with art, and the recent additions to our Calendar almost force the exclamation 'No English need apply!'

Not that I regret the introduction of St Francis of Assisi, whom the English Church is so late asked to remember with praise and thanksgiving And all I would say about St. Catherine of Siena, noble and holy woman, is that she has not greater claim to be admitted than that wonderfully sane and inspiring heroine of mystic vision and practical common sense, St Teresa.

We are coming into the region of national saints, so let us think of France.

There is great reason to include St. Denys The identification of him, as the Areopagite, and as the philosopher admired in the Middle Age, is doubtful indeed. Yet the literature of Europe enshrines him, and not least the literature of England Julian of Norwich in her *Revelation of Divine Love* speaks of him, who 'was at that time a Pagan,' that 'when he saw wondrous and marvellous sorrows and dreads that befell in that time, he said *Either the world is now at an end or He that is Maker of Kind suffereth*: wherefore he did not write on an altar *This is the Altar of Unknown God.*' And of the truly Christian days of France he was the patron. Yet I wonder that Jeanne d'Arc, whose holiness has stood the severest of all testings (even that modern one of being misrepresented in a stage play), was not thought to-day to represent more fitly both the godly nobility of the French character and our linked friendship with the French nation. Of Denys we know little indeed; of Saint Joan we know practically everything.

In the revised revision Nicholas has been restored. We must be thankful for this small mercy. But why was he ever left out? And why is Lambert still left out? I would say again, have the calendar-makers never studied the dedication of English churches? On the other hand, a large number of the ancient Fathers and mediæval saints who seem to have been forgotten in 1662 are now most happily restored to us. They were great men about whom we know a great deal. But surely it would be a pity to restrict the Calendar to names which we are quite certain are those of real persons, or rather persons of whom we know in wholly authentic history. We must, if we are to be reasonable at all, admit personification. Is anyone certain who St. Cecilia was? Most of us know her by the exquisite chapter in *Marius the Epicurean*: the church in Cecilia's house, with its rhythms and modulations. And English music canonised her, as though she had never been sainted before Her day became consecrated as a feast of musicians There is an entry in the chapter accounts of a certain cathedral which always thrilled me, though I never too closely investigated its meaning—' to the lay clerks at St Cecilia.' This is one of such marks as link the common man to the common memory of ancestral piety and traditional worship. We thank God that day for the glorious endowment of music, music which we begin to hope is again in our churches coming to her own. And we rejoice that the Calendar, though twice revised, has preserved the memory of this saint

Again, there is a name which even less than St. Cecilia's needs to be recalled to men's memories—St Valentine. Is he not in the earliest Calendars? Certainly he is in that of St Willibrod, and he may even claim to be unforgotten of Englishmen. It is our nation more than any other that has consecrated in him the thought of God-blessed human loves To cut Valentine out of English literature would be as impossible as to make men live when their hearts were dead There is hardly a poet who does not make him a happy symbol of righteous and passionate affection. But there is no place for him in our new Calendar.

Was it all drawn up by bachelors with marble hearts? Even they had fathers and mothers and are not too young to remember when the 14th of February was as notable a day as it was in the eighth century after Christ. It is now some years since it was said, with a touch of sarcasm but with literal truth, that there was no living Anglican diocesan bishop that had the possibility of marrying a second time and had not seized it. A certain learned bishop who believed that St Paul meant what he said, and was not merely reprobating bigamy, set the example of persistent widowerhood, and since then it has been followed. But that is no reflection on St. Valentine. Let us appeal with

Herrick that he be given back to our Calendar and to our boys and girls.

Let us end on an English note. A class apart, one may say, in all Calendars, is formed by kings and queens. The Church has often repeated to itself 'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers and their queens thy nursing mothers'; and history has proved it again and again to be true. If Christ's religion enters into a king's heart, nowhere does it take deeper root. It thrives on that sense of responsibility which has flourished in royal homes: nowhere, one feels, more truly than in those of English kings. Now there are in the three Calendars we have been looking at three names, inserted or omitted, that deserve mention. Why has Edward, King of the West Saxons, the murdered child-king, who had two days assigned to him by our Reformers, been thrust out altogether? We do not know, it may be said, that he was a saint, and he was only an immature creature of whom little is known, murdered by a stepmother for whom (as so often by grown-up folk) excuses may be made. Well, our ancestors ever since his death believed him to have been holy and a martyr: St. Anselm taught that a witness to truth, in life and not only in faith, is a martyr; and Who was it that said 'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'? For Henry VI. no effort seems to have been made: he has never been in our Calendar, whatever may happen in the Roman Calendar nowadays; and the bishops have not been led by that entirely beautiful work of the Provost of Eton to insert him now. I confess I wonder: Etonians almost as often become bishops as they become generals. But then if one king is turned, and one left, out, we have one who has at least found his way in—Alfred the Great. Wessex is much in one's mind to-day. West Saxons, rejoice! Popes have always refused to canonise Alfred: I do not understand why One of the oldest titles for him is 'The Truth-teller'; still, we hope that is an English virtue. No one can read Asser without feeling that as he reads he is, through his hero, bathed in an atmosphere of holiness. Florence of Worcester lived long after his day, yet what he says may be taken for the justification of our revisers:

> The famous, the warlike, the victorious, the careful provider for the widow, the helpless, the orphan and the poor, the most skilled of Saxon poets, most dear to his own nation, courteous to all, most liberal; endowed with prudence, fortitude, justice, and temperance, most patient in the infirmity from which he continually suffered, the most discerning investigator in executing justice, most watchful and devout in the service of God.

It is a pity, by the way, that the revisers of the Calendar, when they inserted a date for Alfred's death, did not take the

trouble to give it correctly. He died on October 26, A.D. 900 (W. H. Stevenson's ed. of Asser, p. 111).

So with a note of acquiescence, as a man of Wessex by adoption, let me end these rambling notes and criticisms on the Prayer Book Calendar in the form wherein the bishops, it may be presumed, are now to submit it to Parliament. It is perhaps hopeless to expect all men to agree on those whom they should commemorate when the Church is at prayer. But all men who are asked to accept a revision have a right to be told for what reasons the revision has been made. Why have some names been omitted, some inserted? Why has an arbitrary line been drawn at the date when the English Church ceased to obey the Pope? [Perhaps this may be intended to be overstepped when a day is given to 'saints, martyrs and doctors of the English Church' (November 8). But we are not told anything about these persons; we are left to identify them as best we may; and we may even be allowed to imagine that the English Church began its existence when the Pope excommunicated Queen Elizabeth.]

The Canterbury Convocation long ago asked for a Commission to consider the Calendar and the qualification for insertion in it. This has not (doubtless for wise, though undivulged, reasons) been granted. Instead we have been offered one new Calendar, which has been hastily withdrawn and another substituted for it. In neither case, so far as I know, has a word of explanation been offered. Should these things be?

W. H. HUTTON.

AMERICAN RIGHTS AND THE PROPOSED ST. LAWRENCE CANAL

THE decision which has apparently been arrived at by the present Liberal Government of Canada, and which is in conformity with the policy enunciated by the Conservative Opposition at the recent Winnipeg Convention, to insist upon a purely Canadian control of that portion of the proposed St. Lawrence Canal system which will lie alongside of the Canadian part of the river, is likely to raise once again the difficult question of the nature of American rights, if any, in that great outlet from the inland waterway of the Great Lakes system.

It is just about 100 years since the American Government, in a series of very pressing communications, sought to secure from the British Government an acknowledgment of the 'natural' right of American citizens to use this gateway to the ocean from the undeniably international waters of the Great Lakes and the Upper St. Lawrence. The British Government, however, stood firm in its resistance to any such claim, and the attempt to secure recognition of it was eventually abandoned. But while the principle has remained unacknowledged, the practical benefits of free and equal navigation of the whole Canadian inland waterway system have long been enjoyed by American citizens, as a result of various reciprocal agreements and of the voluntary action of the Canadian Government. There is not at the present time the slightest desire on the part of Canadians to withdraw or limit these navigation rights in any way. There is, however, a desire to take precautions, lest, in the process of negotiation for joint development of the waterway, any perpetual and irrevocable rights should be established in favour of foreigners, without the full measure of restrictions, safeguards, and compensations to which Canada would be entitled under modern concepts of international law.

It was found to be impossible to induce the British Government to recognise the principle of a natural right of a riverain State on the upper reaches of an inland waterway to use the lower reaches, though entirely in the territory of another State, in order to reach the sea. The British Government replied, in 1827 and

thereafter, that no such limitation of sovereignty had ever been admitted by any Power except by voluntary treaty agreement. American diplomacy thereupon turned its attention to the securing of the practical results, in lieu of the principle itself, and eventually met with complete success. Free and equal navigation of the St. Lawrence was first accorded by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and was automatically withdrawn when that Treaty was denounced by the United States. When, after the American Civil War, the *Alabama* claims gave the United States a strong leverage for demands upon Great Britain, it was decided to include perpetual navigation rights on the St. Lawrence among the terms to be exacted from the British Government in settlement. The British negotiators on this occasion included Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Prime Minister. The other British negotiators would almost certainly have been perfectly willing to extend this perpetual right not only to the St. Lawrence, but to the artificial canals, without which its navigation, in an upward direction at any rate, is not very feasible. But Sir John, with his customary astuteness, seized upon a principle to which the United States could not reasonably object, and which could logically be held to restrain the British Government from giving away any rights in the Canadian canals. This was the American principle of divided sovereignty, under which the treaty-making Power, namely the Federal Government, is held to be debarred from interfering with the property of individual States without their consent. The United States Government could not grant to Canadians a perpetual right of access to canals owned, for example, by the State of New York; the British Government, therefore, could not be expected to grant to Americans any perpetual rights in canals owned by the Dominion of Canada. The upshot was that the two treaty-making Powers agreed merely to 'urge' upon the individual States and the Dominion Government respectively the granting of free and equal navigation in their canals to the citizens of the other Power. The British Government in this Treaty (Washington, 1871) granted perpetual rights of navigation in the St. Lawrence, not, however, in recognition of any 'natural' right belonging to the Americans, but in exchange for a similar grant of navigation rights on the lower reaches of certain rivers rising in the Yukon and reaching the ocean through the American territory of Alaska.

Both the Dominion and the various canal-owning States claim to have complied with the 'urging' of the British and American Governments respectively, and to have opened their canals to the citizens of the other country in the terms called for by the Treaty. Disputes have arisen as to whether the method of opening the canals was really what the Treaty contemplated.

Thus in the 'eighties Canada claimed that her rights in the American canals should include those of free movement in the natural waterways of the United States to which the canals gave access; that Canadian citizens, for example, should be permitted to transport goods not only to the southern end of the Champlain Canal, but on through the Hudson to the Port of New York. This claim was never recognised by the United States, and was eventually abandoned. The Americans also claimed, for several years prior to 1892, that certain discriminatory tolls in the Welland Canal, giving a great advantage to goods moving towards Canadian ports over those moving to American ports, constituted a violation of the principle of free and equal navigation by the citizens of both countries. The contentions of both parties were argued with considerable ability; but the Americans enjoyed an advantage, which was far superior to all argument, in the possession of what was then the only canal between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. By imposing similar discriminatory tolls in the Sault Canal, as they did in 1892, they were able to block completely the whole water-borne movement of western grain to Canadian ports; and the Canadian Government withdrew its discriminatory tolls in the Welland Canal without more ado. The only point of interest that emerges from the controversy is a declaration, in a memorandum of the State Department of the United States, that the undertaking of the British Government regarding the canals is not obligatory, and that the Canadian Government is entitled to withdraw the privilege of free and equal navigation in them at any time—presumably with no further result than that of losing all claim to similar navigation in the American canals.

It has to be admitted that since the time when the Americans first presented their claim to a 'natural' right of navigation in the lower reaches of international rivers the accepted doctrine of international law has moved steadily forward in the direction of a large measure of recognition of the principle thus enunciated. No State controlling the lower reaches of an international waterway would feel itself justified to-day in absolutely refusing the use of those reaches to the citizens of States on the upper reaches or, indeed, of any other country desirous of doing business with those States. But in the words of a recent and eminent American authority, Mr. P. M. Ogilvie,[1] such freedom of navigation is accorded 'by virtue of the voluntary modification by the riverain States of the fullest enjoyment of their jurisdictional rights,' and 'as a necessary preliminary, therefore, the interests and security of the riverain States must be vouchsafed by the execution of treaties or other appropriate instruments.' The Dominion of Canada

[1] *International Waterways* (New York, 1920).

happens to be the possessor of what is probably the most important lower reach of an international river anywhere in the world, with the possible exceptions of the Rhine and the Danube. The United States is not the possessor of any lower reaches of importance except those of its own purely national rivers. Its interest in the navigation of lower reaches is therefore readily intelligible. The United States, on the other hand, possesses a vast area of watershed tributary to the same international river which finds its exit to the sea through Canada. The Canadian conception of a proper treaty for the safeguarding of the interests and security of Canada as a riverain State is one which will secure for Canada, in exchange for the grant by her of free navigation of the lower reaches, an assurance of an uninterrupted flow of the whole natural supply of water from the upper reaches. Canada, in a word, is almost certainly willing to accept a modification of 'the fullest enjoyment of her jurisdictional rights' regarding navigation in the lower reaches, but only in exchange for a similar modification of the American jurisdictional rights over the supply of water to the upper reaches.

Up to the present time the policy of the United States Government appears to have been rigidly set against any such modification of sovereignty over the American feeders of the international waterway of the Great Lakes and of the St. Lawrence. The utmost that the United States Government has conceded, and that by revocable grant only, is the admission of Canadian citizens and authorities, injuriously affected by American water diversions, to sue in American courts with the same rights as American citizens and communities (Boundary Waters Convention, 1909). But international justice cannot be secured by any such method. The national Government of the United States has every right to impose upon particular American citizens, or particular communities of them, whatever sacrifices may appear to be necessary in the interests of the nation as a whole. It has, as Mr. Hughes has recently reminded us in his lucid Report on the Chicago Diversion, the right to close an existing channel of navigation for the purpose of improving another one, and the citizens affected by the closing have no redress. This is as it should be, when the persons or communities affected are citizens of the country whose Government has decreed the improvement. It is not at all as it should be when the persons or communities affected belong to another nation and the injurious effect is produced within the territory of that other nation. That New York State, for example, should have no recourse save to United States law and the United States courts when water which would ultimately reach its waterways is diverted to the Mississippi is reasonable enough; it is part of the price that New York State

pays for the advantages of membership in the Union. That the Dominion of Canada should have only the same remedy is not reasonable; for the Dominion of Canada is not a member of the Union and draws no advantages from it.

What the Dominion of Canada seeks, therefore, as a proper offset to her surrender of exclusive control of navigation in the Lower St. Lawrence (including those canals which alone make it really navigable) is a corresponding surrender by the United States of its exclusive control over the supply of water to the international waterway in its own territory. The United States at the present time claims (for itself or for its member States) a measure of sovereign power over the waters in the American part of the Great Lakes watershed which would entitle it to divert, if it so desired, enough water to destroy all navigation in the Canadian St. Lawrence; and if this diversion were undertaken by authority of Congress and for the purpose of improving navigation in the Mississippi it does not appear that any affected American State, let alone the Dominion of Canada, would have any rights whatever in the American courts. The Canadian view is that that same comity of nations which is alleged to require Canada to open the improved St. Lawrence channels to American citizens also requires the United States to do nothing which will seriously damage those channels; the two obligations are correlative.

But another interesting point would be raised in any discussion as to the rights of Americans in the improved channels of the Canadian St. Lawrence It is that of the distinction between a natural and an artificial waterway. The United States claim for the rights of upper riparians in lower reaches was first advanced at a time when waterway improvements on a large scale were almost unknown, and practically all the waterways involved in such a doctrine were natural ones. There is, as has been pointed out, some ground for maintaining that the St. Lawrence never was a natural waterway in an upward direction; but it was in a downward one, and that would be enough to subject it to the American doctrine, even supposing that doctrine to be limited to natural channels. But the best opinion of international law experts to-day is that there is no distinction between natural and artificial channels; that the sole test of navigability is 'actual ability to navigate' (Ogilvie), and that 'improvements which extend the navigable course of a river . . . into the domain of an adjacent State will warrant the establishment of international rights, notwithstanding the indisputable national character of the river before the improvements were completed.' This is of the profoundest importance, for, if true, it extends the principle of internationalism, not only to the improved St. Lawrence (in both directions), but to the Mississippi in the event of its naviga-

tion being connected up with that of the Great Lakes by the Chicago Canal. Canada would therefore have the same right to demand (subject, of course, to treaty regulation, as suggested in the first quotation from Ogilvie, above) navigation rights in the Lake Michigan–Mississippi route to the ocean as the United States has in the Lake Ontario–St. Lawrence route; and the old Canadian contention of a right to navigate the Hudson would apparently be fully confirmed.

These considerations materially affect, in Canada's favour, the balance of advantage to be derived from a mutual recognition by Canada and the United States of the modern doctrines of internationalism regarding navigable waterways In these circumstances it should not seem unnatural that a recognition which applies to the Lower St. Lawrence alone, where Canada has all to give and nothing to gain, is far from satisfactory to the Canadian people, even if the Porcupine and Stikine Rivers in Alaska are thrown in for makeweight, as they are in the Washington Treaty. The grant of any perpetual American rights in the St. Lawrence canals, or the establishment of any situation, financial or otherwise, which would place Canada under a moral obligation to continue indefinitely to admit American citizens to the use of the canals without regard to the policy of the United States in other international waterways, or in the feeders of international waterways, would be a surrender of the sole means by which Canada could expect to obtain either this improved balance of advantage in regard to navigation or this much-needed assurance as to the preservation of her own water supply

It should perhaps be added here that Canada has not the slightest feeling of grievance about the Chicago water diversion, except upon the matter of principle. It is fully recognised that the temporary needs of Chicago have been very urgent, and that the action of the United States Government, when once it secured recognition of its authority as against the State of Illinois, has been reasonable and considerate. If the right of Canada to be consulted about the Chicago diversion had been recognised, there would not have been the slightest difficulty about obtaining her cordial consent to measures fully as generous as those taken by the Secretary of War. The Canadian objection is to the American contention that diversion of waters tributary to the international Great Lakes and the purely Canadian Lower St. Lawrence is no business of Canada's. It is an objection to the offhand refusal of the American Government to implement the recommendations of its own International Waterways Commissioners that certain diversions (including a 10,000-second-feet one at Chicago) be authorised, and 'that a treaty or legislation be had limiting these diversions to the quantities mentioned.' It is an objection to the

attitude set forth by Secretary of State Elihu Root when he told the Senate that 'we are now taking 10,000 cubic feet a second out of Lake Michigan at Chicago, and I refused to permit them to say anything in the treaty about it.' It is, in particular, a profound objection to this assertion of the utmost jurisdictional rights over the feeders of an international waterway by a nation which claims a 'natural' right to demand modifications of the jurisdictional rights of another nation in the lower reaches of the same waterway.

So long as the United States maintains what may be described as the Principle of Chicago, so long will Canada be inclined to maintain the Principle of Lachine. The former asserts complete sovereign control of the water flowing towards an international water-channel; the latter asserts complete sovereign control of the water flowing down below an international water-channel but flowing in a canal which is national property and in national territory. It is not a question of either principle being pressed into action. Canada is not putting the Principle of Lachine into action at all; American citizens have the same access to the Lachine Canal to-day as Canadian citizens, and on the same terms. The United States is not putting the Principle of Chicago into action, except in a limited and temporary form to which Canadians would take no exception if they were consulted. But the principles remain, and one of them is not likely to be abandoned unless the other is also.

B. K. SANDWELL.

THE MONASTIC REPUBLIC OF MOUNT ATHOS

ONCE again the unique monastic republic of Mount Athos is calling the world's attention to its existence and troubles. The last time it made a stir from its usual life of prayerful oblivion was in 1913, when some members of the Russian monastery went so deep into metaphysical distinctions that they were accused of heresy by the rest of the community. A devout ex-guardsman of the Imperial Russian Army declared that the ineffable sanctity of the Godhead was inseparable from the divine Name itself, which was a manifestation of the Logos in human speech The argument rent the community asunder and the ex-guardsman and his fellow-thinkers were driven out into the wilderness by the rest of the monks

Word was sent from Russia that the expelled monks were to be taken back ; but, the triumphant party remaining obdurate, a warship was despatched by the Russian Government from the Black Sea, and in the end the ship's hose was turned on those who still stood out.

Mount Athos once more occupied the attention of the diplomats at the Conference of Lausanne, when the secret agenda contained a proposal to give the republic an international status. As the result of skilful intrigue in the corridors, the proposal was removed from the agenda before it came up for discussion, and the whole promontory was given into the keeping of Greece, which accepted the obligation to respect the rights and privileges of the non-Greek communities on the mount.

Since then the Soviet Government has made various attempts to assert a right to the Russian monastery and its property, but happily without success. Nevertheless, the Greek Government lost no chance of fishing in troubled waters, and has recently taken possession of the farms belonging to the Russian community. These farms are situated outside the monastic republic, and are chiefly on the mainland just beyond the canal built by Xerxes.

Without these farms the Russian monks are barely able to subsist. In the old days there used to be a constant stream of pilgrims from Russia, who were comfortably lodged and cared for

by the monks in the huge guest-house, which outdoes any London hotel in point of size. The pilgrims were generous in alms-giving, and bought extensively of the pious objects, ikons, scapulars, crosses, books, etc., manufactured by the monks. And the monks were not opposed to treating their visitors well at table. I still remember the delicious zakuski, caviar, soliotka, pickled mushrooms, and sweet wine which the monks provided with evident pride when I visited the mount in Easter week, 1914, with Count Toll and his sons (the ladies were not allowed to land owing to the ancient ban on women). With us were two monks who were returning from Russia well loaded with alms and 'pominy' (mass-offerings), which they had gathered up and down Russia.

Now nothing comes from Soviet Russia, and to crown the monks' difficulties the Greek Government has taken the farms that supply them with food.

To obtain redress for their injured rights, the monks, who number some 3000, have addressed an appeal to the League of Nations. They have done this because the League of Nations has already been charged by the Council of Ambassadors with the task of settling the status of Russian refugees who do not wish to recognise the Soviet Government. Moreover, the Russian monks find they have a judicial basis for their appeal in the fact that the Greek Government solemnly agreed to respect the rights of the non-Greek communities of the mount. According to Article 13 of the Treaty of Lausanne, Greece bound itself 'to recognise and maintain the traditional rights and liberties enjoyed by the non-Greek monastic communities of Mount Athos according to the terms of the Treaty of Berlin of July 13, 1878.'

The latter declares that 'the monks of Mount Athos, of whatever nationality, shall be maintained in their hitherto existing possessions and advantages and shall enjoy without exception complete equality of rights and prerogatives.'

On the strength of this footing in international law the monks think they have a good case to bring before the League. It would be futile for them to appeal to Soviet Russia, and therefore they hope the League will use its authority to redress what they hold to be a violation of international obligations.

The world may yet hear of strange happenings on Mount Athos. This mountainous promontory is situated on the eastern shores of the coast of Macedonia. For over 1000 years it has been sacred to the male sex. No bird, beast, or human being of the feminine gender has ever been allowed to settle there. Should a woman attempt to set her foot upon this sacred soil she is turned back upon the ocean waves with all the rigour of the law and stern comminations for the safety of her soul. Not because there is anything harmful to a woman in the atmosphere of Mount Athos,

which in fact enjoys an unrivalled salubrious climate, but on account of an ancient statute forbidding access to the monks' republic to all women. For some cryptic reason the ancient fathers of the Church represented Temptation as a woman, and perhaps for that reason she is not welcomed in the flesh by the ascetic dwellers on Mount Athos. For 1600 years, since the conversion of Constantine the Great in the fourth century, the peninsula has been barred to women. There is nothing, however, to bar them from looking at it with the naked eye or through a telescope, but the holy fathers wisely think that the rest of the world is theirs to conquer and earth's dusty ways await the impress of their feet. Which, perhaps, may be a blessing in disguise.

Not only is woman an eternal exile from this haunt of holiness, but her proscription extends to all her sisters of the animal kingdom. Thus horses and bullocks may roam at ease or, more often, bend to the yoke, but of cows and mares not even the shadow is tolerated. The strutting cockerel may also roam and roost where he will, sounding the coming of dawn in honour of St. Peter, but he must cultivate no lady friends.

To obviate the economic disadvantage of this regulation the monasteries maintain their farms on the mainland, where animals are bred and kept without violating the ascetic atmosphere of the republic. Nothing could be more laudable than the loyalty and zeal with which the monks of Mount Athos strive to carry out the letter of the law.

Even royalty does not escape the ban. In the course of 1500 years three adventurous women have attempted to penetrate the peninsula. This remarkable scarcity of brazen venturesomeness on the part of women speaks very highly in their favour. It proves that they have not only dutifully submitted to the divine inferiority of their position, but also displayed a noteworthy absence of original sin For what is more proverbial than Eve's curiosity ? And even the three women who dared, tried to cloak their womanhood under the mantle of royalty, as though the glitter of a crown and the shimmer of the purple relieved them of their humanity.

The first to storm the monkish republic was Plakidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great and wife of Constantine of Rome. For some unknown reason she wished to go to Constantinople to see her brother Arkadius. She likewise begged her emperor-husband to allow her to visit the holy mountain, especially the monastery of Vatoped, which was famous for its learning The royal heart could not resist this wifely appeal. So the order went forth that Plakidia should be shown round Believing that all power is from God and so are many other good things, the monks accepted the imperial edict. Plakidia was allowed to land.

It appears to have been a great event, for the chronicles of the time tell us that the monks of Vatoped Monastery marched in solemn order with their abbot at their head to greet the empress on the shore. They then escorted her to the monastery. The poor monks must have had the thrill of their lives. And certainly there was a torrent of unvoiced dissension. Perhaps it was owing to the brain-storms in the monks' minds that Plakidia felt telepathically warned to display singular humility and devotion. She chose to enter the church through the side doors. She was still in the porch, when suddenly from above came a mysterious voice forbidding her, as a woman, to enter the temple, and threatening dreadful punishment for disobedience. Poor Plakidia was frightened out of her life, and fell to the floor praying for mercy, while the brethren all lifted up their voices and declared that a miracle had happened. Heaven itself had said to woman, 'Thus far and no farther.' Plakidia retired from the peninsula as fast as her feet could carry her, no doubt thankful to get beyond the reach of mysterious voices and monkish displeasure. Nevertheless, she took it all in good part, and in memory of the event—whether to commemorate the warning or her own daring is unrecorded—she erected a church in honour of St. Dimitrius, and on the spot where she was turned back by the ghostly voice she ordered an ikon of the Blessed Virgin to be painted, attributing the miracle to her, and commanding a light to be burnt before it in perpetuity. Which is done to this day, while the ikon is known as the Virgin of the Fore-warning Voice.

One might think that this imperial experience would suffice to deter even royal ladies from attempting to enter Athos. History records a hiatus of feminine interest in the mountain till the end of the fifteenth century. Those were the Dark Ages. It was then that inspiration entered the heart of an inmate of a royal harem and the soil of Athos was once more trodden by a feminine foot.

This time it was the monastery of St. Paul that saw the unwanted visitor. The motives which inspired her were highly praiseworthy. She came with gifts in her royal hands, gifts from which the pious monks could not turn their eyes. They were part of the gold, frankincense, and myrrh brought by the Wise Men to the Child Jesus at Bethlehem.

This lady was more astute than Plakidia. She came not only clothed in royal purple, but with her hands dipped in the very odours of piety. Even the gates of paradise should have swung open at her approach. She was Maria, daughter of George Brankovan, the last of the Despots of Serbia, wife of the Sultan Amurat and mother of Mahomet, the conqueror of the East. When Constantinople was taken, Maria, like a real woman, inspected the

imperial treasure-house. Among other things, she found these precious relics. An Orthodox Catholic herself, though mistress of a royal harem, she seems to have been filled with a pious desire to preserve the relics from profanation. For some mysterious reason, whether to satisfy the fires of an ardent devotion or to score one over the historic Plakidia, she insisted on carrying the treasure to Mount Athos with her own hands. The mantle of royalty and the gifts she carried seem to have secured for her a placid landing; but the hearts of the monks must have been as smouldering fires owing to her presence, for she no sooner approached the monastery walls than she heard a ghostly voice from above warning her against entering the monastery Maria stopped; but, having passed her life in a harem, she did not fall to the ground like Plakidia The monks trooped out of the monastery, took the relics from her hands, and bade her depart. She did, after leaving her royal cross to mark the spot where she had stood. 'Thus far,' she must have said to herself. To this day there stands on the spot a splendid monument in the form of a chapel, on the walls of which are paintings showing the monks going out to meet the relics

The inviolability of Athos went on for centuries after. It was not until 1881 that there arose another royal lady anxious to achieve what her predecessors had failed to do. This was the Russian Grand Duchess Alexandra Petrovna She arrived in the yacht *Eriklik*, and was condescendingly allowed by the monks to remain a whole week on board the yacht in the harbour of the Russian monastery. For the benefit of her soul the Russian abbot went aboard and celebrated mass. She appears to have spent the week endeavouring to persuade the monks that the autocratic Tsar was above monastic regulations, but her efforts were in vain. She raised the anchor of the yacht and went home. There was nothing to be said against that. The Grand Duchess graciously bestowed her portrait on the monastery, where it hangs in honour to this day.

William Martin Leake, the eminent traveller, states in his *Travels in Northern Greece*, in 1809, that the monks were very ferocious in maintaining the immunity of their republic from feminine visitation, and that only the wildest birds could defy them. Moreover he declares:

> The vulgar believe, or affect to believe, against the evidence of their senses, that nothing feminine can live upon the peninsula, and I have heard the sailors of the Ægean relate stories of women who have been punished with immediate death for having had the audacity to land upon it.

That was in 1806, and no doubt it may have been a sailor's yarn.

though it may be doubted whether [illegible] mysteri ghostly voices sufficiently powerful to [illegible] other than ro personages. Humbler females were probably despatched w shorter shrift. *The tradition of the neighbouring populatio however, is very black and gruesome on this point, and it may b fairly concluded that in more barbarous times the hands tha built fortified castles and manipulated red-hot iron balls and boiling tar in the name of the Most High were not slow to cast* back a brazen Eve with similar expedition.

Leake asserts that he found there was only one female who was tolerated on the peninsula, and she was the queen bee. Her royal privilege was granted on account of the monks' intense apiculture for the sake of wax for their church services. This queen still reigns in the republic.

The holy Mount of Athos is a monastic republic of no small size Its wooded heights rise from the lucid waters of the Archipelago and stretch to the length of sixty miles with an average breadth of fifteen miles. It will be seen, therefore, that it is rather a large garden from which the feminine serpent is for ever banished. The growth of fruit-bearing plants, however, is exceedingly scanty, though every monastery has its vineyard.

The north end of the peninsula is joined to the Macedonian mainland by a narrow isthmus, which was cut through by the Persian warrior Xerxes in order that he might have a short cut for his fleet in his campaign against Greece The principal peak, which crowns its southern end, rises to the height of a mile and a third above the level of the sea. From one end to the other the peninsula is split up by numerous ravines and channels, which cross one another in various directions and give the country a picturesque and mysterious aspect Pirates and robbers would have found its intricate gorges and caverns an ideal lurking spot, but providentially they have done little more than pay it occasional visits during the long existence of the monks' republic, and then only, not to rue their sins, but to give practical, if uninvited, assistance to the monks in their endeavour to avoid laying up earthly treasure.

The soil is dry and stony, and the only fertile land is at the foot of the hills. A considerable part of the mountain uplands is covered with laurels, but for the most part the nakedness of the hillsides is clothed with stunted shrubs and modest ivy. About the monasteries and hermitages in the valleys there is a good growth of fig, olive and chestnut trees, and cypresses, while vines and vegetables are raised by the industrious lay brothers.

Growth is so scanty on the hills that wild animals never succeed in getting a footing there. Should they attempt to establish themselves in the fertile vicinity of the convents they are suppressed with a blast of the historic canon. The persistence of Nature, however, confutes occasionally man's decrees, for a lonely wild goat is sometimes sighted among the naked rocks or a pair of roaming boars appear on the steep; perhaps even a timid deer may flit through the woody gorge. Round about the hermitages are seen working bullocks and mules. Eagles, ravens, horn-owls and screech-owls appear occasionally. Little birds are treated more leniently by the monkish laws. In spring a host of nightingales and chaffinches visit the lower regions, where they are left unmolested and fill the nights with song. Swallows also appear in hundreds, but their matrimonial habitations are rigorously removed from the monastery eaves.

The human voice is rarely heard on Athos except in the churches. Everywhere reigns quiet and silence. The loud-speaker is not even dreamt of, and no motor lorry awakes Tartarean echoes along the paths Only the wind whistles at times in the mountain gorges or rustles through the leaves of the trees and bushes. Then all is silence once more. Only the murmur of the sea rises monotonously from the shore

Owing to the material circumstances of Mount Athos the world never seems to have succeeded in establishing itself there. In very ancient times attempts were made to found townships and villages, but the colonisation proved to be a failure. The beauty and solitude of the peninsula seem to have found no other wooers but the seekers after eternal things.

In pagan times Mount Athos was known as Apolloniad on account of the god Apollo, who was reputed to inhabit the peninsula Later on it was called Athos after the name of a heathen soothsayer, who dwelt in a cavern in one of the ravines and received a stream of visitors and oboli from the neighbouring countries. These pilgrims of the truth came in search of oracular messages concerning their future, and they must have gone away satisfied, for there is no mention in history or tradition of any attempt to denounce Athos as a liar.

According to a tradition Alexander the Great appears to have taken a three-days' rest on Mount Athos in between his military victories, while certain Greek philosophers used to retire from the chatter of the schools and the intelligentry of the day to seek refreshment and reason in the divine solitudes of the mountain.

With the advent of Christianity the temples of the gods were replaced by churches. According to the tradition of the Orthodox Catholic Church, Mount Athos was particularly chosen by the

mother of God to be her portion of the earth. The liturg relates:

> When the apostles and the mother of the Lord in Jerusalem cast lot as to which part of the earth they should have for the preaching of the Gospel, the mother of God received Grusia, but an angel of the Lord appeared to her and told her that the evangelisation of that country was left for later on. 'But,' said the angel, 'another land, to which God Himself will take you, awaits your care' Meanwhile Four-day Lazarus, being Bishop of Cyprus, desired to see the mother of God, but, fearing to come to Jerusalem owing to the persecution by the Jews, sent her a ship, on which she set out for Cyprus Suddenly a hostile wind arose and drove the ship into the haven of Mount Athos, which was full of idols. There was a temple of Apollo, whither many people flocked to worship and receive answers from the soothsayer. But as soon as the Holy Virgin approached the shore, all the idols cried out with a great voice: O People, deceived by Apollo, go to the harbour and receive Mary, mother of Jesus. Thus the devils inhabiting the idols were obliged by God to proclaim the truth. Hearing the words of the idols, the people were full of wonder and all hurried down to the harbour, where they received the mother of God with reverence and asked her how she had given birth to God and what was His name She told them about Jesus Christ, and all fell down and worshipped Him They paid her great honour, and, believing, were baptised. After the baptism of the people she gave them for teacher one of the apostolic men that accompanied her and, rejoicing, said · 'Now let this land be my portion, given unto me by my Son and God May the grace of God be upon this spot and those that dwell thereon with faith and piety. All that is necessary for their life on earth will be given them with little labour (a heavenly dole!) and abundance'

After this speech the Holy Virgin set out for Cyprus

Eight centuries later she appeared to St Peter of Athos and declared to him that the whole peninsula should be given over to hermits and monks from sea to sea, from north to south. This was done; and, in spite of all the political changes and four centuries of Mussulman domination, Mount Athos has remained a republic of monks. Many famous kings and worldlings have abandoned all in order to give themselves to the rigorous asceticism of the monastic or hermit life, and it is no uncommon thing for the Patriarch of Constantinople to seek the quiet of Athos on retiring from his high office.

In the days of the Byzantine Empire there were more than 100 monasteries on the mountain, but since the fall of Constantinople in 1453 the number of establishments and monks has diminished considerably. Here and there about the peninsula are the ruins of former convents. At the present day there are twenty monasteries, twelve hermitages, and several hundred hermit's lodges and cells. The number of monks on the mountain reaches 8000, the majority of whom are Greeks and Russians, while the rest are Bulgarians, Moldavians, Rumanians, Georgians, and Serbs.

The monasteries are divided into three kinds: Cenobiums, or those living in common; Idiorhythms, or those not having a rule for life in common; and Skits, or hermitages, of the ancient type, or with a common-life rule.

Life in the idiorhythms is much easier than in the cenobiums. An idiorhythmic monk has scarcely anything in common with the rest of the community except the roof and church services. He lives according to his own plan, and can, if he so desires, absent himself from the holy offices without reproach.

The elder monks, called prœstos, direct the affairs of the monastery, while the younger brethren do the work. Certain tasks have to be performed in common, such as the unloading of corn from the mainland and the gathering of grapes and olives. Food is eaten in the cells, and the refectory is used only by visitors and workers. Only three times a year do the brethren meet for a common meal Each monk receives his share of foodstuff and prepares it as he likes in his cell, adding to it whatever he cares to buy outside Notwithstanding this free mode of life, many of the monks attain a high degree of ascetic renunciation and self-immolation Once a year the brethren elect their epitropes, or deputies, to look after their external affairs. Domestic differences are settled by a council of elders, who also look after the economic and executive side of the communal life Thus the life and constitution of the idiorhythmic monastery are genuinely democratic and free. There are eight communities of that type on the peninsula

The cenobiums number twelve. Not all of them are regulated in the same way. Some of them, in imitation of the life of the apostles, choose a number of elders to assist the abbot in ruling the monastery. Others are directed by the abbot alone, and his will is considered sacred by all the monks of his community. In such houses reign a patriarchal simplicity of manners, brotherly love and trust, and perfect calm All are as brothers. There is no distinction of kind or merit

The brethren sacrifice their own personal will and accept that of the abbot as the manifestation of the Divine Will Every time they meet him they fall down at his feet and kiss his hand with reverence. It is this sacrifice of will that makes communal life possible with the maximum of harmony, a sort of dictatorship freely accepted. This obedience is more esteemed in the cenobium than the strictest fast or the most exalted prayer.

There are twelve skits, or hermitages, on the peninsula. A skit differs from a monastery by the strictness of the solitude and abstinence practised by its members. Except on Saturdays, Sundays and the great feast days, no fish, wine or oil is allowed. Though life in the hermitage is more solitary than in the monas-

teries, it is much freer. Two or three hermits live together in cells under an elder. They practise perpetual silence. On Sundays and feast days the Speechless Ones gather together in the church for vespers and mass, and at the conclusion of the service silently retire to their lonely cells. Almost all the cells have tiny churches, in which choir monks from the neighbouring monasteries hold services, when the hermit himself is not in holy orders. The hermits never leave their solitude except when obliged by economic necessity.

Some hermits live absolutely alone in the depths of the ravines or on the desert heights. They live on wild chestnuts, rusks and grasses. From time to time they leave their desert solitude to take communion in the churches and receive rusks and clothing from the monasteries.

Furthermore, there are vagabond-hermits on the peninsula, who have no roof whatever and spend their days and nights under the open sky, accepting all the changes of the weather with equal calm, and suffering cold, hunger, thirst, and all sorts of privations. Others lead their lonely life of self-effacement up in the wild parts of the hills, and only come down into the valleys when winter is too severe.

Last of all in the way of institutions are the Kalivites. These dwell in huts and live by whatever means they can. Sometimes they make things in their huts and sell them to the monks of the various monasteries, or they sell their labour wherever hard work is needed. Their huts contain nothing but a few platters and tools. Often they place themselves under the direction of a neighbouring elder. Heaven alone knows how many St. Francises are to be counted on Mount Athos, with no one to chronicle their picturesque doings and ascetic achievements.

The curious part about the hermits' cells, which are dotted here and there on the land and hills belonging to the various monasteries, is that they are leased to their occupiers on legal terms.

The person who wishes to lead a hermit's life buys his cell from the monastery to which he attaches himself. A lease is drawn up and the bargain settled and legalised. If the buyer has disciples he can extend the rights of purchase to them for life, or any length of time he cares to stipulate. Prices are settled according to the position of the hermitage. Those by a running brook, vineyards or orchards are considered more valuable, probably because the monastic authorities expect that their grapes and olives are not likely to yield such abundant crops with hermits practising denial night and day all round them

Should a hermit buy a cell for himself and two disciples, for instance, the latter have the right of inheritance. They, too, may

take new disciples, but these have no right of inheritance. In the event of the death of the purchaser of a cell, the inheritors are obliged to pay the monastery one-third of the original price.

Should a hermit wish to sub-let his cell, he may do so, naming his own price. The monastery has nothing to say in the matter, though in practice it very effectively demands one-twentieth of the price from the new tenant and one-tenth from the seller. The monastery also reserves the right to object to any particular individual who may desire to buy the cell, and to hand him back his purchase-money.

Sometimes, when purchasing a cell, a hermit may bargain with the monastery for his maintenance till the end of his days. Such a tenant enjoys great respect whenever he visits the monastery, where he is given a special place in the refectory and a decent bedroom. The number of hermits on Mount Athos is more than 900.

Under the Turkish *régime* all the monasteries were obliged to pay taxes to the Turkish Government. Most of the monastery revenues were derived from farms which they possessed on the mainland near Salonica, though some were situated on the islands of the Archipelago. From these farms came the corn and food for the brethren

Of recent years the Rumanian and Russian monasteries on the mountain have suffered through the confiscation of their farms on the mainland or in Bessarabia. The Soviet Government, having succeeded in getting possession of the properties of the old Tsarist Government abroad, claimed possession of the Russian monasteries on Mount Athos. It did not succeed, however, in setting its red hoof on the peninsula. Heaven knows what a haunt of iniquity it would have set up in the place of 1000 years of ascetic practice Hordes of immodest Soviet females would have violated the historic canon against their sex. Luckily the Greek Government refused to hand over the Russian monastery to the hands of the desecrators. Nevertheless, it had no scruple in taking possession of the monastery's farms on the mainland. It resolutely refused to hand them over to the unbeliever, but very quietly kept them for itself. Which was a very fine distinction. Hence the appeal to the League of Nations

GERARD SHELLEY.

FRENCH HUNTING SINCE THE WAR

NOT long before the outbreak of the Great War the *Nineteenth Century and After* (May 1910) published an article by me which gave some account of French hunting as it then flourished. At that time there were no fewer than 320 packs of hounds hunting in France, two-thirds of them pursuing their sport in the great forests and woodlands which still cover a large extent of terrain in that country. The animals hunted were, and still are, red deer, roe, wild fallow deer, now become very scarce, wolf, wild boar, hare and occasionally foxes. The fox, it may be at once admitted, is not yet a popular beast of chase in France It is still regarded as vermin and is only hunted by a few packs of hounds, of which the most popular are the Pau and Biarritz-Bayonne hunts, which are maintained in the English fashion, or by small establishments. Still it is to be noted that fox-hunting is slowly gaining ground in France. Much more often, however, the fox is slain with guns at shooting parties, and the numbers killed at these *chasses à tir*, as they are termed in France, are very considerable.

During the war hunting entirely ceased in every part of France. The struggle was for the most part being fought out on French soil, where the devastation wrought was horrible in all its details. In the minds of all Frenchmen this was no time to be pursuing game with cheerful horn and the stirring cry of hounds. The whole thing came to an end So strong was the universal sentiment against anything in the shape of hunting that the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson recorded in his Diary (February 2, 1915) 'the feeling which is arising against us for various causes, partly because of our present want of enterprise, *partly from our hunting and shooting*, partly because of our not having conscription.' In fact, so keen was this sentiment in France that two or three very small packs of harriers and beagles, which had been brought over from England in the winter of 1914–15 for a little sport behind the lines, had to be summarily suppressed. And yet, during his years of campaigning in the Peninsula, Wellington and his officers maintained without difficulty a pack of foxhounds and another of harriers while fighting vigorously and victoriously against the French.

The war, then, put a sudden and complete end to all hunting throughout the length and breadth of France. The numbers of hounds were seriously reduced, as, indeed, they were later on in England; and, as food became ever scarcer and more precious, hounds were everywhere destroyed, though not without compunction, especially where the more ancient and valuable breeds were concerned, breeds, for example, such as the old Vendéen hound (smooth-coated and rough), the blue hound of Gascony, the Saintongeois and Nivernois hounds, the fine strains of the old Persac, Pindray and Céris hounds, mostly white with orange markings. Other rare strains of hound, such as the beautiful Porcelaine, the stout Poitou and Normandy hound, the *Briquet d'Artois* (a harrier), and other valuable races, have all suffered very severely by the war; with some of them the task of reviving the breed completely seems almost insurmountable

The end of the war saw France terribly exhausted, far more even than was the case with us in Britain She had lost by death 1,500,000 of her best men, with hundreds of thousands more disabled by wounds and sickness Great tracts of country—much of it good hunting terrain—had been laid waste and for the time utterly destroyed All her inhabitants were more or less impoverished by the dire struggle they had gone through. Thus the revival of hunting, fond though the country gentlemen and aristocracy are of the sport, was bound to be a slow and difficult one. France, it may be noted, still possesses an aristocracy, though it is nearly 140 years since the Revolution A glance at the *Annuaire de la Vénerie*—the Directory or 'Baily' of French hunting—before the war would suffice to convince any reader of that fact. It is certain that more than a third of the masters of French packs of hounds for the season 1913–14 were men of title, largely descendants of the old French nobility existing before 1790. These families, like our own landed gentry, have suffered severely, and are not in a position to maintain *équipages* (hunting establishments) as freely as they were doing before August 1914. Still, the process of restarting packs of hounds, especially since 1920, has been slowly and painfully going forward During these years it has been extremely difficult, notwithstanding many inquiries, to gain any complete or reliable information concerning this process of re-establishment. The republication for the first time since the beginning of the war of the excellent *Annuaire de la Vénerie Française* for the season 1926–27 has, however, with the results of my personal inquiries, enabled me to form a reasonable impression of the present status of French hunting. The publishers of the *Annuaire de la Vénerie* themselves apologise for the incompleteness of their first issue, setting forth the difficulties of obtaining complete information over so large an extent of

country, and the backwardness of correspondents in yielding necessary particulars. They apologise for manifest lacunæ and promise better results for the next issue. I hear, too, from private sources that fresh packs are being slowly and with considerable difficulty organised. It is noticeable that single masterships are less frequent than before the war, and that many establishments are run by several joint masters, or by the association of several adjacent landowners. Such associations are, it is almost needless to point out, always more difficult of management than in the case of a single master of hounds, who forms his own opinions and follows for the most part his own ideas.

There are now some 120 to 125 packs of hounds published as hunting in France. This is a sad falling off from the 320 packs, or thereabouts, maintained by our neighbours across the Channel prior to the fateful year 1914. I have reason to believe, however, from the advice of a French correspondent, that other packs have been formed and are forming ; and I think it more than probable that nearly 140 packs would be a fair estimate of those now in existence. In Britain we have recovered much more completely. During 1913–14 some 436 packs of hounds were hunting deer, fox, and hare in the British Isles. We have recovered so well that from 323 packs, to which we had been reduced by 1924–25, we have advanced to 362 packs during 1927–28. It is probable, however, that neither we nor our French allies will ever again attain to the number of packs in the field before the war. Circumstances are against such a consummation Lack of means, the decay of the landed gentry, the spread of poultry farming, the enlargement of suburban areas, the increase of motor traffic, and the spread of barbed-wire fencing are strong reasons for predicting that hunting in England will during the next century be steadily circumscribed in its operations In France, where vast forests and great tracts of wild country still abound, the process will be considerably slower than with us. The destruction of hounds in France during the war was, from all I can gather, greater in proportion even than with us, and the recovery therefore is much slower. From 7615 couples existing in England in 1913, our packs were reduced by the year 1918 to 2900 couples, which means that nearly 10,000 hounds had to be destroyed, or sent abroad, from lack of means to feed them during the worst years of the war. The French never had so many hounds as we had, and they had to 'put down' far more in proportion. However, things are quietly on the mend in French hunting circles, and by the importation of English hounds and the slow but steady increase in the various races of French hounds remaining there is now fair prospect of a recovery from the unhappy state of things which hunting folk were confronted with in November 1918.

In a survey of the lists of hunting establishments now existing across the Channel one is struck by the great increase in quite small packs of hounds when compared with the better days before 1914. Little *meutes*, or packs, of from four to eight or ten couples only, are by no means infrequent. These, it may be hoped and predicted, may grow in time, and with better days, to more considerable proportions.

Before taking a glance at the various packs of hounds now hunting in France it may not be uninteresting to say a few words on the animals hunted. France is still a country of great woodlands. Before the war 18 per cent of the land consisted of forest, the total area being some 36,700 square miles The eastern and more mountainous parts of the country are the most densely wooded, but in other regions great forests still exist. The forest of Orleans covers 145 square miles, Fontainebleau 66, Compiègne 56, and at Rambouillet, Villers Cotterets, and many other places huge tracts of woodland are still to be found. One third of these forest regions belongs to the State, or to communes and public institutions. Almost all these tracts yield hunting Most of them are well provided with ridings, radiating, as at Compiègne, from the centre and affording good galloping to the followers of the hunt. There is not, of course, anything like the amount of jumping that we have in England , but it is quite a mistake to suppose that leading French sportsmen are not practised 'leppers.' The annual Horse Show at Olympia has long since exploded that idea, which probably owed something of its origin to Beckford's encounter with a French huntsman while hunting the stag. In the course of the chase Beckford had jumped a big double, with two ditches, and called to the *piqueur*,[1] or huntsman of the pack, to come on. The *piqueur* was not for it, however, but turned his horse, and, shouting 'Non, pardi, je ne saute pas les doubles fossés,' rode off to try another place. Among animals hunted in France the red-deer stag, of course, takes the place of honour. These animals are fairly plentiful in many parts of the country and yield great sport to the bigger packs Wild fallow deer have much declined in numbers and are now very scarce Roe deer are yet plentiful, and are hunted by a considerable majority of the various *équipages*, or hunting establishments.

Roe are troublesome and twisting beasts of chase in cover, but, once forced from the woodlands, give excellent runs. Wild boar are abundant, and are much hunted by the various packs,

[1] In Beckford's time, and for long after, the French word for 'huntsman' was *piqueur*. It is still so spelt in French dictionaries. But modern French sportsmen always spell the word *piqueux*, whether for singular or plural. In later pages I have followed the modern spelling, as found in the *Annuaire de la Vénerie Française*.

large and small. They are formidable opponents, and many hounds are damaged by them at the death. English foxhounds are in high esteem for the *chasse à courre* with boar, their high courage, speed and strength serving them well in attacking this quarry. The *équipage* for boar-hunting is termed in French a *vautrait*. Wolves are nothing like so plentiful as they used to be fifty or sixty years ago; but in the wilder forest regions, especially in the mountainous eastern and southern parts of the country, they are still fairly plentiful. They yield a great hunt, and few packs, indeed, even of first-rate English foxhounds, can hope to run down an old wolf, unless they find him with an over-full stomach when gorged with prey. Even then the kill is by no means a certainty. Most of the wolf-hunting is done with the *louvard*, a young animal of from six months to a year; and with a good pack of hounds and fair conditions, as a French writer rather confidently puts it, 'elle se termine, presque toujours, par un hallali.' The *hallali* is the music sounded on the great circular French hunting-horns by the hunt servants and the master at the death. A *vieux loup* is one from four to five years; a *grand loup* is one of five years and upwards. These old beasts are rarely killed with a pack of hounds. One of the oldest institutions in France is the *lieutenant de louveterie* (wolf-hunting lieutenant), a title which it is still the ambition of most French country gentlemen to attain. This title carries with it the obligation to maintain, where necessary, a wolf-hunting train, or small pack of hounds. The title is largely ornamental nowadays; but the depredations, often very serious, of wild boar have still to be dealt with, and the attentions of the *lieutenant de louveterie* can still be demanded. There are hundreds of these *lieutenants* among the country denizens of France, and nearly all masters of hounds have the title.

Hares are, as they have been from the earliest times, still a very favourite quarry among French hunting-men, especially those who cannot afford an expensive *équipage* They are plentiful in most parts of France, and, as with us in England, yield great sport and a chase of extraordinary and varied interest.

The fox has in France, as I have said, nothing like the popularity that it has in England as a beast of chase. Nevertheless it is growing in favour in some parts of the country, and a fair number of packs, especially the smaller ones, now devote themselves to it, often, as with a few hunts in our English West Country, alternately with hare or occasionally with roe deer.

Among the largest packs of hounds in France is to be mentioned the well-known Pau Hunt, whose beginnings are said to date from the arrival of Wellington's triumphant Peninsula army at Orthez in 1814. These hounds have for many years hunted

wild foxes, captured every week in the Pyrenees, and kept well and fit, to be turned out before hounds as and when required. These yield excellent chases, and a drag is also run once a fortnight. Hounds and foxes are both vanned to the meets. The pack numbers seventy couples, of which half are dogs; the other half bitches, which are hunted in separate packs. The establishment is run on English lines, with red coats for fox-hunting and green for the drag. The master, Mr. F. H. Prince, is a well-known American sportsman who has been at the head of this fine establishment since 1910, with an interval during the years of the war and its aftermath. He and Mrs. Prince and the hunt servants ride first-rate horses. A huntsman and two whips look after hounds. The country may be described as a bank and brook one. There are plains and uplands, clothed in places with a good deal of short gorse. The Biarritz-Bayonne Hunt, dating from 1874, is of somewhat similar nature. Bag foxes are hunted, and a drag is also followed. The master is M Paul Lederlin, who succeeded the Comte Guy de Maille The pack numbers thirty couples of hounds bred from English and Haut-Poitou strains

Among the largest packs of hounds now hunting in France is the Vautrait de Mimizan, a strong pack of seventy couples of English foxhounds, maintained by the Duke of Westminster at Mimizan, in the wild Landes country of Southern France (Gascony), for the pursuit of boar 'The few hunters,' says the *Annuaire de la Vénerie*, 'who have followed the chase of the wild boar in this region are well aware of its often insurmountable difficulties.' The country is vast, uninhabited, without roads, intersected by marshes, covered with great jungles of thorn-broom, where the wild creatures can play with hounds, these difficulties are increased by the intemperate winter season—short days, and often water, covering the land in one immense lake. Nevertheless, the Duke of Westminster has enjoyed fine sport with the formidable *sanglier* in this wild country. As he is often away, his hunting days are irregular.[2]

Turning to the hunts which may be termed purely French, one comes to the famous *équipage* of the Duchesse d'Uzès, of Château de Bonnelles, Seine-et-Oise This hunt was established in 1871. The duchess maintains a large pack of hounds, with kennels, at Celles-les-Bordes, and is herself *lieutenant de louveterie* for the arrondissement of Rambouillet She hunts the stag, and her servants include a chief huntsman (*piqueux*), two mounted whippers-in (*valets de chiens à cheval*), and two others on foot. The *valets de*

[2] During the last season and the present the Duke has moved his hounds for January and February to Normandy, and has hunted the forests of Eu, Eawy, Crecy, and surrounding woodlands. He hunts again at Mimizan in March.

chiens à pied are mainly employed with the relays of hounds placed in different parts of the forest. Armand Jouannin, an old *piqueux*, still joins in the chase as honorary huntsman. The uniform is *rouge à la française*, collar and cuffs blue, blue breeches and waistcoat, and *galons de vénerie* (hunting lace). Ladies having the hunt button wear the same uniform, with a *lampion* of black plumes in the hat. The duchess is a most enthusiastic sportswoman. She is now one of the doyens of French hunting, and her following includes not only her neighbours, but her children and grandchildren. The only other lady master of French hounds that I know of is the Marquise de la Chapelle-Crosville, of Château de la Faye, Cher, who has revived the Équipage de la Brosse, founded in 1860, and hunts roe deer in her neighbourhood.

One of the most important post-war hunts in France is that of M. André Bertin, of Castel des Bruyères, in the department of Eure. This is a *vautrait*, devoted to the pursuit of boar only, and the pack, mainly English foxhounds, numbers sixty couples. With these M. Bertin hunts the forests of Evreux, le Dreux, Senonches, and Gisors. M. Bertin, if I remember aright, was a leading figure at Le Touquet Horse-show two or three years before the war. He is one of the most accomplished cross-country riders in France. He was admirably mounted at the show in question, and his superb jumping was one of the features of the day. At this horse-show three huntsmen in uniform, with their great French horns, blew all competitors on to and off the course. After the performance was over my wife and I chanced upon these *piqueux* at the adjacent buffet. I invited them to take refreshment, and we had some conversation on French hunting and its music. So soon as they discovered that we hunted in England they were delighted to exchange ideas. We had our bicycles with us, as we were just then at Montreuil exploring some of the old battlefields—Agincourt, Crécy, and so on Presently, after bidding farewell to the jolly huntsmen, we rode off, and were almost overcome by the honour they did us in blowing a combined fanfare at our departure

Horn music, in mediæval and Tudor times, was in England much more elaborate than it now is The curved instrument of the Stuart and earlier periods was superseded for a short time by the long straight 20-inch horn. This, in turn, was largely replaced by the unwieldy French horn which came into vogue towards 1720 and remained with many hunts until about 1785. Thereafter the short straight horn of the present day came into general use. We are a practical race, and the many and various 'horn measures' and flourishes of our ancestors were then cast aside for a few short and easily recognised calls. The French evidently prefer a more ornate and elaborate system, and

the big circular horn enables them to indulge their fancy in this respect. But it must be remembered that they hunt for the most part in dense woodlands, where horn music is often very necessary for the information of the field and hunt servants. Every considerable hunt has its own particular fanfare; and at the death the *hallali*, blown by several horns in unison, is quite a lengthy, and to an English sportsman rather a wearisome, business.

Another important *vautrait* is that of M. André Morel, of Château de la Pacaudière, Allier, who now hunts boar with a pack of English foxhounds (forty-seven and a half couples) in the forest of Tronçais, Allier. He is aided by English hunt servants. In 1914 M. Morel had the misfortune to lose his pack of hounds, which fell into German hands. At that time he was hunting the boar in the Ardennes country. M. Morel has hunted with foxhounds, staghounds and harriers in England, and his partiality for English hunt servants is certainly a compliment to this country. His hounds were obtained chiefly from the Belvoir, Badminton, Meynell, Milton and Heythrop kennels M. F. Darbley, with a strong pack of fifty couples—cross-bred English and French—hunts boar in Touraine (between Tours and Saumur), in the forest of Amboise, and in other large woodlands

The Rallye Gascogne (Gascony Hunt), mastered by M. Christian Cruse, was before the war a *vautrait* of forty couples. The pack numbers some twenty couples, and the hunt, having abandoned boar-hunting, now follow roe deer from their kennels at Saint-Laurent-de-Médoc, in Gironde.

The name of d'Andigné is famous in French hunting annals, and several members of the family are still prominent in the chase in Sarthe, Vendée, Maine-et-Loire and elsewhere The Comte Henri d'Andigné, of Château de Resteau, Sarthe, is of the third generation of this family to master a pack of hounds from Resteau. He is now Joint-Master, with Baron Roger and other gentlemen, of the Anjou-Sologne Équipage (Hunt), which with thirty-five couples pursues stag and wild boar from kennels at Vouzeron, Cher. The hounds are of Anglo-Poitou and Anglo-Saintongeois blood. Another of this name, Comte Geoffroy d'Andigné, of Château de la Blanchaye, Maine-et-Loire, hunts with success red deer and roe, with a pack of thirty couples of Poitou hounds, crossed with English foxhound blood. Yet a third member of the family, Comte Olivier d'Andigné, is associated with his uncle, the Baron du Joncheray, in the mastership of the Rallye Thiouzé. With this pack they hunt red deer and roe with thirty couples of Anglo-Poitou hounds in the forests of Loire-Inférieure, Maine et Loire, Deux Sèvres and Orne. It is worthy of note that during the war Baron du Joncheray was only able to preserve fifteen hounds from his pack of thirty couples.

This lamentable state of affairs was happening throughout France at that period. The Barons du Joncheray are as distinguished in the French hunting world as are the d'Andignés. Founded in 1845, the Rallye Thiouzé first hunted wolves and boar in Brittany and Anjou. They then turned their attention to boar and fox. In 1881 Baron Gabriel du Joncheray began to hunt roe and occasional stag, and in December 1910 he and his huntsman sounded their thousandth *hallali* (kill), a not inconsiderable feat, whether in France or Britain.

Comte A. de Falandre, of Château Falandre, Orne, maintains thirty-five couples of mixed French and English blood with which he pursues wild boar in various forests of his neighbouring country and shows good sport. M. Olympe Hériot, who hunts in the forests of Bord and Louviers (Eure) and Brotonne and Lyons (Seine-Inférieure), possesses an excellent pack of forty couples of Haut-Poitou *batards* (cross-bred with English). He hunts stag, and averages fifty head during the season.

The Duc d'Estissac, of Château de Combreux, Loiret, with a pack of cross-bred Saintongeois-Vendéen hounds and some English foxhounds, hunts boar and occasionally stag in the Forest of Orleans. M. Paul Lebaudy follows deer with thirty-five couples of Saintongeois hounds—a very fine and ancient race—in the forests of Fontainebleau, Vernon, Gisors and Lyons. The Marquis du Luart, of Château du Luart, Sarthe, whose family has maintained a hunting establishment for many generations, hunts deer in the forests of Vibraye, La Pierre, Loges and Senonches with twenty-five couples of cross-bred hounds and takes from thirty-five to forty stags in the season.

The Messieurs Menier still maintain the family hunt founded in 1878, and, with a good pack of hounds and five hunt servants, pursue the stag in the forest of Villers-Cotterets The Marquis de Pracontal, master of the Rallye Morvan, associated with other titled French landowners, hunts a pack of twenty-five couples of first-rate Poitou-Saintongeois hounds in Nièvre and Saone-et-Loire.

The well-known Équipage de Souvilly, of the Olny-Roederer family, is still going strong. Formed in 1882, this hunt has taken up to the present time more than 2000 deer and 500 wild boar in the forests of Breteuil, Conches, Laigle, Compiègne, Montargis, etc. M. Léon Olny-Roederer, of Château de Lierru, Eure, is the present master He has fifty couples of cross-bred French and English hounds, and hunts stag mainly in Breteuil and Conches. His staff includes three mounted men and two *valets de chiens à pied*.

The Comte de Songeons, of Château de l'Hermite, Eure, comes of very ancient and historic hunting stock. Before 1774 the head

of the family was *capitaine de la petite vénerie* to the Kings of France, an office abolished at that time. The family pack was still carried on during the fury of the Revolution, and with its owners was spared by the peasants for the reason that the family were regarded as invaluable destroyers of wolves! Quite possibly they were good landlords also, a rare species in those days. The present Comte de Songeons maintains a pack of Normandy-Poitou hounds, with which he hunts in Eure and Compiègne. The Équipage de Cheverny (Loir-et-Cher), of which the Comte de Vibraye is master, consists of twenty-five couples of Anglo-Poitou hounds, which hunt red deer and occasional boar in Sologne and elsewhere. This is a hunt dating from 1850 and has a large and aristocratic following. The hunt fanfare, *La Vibraye*, is a stirring and quite elaborate one. The Comte is a first-rate sportsman. Baron James H. de Rothschild masters an excellent *équipage* of thirty-five couples of Anglo-Poitou hounds which hunt stag in the forests of L'Isle Adam, Carnelle, Compiègne and elsewhere, where they show good sport.

These instances—lack of space prevents my mentioning more—will, I think, convince the reader that hunting in France, despite many difficulties, is to-day being soundly re-established. In addition to the more considerable *équipages*, from which I have quoted examples, a fair number of lesser hunts are maintained. These average from ten to twenty couples of various types of hound. A fair example of the lesser type of hunt is that of the Rallye Grenouillet, maintained by M. Emile Perrin, of Orange, Vaucluse, *lieutenant de louveterie*, who, with twelve couples of Porcelaine hounds, hunts hare and wild boar in the department of Gard. These beautiful hounds, usually white and orange or white and fawn in hue, are descendants of one of the most ancient and interesting strains of hunting hound in France. Another example is that of the Comte Horric de la Motte, of Château Lanmary, Dordogne, who, with twelve and a half couples of big, rough-coated Vendée hounds, hunts wild boar in Charente, Haute Vienne, La Creuse, Corrèze and other districts. Yet another is the Rallye Pierre, of M. Pierre Guillais, who, with ten couples of rough-coated *briquets* (harriers), pursues fox and boar in Sarthe and Mayenne and kills some thirty boars and thirty-five foxes per season. Surely an excellent performance! Of the quite small hunts there are also a fair number. The French have, like ourselves, a very long and wonderfully interesting history of the *chasse à courre*, and many sportsmen living modestly in country districts are not to be denied. There are really some pathetic instances of this passion for the chase. M. Louis Hubert, of Charleville, Ardennes, *lieutenant de louveterie*, for example, hunts with a small *meute* of fox-terriers. His quarry is not mentioned, but I presume it includes

tous les animaux. Our *Baily's Hunting Directory* does not include fox-terrier packs in its purview, though I have known one at least which hunted stoats and weasels in Ireland. M. Ernest Laferrère, of Hagetmau, Landes, also *lieutenant de louveterie*, is another master of these small and reduced packs. He hunts with five couples of cross-bred hounds of his district and pursues hare and fox, with an occasional boar. Without horse or professional huntsman this keen sportsman and the friends who accompany him do their best with the material they have. They are sadly hampered by the poaching that now takes place in their district. Five years before the war M. Laferrère and his pack killed each year 120 hares, 100 foxes, ten wild boars, and as many badgers, as well as some martens and polecats. But *braconnage* is destroying sport in this region, and M. Laferrère's little pack now accounts only for twenty-five hares and a dozen foxes in the season From other indications one gathers that the *braconnier* is gaining ground in France since the war. Deer are not so plentiful as they were, and in a good many instances the chase of roe and red deer has been abandoned for boar and even fox. We trust that our French friends will make a strong effort to deal with this evil, and we understand that anti-poaching associations are already being set on foot.

The French still have a strong sentiment for the ornamental features of hunting, their memories evidently taking them back to the great days of the Kings of France, who for centuries hunted with immense panoply and display. Ouvry and his tapestries have preserved for all time the many features of hunting the stag in the time of Louis XV Instead of the simple scarlet or green of English hunting, French uniforms are found ranging through an amazing variety of colours Blues of many shades, varied greens, light and dark greys, pearl grey, scarlet, madder, chestnut, russet, dead-leaf colour (*feuille-morte*), amaranth, even yellow—as with our two Berkeley Hunts—are some of the many colours displayed, nearly all of them with collars and cuffs of another hue. The uniform of the Équipage Virelade (Marquis de Villeneuve) is white, with red collar and cuffs, breeches and waistcoat—surely an expensive outfit for dirty winter weather and the rough sport of hunting ! Waistcoats often match the breeches, and the latter, usually of velvet or velveteen, are worn in all sorts of hues: blues, reds, green, madder and others. Ladies often wear the 'cocked' three-cornered hat of the Louis XV. period. Hunt servants are decorated with *galon de vénerie* (hunting lace), a broad gold band being usually seen round the velvet cap. The hunt button is worn by subscribers This is usually decorated with the head of a stag, wolf, boar, roe or hare

Many hunts have a device or motto on the button; '*Boutez*

en avant,' '*Par monts et vallons,*' '*Quo vadis,*' '*A nous St. Hubert*' are instances. '*Oun ey passade,*' the Gascon *patois* for '*Où est-il passé?*' ('Where's she gone?'), is the motto of M. Grandin de l'Eprevier's hare hunt. One curious custom in French hunting is that of addressing the huntsman and other hunt servants by nicknames or *noms de chasse.* These are actually printed in the *Annuaire* describing the hunt. 'Jolibois,' 'La Rosée,' 'Pic Hardy,' 'Vol-au-Vent,' 'Daquet,' 'La Verdure,' 'La Feuille,' 'La Brisée' are examples.

French hunting, then, it may be said, is slowly recovering from the shocks and destruction of the Great War. It will be some years before it is anything like fully re-established, and it may be doubted if it will ever quite attain the strength and popularity of 1914, when some 320 packs were in the field. If 200 *équipages* are attained by 1935 French hunting folk will have done well. There is considerable scarcity of hounds, especially of the ancient French strains, such as the Vendée, Blue Gascon, Saintongeois, Normandy. Ariègeois, Briquet d'Artois, Porcelaine, Persac, Pindray, Céris, and other rare breeds Crossing with imported English hounds seems to be the chief remedy. Basset hounds are still very scarce. One remarkable fact is the tenacity with which the old French titled families stick to the chase They supply nearly one-half of the masters of hounds in France, and the numbers of those subscribing to and following hounds are still more remarkable, if we remember that France has long been firmly established as a Republic.

H. A. BRYDEN.

GENETICS

The modern science of genetics is entirely a growth of the twentieth century, but its roots extend back nearly to the middle of the nineteenth century. The well-known rediscovery of Mendel's principle in 1900 independently by de Vries, Correns and Tschermak was accompanied by the unearthing of Mendel's original paper read to the local Natural History Society of Brünn in 1865 and published in its Proceedings. In this classical paper the principle of the segregation of hybrid characters in fixed ratios, which is the corner-stone of modern genetics, is clearly and lucidly explained from Mendel's own experiments with garden peas.

The essential feature of this principle may be illustrated by an example. If a tall variety of many plants is crossed with the corresponding dwarf variety, the hybrids (F_1 generation) are all uniformly tall. The recessive dwarf character seems to have disappeared and tallness is dominant. But if the hybrid F_1 plants are self-pollinated (or inter-pollinated), the next generation (F_2) will consist of approximately three tall plants and one dwarf. The recessives reappear in 25 per cent. of the offspring. They segregate from the F_2 hybrids and will henceforth breed true because they have arisen from the union of two germ cells (egg and male cell) both of which carried the recessive factor for dwarfness. The real segregation, as Mendel showed further by crossing back the F_1 hybrid to the dwarf parent, takes place in the formation of the germ cells in the F_1 hybrid. As a result of this segregation half the germ cells of the hybrid will carry the factor for tallness and half that for dwarfness, but none will carry both.

Mendel's paper, in which these conclusions are clearly set forth, is an excellent object-lesson in the methodology of science, for it shows how important in the discovery of new truth is the point of view and the method of experimentation adopted. Mendel's contribution has a curiously modern ring of precision and exactitude about it. He says:

Those who survey the work done in this department (hybridization) will arrive at the conviction that among all the numerous experiments made, not one has been carried out to such an extent and in such a way

as to make it possible to determine the number of different forms under which the offspring of hybrids appear, or to arrange these forms with certainty according to their separate generations, or definitely to ascertain their statistical relations.

It requires indeed some courage to undertake a labour of such far-reaching extent; this appears, however, to be the only right way by which we can finally reach the solution of a question the importance of which cannot be overestimated in connection with the history of the evolution of organic forms.

So Mendel clearly recognised that his work had fundamental bearings, not only on heredity, but also upon evolution. Yet a generation was destined to pass before biology had made up the leeway necessary to discover the principle of segregation again and recognise its revolutionising effects upon biological thought. This is by no means the first time in the history of plant breeding when a pioneer's work only found recognition after his death. Much the same thing happened to Kölreuter in the eighteenth century, and to Camerarius in the seventeenth. The early history of the subject was marked by long periods of stagnation and short intervening flashes of progress. The possibility of advance at different times depended upon such factors as the general state of science, improvements in the microscope and methods of studying cell structure, and also on the appearance of a unifying mind which could correlate and generalise successfully from the results obtained.

Since the turning-point of the twentieth century, however, progress has been rapid, continuous and multifarious. Among the reasons for this, two are prominent: firstly, increasing recognition of the necessity for experimental analysis as distinct from mere description in biology; and, secondly, the convergence—one of the most remarkable in the history of science—between two independent disciplines, cell study or cytology on the one hand, and the experimental study of heredity on the other. The study of cell structure began even before Mendel, and chromosomes[1] were discovered about 1875; but it was only at the turn of the century that these bodies began to be seriously considered as the basis of hereditary differences. Just before the rediscovery of Mendel's law in 1900, it had been

[1] It may be pointed out that the chromosomes make up the structural content of the nuclei in organisms, that they reappear with a fixed number, size and form in each cell division during development, that they are in pairs derived from the two parental germ cells at the time of fertilisation, and that the members of the pairs separate and so reduce the chromosome number again in the formation of new germ cells. Thus each species of animal or plant has a characteristic and constant number and form of its chromosomes. For instance, there are nine pairs in primroses and twenty-four pairs in man. They are, of course, very minute, but they constitute the most important part of the hereditary material.

and man himself. These studies, together with those in cytology, did much to re-establish the unity of biology, for they showed that the same laws of heredity, variation, and cell structure applied in detail to both kingdoms. They also raised the question whether Mendelian inheritance was universal; and if not, where were its limitations?

One of the first important advances on the simple Mendelian theory of free segregation was the discovery by Bateson and Punnett (1905) of what they called gametic coupling. They found, in crossing sweet peas, that if one of the parents carried the factors [5] for blue flower and long pollen, while the other carried the factors for red flowers and round pollen, there was not free recombination of these pairs of characters in the second hybrid generation (F_2), but that offspring, for example, with blue flowers and long pollen occurred much more frequently than those with blue flowers and round pollen. The corresponding recessive factors for red flower and round pollen were similarly coupled. In the same way, if red flowers and long pollen entered from one parent and blue flowers and round pollen from the other, then *these* remained partially coupled in later generations. This phenomenon is now usually called linkage, and linkage is generally recognised as occurring when the linked factors or determiners are in the same chromosome. If this interpretation is right, the number of linkage groups of characters in any species ought not to be greater than the number of chromosome pairs. While more evidence on this point is urgently needed, the results so far are in harmony with this law. In the sweet pea, which has seven pairs of chromosomes, Punnett has found seven or eight pairs of linkage groups; but as a high percentage of crossing over is difficult to distingush from independent assortment, it appears likely that the member making the eighth group will be found to show linkage with one of the other groups.[6]

In the first decade of Mendelian research many of the most important results were obtained with plants, but about 1910 the fruit fly Drosophila began to be bred for this purpose. Its short life-cycle (three weeks), sharp-cut characters, and the ease with which it could be reared and studied in large numbers made it an ideal organism for breeding experiments. Moreover, it produced mutations with a frequency of about 1 in 1000. In the hands of Professor T. H. Morgan, of New York, and his students the genetics of Drosophila developed rapidly. Soon it was found that the mutations of *Drosophila melanogaster*—the species most

[5] By factor or gene is meant the germinal difference between a pair of Mendelian characters such as blue or red flower.

[6] Since this was written, Punnett has shown that the nineteen factors now known in the sweet peas fall definitely into seven linkage group;

studied—fell into four groups corresponding to its four pairs of chromosomes. Two of the chromosome pairs are long and bent in the middle somewhat like a boomerang; the sex pair consists of two straight rods (XX) in the female, and a rod and hook (XY) in the male, the Y-chromosome apparently taking no active part in inheritance, while the fourth pair of chromosomes are very small round bodies.

Of the mutations in this fly, which now number over 400, one group is sex-linked in inheritance and is therefore carried in the sex chromosomes, while a very small group of three linked mutations corresponds to the very small pair of chromosomes in this species. The mutations of Drosophila are nearly all of the type known as gene mutations, which are inherited as simple Mendelian differences (usually recessive to the wild type of fly), and each is believed to originate through a change in one locus of a chromosome. More recently, however, mutations similar to those of Œnothera, involving a visible change in the number of chromosomes, have been discovered. Moreover, in Œnothera a few Mendelian mutations were early discovered, including recessive mutations which were given the descriptive names *brevistylis* and *nanella*, and the striking dominant mutation *rubricalyx* which appeared in 1907. More recently several others have been found by Shull.

Over a million Drosophila flies have been bred, and the linkage relations of the various mutations have been worked out with great accuracy. Any new mutation is first tested as to the group (*i.e.*, chromosome) to which it belongs. By its linkage relations or percentage of crossing over with other genes in its group the supposed linear order of the genes in a group (or chromosome) has been determined. This theory of the linear arrangement of the genes in a chromosome has been strongly attacked many times, but the attacks have served to bring out the great strength of the theory. As the chromosomes have long been known to split lengthwise in nuclear division, the theory of differentiation of the chromosomes along their length was held by cytologists even before 1900, and the present results give it strong genetic support.

It may also be pointed out here that in some other species of Drosophila with more than four pairs of chromosomes the mutations have already been found to fall into more than four groups, although these species have, as yet, been much less studied. Thus *Drosophila virilis* has six pairs of chromosomes, and its mutations already fall into five independent linkage groups, although only about twenty-eight are known. Similarly, in *D. obscura*, with five pairs of chromosomes, the thirty mutations known fall into five groups, one of which contains a single member.

From various lines of evidence, one must conclude that the chromosome groups of these three species agree in form except that in *D. obscura* two pairs of long rod *virilis* chromosomes have become permanently united end-to-end to form a pair of 'boomerang' chromosomes, while in *D. melanogaster* a second pair of 'boomerangs' is formed in the same way, thus diminishing the number of separate chromosome pairs to four. That this is not mere speculation is shown by the fact that in *D. melanogaster* a race has arisen in cultures in which this process of chromosome adhesions has gone further. The two X-chromosomes in the females of this race are permanently attached end-to-end, and the condition was discovered through the occurrence of linkage between the contained hereditary factors, which are not linked in the parent race.

The mutations of Drosophila are found to affect many different organs, although each one alters mainly a single character. Thus there is a series of eye-colour mutations, each giving a change from the red eye of the wild fly. Many of these are sex-linked in inheritance and hence located in the sex-chromosomes, but a number belong in the second chromosome, as shown by their linkage relations. In a similar way there are many wing mutations affecting the shape, venation, or structure of the wings. The wings may be rudimentary or quite absent owing to a single mutation. These genes, again, are not grouped together in any orderly way, but appear to be distributed irregularly over the chromosomes. Thus the mutation process appears at first as haphazard, but further lines of evidence indicate that this is not really the case. It is probable that each species is capable of producing certain mutations with relatively fixed frequency, and that this capacity is as old as the species itself.

In the relatively small amount of comparison that has been made between different species of Drosophila it is found that the germinal constitution of related species is remarkably similar—*i.e.*, a number of similar mutations have been found, occupying corresponding positions in the chromosomes or linkage groups. But in certain cases the linkage relations indicate that a portion of a chromosome has been detached from one chromosome (linkage group) and attached to another Perhaps it is not so much the differences as the similarities which are striking in this instance, since they indicate the remarkable constancy and fixity in the architecture of the germplasm from species to species. We must suppose that although protoplasm is the most labile of substances, yet the spatial relationships of the germinal materials in the nuclei are in some degree maintained through countless nuclear divisions, with relatively infrequent departures from the original arrangement.

If we compare the mutational behaviour in the classical cases of Œnothera among plants and Drosophila among animals, we see various characteristic differences. The mutations of Œnothera appear with a frequency which is of the order of 1 per cent., while in Drosophila their frequency is nearer 1 in 1000. In Œnothera each mutant, or mutated individual, usually differs from the parent species in all parts and throughout its development, so that it is recognisable in the seedling stage. The Drosophila mutations differ conspicuously in one feature, such as eye colour or wing shape; but they also frequently show correlated changes in other parts. In such cases it sometimes becomes difficult to determine whether a single factor difference or several closely linked factors (genes) are involved. Dobzhansky has recently shown that several of the mutations differ even in the sex organs, which are important in insects as the basis of classification of the species.

Another important feature of Œnothera mutations, which is now being investigated, is the linkages which occur between chromosomes. In certain wild species the chromosomes are all arranged end-to-end in a ring at the critical period when the chromosome pairs separate These linkages apparently account for the great amount of genetical linkage which has long been known to occur in Œnothera Furthermore, in the mutations with fourteen chromosomes the linkages are different from those in the parent form Species or mutations are known with one, three, or four free pairs of chromosomes, the remaining ones forming a closed ring This discovery opens up a number of new questions for investigation which are of much importance in determining the relation between chromosomes and heredity.

Physiological mutations have been, as yet, little studied, but there is no doubt that they occur unaccompanied by any visible morphological change. It is probable that such mutations have been important in the origin of adaptations in species A recent example has been studied by Dr. Banta in Cladocera (water-fleas). In a species which he has been breeding for many years, and which reproduces parthenogenetically (without fertilisation), mutations occur at intervals One of these proved to be adapted to a higher temperature and had difficulty in surviving in water kept at the ordinary temperature to which its parent was adapted. Probably hot springs have obtained their peculiar flora and fauna in this way. The mutation theory thus holds that new forms arise without reference to adaptation If unadapted to the conditions in which they appear, they will be suppressed, but will continue to appear from the parent stock until one, more fortunate, happens to arise near enough to suitable conditions so that its

own methods of dispersal will take it into a happy environment. There it will flourish and leave descendants.

A great many mutations, however, appear to be innocuous, that is, neither an advantage nor a disadvantage to their possessor. The shade of colour in a petal or the shape of a leaf is probably often without influence on its functioning. The presence of such mutations adds complexity to the population of which a species is composed. The majority of mutations, however, appear to have less vitality than the form from which they arose, and are therefore prevented by natural selection as well as by crossing from establishing races. They will nevertheless continue to be carried, usually as recessive characters, in the germplasm of the species.

A Russian investigator, Tschetverikov, has recently shown that the wild population of *Drosophila melanogaster* in the Caucasus is heterozygous or hybrid for a large number of such mutant genes. Half the females were found to be carrying the factor for extra thoracic bristles and nearly as many carried factors for differences in wing venation. Rare and monstrous mutations were also present, many of the offspring of one female, for instance, having legs in place of antennæ. Only one or two generations of inbreeding were required to bring them out. Such defects, when recessive, may be carried in the germplasm for many generations, only to show their presence when inbreeding takes place. Such results dispose of the theory that mutations are a pathological phenomenon resulting from the artificial conditions of experimental breeding.

Man himself is perhaps the most variable of organisms. Blue and brown eye colour was one of the earliest recognised Mendelian differences. Now the scientific literature is growing apace with innumerable cases of such inheritance in man Some conditions are sex-linked, such as night-blindness, colour-blindness, and hæmophilia. Many are structural abnormalities—*e.g.*, brachydactyly, syndactyly or split hand and foot. There is reason to believe, however, that the normal differences in eye colour, hair colour, and complexion are inherited in the same way. Crosses between races also show clear evidence of segregation; but the study of inheritance of skin colour, stature or cephalic index is beset with difficulties owing to the presence of multiple factors affecting the degree of expression of any character. It is impossible, however, to pursue the discussion of these anthropological questions here.[7]

That the capacity to produce many types of germinal variations is inherent in many species is shown not only by systematic

[7] See Gates, 1925: 'Mendelian Heredity and Racial Differences,' *Journ. Roy. Anthrop. Inst.*, vol. 55, pp. 468–482.

studies, but also in some cases by direct evidence. For example, there is evidence from the Chinese that the goldfish, which can now be obtained in many bizarre and monstrous forms, were originally derived over 1000 years ago from a simple golden-yellow colour mutation of the carp, which occurred repeatedly in Chinese rivers and which probably occurs still. Similar colour mutations have been found in the fishes of English rivers. They are rare, but if a single one is captured and bred it may be expected that a true-breeding yellow race will be produced, whose descendants may afterwards mutate in new directions.

As I am emphasising the close and intimate relation which has grown up between genetics and cytology, it may be well to point out certain further directions in which advance in this relationship has taken place. Among the mutations from *Œnothera Lamarckiana* studied by de Vries was one which he called *gigas*, because it was larger and stouter in nearly all its parts. Investigations in 1909 showed that not only did this mutation have twenty-eight chromosomes—twice the number in the parent species—but that it was a cell giant, with larger nuclei and cells. It differs also in the shape of its leaves and its pollen grains, as well as in other characters. If systematic botanists had found it wild they would undoubtedly have described it as a new species and not merely a variety.

This mutation was an important prototype, for the same kind of chromosome-doubling has since been found in a number of mutations in other plant species; and forms with increased chromosome numbers, up to eight-fold, have been produced experimentally. Moreover, it has been found that the related species of many genera of plants have their chromosomes in multiples. Thus in different species of roses we find 14, 21, 28, 35, 42 and 56 chromosomes. In species of wheat and oats the numbers run 14, 28, 42, the most valuable cultivated species having the higher numbers In chrysanthemum species the numbers 18, 36, 54, 72 and 90 have been observed. Here the fundamental number, from which the higher multiples have been derived, is 9. Many other genera, such as maples, willows, docks, solanums, hawkweeds, dandelions, bananas, sugar-cane, cotton, etc., show similar conditions. The presence of such multiple chromosome numbers in different species of a genus is known as polyploidy,[8] and it is evidently very common among plants, although infrequent among animals. This is no doubt because in plants the two sexes are usually united in the same organism, and hence there is much greater chance of an individual with doubled chromosomes giving rise to a race. The

[8] This subject of the origin of species with higher chromosome numbers has been discussed elsewhere—*Brit. Journ Exp Biol.*, vol 1, pp 153–182 (1924).

higher multiples arise through further doubling or through crosses between forms with different chromosome multiples. Polyploidy is thus an important phenomenon in the phylogeny of plants.

It has become clear from this and various other lines of evidence that there has been not only a phylogeny of species, but a phylogeny of their chromosomes. In working out the phylogenetic relationships in any group of organisms a comparison of their chromosomes is fast becoming as essential as a comparison of their external characters. Where visible differences in the nuclear structure of related species exist they may throw very important light upon relationships. As the principles of parallel mutations and convergence become more important in evolution, it is beginning to be seen that mere comparison of external form may be very inadequate or even misleading as a basis for drawing conclusions concerning the relationships within a group.

Ultimately we shall have a science of the phylogeny of chromosomes. Already the foundations for such a science are in evidence. The development of multiple chromosome numbers has already been touched upon. That permanent fusions which are of phylogenetic significance can take place between chromosomes has already been pointed out in the case of Drosophila, but many other kinds of change in the visible chromatin content of the nuclei may be expected to occur. One of these, for the study of which Navashin and his school are mainly responsible, is a change in the visible structure of the chromosomes.

A comparative study of the sex chromosomes of insects, made by E. B Wilson and his collaborators some years ago, indicated that in some genera the Y-chromosome, which takes no active part in heredity, was gradually becoming smaller until in certain species it was on the verge of invisibility and in others it has wholly disappeared. Navashin has found that in certain plant genera, such as Crepis, one or more of the chromosomes may have a tiny body (satellite) attached to it by a thread. The absence of this minute terminal granule from both members of a pair of chromosomes has a lethal effect—*i.e.*, it prevents the embryo developing. Much other evidence shows that the finest details of chromosome structure are conserved and play their part in development.

The way in which the various parts of the chromosomes produce their effects during development is an almost unknown field at the present time. This physiological relationship between genes and characters is much in need of investigation. A beginning has been made in the study of the ontogenetic history of particular Mendelian characters and their comparative rates of development. Ultimately the physiology of development may thus be linked up with the interaction of genes.

Obviously, genetical work in its many aspects has given a new outlook on evolutionary problems and the origin of species. To discuss these questions here would carry us too far; but it may be pointed out that all recent advances intensify the evidence that all life is one, and that descent with modification is for us, as it was for Darwin, the clue to follow.

Finally, a word may be added concerning the experimental production of mutations. Many attempts of this kind have been made, and the most successful are those of Dr. Muller on Drosophila. By subjecting them recently to X-rays, the rate of mutation was increased 150-fold, so that in a short period of treatment more mutations were produced than have appeared in all previous cultures. These were of many kinds, old ones and new ones as well, the great majority, however, lethal or monstrous in their effects. This is one step further in the control over life which man may expect to attain. It is possible that the spontaneous occurrence of certain types of mutations may be a result of the presence of radio-active substances in the protoplasm.

It may also be pointed out that, while geneticists busy themselves with the experimental study of heredity and variation, the processes of evolution are continually in the background of their minds. The evolution of the whole living world from simple ancestors is recognised as a proved historical process, and the data of genetics contribute largely to an analysis of the conditions and forces which have resulted in the differentiation of life as we see it into species, genera, families and larger groups.

R. RUGGLES GATES.

EVOLUTION: A REPLY TO SIR ARTHUR KEITH

HAVING read with care and interest the article in the February issue of this Review by Sir Arthur Keith under the title of 'Evolution and its Modern Critics,' criticising two previous articles, and also the admirable reply to it by Mr. G. H. Bonner in the March issue,[1] I gladly avail myself of the opportunity afforded me by the kindness of the editor to make a short rejoinder to the criticisms of Sir Arthur Keith as far as they affect my own article. Anyone who has read it will have seen that it is broadly divided into two parts.

In the first I maintain the view that if the word 'evolution' is taken to mean an impersonal self-acting agency, then it does not supply an adequate cause for the order and beauty of the universe manifest to us human beings.

In the remainder I contend that the evidence for the origin of human beings from a common ancestor with anthropoid apes or similar mammals by the sole action of evolution as above defined is incomplete because this theory fails to give sufficient reasons for the enormous *differences* between human beings and animals, especially in psychical qualities and powers, even the smallest beginnings or indications of some of which do not exist in animals.

Now as regards the production of order and beauty in the universe, at any rate in the organic world of animals and vegetables, Sir Arthur Keith maintains that this comes from a source inside, and not outside, living matter. He says (p 231).

> It is the inherent and essential quality of living matter that it can both plan and execute, unless matter is purposive, it cannot be alive For modern students of life the 'thinker' and the 'thought,' the 'directing intelligence,' do not lie outside living matter, as Mr. Bonner and Dr. Fleming seem to think, but are of the essence of its constitution.

[1] See Mr George H. Bonner, 'The Case against "Evolution,"' *Nineteenth Century and After*, November 1927; also Dr. J. A. Fleming, 'Truth and Error in the Doctrine of Evolution,' *ibid.*, January 1928; and Sir Arthur Keith, 'Evolution and its Modern Critics,' *ibid.*, February 1928 (a criticism of the above two articles); also Mr. George H. Bonner, 'Evolution: a Reply to Sir Arthur Keith,' *ibid.*, March 1928.

Sir Arthur Keith does not state whether he would extend this 'purposive' quality to non-living matter, but as we recognise order and beauty in the inorganic as well as organic parts of Nature it is difficult to see how a total difference in source can be ascribed in the two cases. Taking, however, Sir Arthur Keith's words as they stand, they seem to me to imply that each particle of living matter has a 'purpose' of its own. Living matter is built up into countless beautiful and wonderful structures called animals and plants, and these as a whole have relations to each other, and taken together form a cosmos and not a chaos.

If, then, living matter is 'purposive,' that would seem to imply that each particle not only knows where to go and what to do, but knows what every other living particle is doing or wants to do.

It necessitates omniscience on that part of every animal or vegetable cell.

The universe presents innumerable phenomena which appeal to or stimulate our sense of beauty, and it exhibits an intricate order, or else there would be no possibility of scientific investigation by us. Also we can trace out in many cases the steps and stages by which a certain result is reached.

We are conscious that we human beings can also to some limited extent produce beauty, order, and achievements by manipulating material substance. As far as our human-produced order and beauty are concerned we never admit that these are self-produced by the action of the component elements. However far backward we are able to trace the chain of cause and effect, we invariably come to rest at a thought in a mind as its final link.

If, for instance, we see in a factory an automatic machine making screws or pins or other articles, it is not requisite to assume that each individual article is the immediate product of thought, but the thought is shown in the production of the machine itself, and it may require intelligent guidance to make it do its proper work.

So in Nature the agency called 'natural selection,' the survival of the fittest, or any other which definite scientific research may reveal, may be the tool with which the fabric of the organic universe has been fashioned, but the origin of that tool, we contend, has been a Thought in a controlling Mind and not an assumed self-ordering property of the thing produced.

Sir Arthur Keith does not therefore disprove the truth of my above statement. He merely substitutes for it another view, which is that the living matter itself *per se* can both plan and execute and possesses an inherent intelligence which are the very essence of its constitution. If so, we ask, In what did the guiding intelligence reside at a time when there was no living matter,

because the temperature on our globe was too high to permit protoplasm to exist? Yet even at that time development of non-living material was in progress and the earth was being slowly prepared for the habitation of living organisms. Then, furthermore, living matter is in a continual state of flux. Parts of it are becoming dead and fresh living matter is being formed by the action of already living matter on non-living matter. It seems strange and improbable that the power to build up the wonderful universe of living organisms should reside in something which is continually changing rather than in some source which is permanent and non-changing.

Evolution has given us no account of how this living matter, with its inherent intelligence, first came into existence, nor of the source of the production of non-living matter

Sir Arthur Keith devotes a little space in his article to a criticism of Paley's well-known argument from the discovered watch. Paley's argument may need some amendment in view of modern knowledge, but it is perfectly sound at the bottom Its essence is that adaptation, or what is better called mechanism, implies thought, and thought requires a Thinker

The alternative to the inference by Paley of a single Thinker is to assume, with Sir Arthur Keith, a multitude of thinkers, and that each little particle of living protoplasm has a species of consciousness of its own and knows what is expected of it in certain circumstances, and does it But this is not enough. The unity of idea which runs through Nature in various departments shows that each particle would have to know what all other similar particles are doing or have done. There must therefore be unity of control, and this implies a single omniscient controlling Intelligence. Sir Arthur Keith seems to admit that the little osteoblasts or living particles which build up or repair bones do sometimes rebel against authority and act on their own, and then disease and disaster follows.

The hypothetical endowment of each living particle with thought or power to plan will not alone secure the vast and wonderful order in Nature any more than the isolated thought and will of each individual soldier in an army will suffice to win a battle, or is a sufficient substitute for the thought and plans of the commander-in-chief to whose guidance they are all subject.

The theory that each particle of living matter has psychic qualities does not explain the source of that large general harmony and co-ordination between all parts of the universe living and non-living. No one has yet succeeded in discovering any sufficient Agency apart from the Will of a single creative Mind, which is a satisfying solution of the problem why this particular universe of which we find ourselves part has made its appearance as con-

trasted with a possible untold number of other universes which might have come into existence.

Passing then to the second part of my article, I endeavoured to show that the advocates of evolution have not given sufficient proof that the present race of human beings on our globe have been produced by the slow operation of the principle of natural selection, as expounded by Darwin, from a primeval, say Miocene, race of ape-like ancestors.

The starting-point for this hypothesis is the discovery of certain skeletons or fragments of skeletons which experts tell us are more of a human type than the corresponding parts of true Quadrumana. We laymen are quite content to accept their verdict on this point when they are agreed about it. On the other hand, the skeleton, even if complete, is only a part of the living being. In the case of the man, and also to some small degree in the ape, there are mental and emotional qualities, and in the case of man there are potentialities, mental, emotional, and spiritual or religious, of a very remarkable kind. The theory of natural selection postulates that small differences in the offspring are accumulated into permanently improved organs or powers provided these variations give some advantage to the individual. There must therefore be the rudiments of any faculty present in the prototype in order that there may be some quality to improve.

In the case of the assumed transition from some ape-like ancestor to lower men, I asked in my article, what were the influences or forces at work to start and press forward the changes in bodily form and brain complexity? Sir Arthur Keith replies (p. 237):

> These are just the problems on which we are now engaged, and we may claim to be making headway. To some of his queries we can already make a partial answer; none of them are beyond the scope of our powers of investigation and elucidation.

It would seem then that the complete answers to my questions are not forthcoming.

If it is the case that the origin and causes of the difference between man and the ape are not yet fully explained, then surely the possibility of this transition from one to the other should be taught only as a very tentative hypothesis and not as an accepted truth.

Opinions of experts, however cautiously expressed, get transformed by popular books and magazines into statements more confident than the facts warrant. The evolutionists have given no sufficient explanation of the origin and development of the religious and spiritual faculties in man. This world is covered with cathedrals, churches, chapels, meeting-houses, synagogues,

mosques, and temples where worship and prayer to an unseen Creator is offered. What does it all mean if there is no external reality corresponding to it? There is not the very smallest trace of these qualities in the animals. How, then, have they been produced? Has the whole of mankind been for millenniums the victim of some gigantic delusion?

There are another set of facts which tell strongly against this evolutionary theory of mankind, namely the sudden appearance in individuals of mental or spiritual faculties of a surprising kind. Genius appears and disappears suddenly and without any apparent preparation. Faraday, who was a very prince of experimental discoverers and philosophers, was the son of a blacksmith and a washerwoman of quite ordinary abilities. Ruskin was the son of a wine merchant and of a lady of strong character, but no special literary gifts. Mozart is said to have composed music at five years of age, and the genius of many other poets, artists, inventors, and scientists was not derived from ancestors nor transmitted to offspring. Boys like George Bidder or Zerah Colburn suddenly appeared with stupendous powers of doing mental arithmetic with no evidence of exceptional weight or size in their brains.

These facts are far more consistent with the view that mind is something distinct from brain than with the theory that mind is only the brain in operation. We cannot yet explain the psycho-physical parallel, but the relation of brain, mind, and thought seems very closely analogous to those of the musical instrument, the musician, and the music they produce

The biologists attach great importance to physical identities, but there may be subtle differences not thus explained. Thus Sir Arthur Keith (p 233) mentions the recent researches of Drs. Lansteiner and Miller on the identical response of human and ape blood to certain chemical tests. A surgeon would not decline in certain cases to transfuse human blood from one living man of suitable type willing to give it to another human patient in urgent need. Would he care to transfuse blood from a gorilla or chimpanzee into the veins of a human patient? Personally I should decline the service even if *in extremis*.

If we compare as regards completeness of demonstration the theory of the simian origin of mankind with, say, the atomic theory of Matter, the electronic theory of Electricity, or the theory of the conservation of Energy, we may remark that whilst the last three have been supported by an abundance of experimental evidence, so much so that we feel considerable confidence in teaching them as true or at least as closely corresponding to truth, the evidence for the first is fragmentary and rests mainly on bodily structure, to the neglect of those special

chical and spiritual qualities which are just as real and racteristic as bodily organs.

Sir Arthur Keith deprecates in his introductory paragraph any putation of anti-religious feeling against Darwinian evolunists, and I most fully agree with him, but it is impossible irely to disconnect theories of man's origin from other questions to his future and destiny which are intimately related to the pest feelings of the human mind. No scientific theory can be epted as valid which explains only part of the facts.

Physicists are now seeking earnestly for a theory of Light ich will reconcile the phenomena of interference and diffraction h those of photoelectricity and ionisation. Hence, concerning real nature of a ray of light, we are compelled at present to d our opinions in suspense.

So it seems to me should be our attitude to the Darwinian lutionary theory of man's origin. There are very large gaps he evidence for it which need to be filled up, if they *can* be d up, before it should be taught as a demonstrated truth, far made the basis for a demand for a change in our religious efs and doctrines.

The conviction that man is something more than an improved nal, but a spiritual being, is one that has inspired the noblest rts of mankind in the attainment of lofty ideals, and the relief hose countless ills to which the flesh is heir.

J. A. FLEMING.

THE REAL BIRD

THE bird—I quote from the dictionary—'is a feathered flying biped' that belongs to the 'second class of the sub-kingdom Vertebrata.' So far so good, but is not the infant cormorant, when it breaks the shell, a bird? It has no feathers on its naked, leathery body, and it certainly cannot fly; neither can the ostrich, apteryx or penguin, but all are birds. The young of all passerine and many other birds do not appear to be avian to the critical eye when they first see the light after leaving the egg. Many indeed do not see the light of day for some time, for they are blind when hatched. The big-headed, stump-tailed 'bald-pottling' in the nest has more reptilian than avian characteristics; descent from remote ancestors whose form and habits, so far as we can judge from the records of the rocks, had much in common with the more primitive reptiles and amphibians, has left its recapitulative stamp upon the infantile bird.

However, the definition of the bird does not concern us at the moment. What does matter is that from its first appearance as a visible living animal, no longer hidden within the hard encasing shell, the bird is more or less an enigma, and sometimes consciously or unconsciously an impostor—seeming to be different from what it really is. Indeed birds, in appearance and behaviour, always are not what they seem. We may see them as they are or as they appear to be, but misinterpretation from appearance is not due in every case to ignorance An ornithologist, by experience, may recognise a bird, though its true colours, form, or actions are not distinct; but the inexperienced observer will insist that the bird that he saw was not what the ornithologist declared. Those of us who, justly or unjustly, are looked upon as knowing something about birds constantly are puzzled by the requests to name birds, whose colours, as described, apply to no known species. Not only have many people curious ideas of colours, not only do they emphasise or exaggerate shades, but they imagine that they see certain tints or colours that are not there.

Apart from the physiological explanation of colour blindness, or the fact that colour values differ when seen by various eyes, and from psychical phenomena of unconscious appreciation of these

varied values, is the physical effect of light. The definition of colour as observed by the human eye depends entirely upon the relationship of the object to the light that falls upon it. Every experienced bird observer, and indeed every artist, knows that if he is to see birds or other objects as they really are he must look at them with the light, natural or artificial, behind him. Approach a field in which lapwings are feeding from the east on a sunny afternoon ; all that we see is a group of black and white birds ; as they rise against the sun they are still black and white, flickering, indistinct birds, birds without colour. But if the same birds are seen from the west, and bright sunshine falls on back and wings, we realise that the name green plover is insufficient, for the green is glossed with bronze.

The question of colour in the plumage of birds is puzzling, for the eye may receive the impression of colours that are not due to pigmentation but to the structure of the feathers A good example of colour variation caused by the angle of vision and the incidence of light is the back of the kingfisher Is it green or blue ? Hold a kingfisher in the hand and move it so as to vary the incidence of light ; we see that it is either green or blue, and the living bird as it flashes past may look a green, blue, or indistinct blackish dart Yet it is correct to say that the kingfisher is neither green nor blue, and certainly it is not black. Blue pigment is unknown in birds, and green, exceedingly rare, is not found in the feathers of the kingfisher. Where feathers appear as blue the pigment is either orange or brown ; the structure of the colourless and refractory cells above the pigmented layer regulates the varied impressions according to the position of the eye and the light falling upon the feather. Similar variation may be seen in many butterflies, especially in the large blue, green, or brown flies of the genus *Morpho.*

Apart from the confusion caused by the difficulty of appreciating colour value, the arrangement of the colours, so as to form pattern on the plumage, differs according to the position or action of the living bird Seldom indeed is it possible to realise what a bird will look like in life from the examination of a skin. The cabinet skin is of value when it is necessary to study plumage in detail, but it conveys a very poor impression of a living bird. The skilled taxidermist strives by arranging the feathers as naturally as possible and by modelling his subject so as to imitate natural pose to reproduce a lifelike effigy, but too often he is unfamiliar with the bird in its natural haunts, and fails to give value to the characters which are most noticeable in the field. The artist and bird photographer get better results at times, but their skill has limitations.

In many birds—for example, in the breasts of some hawks

and the backs of certain waders, such as the snipe—the pattern on each individual feather is a dot or blotch, but when the plumage is arranged smoothly in the living bird these feather marks form continuous streaks, or fall into broken but regular lines of chevrons or markings of other pattern. Very noticeable is this line formation in such birds as the male smew or the avocet. An indifferently stuffed or figured male smew is a white bird with irregular and uneven black patches and specks, but the geometrically accurate and regular black marking on the white of the living bird is one of its most striking characteristics. In the female red-necked phalarope there is a very conspicuous white spot immediately above the eye, but in many stuffed specimens and in drawings from mounted specimens or skins the spot is not visible or shown. The contraction of the skin round the orbit and consequent disarrangement of the plumage obscures or hides this spot.

Simple actions bring into prominence certain marks that are invaluable in identification of species. The spreading of the wings in flight exposes the white rumps of greenshank, green and wood-sandpiper, curlew-sandpiper and brambling; it shows the wing-bar of the common sandpiper and other waders, and the long white wing-margin of the redshank. These characters are either invisible or inconspicuous on the bird at rest. The spread tail of the nightjar exposes the otherwise hidden spots, and that of the turtle-dove gives an instantaneous and lasting impression of a bordered pattern of which we see no indication when the bird is perched. To see a great-crested grebe or the smaller black-necked grebe on the water conveys no idea of a wing-bar; indeed, the wing-bars and wing-patches of many ducks and other water birds are concealed by the droop of the scapulars or the outward fluffing of the flank feathers, covering the wing borders, when the birds are swimming. If we are to recognise birds in the field we must look for and memorise these salient characters, for we shall not learn them from the critical study of skins, nor indeed from many pictures, even those by careful artists.

Many of these marks or patterns have more than æsthetic value; certainly they have not been evolved to help naturalists to identify species, though some, at any rate, may have come into being as recognition marks. The moorhen and water-rail raise the tail, exposing a mark or blaze, white or light in colour, when they show the under tail-coverts; this may, as has been affirmed, give warning to others of their kind when danger threatens, or it may attract the eye of desired female or rival male. If it really is a warning the moorhen is a very cautious bird, for it jerks up its tail whenever it walks.

During courtship and nuptial rivalry these marks are seen to

best advantage, for then the birds endeavour to make themselves as conspicuous as possible. In many cases the male has special adornments; he flaunts them before the female, posturing so as to give them the best exposition to her eyes. The female may, coyly, pretend to be indifferent to these charms, but they must have influence upon her choice, or surely they would not have reached their present perfection. Drooping his wings the chaffinch rolls from side to side, exhibiting first one expanded white wing-patch, then the other; the twite rudely turns his back upon his lady, but raises his wings so that she may admire the rosy hues of his rump. The grebe expands his facial frill and raises his tufted crests, and the peacock, uplifting his elaborate and gorgeous tail-coverts, hiding his less showy erected tail, shivers them with loud rustling so as to attract the peahen's attention to his magnificence. The ruff, as his name implies, expands his tippet, well developed and varied in colour during his courtship months only, frames his face with a variegated shield of feathers, and postures, striving to look fierce, bill to ground. His is the sartorial extravagance of the mediæval bravo, swaggering his smart appearance and mock bravery. When peacefully feeding the neck ornamentation hangs limp and inconspicuous, a closed umbrella round his neck.

The sexual decorations of the male are what catch our eyes when the wearer is excited; though not intended for our edification, they are useful identification marks. The female has her patterns, colours, and characters, for it is equally important that the male bird should know to whom he is paying court. In many instances the marks of either sex are less emphasised in the stationary or resting bird; it is not then an advantage to be conspicuous. Wing-coverts, flanks, folded wings, and closed tails hide noticeable characters; therefore, if we wish to know our birds as they appear, we must study them in all phases.

To be concealed from enemy eyes, to appear inconspicuous when at rest, is the conscious or unconscious effort of most birds; the more the plumage blends with the surroundings the safer is the wearer. Invisibility is an asset in most animals. Crouching, 'freezing,' remaining motionless, is the method by which birds, old as well as young, usually avoid observation, and where a dull or suitable mottled dress corresponds with its environment the better the chance that the owner will be overlooked. The action of obliterating or concealing the recognition or distinction marks is instinctive, and we find that animals much lower in the scale than birds adopt this method of securing safety. In butterflies of the family *Vanessidæ* the upper surface of the wings is adorned, the under is dull or so patterned as to be inconspicuous; when the fly rests it shuts the upper surfaces together, leaving the unnotice-

able side alone visible. The yellow underwing moth closes its brown forewings over the brightly-coloured underwings. In Lepidoptera this disguise reaches greatest perfection in the leaf-simulating Indian *Kallima*, but amongst the Neuroptera, Orthoptera, and Hemiptera there are many equally marvellous 'imitations' only noticeable when the insect is at rest.

Amongst birds the nightjar lies prone with half-closed eyes, looking more like a bit of lichen-covered dead wood than a bird; the water-rail stands motionless amidst the tall stems, its flank stripes parallel and merging with the reeds; the bittern squats, bill uplifted, unconsciously imitating vegetable rather than animal matter; its colour, its slim body and upstretched neck, the streaks down its throat, the spear-shaped bill, all help the delusion. The unfledged youngster will instinctively assume this deceptive attitude. We rowed slowly past an infant purple heron in a nest in Holland; its bill was pointed towards the heavens, and as we passed it slowly turned its body so as to present to our view its streaked and skinny neck, and the chin framing its diabolical and apprehensive eyes.

The question is often asked, How do we know this or that species? It is not easy to answer; there is no universal label. In many species male and female have different dress; in others season causes variation; in all age has its distinctive characters. Who would guess, for instance, that the male long-tailed duck in summer and winter garb were of the same species? who guess that the pale-cheeked immature bird was related to either? Did not the father of systematic nomenclature, the great Linnæus, at first make two species out of male and female mallard? Nor are the rules that regulate changes of plumage consistent in their results, for the drakes of many species of duck have an extra moult into an inconspicuous female garb when they are undergoing loss of flight feathers The sombre dress of the sitting duck helps her to protect the white or tinted eggs from the eyes of enemies; on the nest she is difficult to see. But the drake does not sit, yet he has a period of somewhat similar disguise It is easy to say that did he retain his nuptial glories he would be too visible when least able to escape danger by flight, but the sheld-duck's eclipse dress is little less gay than that of the breeding bird, and the geese, whose flight feathers, simultaneously moulted, render them for a time practically flightless, have no noticeable change.

If we are to know birds as they are we must learn their varied changes, study them at all ages and seasons Effective knowledge can be obtained only by long years of experience. But, on the other hand, there are certain characteristics that, apart from plumage, recognition marks and pattern, enable us to know a species even when seen from a distance. These characters or

characteristics, very difficult to define, I have indicated elsewhere by a word borrowed from an old Irish fisherman. It is the bird's 'jizz'[1] that we see and comprehend—something in shape, action, pose, that enables us to recognise it, just as we recognise a distant friend by his walk or carriage. When the gaily bedecked starling flies to its roost or nest we may see no spangled feathers, no many-hued sheen, but we know that the black broad-arrow with bustling wings is a starling. The lowly hedge-sparrow has no striking marks or colours in its neat Quaker dress, but without looking closely we recognise it as a hedge-sparrow, and nothing else, as it slips from twig to twig flipping its wings. The wren, whether creeping through the undergrowth or whirring across the glade, has a character purely its own; indeed, there is no other bird that drops into the hedge, bush, or other thick cover with exactly the same action. We know instantly that it is a wren and not a warbler, even if we miss the vision of its short and usually uplifted tail.

The ornithologist has an impressionist picture of the bird: he may not see detail, actual colour or pattern; he does not see the bird as it actually is, but as it appears. In certain books about birds are illustrations in which minute attention is devoted to each feather, but the pictures, however accurate, are stiff and diagrammatic; a wash or tinted drawing or simple pen or pencil sketch without detail will convey, if drawn by an artist, a better impression of the living bird. Many field workers who know the living bird when they see it are puzzled if asked to identify a species from a skin; nor is this surprising, for there is no life, no action, in the 'specimen.' The skin, even the dead bird, has no 'jizz.'

A photograph which registers the actual appearance at any given fraction of a second may give a less accurate picture than the rough pencil sketch, though the artist puts on paper nothing more than his impression and omits all the minute detail that the camera records. On the other hand, the camera may catch a pose or expression, an exposure of some marking, which the artist overlooks in a restless, moving object. Before Muybridge invented his battery of cameras, forerunner of the cinema, or Marey wrote his treatise on animal locomotion, the artist drew the running horse in impossible positions. Look at the stirring pictures of cavalry charges that were thought so realistic; look at the sporting prints of hunting and racing in public-houses; the horses with all four legs stretched to their fullest extent are asking for trouble. We accepted these impressions of the artist until we learnt better, but now when we watch the running horse we get instantaneous visions of the legs striking the ground in ordered sequence; the picture which shows the animals in the

[1] Evidently a variant of guise

attitudes that they actually assume at any given moment is the one that we feel is correct. We no longer laugh at the instantaneous photograph and say that it looks funny; we have been taught to see. Who in the past would have dared to draw a coursed hare with the hind legs striking the ground in front of the short fore legs? Now such a picture gives the immediate suggestion of speed.

So in the photographs of birds we are no longer astonished at the positions of the wings; we have learnt about flight and no longer see the pose which is a combination of many movements. The very position of the wings suggests movement—flight. Thus unconsciously the artist, drawing what he feels rather than sees, gets a more accurate picture than was formerly the case; he has not ceased to depict impression, but his impressions, his feelings, are more correct. Interpreting his feeling by our own, we no longer consider the instantaneous impression unreal or absurd. The modern school, however, has gone to extremes; some of them, like the sculptor who depicted the 'bird in the air' by a cylinder, seem to wish us to imagine that they see something which we, benighted Philistines, cannot appreciate. This, however, does not alter the fact that the impressionist picture may be more alive than the detailed drawing; we see remarkably little detail in Nature.

The amateur bird observer has little knowledge of the group factor—some character, such as bill, feet, or behaviour by which a naturalist is able to relegate any bird that he sees, perhaps for the first time, to its own particular order or family. Every summer I am asked by someone who has returned from a holiday by the sea about the identity of 'the big brown birds' he has seen amongst the gulls upon the beach. When told that they are young gulls he is amazed, for the notion that all gulls are white, or at least light in colour, is widespread. There is some excuse for the idea that a gull is white, for the impression conveyed by any of the commoner gulls or terns, with the exception of the black-backed gulls and the marsh terns, is of white birds. French grey, the prevailing tint of the backs and wings of many species, is too light to be noticeable against a background of green sea or blue sky, and a gull never looks whiter than when flying against a storm cloud.

A more interesting illusion caused by the contrast of the mottled grey and brown plumage of the young with the pale greys, slates, and whites of the mature herring and lesser black-backed gulls is that the juveniles look bigger than their mature relatives. This illusion is difficult to explain, for surely a stout woman looks stouter in a white than a black dress In Stonham's *Birds of the British Islands* are two drawings by Miss Medland of

the mature and immature herring-gull; the impression that the young bird was too large was so definite that I measured the two pictures, only to find that they were accurately drawn to scale.

Amongst the *Passeres*, and some birds of other orders, the young, except that their tails are short, frequently appear larger than their parents. To some extent this may be due to the habit, common amongst young birds, of fluffing out the plumage, especially when excited. As the usual stimulus to excitement is the desire for food, the time when the comparison may best be noticed is when the parents are feeding the young. The juvenile when fed after leaving the nest receives or asks for the gifts with much nervous quivering, shaking and fluffing out its soft plumage. It may be that these new feathers are less tractable than those of older birds; the thick hair of children needs drilling before it responds to the brush. The old bird, too, understands the art of keeping itself tidy and neat; the young one is not at first concerned with personal appearance

A great difficulty of both experienced and inexperienced ornithologists is accurately to judge the size of a bird in the field. A party of gulls in the air is confusing, for it is impossible to gauge the exact distance between bird and observer. Nevertheless I have often wondered how much variation one would find if accurate measurements were taken of all the individuals in a flock of herring-gulls or other gulls. The position of the wings, the width of the angle at the carpal joint, alters the appearance of wing expanse, and the necks of the birds are capable of extension and contraction. The flying heron, with neck drawn back and broad wings slowly beating, looks a very much heavier bird than the slim fisher, which, with straight neck stretched to full extent and slightly inclined forward, stalks slowly through the shallows. The necks of ducks are very mobile, and during courtship-display and more rarely at other times are extended and contracted like concertinas This alteration in length of neck confuses ideas of size.

As a rule the bird on the ground has near it some object the approximate size of which is familiar, but the bird in the air has nothing with which it may be compared Thus when the inquirer describes a bird that he has seen any information as to size is apt to be unreliable. 'About the size of a sparrow,' or a thrush, is a common answer; but is the questioner sure about the dimensions of these birds?

As a digression, I am puzzled again and again to understand why so many who take no real interest in birds desire to know their names. This does not, of course, apply to the genuine student or young naturalist, but to the ever-increasing public that takes a passing interest in birds, because they are 'pretty'

or 'sing so sweetly'; many of them 'love birds,' yet they fail to learn much about them. Mr. A. A. Milne, in his incomparable *Arrival of Blackman's Warbler*, pictures in his 'earnest-looking girl' a too familiar type.

> 'That's the Lesser Bunting,' I said hopefully.
>
> 'The Lesser Bunting,' said an earnest-looking girl; 'I shall always remember that.'
>
> I hoped she wouldn't, but I could hardly say so.

What does it profit these earnest inquirers to be told that a bird is a bunting when they will not recognise one if they meet it in the next field? They ask if we can name a bird that has blue on its head, or that whistles a low note; one is tempted to reply with the first name that comes into one's head, for they will not remember five minutes later. Those who are really interested will remember and will look up the species in a text-book to see if the guess—for frequently only a guess can be offered—applies to the bird they have seen. Those are the people we wish to help. Further, it is interesting to note what special characters they have observed. Take two recent examples of intelligent observations. A bird flying high above a moor, bleating like a kid; of course a drumming snipe. Another bird in a similar locality, a bird with long curved bill calling repeatedly 'too-wee, too-wee'; 'an anxious curlew' is the only answer.

They have seen the Real Bird.

T. A. Coward

MR. SHAW, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE SECONDARY SCHOOLBOY

Without Mr. Mason's knowledge, on November 21, 1927, and before this article was written, a certain firm of publishers wrote as follows to Mr. Bernard Shaw's publishers:

DEAR SIRS,—Do you think it would be at all possible to get Mr. Shaw's permission and your concurrence for the use of the third scene from *Saint Joan* for a book intended for the Middle Forms of secondary schools?

We should, of course, be willing to comply with any conditions Mr. Shaw or yourselves may wish to impose.

Having seen the letter, Mr. Shaw wrote on it:

NO I lay my eternal curse on whomsoever shall now or at any time hereafter make schoolbooks of my works, and make me hated, as Shakespeare is hated. My plays were not designed as instruments of torture All the schools that lust after them get this answer, and will never get any other from

G. BERNARD SHAW.

24/11/27.

EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century and After.*

POETIC justice has overtaken Mr. Shaw: the censor of our age has been included in an examination syllabus.[1]

Sir! is Bernard Shaw really greater than Shakespeare? The question, from Jones (major) of the lower-sixth form in one of our secondary schools, comes blandly, as with no after-thought—ostensibly with no guile, in all good faith, and expecting an answer. The answer is not forthcoming. A wily master may or may not have adequate knowledge of the work of both those dramatists; but of Jones himself he knows too much to pander to his love of categorical questions, though, of course, the boy shares that love with many of his superiors who certainly ought to know better. 'Sir,' the master may reply in riposte, 'what would Dr. Johnson have said? I will not be put to the question nor settle the point of precedence between two incomparable writers—incomparable

[1] Higher School Certificate of University of London. 'For critical and detailed study' (*inter alia*), *St. Joan*, G. B. Shaw.

in both senses, you will observe.' Jones is silenced, but not satisfied; and the master, in his heart blessing Mr. Shaw for giving his pupil any standard of comparison, resolves, after his kind, to use it for his own purposes and according to his own fancy; he will answer the question, but will choose his own time. After all, there are excuses for Jones: he may have heard how, in evil hour, the deadly parallel has been invited: he may have heard his father discourse or have read in the newspapers only too often of the 'greatest' exponent of this art or that craft or the other activity of our time. Besides, Jones does know something of the work of both Shakespeare and Shaw. In the course of years he has read and, under constraint of examination, been compelled in his immature fashion to ponder one or two at least of each type of play—a comedy, *Twelfth Night;* history, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.* (Part I.); tragedies, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet;* and the one perfect of all romantic dramas, *The Tempest*. And now a benevolent University of London insists that he shall read *St. Joan* and know of more than the existence of George Bernard Shaw. It only needed this —quite enough, more than enough—to enable Jones, with ready and light-hearted response, to institute a comparison, and final assessment of magnitude, of all stars in literary firmaments in this or any other universe. In fact, he has made up his mind, and seeks, not information, but confirmation; and, should the master invite his opinion, would reply cheerfully, explicitly and colloquially, Shaw beats Shakespeare hollow—all the way and all the time. Lucky Jones! He has no figures and no fantasies—none of the doubts and reservations which experience draws in the busy brains of men. Taking himself quite seriously—his custom when under class-room restraint—he is conscious of nothing incongruous or incommensurable between himself and his literary judgments; he has no misgiving lest he is moving about in a world not realised—he is cocksure. When he does become aware, he will find the world, and his own situation in it, curious and whimsical enough—indeed, a paradox quite according to Mr. Shaw's own heart. In a few years Jones is going to become 'the average man,' a creature of anathema to Mr. Shaw—his favourite cockshy and Aunt Sally, the butt of a laughing philosopher, who will pelt him with epigrams, and if he tries to avoid the missiles will smile at his grimaces. And yet through it all his approval will be of infinite moment and importance to the tormentor: necessary to lift him to apotheosis. Only the breath of the average man can change the prescribed and limited immortality of heroes who live half in heaven before they die to a permanent place in Valhalla. So Mr. Shaw values Jones' opinion and despises the literary judgments of his master. Those two are doomed to struggle for the soul of Jones, who must

be taught not to worship blindly; and without intellectual 'priggishness'—a prig for this purpose being defined as 'one who makes you a present of his opinions'—to practise reservation first and then to value his own judgments.

However, such a case of first love or calf love, though it appear desperate, should not prove difficult of cure: it need not deepen into infatuation. Let us remember Jones has been sinned against as well as sinning. In his short life he has heard much of movements, tendencies, developments in literature—classicisms, romanticisms, Augustan ages. But never, withal, with reference to his latest love: she has come to him fresh, clothed in modern idiom, with no archaic distractions such as your Shakespeares or Miltons were wont to use; she speaks to him in her own voice and needs no interpreter What wonder, then, the enamoured youth suffers from a kind of *lusus* in perspective and sees her as a thing apart, as of her own kind, unrelated, glowing, beautiful, born of sea-foam? But—surround her with conventional setting, investigate her origins, range her with her compeers, and at a touch of the scholastic wand—which should only indicate an exaltation to an adept eye—lo! for our neophyte half the charm is gone. This is the corrective the master intends to use—if with some compunction, yet with all the firmness of a Major Pendennis. He will apply the conventional standards to *St. Joan*. Respect for her author forbids placing Jones's inamorata in the dock, but he shall see her with his eyes, in the drawing-room—that place of trial. Verdict first, trial afterwards? Well! he shall not be deprived of Alice's consolation, and he shall hear that verdict pronounced in his master's voice and with the downrightness of an oracle, since he loves an oracular manner. '*St. Joan* is a masterpiece, let it be granted once for all; this drama is its author's masterpiece.'

For at length a day has come when what is really of interest to the world in general can be disclosed—whether he has earned the right to an opinion at all. The lower-sixth form has now reached a point in its studies when it can hold its symposium and assize of judgment—not so silly and inordinate an ambition as may at first appear. Every boy has read the play and, as his written exercises prove, gained a real understanding, not only of the story of the drama, but of its broader outlook and even some of the subtler intention of the author. Of course, he has sought help from the famous prefaces, banned peremptorily, but, it is feared, so unsuccessfully as to prove how necessary is their suppression, or sealing by uncut pages, in future school editions. One boy goes so far as to forget the inhibition altogether, to plead, 'Before reading any play by Bernard Shaw, the preface should be read carefully, for here Shaw states all that he is going

to write about, and the actual play is a concrete commentary on the prologue '—wherein no doubt our critic means well and says more than he means, perchance, on his author's deep, unconscious genius. Nevertheless, after all allowance, it is certain the boys have been moving under their own impulse and gathering results from their own rumination; otherwise they could not have pointed the theme with such apt citations from the play itself, easy as the insistent manner and concentrated significance render the choice. They know the story of the action, then; but have they any notion of higher qualities, any appreciation of the profound insight, truly choosing, intellectual acumen, rightly dividing, subtle artistry, exquisitely moulding the material of experience; of the strong activity of spirit, restrained in all high seriousness, power curbed and directed to its end alone—in a word, of what we mean by sustained creative purpose at work in forming the best play of modern times? The movements of circumstance, used as a means of revelation, wherein is constituted the art of drama; the clash and interplay of powerful forces whose implicit working finds embodiment in living flesh and blood and is explicitly revealed; and even such a high dramatic effect as the sense of doom arising from the unconsciousness in those forces of their own crushing impact—these are, indeed, highly wrought, and may perhaps be considered beyond the reach of ordinary boys, best left to the clearer vision of sophisticated men. The boys, however, have one advantage which should not be overlooked; it is not so long since an able history master has taught them to understand such matters as one of them, Robinson, declares form the real theme of *St. Joan*—' the fast coming end of feudalism, the change from Christendom to separate nations, the change from rigid observance of the universal Catholic Church to Protestantism, private judgment, and toleration in religion.' It is clear Robinson has the root of the matter in him, and Smith is delving beneath the root when he says, ' The greater part of the drama is not seen on the stage at all; the play is not merely a record of the events leading up to the death of Joan; it is a reflection on the constitution of the time.' While Brown re-echoes the wheels of Mr. Shaw's Juggernaut thus, ' Joan never makes any remark about the Church, only about God and herself, and of her own accord she "bumped up" against this powerful machine: this could not be tolerated, and she paid the supreme penalty for it.'

So, while gladly conceding to these young critics the right to hold opinions—the more the better, since they show judgment—it is still the master's preoccupation to discover why the same power cannot teach his pupil the necessary reservations—which, after all, are only deferred judgments. Inexperience alone is not

a sufficient excuse, because, as we have seen, he has read more Shakespeare than Shaw; and moreover, deplorable fact, what is being compared is not like with like—he thinks the chronicle play *St. Joan* superior not merely to *Henry VI.*, but superior to *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, or both of them together. Has some deeper and more dominant appeal overset his judgment, such as it is, or just some superficial circumstance—archaic language, Elizabethan stage conventions, the involution of elevated style, or maybe misguidance in the course of his own studies—prevented any real free exercise of judgment altogether? One thing is certain—there has been at once too much comparison and too little Shakespeare has been 'placed' for Jones, and he includes him in one sweep of his mind amongst 'standard authors,' labelled 'Shakespeare and that lot,' in a kind of conventional constellation of fixed stars whose phenomena and laws he is willingly accustomed to take on trust—writers of 'literature.' But now across his horizon blazes a meteoric splendour, and he vainly conceives, not merely a new planet that swims into his ken, but a comet and a wonder; hence his rather breathless admiration. So here the master must intervene, and, though his manner will seem no doubt exaggerated and provocative, he must needs assume the *advocatus diaboli*, while to preserve the balance he transfers hackneyed literary dicta from Elizabethan to modern. The fact is, he will say, no writer is more the product of his time and of the formative forces both of past and present than Mr. Bernard Shaw. Consciously and unconsciously, by his actions and his reactions, he proclaims himself the prophet of the twentieth century and voices the problems of our state and time. But he derives from ancestors, like all the rest of us, except, of course, one of whom it has been said:

> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting Time toiled after him in vain.

Do not think because he is so high in the hierarchy he is above it, or because he is so modern he is independent of the succession in literature. George Bernard Shaw is included in the list with 'Shakespeare and that lot.' When Jones wrote last year his short study in a great subject—the romantic revival, for which, by the way, he was praised for a good attempt in making bricks without much clay or straw—would he have included in his romantic heroes the author of *St. Joan?* He would not? And why not? As wholly original, beyond all schools? Romanticism, he informed me, was the great change in literature that meant so many things, mainly a change of attitude—freedom, love of Nature, but above all a new value for everything touching the human spirit, particularly for man's personality; and, since this implied a new reverence for man's past, it involved also a fresh

view of history: he seemed to think the change beginning with Wordsworth and the Lake Poets culminated in the prose romances of Scott (which he himself knows and loves, as well he may—he could not love a better thing), and, having culminated, ended at that summit. Now does he really believe the process ended there—a hundred years ago? Suppose we go further and say the wave of thought and feeling called romanticism, far from ending then, had only just begun: it passed on into our own century, is still flooding the shores of our own literature, and, having caught up Mr. Shaw, is even now surging on to other levels.

To this Jones listens with ostentatious incredulity, doubly suspicious, first, of the purple style in a master who always prescribes restraint in language, and, secondly, of the special pleading of an avowed Shakespeare worshipper. To convince him, evidence must be sought elsewhere, and, taken from one of his own favourites, the best possible authority for the purpose—R. L. Stevenson, himself a lord of high romance—it may be so contrived as to disarm his prejudices and soften his antagonism.

In that movement of an extended curiosity and an enfranchised imagination called romantic, Stevenson [2] points out a curious effect which intimately concerns us here. We suddenly become conscious, he says, not only of new values in human personality, but of an entirely different attitude in regarding it: if man still remains the centre of our vision, all the scene around him has changed. We suddenly become conscious of the background—the continual suggestion of the landscape; the turn of the weather that will turn with it men's lives, dimly foreshadowed on the horizon; the fatality of distant events; the stream of national tendency; the salient framework of causation. We begin to have a sense of the influences which moderate and qualify a man's personality, till that personality is no longer thrown out in unnatural isolation but is resumed into its place in the constitution of things. Now this is subtle though fine and constructive criticism, and it may be thought quite beyond Jones. Not so; if at all skilfully used it will be understood; for, as we have seen, he has already noticed these things for himself in *St. Joan*, and will be ready to credit them all—landscape, fatality, tendency, framework of causation—immediately to Mr. Shaw. Therein he is right; and therefore, on his surprise in learning these phrases are really Stevenson on Scott, a salutary persuasion may attend, or at least a salutary doubt. In his turn, our hope is, he too may become conscious of backgrounds in literature as well as in life, and may cease to view his author in unnatural isolation, but resumed into his place in the literary stream and drift of thought.

And it seems the boys have actually anticipated the next step

[2] *Familiar Studies.*

in the argument—they have already noticed and described how, from the background of Mr. Shaw's masterpiece, huge elemental forces stalk forward into the foreground,

> Vast formless things that shift the scenery to and fro
> Flapping from out their condor wings invisible woe.

They are to hear next of an author who denounces the external fatality that hangs over men's lives in the form of foolish and inflexible superstition: it has spoken to them already in the voice of the Grand Inquisitor. The deadly weight of civilisation to those who are below, the bloodless indifference of social exigency to human pain, the million individual injustices of the law—all these, realised, concentrated and embodied, have been present to them when Warwick speaks his feudalism. A human soul at grips with a great and general law, which it does not understand, whose purposes are not its purposes, and whether active or passive always implacable and an enemy, a cosmic force humanised into the real villain of the piece, this is the theme of—what? Let Jones answer and say '*St. Joan*'; he will have reason, though those phrases are really drawn from Stevenson's vivid analysis of Victor Hugo's tales of life—*Notre Dame*, *Les Misérables*, *Toilers of the Sea*; for truly it is the same force which burns St. Joan as sets Jean Valjean to pick oakum: like her, Esmeralda, poor innocent child, has (in the words of Brown) 'bumped up' against that terrible machine the Church, and must pay the penalty with her life. Thus by their insight into, and application of, the criticism the boys have unconsciously given their little tribute to the wave of romanticism rising towards its height, and in its amplitude swaying Mr. Shaw. The point perhaps need not be laboured further at present; but at some future time, when Brown has grown to love Hugo, we may proceed and ask him whether 'the terror we feel (in *Les Misérables*), a terror of the machinery of the law—which we hear tearing in the dark the good and the bad, Valjean and Javert, with the iron stolidity of all machinery'—is not only one with the terror that crushes French maid and English soldier, but also the same, in essence, if not in intensity, as the hate and fear of machinery and its cold anti-human cruelty felt all over Europe, underlying to-day our most sensational 'Robot' drama. But that is for the future; enough now if the boys have gained a sense of continuity—of how Scott drew the line, Hugo produced it, George Bernard Shaw continued it, a line of literary tendency he cannot evade and must fulfil.

Nor, they must be warned, does the writer of the play, whose spiritual lineage has thus been traced, wish to escape: only the writer of the preface, not content with deploring the lack of those very things in Elizabethan drama, will go on to protest against

romance and to gird at melodrama. But this is merely part of the greater paradox he has made as familiar as it is strange. The two are different men—blood-brothers, alike but different: one, the intellectual, realising all he knows in dramatic theses, claiming our interest for Joan as a rationalised revalued historical figure; the other, greater than he knows, in his own unrealised humanity touching our hearts to pity for a poor maid done to death in 'a trial she does not understand.' St. Joan!—at once practical genius and poor victim! To reconcile these, to find solution and unity for such opposite conceptions, is the work of even a third, true unified Mr. Shaw—the artist. And this is an art, surely drawn from something more essential, more latent, more human than the purely critical spirit of the prefaces: its living force has had elsewhere its rising and 'cometh from afar.' However, dramaturgic 'rage' is certainly too deep water for our wading at present: it is the art of the play itself which should form the proper basis of our study—to which we must return. Any incident, the brutality of the machinery of feudalism in the first words of the opening scene for instance, may be made the cue for the master to show that art, devising, choosing, balancing, moulding, wherein the deep originality abides. And so, he may bring comfort to Jones, for by this time of course he begins to think what he thought of Shakespeare, when he first heard of the use of Holinshed and Plutarch—not original? Supreme excellences in *St. Joan* may now be recalled, already known and spoken of, though in simpler and less general terms—unwavering creative purpose, unity of conception, vivid characterisation, deftness of touch, pointed dialogue, flashes of grim humour, unmatched stagecraft; and to Shaw may now be credited all that Scott and Hugo did in romance, triumphantly achieved in a more difficult medium by the varied powers that have done so much to regenerate our drama. Without danger now he may be proclaimed the great genius he is known and knows himself to be: for Jones is beginning to learn his lesson in proportion and perspective. Nor is the master likely to forget or depreciate the realism of the play, seeing in it, not merely precision and truth of detail, but, to him, a deeper thing—the reaction from mid-Victorian sentimentalism, that indulgence and display of exaggerated feeling which his pupils are too young to remember: realism in the sense in which Emerson said, 'Let us replace sentimentalism by realism and dare to uncover those simple and terrible laws which, be they seen or unseen, pervade and govern.' And this uncovering—is it not exactly what Mr. Shaw has dared to do in *St. Joan*? Romantic but not sentimental, realist but not morbid, his genius, unfolding itself in a drama of such varied power, wide significance and complex texture as to give pause to a philosopher, historian or critic, has

by its clarity of thought, novelty of conception, deftness of presentment, so touched the imagination and charmed the interest of our young Philistine that he is eager to deliver over at once the Shakespearian keys of terror, joy, and sympathetic tears.

Yes! but keys may wind through secret wards; the secret may not be revealed necessarily even to Nature's youngest and most dauntless child: and, though these things are mysteries, Jones ought not, in his new-found passion, to have forgotten the attempt formerly made to initiate him therein, on the higher as well as the lower plane. So, to remind him—since he is prone to distrust the rare atmosphere of the highest and call it 'high-falutin'—let him first reconsider some of Shakespeare's more mundane achievement.

The characters in a play, particularly characters as moralities, have, of course, always been his study since he began to read drama at all: whatever else was slighted or passed over, his utmost in the way of comprehension has always been demanded here; and here, therefore, is an aspect in which he really should be encouraged to institute comparisons. Wonderful as are the characters of *St. Joan*—individual, consistent, contrasted, developed, interacting—let him compare them with those of a play he knows, say *Richard II.* or *Henry IV.*, wherein he will find these qualities again, some of them developed in an even higher degree. And something more! Let him consider whether we get quite the peculiar intimate early knowledge and conception of personality, the inexplicable dramatic presence, given on the first strokes of the delineation, in the light of which, to the despair of critics, we read and diagnose the rest. We know Henry Bolingbroke as we know Falstaff in his first few minutes on the stage, and we feel we are in his confidence. Jones last year had agreed to this.[8] Can he say the same now of Warwick or Cauchon? Or is this extreme rapidity in forging the curious subtle link of sympathy between character and audience a supreme craft: incapable of conscious attainment because it points to something that only Shakespeare knew—the deep pool in which all Nature was mirrored, the universal mind? Of this last great generalisation boys, without a man's experience, cannot know much; but they have certainly shown by their notice of the prefaces that they can consider intelligently a more specific distinction submitted to them—that in the intellectual drama of Mr. Shaw the characters are men because they are moralities, in the universal drama of Shakespeare they are moralities because they are men. And does not this imply as ultimate cause the universality of Shakespeare's genius?

There remains one other height for Jones to climb—the

[8] He had heard extracts from Maurice Morgann's remarkable essay.

ascent to Shakespeare's poetry. All the peaks soar, but this the rest excels—clouds overcome it; and there is no denying, his feet have always been reluctant and he feels queasy. The clouds, in fact, are the difficulty; for they can be penetrated only by flight, while what he demands is the secure sense of feet on the solid earth. In a word, he has the definite anti-poetic bias: abstractions, mysticisms, theories of poetry are of no use to him. Yet in the past, now too eagerly forgotten, he has been taught and accustomed to demand from poetry the three essentials—imagination, music, and a sense of exaltation; and though, of course, the last of these begs the whole question, he has found comfort in the illusion of an analytic method and has gained a good working rule for 'testing poetry.' So now he need not go over again the process which led him—from particular to general, from concrete to abstract—to his customary criteria. A reminder will be enough for him; but there may be some who, interested to know by what possible process this consummation, so devoutly wished, could be attained, will excuse its description at some length. He himself will smile now to remember when the master asked him to close his eyes and use his imagination to paint a scene in words (with apology for the over-strained style, the effect being the important thing), thus:

> Somewhere out in a lone place of desolation, where no man comes or hath come since the making of the world, there is a cave—its entrance is sealed by the dark night from the eye—its existence from the ear by silence—positive silence more than absence of sound—darkness that can be felt—stillness like the rigor of death. But there, a creature is lying, with gaunt frame, attenuated limbs, tightened skin revealing every bone. grinning horror as the wicked dreams contort the face, for the creature is asleep—not soothed, *abused* by sleep. One thing only can awake it—a cry from one of the ghastly sentinels, the wolves that close the circle guarding the den. And now it comes, the awful sound shivering through the night, cutting the silence, wailing in wave upon intolerable wave. Grasping its knife comes forth the spectre-corpse, crouching in hungry eagerness, and takes its way, seeking prey in the world of men. It is 'murder.'

Jones opens his eyes, to learn that Shakespeare has expressed all this, and more, almost in a single line:

> And withered murder
> Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf
> Whose howl's his watch.

And he must feel something new is here—a complex, powerful impression for which he has no name and which when Macbeth speaks the words, musical as they are, becomes woven into the very texture of the play—a thread of heightened terror in the murder scene: he must feel sufficient interest to ask what is the

peculiarity, the real nature of this imaginative transformation. What has Shakespeare done? Before answering, let us give him one more instance.

Shakespeare sees a lovely thing, a daffodil, which, at times, many people have tried to describe. His imagination awakes, and sees what we all know so well—a cold spring day, with a penetrating, blustering east wind waiting for us at the corner of the street, piercing to the marrow of our bones. And as the wind comes along, it passes that lovely yellow lady dressed in vernal green. And the chiding churl straightway falls in love, melting into passion: instead of icy blasts he falls to breathing sighs of love and tenderness—

> Daffodils that come before the swallow dares
> And take the winds of March with beauty.

What has Shakespeare done that, on the basis of many such instances, Jones is capable of rising to understand and to shape into his own theory of poetry? First, he has analysed murder into its dreadful components—secrecy, stealth, silence, darkness, eager cruelty, unnatural horror. Withdrawing them from their original associations with a single deed and at once generalising and blending them, he has made a new creation—the form we saw in the cave or creeping forth from the den: he has peopled vacancy. Again he has looked at a daffodil and analysed its charm, its colour, shape, situation, appearance: he has looked at love, its attractiveness, warmth, soft embrace, its power to soften asperities and waken latent susceptibilities in rough human nature, to change rude enmity to tender sympathy. His intellect has seen all these, held them, transfused them through and through each other, and again the blending has produced a new image of beauty, a daffodil as the symbol and expression of love—nay more, the heroine of a love story. He has given to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. This is imagination, as it is presented concretely to Jones; and if is added the music of Shakespeare's words he certainly does feel a sense of exaltation, flight, other-worldliness (call it what we will), and he thinks he will know the thrill again. In this simple way the boy has been led to his three postulates and criteria for poetry—that divine, indefinable thing. Beside its rich effect other expression is colourless, other movement pedestrian, other cleverness commonplace. It is the gracious influence breathing in, through, around each word, phrase, line, passage, situation, character of Shakespeare's work; which, in spite of imaginative power in theme or epical harmony in development, without the music of words, he will never draw in, even with his enamoured breath, from the pages of Mr. Shaw. So, reminded by the above instances, let him multi-

ply them by ten thousand to know what he is lacking, or let him read and find them again in a storehouse overflowing—in *Richard II.*—the play that gave inspiration and acknowledged delight, as his favourite work in literature, to one of the truest, deepest, sincerest souls this world has seen—Abraham Lincoln.

Then he may be left to wonder, not why Shakespeare's poetic drama claims our adoration, but why Mr. Shaw has never given us a lyric play equal in the power of beauty, as in the beauty of power, to his prose epic *St. Joan.*

MICHAEL MASON.

FOUR CENTURIES OF DÜRER

APRIL 6 brings us the death anniversary of Albert Dürer, greatest of German artists, and this year links us with him by exactly four centuries. He has special appeal for Englishmen, because he was the forerunner of Holbein the younger, the versatile Swabian who came to London with his countrymen, the merchants of the Steelyard, and made himself limner-in-chief to Henry VIII. and the circle of the Tudor Court. Dürer, however, eclipsed his colleague of a later generation, for he was not only a portrait-painter and an engraver and so much else; he was a master of imaginative painting, and a force in those turbulent times which by a paradox we style the Middle Ages because they were a compound of violent extremes. Dürer himself was not exempt from the contradictions of his period. For, having endowed the Church with certain masterpieces for her edification, he sided on many points with Luther and the Reformers, and made no concealment of his sympathies. Can it be that, as with William Byrd in our Elizabeth's time, this awkward touch of nonconformity was condoned in a great artist because he was so useful that there was no replacing him?

Dürer, the third of eighteen children, and one of the few who reached maturity, was passionately fond of youngsters, but had none of his own. In this enthusiasm for youth, he was more a son of the dawning Renaissance, in fact, than an heir of the fading Middle Ages. What is more, he had an innate sense of splendour far beyond the burgherish surroundings of his native Nüremberg. His father, a pious immigrant from Hungary, was a capable goldsmith, and brought up Albert to the same trade—a circumstance that links the artist with our Raeburn, for each of them emerged into painting the better qualified for having mastered a difficult craft in miniature. But for a long time this self-emancipation in Dürer's case seemed doubtful, since he had poverty for a taskmaster, and hard men of business for his neighbours. Nüremberg—the city of towers and guilds and mastersingers like Hans Sachs, the city which Irving and his artists chose as the home for Faust in the picturesque Lyceum setting of years ago—has always borne a name for industry, and bears it still. But 400

years ago it had drawbacks for an artist who wanted to rise from the level of the metalworker's foundry and apply himself to purer forms of art. When the Nürembergers gave rein to their fancy it flew off in the direction of legends and terrors, and on 'the Hill of Witches' a common broom had more credentials on imagination than a lad apprenticed to a trade or 'mystery.' Fortunately, youth is not easily daunted by environment when it has genius behind it. Dürer has left us a masterly portrait of his sire which might almost be a Rembrandt if it were not for the humour lurking underneath the wizened visage. That humour was hereditary. Nor did Dürer, senior, belie this attribute of sensibility, for he had the sense to let the lad go and study painting under the best artists within reach. Albert may have taken with him the earliest of the auto-portraits that are still extant, and this marvellous drawing, done at the age of thirteen, showed that in following his bent he was only pursuing the inevitable after all. The four wander-years that ensued may have carried him from the Low Countries to Italy, for in after-life he spoke of Venice as a city he had seen before. And we know from *The Cloister and the Hearth* what a franchise of adventure the highways of western Europe afforded in those days to 'the lad of parts.'

Art had its limitations, all the same, at the end of the fifteenth century. Even in a thriving centre like Nüremberg, under the sway of the Emperor Maximilian, there was no livelihood in oil painting, even for a diligent worker like Dürer. There are insistent letters of his that show how he had to plead with his friend Heller for a bare fee of 200 florins to recoup him for his outlay on the precious colours he had used in painting his *Coronation of the Virgin*, a commissioned masterpiece that nowadays would fetch almost as many thousands. When delivered, it was rightly hailed for a miracle of devotional art as well as a downright bargain, and the painter sent word that if no one but himself were allowed to varnish it, it would last 500 years. Alas for the irony of things! It was taken from the high altar at Frankfort and carried off to the emperor's palace at Munich, where it perished by fire in 1674, leaving nothing but a copy which had providentially remained behind. But the episode is interesting because it shows what a poor return resulted from two years of inspired labour. Dürer swore that he would never make such a sacrifice again. He went back to the task of engraving on wood and copper, where he had made himself a master without a rival. Both in perfection of detail and in the number of his plates he surpassed the hardest-working of his rivals. To find a parallel we have to turn to Piranesi and his wonderful plates of the *Antiquities of Rome*, that filled forty years of incessant toil, and leave us marvelling that one pair of hands could achieve so much.

Fortunately the British Museum is rich in Dürer relics, and when Sir Henry Cole struck off a careful reprint of *The Little Passion* over eighty years ago, those thirty-five blocks in our possession came out with a fidelity and finish that showed how much genius had gone to their making three centuries before.

The stimulus that lay behind Dürer's busy life had utility as well as zeal. On his return home after those wander-years he took to himself a wife on the hard-headed basis that was common at the time—a modest settlement and a family concordat, rather than any impulse or bargain of affection. Agnes Frey, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, was a good match in the worldly sense, and a worthy person from the standpoint of the Catechism. But hard things have been said aforetime of the woman so virtuous as to be a chilly influence, humanly speaking, on all around her, and the instinct of prosperity she had inherited seems to have made her merciless to a patient spouse who had no source of income but the labour of his hands. Dürer, so far as we can learn, led an exemplary life and incurred no reproaches as a bread-winner. Yet, as one of his biographers declares, those 200 florins he received with his Agnes as dowry brought 'at least two thousand unhappy days.' So we must rank him with Socrates and Richard Hooker—who was 'judicious' in everything but marriage—seeing that all three were wedded to excellent women who made themselves a burden, and gave their lords and masters the reputation of being 'henpecked.' Dürer, said his friend and patron, Pirkheimer, was harried to the grave before his time, for Frau Durer kept him hard and fast to his work without reward or remission, on no apparent pretext except that they might compare in wealth a little better with her own family. By the age of fifty-seven, and all untimely, the artist died, leaving her a widow with 6000 florins, and the world the poorer by the loss of a consummate artist. Their house in Nüremberg, in its timber-gabled and uncomely bulk, its lace-like woodwork and its tumbling aspect on a sloping corner, has been a shrine ever since for art pilgrims from all the world over. But for the best part of three decades it must have been a gloomy prison-house for Albert Dürer, with the burin in front of him, and the still sharper tongue of a shrewish wife to goad him on.

It may be doubted if any man has enjoyed a greater or more inspiring era, yet it finds but little mention in Dürer's 'journal.' His sixty years, or nearly so, between 1470 and 1528 comprised the Pontificate of Leo X., which men regarded as the meridian of history. It was an age of discovery, of art, of conquest, of glory. It saw the Medici rise and fall. It included Machiavelli and Leonardo, Titian and Correggio, Michelangelo, last of the classics, and Raffaelle, first of the moderns. It watched Erasmus

balancing the old learning and the new. It saw Columbus landing on the shores of the New World, Diaz rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and Magellan making his first girdle of the globe. The Wars of the Roses had begun in England, and the Peasants' War in Germany. Belgrade had capitulated at last, and the Turks had given way to the gallantry of Venice. Maximilian had been crowned at Rome, Baber had founded the Mogul dynasty at Delhi, and Charles V. had entered on his long and chequered reign. The Inquisition was in session at Seville; Luther, summoned to Rome, had appealed for a general synod; and the Council of Trent was about to meet. Here in England Caxton had set up his press in the Abbey, and More had issued his *Utopia*.

It invites a smile of cynicism to add to this blaze of achievement the fact that the art of wood-engraving took its birth from playing-cards. But when we think what influence this laborious craft had on the birth of printing, and printing upon the march of civilisation, mere discrepancies merge into a broad perspective. Dürer was so far German that he left comparatively little to the imagination; and occasionally his efforts to be profound, as in his figure of 'Melancolia,' merely succeed in leaving men puzzled. He has left us moralities which undoubtedly inspired Hogarth, and many another after him. Holbein's *Dance of Death* might never have been wrought if it had not found inspiration in *The Passion* and *The Little Passion* of Dürer.

Those who regard the age of the supernatural as dead, vote it a miracle that in those days men ever found their eyesight survive the ordeal of such minute work as engraving by the light of candles. It is a mercy to know that after a while Dürer was able to relegate the more laborious task to lesser men, so as to gain time for conception and design. Those arts were the theme of more than one treatise written by his pen, and they show his genuine affinity with Leonardo, his contemporary, in that both could do so many things, and all of them well. Unfortunately, Dürer could not find a way to make his countrymen live up to their opportunities, so that the supreme artist of his race, as we have seen, passed away ten or twenty years before his time.

Print had as yet no appeal for an artist anxious for posterity to think well of him, and Dürer's portraits of himself lack nothing in the way of subjective appreciation. More than one, in their haunting eyes and luxuriance of flowing hair, seem like studies for an apotheosis of the Redeemer, not altogether explained away by an afterthought of costume. Even his *Prodigal Son*, though the surrounding barns and the swine are real enough, is not without well-trimmed love-locks and a self-complacent pose. Memory fails to recall any portrait of Dürer's wife, but we can imagine her—a practical and unamiable person, cheated of children

and popularity by deficiencies of nature—resenting this rapt visage of her husband, half-contemplative and half-reproachful. The curious thing is that he should be so mystical in his auto-portraits, so meticulous in the detail of engravings like the *St. Eustace* or the *St. Jerome*, and so frankly ridiculous about the spirit of evil in that wonderful plate *The Knight, the Death and the Devil.*

There are many themes for conjecture in Dürer's work the moment he begins to be romantic. He is at his best when he applies himself to distilling piety and pity out of the narrative of the Passion, turning the whole of the gospel story, as it were, into Stations of the Cross. According to more than one of his admirers, a single achievement of his transcends the rest, and has no superior from any other hand This is the *Adoration of the Holy Trinity*, the picture that draws so many world-pilgrims to the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. Chapters have been spent upon it as a symmetrised composition made up of innumerable figures, and centred by the dominant mystery of the Christian faith. It is a firmament of living praise, a cosmogony of the elect. Popes and martyrs, virgins and emperors, historical figures more or less identifiable, join in a supreme chorus of exultation not incomparable with the concentric circles of rapture in the last cantos of Dante's *Commedia*. No one can appreciate this picture who has not lived for years with a copy on his wall. To many an observer, however, the winning figure is not Charlemagne or David, the Madonna or St. Joseph, but the pious old coppersmith, Mattheus Landauer, who had commissioned the work for a hostel he had founded, the House of the Twelve Brothers, which perpetuated his kindliness of heart, and contained his tomb. It was robbed of this masterpiece of Dürer's, however, by the rapacity of Rudolph II., and the empty frame was left in the chapel to tell the shameful tale. Fortunately, it enjoys a better fate and a wider court of admiration than it would have had in the chapel of the Brothers. To-day the *Adoration* happily survives all vicissitudes, and in the splendour of its colouring and space impresses all beholders. It makes one think of the remark that the Spanish monk made to Sir David Wilkie when showing him the masterpieces on the refectory wall: 'These are the realities, señor. It is we who are the shadows.'

J. P. Collins.

BLASCO IBÁNEZ, 1867-1928

Blasco Ibáñez, the world-famous novelist and stormy petrel of Spanish politics, is dead. Not only will he be mourned all over the world by the myriads of novel readers who enjoyed his later sensational books, but also by the still greater numbers who will remember him as the inspirer of the huge films *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and *Enemies of Women*.

If we pay too much heed to the later filmed novels of Blasco Ibáñez we shall not understand his mentality. At heart he was always an intense Spaniard, but one from the Mediterranean seaboard, revelling in the gorgeous colours of the Riviera and in the rhetorical profusion in literary style. What a contrast to the austere Castilian writer who prefers to wander over the parched uplands of Castile with its phantom cypress trees, where women wear black! Spain is a country of regions antagonistic to one another in spirit. It was with justice that Victor Hugo spoke of 'Les Espagnes.' Nature, by its succession of transverse mountain ranges, has broken the Iberian peninsula into separate sections, and this dislocation has imposed localism and isolation on the inhabitants. It is on account of this localisation that the modern Spanish novel is so interesting to us We find in it a wealth of local colour that exists rarely in the novels of other more progressive countries, where the tendency has been to evolve a uniform cosmopolitan type of literature. When we read the works of Thomas Hardy we are struck by his deep attachment to the soil of his native Wessex, the soil which he peoples, not only with its modern but also with its ancient inhabitants back to the days of the old kingdom. With this thought in our minds we shall understand the value of the modern novelists of Spain. Ibáñez in his early novels was purely Valencian, and it was only after he left Spain for Europe and the world that he threw off his Spanish personality and became a cosmopolitan writer whose characters may belong to any country or civilisation.

Perhaps the greatest quality of Blasco Ibáñez was his energy. In his life he was the antithesis to the novelist who works away peacefully in some secluded spot. He has described himself as a man of action:

I am a man of action, and my life has been spent in work that is far removed from the manufacture of books . . . I have been a political agitator and I have spent a part of my youth in prison ; I have been there at least thirty times. I have also been sentenced to hard labour. I have been seriously wounded in duels : I know all the physical privations which may descend upon a human being, including the direst poverty. I have been a deputy, even to the point of boredom, for six legislatures, and I am an intimate friend of many heads of Governments. I have been introduced to the Sultan of Turkey, lived in luxurious palaces, acted as financier to the tune of millions of pounds sterling , I have even founded towns in America. I say all this only to show you that I prefer to live my novels rather than write them on paper.[1]

Such a confession will give us a clue to the intimate personality of our author. As Eduardo Zamacoїs said of him, 'He is a conquistador-poet as Alonso de Ercilla was, and knows how to bring the fantastic intensity of the novel into his life.' I should feel inclined to say that rather than a conquistador we should call him a stage conquistador like the braggadocio captain in the ancient *Commedia dell'Arte*. The note of boastfulness runs through all his work, and at times it becomes the veriest gasconading. He always dreamt of splendours heaped upon splendours, and if he could have done so he would have piled Pelion upon Ossa until he reached Olympus by sheer brutal force. Characteristic of him is the story told by Signor Ezio Levi. Ibáñez wished to make his villa Malvarrosa at Nice into a fairy palace. Sorolla painted frescoes for it: Benlliure sculptured friezes, antiquarians from Valencia procured the most exquisite antiquities to fill its halls. But Blasco had seen a beautiful marble table at Pompei, and he wanted to have a Pompeian triclinium built on the cliffs overlooking the sea, and so marble was brought from Carrara and the pavilion was built. Alas ! Hardly had the work been finished, and the date arranged for inaugurating this splendid work of art in the presence of friends and artists, when the floor gave way and frescoes and decorations perished. All his life Blasco Ibáñez tried to perform impossible feats. He strikes us as one who was always posturing to the world. It was his impulsiveness and his posturing that led him into excesses of vulgarity and bad taste. It was this that led him to publish the infamous libel *Alfonso XIII. Unmasked*, in which he attempts to blacken for the world the character of the King of Spain, who has played so noble a part in creating modern Spain. That pamphlet, though it was translated into English and circulated freely, did more to harm Blasco Ibáñez's reputation than anything he ever wrote, because it showed that he could descend from political argument to the depths of mere personal abuse. In fact all through his life Blasco Ibáñez was not fitted to play the

[1] *Cf.* Ezio Levi, *Figure della Letteratura spagnola* Florence, 1922.

politician. First of all he was a writer possessing a powerful imagination but little reflection. He was a florid orator gifted with facility for pouring out rhetoric, but with little self-criticism. He had none of the subtlety that is needed for the modern politician. There was often a note of generosity in his early political struggles before he became one of the capitalists of literature, but it was vitiated by his lack of restraint. The present writer, in a visit to Unamuno at Salamanca in 1921, asked him what he thought of Ibáñez as an artist. The sage replied that Ibáñez was more an impressionist than an artist. Then, to illustrate his meaning, he related an anecdote about him. When Ibáñez was last at Salamanca, Unamuno asked him to visit a second time some interesting parts of the city such as the cathedral and the university, but Ibáñez replied: 'No; no me interesa aquello que no me impresiona en una primera mirada.' ('I only take interest in what I see at first impression.') This, according to Unamuno, is characteristic of Ibáñez: he is only a superficial writer, a writer of impressions. He does not know the technics of his art, but writes at once, spontaneously, without reflection. It is interesting to note such an opinion from Unamuno, the author of the *Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, who is the exact antithesis of Ibáñez. In Unamuno's austerity and soul-searching, in his constant preoccupation with death, we find qualities that are far truer to Spain. But Blasco Ibáñez is read and seen by all the world: his vision of Spain has been multiplied by mass production, and countless people take it as the truth. In this respect he may be considered a creator of the 'stage-Spaniard.' But such a criticism is not altogether just to him. It is true that the man who reads only the novels of Blasco Ibáñez will obtain a limited vision of modern Spain—a vision which does not illuminate the strength and forcefulness of the Spanish people, its infinite variety. Everyone who has read his novels should, then, turn to the works of Pío Baroja, the arch-European, as he calls himself, of the Basque land, to Ramón Pérez de Ayala, the exquisite stylist, or else to Ricardo León, the traditional writer. These writers give us an antidote to the novels of Ibáñez. None of those writers, however, has the literary profusion—we might call it generosity—of Blasco Ibáñez. His works are written by impulse and are the outpouring of his genius. He is like one of those fabulously rich caliphs of the *Arabian Nights* who delight in dazzling their friends by jewel after jewel. His appearance and his speech intensified the impression of generous profusion. Many stories are told of his gifts to needy writers, and his unfailing kindness has been commented upon in the Spanish Press by many whose ideals were antagonistic to his. And this generosity reflects itself in his writings, for few writers

had a more fruitful imagination. It has been said that as a child he used to act as general in all the games he played with others of his age, and when it rained he used to gather them all together under some arch and tell them stories which he made up out of his own head. This great power of weaving fantastic webs of many colours manifested itself by impulse: afterwards he used to forget such stories. Sometimes he even forgot the details of the works he had written. Once in Buenos Aires he witnessed in the theatre an adaptation of one of his novels without recognising his own characters.[1]

Regional Novels of Life in Valencia

The early life of Blasco Ibáñez was spent in Valencia, and the first period of his work includes the novels dealing with life in that picturesque region of Spain. Valencia, the city of the Cid Campeador, Spain's national hero, has always been renowned for its beautiful climate. Even Arab poets of the past used to celebrate its blue sky, its flowers and orange trees. Winter is hardly known in this spot, which seems to be beloved of the gods. As a city it has a Moorish aspect, owing to its narrow streets and white-washed houses with their balconies. In the streets on all sides we see girls carrying baskets of oranges, grapes and dates. These black-haired Valencian girls have a characteristic beauty of their own: in folk-lore they have a bad reputation. There is a proverb which says that in the goddess Folly's costume the traditional bells are replaced by the empty heads of the Valencians. Another proverb states that Valencia is a demon's paradise, and if we take the early novels of Ibáñez we shall have to admit that his Satanic majesty still pays an occasional visit to his court. In each of these works he attacks abuses that were prevalent in his city—superstitions and injustices inherited from a series of weak Governments at a period when Spain's fortunes were descending towards the 'Disaster' of 1898. The earliest book is a collection of Valencian stories entitled *Cuentos Valencianos*, which impress us by their realistic touches. They describe scenes and traditions of the province in a terse style that at times recalls Verga's inimitable stories of rustic Sicily. But Blasco Ibáñez does not possess the crisp style of the Sicilian and his powers of suggestion. He is a more florid writer, and he piles on effect after effect. The stories, however, are interesting because they point to the way which the author's genius was to follow. In *Flor de Mayo* (*Mayflower*), one of the next works to be published, we already see the master hand. The story describes life among the fisher-folk of Valencia, and suggests to

[1] For the life of Ibáñez see *V. Blasco Ibáñez Les Romans et le Roman de sa vie*, by C. Pitollet. Paris, 1921.

our mind Synge's account of the hardy inhabitants of the Arran Isles. But the Mediterranean is a more soft-hearted god than the fierce Atlantic: the fishing-folk of Valencia increase their substance by profitable smuggling expeditions to Algiers, and in this story the hero of the book Pascual nicknamed *El Retor* builds his boat the *Mayflower* on the proceeds of one of such forays. With masterly skill the author sets the scene for his characters, and little by little we penetrate deeper and deeper into the lives of these hardy folk. The most striking description in the book is that given of the terrible storm wherein the ship is doomed and El Retor's son is drowned. No less striking is the scene afterwards when the boy's body is washed up on the rocky coast close to where stand his mother Dolores and the aged grandmother. The women crossed themselves; some surrounded Dolores and Tona, holding them to prevent them throwing themselves into the sea. All realised what was the object they saw floating towards the rocks. It was the boy: the sailors could see him enveloped in the lifebelt. Several times the lifeless little body was dashed against the projecting rocks by the force of the sea, and each time a cry of horror went up. At last the sailor was able to reach it just as it was again about to strike the breakwater. Poor little Pascualet lay stretched on the jetty; his face covered with blood, his limbs livid in colour, cold and lacerated by the jagged edges of the rocks, peered out of the voluminous life-belt like the extremities of a tortoise. The grandmother tried with her hands to warm into life again that little head whose eyes were closed for ever, and Dolores, kneeling beside him, scratched her face and tore her beautiful hair, looking around savagely at all. A wail of sorrow again and again filled the air: 'My son, my son' Such a scene cannot fail to move us by its pathos, though it has not the wonderful simplicity of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, with its stark tragic setting. The bodies of El Retor and his son are washed up on the coast by the pitiless sea with its innumerable laugh, and such had been the fate of the rest of the family. Synge ends his play with Maurya's terrible words of resignation: 'Now it can do no more to me,' which fix in our minds forever black despair. Ibáñez does not end his book with the cry of despair: instead he introduces the social thesis It is not the sea which is responsible for poor Pascualet's death. 'Over there is the enemy, the true author of the catastrophe': and the sea daughter's great, swollen fist was raised threateningly towards the city as she vomited forth curses: 'Let all those who bargain in the fish market come along. Did they still think fish too dear? At no cheap price is it bought!'

If in *Flor de Mayo* the author described the lives of the humbler folk of the coast, in *Arroz y Tartana* he enters the lives of the

bourgeoisie of Valencia. In this book he adopts the system of Zola in *Pot Bouille* and describes with the utmost minuteness of detail the various trades and systems of business. Valencia, even in the Middle Ages, was famous for its 'Calle de Platería,' full of goldsmiths' shops, and its 'Loza Valenciana,' or delf-ware. In spite of the frequent brilliant descriptions, *Arroz y Tartana* is one of the poorest of the regional novels of the author. Far more successful is *La Barraca* (*The Cabin*), which appeared in 1899. The theme of *La Barraca* is one that reaches the folk of 'La Huerta,' the 'Garden of Spain.' It is a remorseless picture of their relation to the rural problems of Spain. After reading the novel we can understand the pride of race of the Spanish peasant, his superstition and ferocity when roused. With its vivid description of the unpopular landlord, the grumbling peasantry and boycotting, the work reminds us again of many regional novels of Ireland. There is the same pessimism inexorable that we meet in *The Valley of the Squinting Windows*, by Brinsley Macnamara. Right at the outset we are struck by the personality of Don Salvador, the miserly landlord who is hated by his tenants. Wrapped in his old cape even in late spring, he wanders over his property at all hours as if he wished to be forever in contact with it. Dogs bark when they see him afar off, as if death were approaching; children make faces at him; men hide. One could compare him to Père Grandet, but he is only outlined for us: he dies by the hand of one of his peasants early on in the story. As a consequence of his death Tío Barret, an old peasant, is arrested and put in prison. But the whole district as a man swore before the judge that he was innocent, and he was reprieved from the death penalty. The lands thus lay fallow waiting for a new owner, and the heirs of Don Salvador set about letting them to a new tenant. But the peasants on all sides declared a boycott against anyone who should settle on those lands that were accursed. Some tried, but had to desist when they found themselves threatened with destruction. Years went by and the cabin began to fall to pieces, weeds choked up the crops, a wilderness sprang up on all sides. One day, however, a man braver than the rest arrived with his wife and children. He paid no heed to the murmured threats and set about reclaiming the property. The book then goes on to relate the terrible struggle of Batiste—for so the new-comer was called—against the whole neighbourhood. At once we recognise in him the energetic hero that appears so often through Zola novels—a man whose one idea is to cultivate every inch of the land. With infinite skill the author contrasts the peaceful, hardworking family with the cruel, gossiping crowd, which tries in every way to make life impossible for them. The girl is insulted as she

returns from the factory where she works; even Batiste's horse is maimed. Not one detail is omitted from the vast system of torture that can be inflicted by collective inhumanity on the individual. False accusations are brought against Batiste, and he has to pay fines. So powerful is the style of the author that at times the book becomes well-nigh too harrowing: 'Hatred silent and concentrated dogged Batiste's footsteps on all sides. Women turned away with pursed-up lips and did not deign to wish him good-day, as is usual in La Huerta. The men who worked in the fields near the road shouted out to one another insulting words which were meant for Batiste. The children from afar off cried out: "Wretched Jew," as if such a word could only be applicable to the enemy of the "Huerta."' Few books in modern Spanish literature take us so close to the folk as *La Barraca*. The skill of the author in creating this huge, threatening, ever-increasing background of collective hate suggests the art of a Thomas Hardy. The cloud surrounding Batiste and his family increases blacker and blacker until death arrives upon the scene. Batiste's little son lies dying. Then suddenly a complete change came over the whole neighbourhood. On the night when little Batiste died many slept badly. It seemed as if the child when leaving the world drove a thorn into the consciences of the neighbours. They all felt a certain responsibility for that death, but each one in his egoism attributed the fault to his neighbour. Thus all wished to be the first to enter Batiste's cabin and offer consolation.

> Their action was an examination of conscience, an outburst of repentance which flowed from all sides of the plain to the poor dwelling. Woman after woman came from all sides and surrounded the little bed, kissing the little corpse. They seemed to take possession of it as if it was their own. They dressed up the poor child and placed upon his head a garland of white flowers. Then one of the women touched up the pale, wan cheeks with rouge, thus making a grotesque battle with Death.

In those pages describing the funeral procession—the weeping mother and children, the Oriental resignation of the father—Ibáñez becomes a great master, certainly the most vivid writer of modern Spain. His pessimism is heartrending. Even the death of little Pascualet did not give peace to the cabin.

The last part of the book, which is in contrast to the first, shows the effect of individual hatred. Batiste, in spite of all his efforts, is vanquished: the book culminates in the death of his adversary, whom he has to shoot in self-protection. At the end the cabin is burnt to the ground, and the family have just time to escape in safety. We take leave of them trudging wearily along the road to some other land to begin a new life all over again with hunger following close on their heels.

The poignant scenes in *La Barraca* make such a strong appeal

that we are apt to forget other equally brilliant effects of the novelist's art. Ibáñez writes carelessly as if he had dashed off the proofs to the printer without a correction. There is none of the severe self-criticism of Ramón Pérez de Ayala, who polishes and trims his periods until they become models of neatness. Ibáñez is an impulsive writer who writes under the direct inspiration of the visions called up by his fertile imagination. In *Cañas y Barro* (*Reeds and Mud*), 1902, he adopts the same method as in *La Barraca* and sets his story among the humble folk of Valencia, but this time in the district skirting the lake of Albufera, at the little village of Palmar, where the inhabitants gain their livelihood mostly from lake fishing. As in the case of the former novels, the author uses the simplest means to unfold his plot. He tells us the story of Tonet's love for Neleta, the wife of an invalid old man. After the invalid's death Neleta inherits all his property, but there is a clause in the will which states that all the money will go to another relation the moment she remarries. Neleta and Tonet continue their secret love-making, and eventually a child is born Neleta has all the fierce covetousness of the peasant: she will not sacrifice her inheritance, and she prefers to sacrifice her child. With great art the novelist exposes Neleta's greed, which kills all her womanly feelings and transforms her into a monster. The climax is reached when Tonet seeks to abandon the child and ends by casting it into the lake. But the death of the child brings Nemesis, and Tonet perishes in the remorseless waters. To this simple though repulsive story the author adds a wonderful background. To find a parallel to such descriptions we should turn to Verga and Capuana in their novels of Sicilian life. Ibáñez also tried hard to follow the naturalist doctrine of impersonality in art But an impersonal art should not smile or weep or show any trace of human sympathy, merely contenting itself with noting down cold objective impressions. As Croce shows, this is an impossibility, and however much writers strive to reconstruct from human documents the psychological processes, sooner or later, if they are artists and not psycho-analysts, they give way to the lyrical side of their personality. Reality is closely studied in *Cañas y Barro*: we see down to the second waistcoat button of those fishermen. With consummate skill the author makes his story spring into being from the Albufera lake just as if he had been a magician capable of calling up visions with his wand. The journey of the little post-boat on the lake full of passengers introduces us to the chief characters of the book. And those characters are no shady beings: they are men of flesh and bone who live a life of their own. We have old Paloma, the rugged hero of the lake—one who has spent all his life fishing there. In the past he has met Queen Isabel and

taken General Prim for a voyage round the lake. He is a symbol of that traditional past which is always present in Spain to a greater degree than in any other race. He explains to us that primitive life of the fishermen where the 'redolins,' or places for fishing, are fixed by lot. If Tío Paloma is the personification of the past, Tonet is the present lazy, unregenerate age. He has fought in the army abroad, and now refuses to do an honest day's work. As that acute Spanish critic Gómez de Baquero says: 'Toni, the tenacious, hard-working father of Tonet, is the personification of the future. He slaves day after day reclaiming land from the water so that rice may be planted there and a fisher people become an agricultural one.' No novel in modern literature is so well constructed in its various phases. There is an exact proportion between the different elements. We have as a background the life of the fishing village: then in the foreground stand the protagonists of the drama. Above we have the author's symbolism which explains the moral trend of the work. And this symbolism he suggests through the novel by little touches here and there. When Tonet and Neleta were children they lost themselves one night on the mountain. This casual incident foreshadows their tragic destiny. In the Ibsenian manner Ibáñez often by means of a minor character explains the moral to us. Sangonera, especially, is one of the most striking instances in the book. If we look for Sangonera's ancestors we shall have to go back to early Spanish literature when Celestina the bawd and Lazarillo the Picaresque knave drank and joked their way through their dishevelled lives. Sangonera is more genial than Lazarillo because he does not suffer so much from the pangs of hunger. He too has been attached to a priest, and has even read his master's books, with the result that he has evolved his own philosophy of life. Like all philosophers, he believes that work is a curse for noble minds: he prefers to lie in the straw and watch the illusory vanities of the world pass by. Like Don Quixote, he sees visions: one night he believed he saw our Lady appear to him out of the dusky twilight. His friends laugh at him and say that it was only an Italian cutler who wandered from village to village. Is this not the eternal struggle between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? Don Quixote sees giants, whereas Sancho only sees windmills—the helmet of Mambrino instead of a barber's brass basin. But are we to believe that Don Quixote is raving and Sancho is telling the truth? The giants which Don Quixote sees are as real to him as the windmills are to Sancho.

Sangonera's philosophy of drunkenness is characteristic of the paradoxical spirit of Spain, and recalls to mind one essay written by Unamuno on *Idleness*, wherein he proves that idleness was the cause of all great discoveries in the world, for when man ceased

his work he began to meditate and then turned his eyes towards the mysteries of the stars. Such is also the argument of Sangonera. He wished to be like the birds of the lake or the flowers growing in the ditches—errant and inactive without any help except that of divine Providence. It was said that man was condemned to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow ; but it was for that reason that Jesus had come into the world, to redeem it from its original error and turn it back to the life in Paradise free from all work ; and so those who heeded not the Lord worked very hard, and humanity from out of its unhappiness manufactured Hell in the world. Sangonera, with his fervent gospel of an existence free from the excesses of speed of modern civilisation, is an isolated character in the world of Blasco Ibáñez where men dash on inspired by a philosophy of action. Sangonera probably crept into the novel *Cañas y Barro* unknown to the author, and, like the six characters of Pirandello, insisted on being completed in order that traditional Spain might be represented. There is no doubt that *Cañas y Barro* is Blasco Ibáñez's masterpiece, even though some critics prefer *La Barraca.* Both books will always be considered as characteristic of Valencia as the plays of the brothers Quintero are of Seville or the novels of Pereda of Santander. The comparison with Pereda is interesting, because as the founder of the realistic school of fiction he has a certain superficial resemblance to our author He too had the gift of drawing memorable characters such as Padre Apolinar in *Sotileza*, Don Frutos in *Don Gonzalo*, and Don Salas in *Peñas Arriba.* He had also the ability of drawing vigorous scenes from the lives of the fisher-folk of Santander, even though the plot of his novel was very slight Pereda would not have gone so far in realism as Ibáñez, for he insisted that art should transform reality and make it poetic. He would have objected to the photographic description of unpleasant situations such as we often meet in Ibáñez. Where there is the greatest divergence between the two authors is in the matter of style. The prose of Pereda is majestic, and brings to our minds the saying that Spanish is the language of kings. So broad is the phrase that it seems to be carved in marble, and with such a sense of conciseness that it suggests Tacitus. Blasco Ibáñez has none of that massiveness of style ; he always writes in a hurry, without thinking. But sometimes he produces an overwhelming effect on us by the picturesque, untidy, rapid scenes which pass swiftly before our eyes as in a cinema. The scene of the bird-shooting on Albufera lake or else the description of the Festival of the Infant Jesus in the village is unequalled in modern Spanish literature for vigour At other times he wearies the reader by too long and minute descriptions, and creates so much background that the characters are overwhelmed. It is

with regret that we leave this period of Ibáñez's work, for it includes his finest work. The scenes of these early books he never forgot in after-life, and many of the characters are taken from real life. In the case of *La Barraca* it was mostly written in prison, when the author had been arrested for complicity in a political plot in 1895. Pursued by military authority, he lived hidden away for some days in a wine-shop belonging to a young republican. It was then that he wrote a short story entitled *Venganza Moruna* (*Moorish Vengeance*), and some time afterwards, when the people elected him deputy for the city of Valencia, he expanded the tale into *La Barraca.*

NOVELS OF THE CITIES OF SPAIN

If the early years of Blasco Ibáñez's life turned his thoughts to his own townsmen and their problems, his arrival in Madrid made him establish closer relations with the outer world. There is thus a vast cleavage between the regional novels and the novels of this second period which we might call novels of the cities of Spain. The early works belong clearly to the school of fiction which sprang up in Spain owing to the influence of Pérez Galdós, the greatest novelist since Cervantes. The novels of the cities, on the other hand, though Spanish in surroundings, are more definitely influenced by French writers such as Zola and the Goncourts By politics and by temperament Blasco Ibáñez followed in the wake of Zola, and attempted to do for Madrid and Toledo what the Frenchman had done for Paris and Lourdes. The vision of the author widens, and he begins to incorporate social problems, not as passing symbols in his work, but as the central column of the edifice. And this broadening of vision coincides with his definite entry into politics, as if he had then determined to explore the innermost recesses of Spain in order to discover the secrets of tradition and superstition. In successive novels we obtain a vision of a society which had been hidden from our gaze. In *El Intruso* (*The Intruder*) we descend into the mines near the city of Bilbao and watch the workers living the lives of the mime Nibelung so that capitalists may thrive and wax powerful. Next we pass from Galicia to South Spain, to the city of Jérez, whence the rich wine flows in golden streams to all the world. Then again in *La Horda* the scene changes to the slums of Madrid, where thousands of wretched waifs creep and crawl for a living denied to them by a civilisation of money-grabbers. Not even the sacred city of Toledo escapes this inexorable investigator, for in *La Catedral* the author leads us scene by scene into the lives of cardinals, bishops, abbots, curates, even the humblest beggars, who throng round the majestic structure. Such novels lack the wonderful unity of *La Barraca*

and *Cañas y Barro*. We no longer feel that the folk are there in the background as an invisible chorus approving and condemning. The author's vision is magnificent in the extent it covers, but it fails to move us because we do not feel the same excitement or passion. He gives the impression of having vacillated between the novel of customs and the novel of social thesis. Like Zola, he wanted to preach a new revolutionary gospel to humanity, and each hero in these novels resembles Pierre Froment in *Paris*, who wants to blow up the church of the Sacred Heart and wipe away the age of superstition. So, too, Luna in *La Catedral* and Salvatierra in *La Bodega* dream of the millennium and theorise in anarchy. They are colourless creatures these characteristic heroes of the modern social novel, and they pass before our eyes like uncertain ghostly phantoms. The desire for antithesis makes the author set as contrast to the theorists other characters who become symbols of brutal reality. They massacre and destroy the illusions of the pale-eyed fanatics and bring down upon them the pall of tragedy. The finest scenes of these books are the descriptions of the life in the various cities. In *La Catedral*, 1903, the author tries to do for Toledo what Huysmans did for Chartres, and, without rivalling the richness and subtlety of the Belgian, he has succeeded in capturing the atmosphere of the mother-church of Spain. So powerful is his imagination that we become obsessed and even stifled by the huge bulk of the cathedral: it weighs down upon us with all the ponderousness of past tradition as we see it smothered by the swarm of poverty-stricken buildings that cling close to its walls, permitting it to display none of its exterior beauties. Such are many of the cathedrals of Spain: outside they seem to be more like fortresses of the spirit which protect jealously their inner treasures But when once you have passed within their walls you enter the silent nave, where in the twilight the countless beauties peer out on all sides. The Jews and Moors had not lived in Toledo in vain · on all sides we see their handiwork, but it is hidden away in corners as if they had shunned outer show. Blasco Ibáñez wrote *La Catedral* with the intention of condemning the traditions and superstitions of the past which hang over Toledo. The cathedral to the young revolutionary was a gigantic tumour which 'blistered the Spanish epidermis, like the scars of its ancient infirmities.' He loathes its rich prelates bloated in the dignity and purple, but against his will he becomes little by little fascinated by the place. Gabriel Luna, for all his revolutionary theories, returns for peace to the cathedral: the great silence he found within the immense pile of worked stone caressed him and drew away his thoughts from his own intimate sufferings. The most striking passages in the book are those which describe the life in the 'claverías,' or upper

cloister. All along this upper cloister there were doors and windows belonging to the rooms of the college servants which were transmitted from father to son. Ibáñez excels in the description of the queer, grotesque types that pullulate in this upper town. Eusebio, the sacristan, and his daughter Sagrario, fierce, logical Aunt Tomasa who was not even afraid of the cardinal, Don Antolin, called the 'silver stick'—all these characters live for us. But not so Gabriel Luna. Whenever Ibáñez thinks of him he pulls out his note-books and we are plunged into digressions on Socialism. Luna is a disillusioned anarchist, but he finds his Nemesis here. His theories work on the ignorant minds of these underlings, and at the end he is murdered in the cathedral because he refuses to join them in robbing the jewels of the Madonna.

It cannot be said that *La Horda* (*The Rabble*) is more successful than *La Catedral*. It lacks the beauty of description of the latter, but it is mainly interesting on account of the realistic description of Madrid. Maltrana, like Gabriel Luna, is a delicate lad who has studied deeply but has not been able to make good. There is a hopelessness about all these young people in spite of all their modern thinking. Maltrana falls in love with a girl and goes to live with her, but illness descends upon them: she is taken to the hospital dying, and her body is sent after death to be dissected by students of anatomy. Ibáñez, following his naturalist theories, introduces frequent digressions that weary the reader. In *La Horda* a great part of the book is devoted to a description of the poaching expeditions that are carried out in the royal demesne of 'El Pardo.' These digressions help the author to introduce many vivid secondary characters, but they spoil the construction of the book The same criticism may be applied to *El Intruso*, 1904, though it contains many vivid pages describing the life in Bilbao, and the hero, Doctor Aresti, is one of the living characters created by the author. Doctor Aresti, who watches over the health of the surrounding population, is a character who recalls the art of Pérez Galdós · he is a man of science, but he understands his people, and he knows that progress should not be too rapid. Disillusion awaits him as it awaits Luna. How he wished that all these wealth-producing mines would disappear! 'What good were the treasures of the mines? The district had been embellished superficially by taking on the appearance of a capital; the factory chimneys and ship funnels showed up the greatness of modern industry, but life was sadder than before.' The Bilbao of old, with its merchants and sailors, had been more happy in its slow and ordered work. The plunder of Nature and the amputation of its iron entrails had only seemed to give happiness to a few. Now in addition it was stated that the mines were

getting poorer. Soon they would be exhausted, and then the mountain would remain with its skeleton naked, without a trace of the mantle of vegetation which had covered it for centuries. Fortune had passed by without leaving anything solid: all this wealth would disappear, and the docks would have the sad grandeur of an immense cage without birds. For Blasco Ibáñez the one remedy is to scrap our society because it contains too many old idols. Thus he will seize any weapon that comes to his hand to attack the Church or the Crown. No rumour, no idea, seems too fantastic to him if it may be used as a rod to beat them. And so, many of his reactionaries are merely grotesque exaggerations and lack artistic conscience. It is always a relief to turn away from his capitalists or his revolutionaries with their problems and watch the humble characters who live resignedly a life of toil. Here Ibáñez is at his best because he is able to evoke the surroundings behind them. 'Mosco,' the rugged poacher, in *La Horda* and 'Silver Stick' in *La Catedral* help us to pass many a dull page. Like Victor Hugo, a writer whom he greatly admired, he was always attracted by *Les Humbles*, and when he tries to describe the richer and more fortunate of this world he loses his skill in analysis. Many of the novels seem to lack a hero. In *Sangre y Arena*, one of the brilliant works of his middle period, we are much more interested in the crowd of bandits and in the minor members of the bull-ring than in Juan Gallardo or Doña Sol. This novel, which has been dramatised and even filmed, has won immense celebrity for the author because it describes the national spectacle of the Spaniards—bull-fighting. Few writers have ever written more vivacious accounts of the bustling scene, the chattering women, the brilliant colours, the golden sun which beats down on the arena, the brocaded toreadors, the rousing music—all this lives for us through the vivid style of the author. In fact we are really more interested in all the side-shows of the 'corrida' than in the central vision itself. With infinite detail the author analyses the camp-followers, the 'touts' who follow the toreador everywhere as long as he is the public idol. But all this was not the author's purpose in writing the book. Though he gives an account of bull-fighting which finds favour with every 'aficionado' of the art, he sets out with determination to expose all that is tragic in the 'corrida.' The superstition and ignorance of Gallardo, his vanity and egoism, the insane cruelty of the excited public, none of this is omitted. And the sympathy of the author turns away from the protagonists to such a character as 'El Nacional,' the anti-clerical 'torero,' grown old and austere in the profession. He had renounced the glories of the matador and contented himself with being a good labourer at his job, helping the other younger men to win the laurels. His kindness and

sense of honour was proverbial among the bull-fighters: even the wives of 'star' matadors loved him, for he acted as guardian angel to their husbands. When Gallardo, with all his noisy followers, went after a 'corrida' to some low haunt, 'El Nacional' sat silent as a statue in the midst of the 'café-chantant' girls with their transparent kimonos and painted lips, for all the world like a father of the desert amid the courtesans of Alexandria. He never became scandalised, but only sad and pensive, as he thought of his wife and children at Seville. All the sin and corruption of the world, according to him, came from lack of education. He was sure those women could not read nor write, and as he himself could not do so, he attributed all the miseries of the world to this cause. Another character in the book will live long with readers —'El Plumitas,' the bandit. He, too, is one of the resigned victims of life. He is the antithesis to the romantic type of brigand which a 'bourgeoise' like Doña Sol expected to see. She imagined that he was tall and slim, pale, slightly sunburnt, hair jet black, dressed in black velvet with a purple silk sash around his waist: instead, Plumitas was stumpy and stocky in build, pot-bellied, rubicund in complexion, dressed in grey blouse and dark breeches, with a cartridge belt around his middle in which hung a revolver and a knife. Plumitas does not exist in musical comedy: his life is a hard one; even wild beasts enjoy it more than he does. He has to keep an open eye and a hard hand if people are to respect him. He has not a friend in the world except his mule and his rifle. In spite of all his rough uncourtliness, he has the innate Spanish respect for honourable life and customs. If Blasco Ibáñez had only written *Sangre y Arena* with its bandit Plumitas it would have been sufficient to assure him a high place among modern novel writers. It is instructive to contrast such characters with the protagonists of the book, Doña Sol and Gallardo. The former is the international type of expensive 'cocotte' who haunts the boulevards of Paris no less than the Calle de Alcalá of Madrid or the Friedrichstrasse of Berlin. She passes before our eyes, a vision of lace and silk, wafting in the breezes a subtle perfume which clings to our senses long after we have forgotten her silly laugh and her frivolous personality. She is a victim of the mass production of novels, and we are wearied of her. Gallardo, too, is not much better: he belongs to what Count Kaiserling calls the 'chauffeur type,' even though his scheme of operation is less mechanical than that of the motorist. We must admire the skill with which the author piles up the details of puerile vanity, self-complacency, superstition, and brutality which go to form the idol of the crowd. The author lets him die without a word—ripped open by the horns of the bull; and at last when the matador and the bull lie dead one

beside the other he says of the clamorous public, 'The beast was roaring—the real, the only one.'

Sangre y Arena is a novel that is definitely Spanish in its scope, and it turned Blasco Ibáñez's attention to other aspects of his country—especially to problems created by race and religion. Spain had in Benito Pérez Galdós a great creator of such a type of novel, and it was not surprising that Ibáñez should try to emulate *Gloria*. In *Gloria* Galdós described the struggle between Christianity and Judaism on a vast canvas that recalls at times Balzac by its intensity. In *Los Muertos Mandan* (*The Dead Command*) and *Luna Benamor* Ibáñez sets the same problem: in both the hero cannot marry the heroine because she is a Jewess, and nothing is left him to do but renounce the struggle against the forces of tradition. It is interesting to note that the gospel of Ibáñez in 1907 is not more hopeful than that of Galdós in 1877. No: even the death of Gloria and Morton gives us a greater feeling of serenity, because the author stated his belief in a life beyond the grave where all varieties of human belief shall be resolved in a divine synthesis of faith and love. It is difficult to discover the note of serenity in Blasco Ibáñez, who was not able to abstract himself from the world like Galdós and look down on all the miseries of our condition. Ibáñez never gives us the impression of having lived, like Marcus Aurelius, on a mountain top; he is always struggling in the plain amid the dust and heat, and so he cannot take all humanity in a comprehensive gaze.

International Novels

It was in 1909 that Blasco Ibáñez visited the Argentine and began to interest himself in those far-off countries of Spanish blood and tradition. After writing a book on the Argentine and its greatness he determined to follow in the wake of the Spanish conquistadors of old and colonise. It is not our intention to describe the various schemes of our author in Patagonia and the foundation of Cervantes and Nueva Valencia, for these schemes have nothing to do with Ibáñez the novelist. It is necessary to realise that this was an unfruitful period of the novelist's life, absorbed as he was by other cares. It was not until the outbreak of the war that he appears again as a brilliant constellation in the literary firmament. At the outset of the war he declared himself on the side of the Allies, and undertook the task of upholding their cause among the neutral nations. Not only did he write flaming articles, but he visited the front on repeated occasions, and as a result produced his most popular work, *Los Cuatro Jinetes del Apocalipsis* (*The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*). This book had the biggest sale on record, and established Ibáñez as the world's best seller. It is difficult to speak calmly now of a book

that described those terrible years of ordeal. As we read its descriptions of scenes of the war period we know how true they were in detail. And yet as a work of literature it is negligible and not worthy to be compared with *Le Feu*, by Barbusse, or *La Débâcle*, by Zola. It is essentially a book written for the American cinema, with its conventional plot and huge scenic apparatus. Countless books appeared during the war describing the contrast between Berlin and Paris and the spy systems of both countries, but Ibáñez paints on a broader canvas than any of those writers, and by sheer brute force he manages to excite us. The description of the Apocalyptic beast rising from the sea and becoming the terrible symbol of evil for humanity terrifies the crowd like those huge animals that children see in nightmares. There are many cheap and vulgar effects that arrest the attention of the frivolous reader of sensational novels, but there is little to remind us of the former author of *La Barraca* or *Cañas y Barro.* Julio Desnoyers, the young Argentinian, is a sympathetic character, well drawn in contrast to the superficial Margarita, who is only a replica of the familiar Doña Sol. Such a work proved that Ibáñez was definitely moving away from the Spanish novel. In his next work, *Mare Nostrum* (1917), he follows the same course and produces another conventional war novel. The story describes the adventures of the ship *Mare Nostrum* and her skipper Ferragut. Ferragut, on one of his voyages after the outbreak of war, meets a woman to whom he is violently attracted. After falling a victim to her charms he learns that she is a German spy and wants him to use his ship to help German submarines. Afterwards he learns that as a result of his help a ship had been torpedoed in which his son happened to be, and the youth had perished. At last he has learnt the truth, and henceforth all his love for his mistress is dead and she departs from him. When he learns afterwards that she has been shot at Vincennes her spirit appears before him purified by death and beckons him to follow her. Suddenly a crash is heard ; the ship sinks and the sea closes over all. *Mare Nostrum*, though it is written around a sensational story, contains beautiful descriptions of the sea which suggest early novels such as *Flor de Mayo*. In fact, so powerful is the author's description of the sea that it becomes the true hero of the book and all the characters become pigmies in stature. As a description of the Mediterranean coast it is most striking, and proves that the author must have visited every creek and bay. It is interesting to note that the shooting of Freya, the heroine, in Vincennes was suggested to Ibáñez by the shooting of the celebrated female dancer and German spy Mata Hari at Vincennes in 1917. He knew her advocate, Maître Clunet, and heard from him the account of her last moments before execution. After the war in 1919 Ibáñez

tried other paths, but always in the world of the cosmopolitan novel, where the characters live amid scenes of gambling and debauchery. In *Los Enemigos de la Mujer* (*The Enemies of Women*), where he tells a story of five woman-haters who live at Monte Carlo and who end by renouncing their hate, the stage is set in beautiful surroundings, but there is little to interest the serious reader. It was soon after this that the author undertook his tour round the world in a ship laden with millionaires. He narrated the events of his voyage in a charming three-volume book entitled *La Vuelta al Mundo de un Novelista* (*A Novelist's Tour Round the World*). He has not written political or economic studies on the countries he visited, but simply told us what he saw in his own way. 'An artist,' he says, 'need only see part of the truth: the rest he guesses by the inductive method'; and again: 'I am one of those who produce by explosion. My work resembles a torpedo which dashes off vertiginously: sometimes it hits the mark, other times it loses itself in space; but when it explodes it does so instantaneously.' In the description of the various countries the author so varies his account by remarks about the history of the several countries that the book is of interest as a guide to his temperament. After his return from that journey he set to work with greater energy than ever on a series of novels which show that he was turning back again towards his native land, this time to study its history of past greatness. In *A los Piés de Venus* (*At the Feet of Venus*) he tells the story of the Borgias from Spain, showing that Cæsar was one of the first men to attempt the task of Italian unity: in *Las Riquezas del Gran Kan* (*The Riches of the Great Khan*) he devotes his attention to the life of Christopher Columbus, and thus continues his task of writing the history of Spanish America. It is sad to reflect that death has carried him away before he put the finishing touches to that book. We are thus only left with a skeleton of what he would have done for the history of the Spanish world had he been spared Looking back over his work, we are struck by the vast expanses covered by his imagination. He was a big, untidy genius with no gift of style, but sometimes when his imagination ran riot he would dash off scenes in hot haste that are among the most striking in all the modern literature of Spain.

WALTER STARKIE.

ERNEST DOWSON AT OXFORD

Lovers of Dowson's verses base their impressions of his life, for the most part, on the admirable memoir by Mr. Arthur Symons which is prefixed to the collected edition of the poems. In this memoir Dowson's five terms at Oxford are passed over in a single line, and indeed it was only in 1891—three years after the close of the Oxford period—that the two men first met. Yet those five terms were not without their interest, and in them the problems that troubled his life and hastened his early death were already foreshadowed. Further, Mr. Symons' unfamiliarity with these early events has, I think, caused him to err, occasionally, in his usually penetrating estimate of Dowson's character and intellect.

Dowson came up to Queen's in October 1886. I remember that one day, at the bottom of the Rabbit Warren (4, Back Quad), Arthur Moore (his future collaborator in the novels) said suddenly to me, 'Have you met Dowson?' And it was not long before the meeting took place. Soon it was agreed that four of us should lunch daily together, and our scouts made the arrangements on a regular rota. Dowson was in an attic at the top of No. 5.

He came up to Oxford an almost merry boy, expecting a delightful time. He made friends with most of the freshmen of his year (the other members of the lunch party were a year his senior), and was ready to take an interest in all college matters, though he certainly had in his heart no liking for English organised games. This, however, as well as some other slight peculiarities, we set down to the fact that he had never been to school, and had spent much of his boyhood in France. His manners, as Mr. Symons says, were charming. Of pose he had, at that time and throughout his life, no trace whatever. He came up, of course, with a dislike for convention, and for what he held to be English insular hypocrisy. His roamings on the Continent had given him a somewhat wider knowledge of such places as the Paris music-halls than most undergraduates possess. But his frail body was almost free from the power of the flesh, though its psychological study interested him. 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, after

my fashion.' He was, however, already fond of 'riotous roses' in the shape of the ordinary cheerful college rag, in which he delighted. Of the love of the sordid, which he is afterwards said to have developed, there was no trace: he urged me to join the Union as being 'the only place in Oxford where you can wash your hands.' The photograph in the poems shows the striped flannels, blazer, and washing tie, that marked the moderate 'blood' of those days: in another photograph in my possession he is in a brown bowler, with spats.

Of the attic up staircase 5, which now has his name outside, I still have a few recollections. They are mainly literary, linked with the names of Schopenhauer, Baudelaire, Poe, Swinburne, de Quincey, Webster, and Le Tourneur. And here, for the first time, I find myself at issue with Mr Symons, who, in his admirable account of Dowson, seems to me to undervalue his intellectual power. He draws a picture of a fragile creature, with exquisite sensibility but little logical force This may have been true in the later days (though I doubt it), but the Dowson who came up to Queen's had certainly done some hard thinking, and the pessimism to which he always remained faithful had been based, in the main, on the writings of Schopenhauer. He never changed the opinion, then formed, that Nature and humanity are, in the mass, abhorrent, and that only those writers need be considered who proclaim this truth, whether subtly or defiantly. But his intellectual creed did not yet affect his personal happiness.

An equally potent force, on Dowson as on Swinburne, was Charles Baudelaire. His copy of the *Fleurs du Mal* was pencilled almost from start to finish. I think he considered that the volume marked poetry's highest level With Baudelaire Poe was naturally bracketed, but Dowson's liking for the American was mainly due to the Frenchman.

Swinburne's influence over Dowson has become a commonplace. The Suggestion Book of the Queen's Library still contains a request, in my handwriting, for *Swinburne's Works* The suggestion dates from that first year of Dowson, and was his own idea. I remember his copy of the Poems and Ballads, with *Hertha* and *Dolores* heavily scored. His posthumous volume (*Decorations*) is often pronounced to be Swinburne-diluted. Yet it is worth pointing out that Dowson is distinguished from the greater poet by his softness of tone he had no great fondness for alliteration (except for the letter 'v' in Poe's 'viol,' 'violet,' and 'vine'), nor did strong music appeal to him in verse. In prose this was not equally true, for his love of de Quincey was great. The *Ladies of Sorrow* seemed to him, in matter and in form, one of the world's masterpieces.

Another recollection of that attic is that Dowson, with no

liking for Shakespeare, was much drawn towards other Elizabethans, among whom the rhetorical horrors of Webster and Le Tourneur pleased him best.

Such are the things that I associate with the furniture of that little room. I imagine that the year was one of the happiest of his life. The 'schools' were still distant: the frugal lunches, wet whist afternoons, and poker evenings suited him well. His health was better than afterwards, and his mental trouble had not seriously beset him

The Long Vacation of 1887 was, I think, spent in England. I had a few letters from him, in which he made reference to two short stories which he was sending to magazines: at that time neither of us thought of him as a poet. Towards the end of the vacation he wrote me a letter in which he mentioned Olive Schreiner's *African Farm*, which had just appeared. He called it 'a crying attack on Christianity.' Of course his convinced pessimism had at that time (and, I think, always) no room for religious hope.

In October 1887 Dowson moved out of college to 5, Grove Street. The novelty of college life had worn off, and its restrictions proved irksome to one with no experience of school. With the removal to Grove Street his life assumed a darker shade. Early in the term I noticed his marked depression. We both took it seriously. I was now tinged with his pessimism, but pessimism and cheerfulness can live together. In Dowson's case this possibility had gone Doubtless his unhappiness was largely physical. It has been suggested to me recently by a college contemporary that Dowson would have been helped by modern psychic methods of therapeutics. They would certainly have made him laugh.

It was at this time that he went in search of fresh sensations. His first remedy was alcohol, but the experiment was a brief one. In spite of his wanderings in France, whiskey was new to him. He had tasted absinthe, but his favourite drink was chablis, diluted from a syphon. Early in his second year, one evening in Grove Street, we tried whiskey, not as a nightcap, but as an after-dinner beverage. With its assistance we discussed literary matters with unusual contentment, and on my departure at midnight Dowson was delighted with the result and thought his troubles were over. The next night the panacea was again applied, but this time he sorrowfully pronounced it a failure. He decided that the depression was intensified, even *en route*. For the rest of his time at Oxford he had lost his short-lived faith in whiskey as an ethical corrective. Things like pink noyau at times appealed to his curiosity, but in the use of alcohol his habits were simply those of many undergraduates of that time.

A kindred question is that of his alleged addiction to haschish. Mr. Symons writes that he believes that, at Oxford, it was 'his favourite form of intoxication.' The myth has an extremely slender foundation: the facts stand out very clearly in my memory. In Dowson's second year a Hindu freshman arrived at Queen's. Although he was deservedly an object of derision, yet we were interested in his praises of bhang. Dowson and I were further drawn to the investigation of the matter by Gautier's reference to the drug, and by the well-known passage in *Monte Cristo*. Pills of cannabis indica were accordingly procured from a chemist and consumed after hall. The effect was slight, but on the whole satisfactory. Several of us walked solemnly round the cloisters of the front quad, and noticed that our sensations of time and space were strikingly magnified. When the effect subsided we ate apples, with a general feeling of health and cheerfulness. A second dose, a night or two afterwards, produced no result at all. At a third attempt the amount was increased with unpleasant results, which ended in a visit to Claridge Druce's shop in the High and an emetic in his back parlour.

In all this Dowson took a very small part indeed. I remember him in the first test, and in the second failure. In the third less fortunate attempt he took no part at all, and that, as far as Oxford is concerned, is the whole story Mr. Symons tells us that the experiment was repeated in London, once more with no result.

The evenings at Grove Street, when cards were not on, were often given to talks about French literature, with intervals for Gilbert and Sullivan (Dowson was fond of 'Farewell, my own' from *Pinafore*: at that time he had no great love of music, but later he came under the spell of Wagner). We had both formed an admiration for Zola, then generally misunderstood in England. *La Terre* was just out: we saw the man's sincerity, and thought his realism truthful. I remember that we had an idea of sending him an anonymous letter of thanks 'from two Oxford undergraduates,' but we did not carry out our intention It now seems strange to me that Zola's ponderous style should have been tolerated by Dowson But it must be remembered that the heaviness, which afterwards became almost painful in *Travail* and *Fécondité*, was not nearly so noticeable in the earlier books. Dowson's admiration was based on *Germinal*, *La Terre*, and, above all, *La faute de l'abbé Mouret* As the outcome of our interest, Zola was the subject of a paper which I read to a college essay club, the Addison. On the afternoon of the day when the paper was due, after a rubber of whist, it became necessary to make some preparations Dowson came to the rescue and, while I wrote my 'copy,' turned into English a few selected passages

from the author. I remember the excellence of his versions, and the effect they produced. Possibly this incident came back to his memory when, in his later poverty, he earned a trifle by translating Voltaire's *Pucelle* and Laclos' *Liaisons Dangereuses*.

His interest in French literature was even keener than in English, but again his taste was affected by his creed. Corneille, Racine, and even Molière he did not read. Among the eighteenth century writers Diderot pleased him greatly, and Voltaire in a lesser degree: Rousseau not at all. In the nineteenth century he ignored Hugo and Dumas, liked Balzac, and was very fond of Gautier and de Musset. Strange to say, in our discussions of Zola I have no recollection of any mention of Flaubert, Daudet, or the brothers de Goncourt; but this, I think, must have been accidental. He had a high opinion of Maupassant, whom he had met in some French country house. He told me that Maupassant had become insane, an anticipation of the truth. His worship of Baudelaire I have already mentioned. Verlaine (whom he afterwards imitated in *Decorations*) had not yet come within his view.

It is worth emphasising that Dowson's attitude towards a writer, whether English or French, was based rather on matter than style. Optimism seemed to him either blind or insincere. He took no interest in Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens (until the last week or two of his life), Tennyson, Browning (despite the family connexion), or even Shelley. On the other hand, a sincere pessimism could please him in ungainly language. And here, I think, is the surest indication of his honesty of thought and freedom from pose. He was entirely unmoved by that tendency of those days which Mr. J C. Squire, in the *Observer*, calls 'the solemn worship of a lapidary style'

Dowson's Oxford days came to an end with Honour Mods in March 1888 (the date is wrongly given in the Symons memoir). His classical reading was considerable, and his facility at Latin and Greek composition had induced the authorities to allow him to read for Honours, an unusual thing at that time in the case of a 'commoner.' How he had learnt his Latin and Greek I never found out. He was fond of Propertius, Apuleius, Petronius, Lucian, and the Wisdom books of the Vulgate: as has been pointed out, Latin pleased him more than Greek. His scholarship was by no means exact, and his compositions, done *currente calamo*, did not find favour. I do not remember any serious trouble with his tutor. He must have attended a certain number of lectures, but his set books were not read, except *per accidens*. When 'Mods.' arrived he took the first few papers, and probably felt that he had done badly. One night he resolved to have no more of it, and to cut the examination next day. To get him to

change his mind I looked him up in his bedroom in Grove Street next morning, but my persuasion was useless. He was not for 'Mods.,' nor 'Mods.' for him, he said: and probably he was right. Nor do I think that a longer stay in Oxford (easily to be managed on a Pass Degree) would have helped him, or had any appreciable influence on his after life. He went down, and joined his father in that dry dock in the East End which has become famous. I do not think that he felt any marked disappointment at the close of his time at Oxford. Though his heroic creed was unchanged, he still had some personal ambition, and this lay in the direction of the novel and the drama. Poetry, when it came, was an outburst, a digression In *Sapientia Lunæ* the two moods are clearly put ·

> The wisdom of the world said unto me
> ' Go forth and run, the race is to the brave ,
> Perchance some honour tarrieth for thee ! '
> ' As tarrieth,' I said, ' for sure, the grave '
> For I had pondered on a rune of roses,
> Which to her votaries the moon discloses

However, he went forth and ran, joining forces with his friend Arthur Moore (who left Queen's in the same year), and the *Comedy of Masks* and *Adrian Rome* were the ultimate result. The tale of Dowson's ' impossibility ' as a collaborator, at all events in later years, is pathetically amusing

At about the same time (1889-1890) he became a Roman Catholic. In the Alhambra on February 14, 1891, he gave me a copy of the *Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration*, which he had written a few days before He felt that the Catholic faith was the only possible refuge from his earlier creed, but he never really changed his mind. ' I will praise Thee, Lord, in Hell ' is answered by ' Our path emerges for a while, then closes within a dream ' : I have no doubt that the latter is the voice of the essential Dowson.

This impulse towards religion was the joint cause and effect of that ideal love affair with a young girl which was the agony of his life and the source of his verses Among his friends the matter was known to be taboo in the best sense, and to remove the taboo would still be desecration All that is to be told of the matter Dowson has said himself in a cycle of lyrics (*Verses*) whose unity needs emphasising. Two numbers, *Soli cantare* and *A Friend's Child*, have crept in by mischance, but, when these are removed, a sequence of intimate verses remains that can hardly be paralleled. Shakespeare's sonnets, Meredith's *Modern Love*, and Housman's *Shropshire Lad* are all artificial beside this real thing.

With the end of the ' affair ' Dowson's life crashed His last years have been sufficiently described by Arthur Symons and

Victor Plarr. Riot left him, horror arrived. What little alcohol he drank took its full toll. All this is true, but it is a small part of his life. I prefer to look back on my own picture of Dowson running with his college boat on the towpath, or yelling the chorus of 'Stop the Cab' in the chapel passage.

To me indeed there seems little to deplore in any part of his life. He made his creed and stuck to it, though with no consciousness of merit. When Mr. Symons says 'He knew his limits only too well; he knew that the deeper and graver things of life were for the most part outside the circle of his magic,' and again 'He was unhappy, and he dared not think. . . He had no outlook, he had not the escape of intellect,' the criticisms are, I think, entirely mistaken. In the earlier days Dowson, through shyness, only showed his intellectual power at rare moments: in the later, probably not at all. In a sense he may have been the 'Pierrot of the Minute,' but he never saw himself moving 'in some courtly disguise down an alley of Watteau's *Versailles*': that he at times took 'a blind flight into some Teniers kitchen' is of course true.

While, then, Mr. Symons' appreciation is necessarily incomplete (his acquaintance only lasted over nine years), yet no Dowson lover can help feeling grateful for the beauty and the value of the Memoir. In many respects he has perhaps said the last word. Affection for Dowson's poetry seems to be growing. I have noted recently its extent, not so much among his own generation as the one just arising There is a widespread agreement with Arthur Symons when he says that Dowson has said everything he had to say 'to an intoxicating and perhaps immortal music,' and that his handful of verse has 'the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old.'

W. R THOMAS.

MEMORIES OF 1914—1918

II. The First Year

Memory is reported to play havoc with human experience: it is merciful in that it rejects so much that was painful; it is kindly in that it retains so much that conferred pleasure; it is humorous in that it gives importance to our small share in events at which we were present, and secures our attendance at events which we unhappily missed. George IV. derived much happiness from his reminiscences of the Battle of Waterloo; and many of us in the course of years will become convinced that we were first under fire on August 23, 1914, on the Mons–Condé Canal, and that we took part in all the subsequent engagements of the next four years, ultimately entering Mons again on the morning of Armistice Day.

The casualty lists will be there to deny our stories; at one time the average life of the infantry subaltern in a division in the line on the Somme was less than three weeks. But if our memories play us these tricks, we have this excuse, that the infantry soldier saw less of the strategy of the war, and indeed of the progress of a battle, than any man in England who had a penny to spare for an evening paper. For a mile on each side of him he saw everything; beyond that nothing. If the battle went well in his immediate neighbourhood, he was convinced of victory; if it went ill, of defeat If hopes were often dupes, fears were more often liars.

Moreover, a soldier finds it difficult to state with any accuracy whether he was in fact present at a battle now bearing a familiar name and appearing in the histories of the war and on the battle honours of a regiment. He knows that he found himself very heavily engaged in a certain part of France or Belgium at a certain time of the year. But he may not know to this day whether the engagement ranked as a battle or not. In the Ypres Salient, for example, between July 31 and December 1, 1917, and again in the last advance from August 8 to November 11, 1918, fighting was so continuous that the infantry soldier could hardly distinguish one battle from another. Small units, such as

companies, or even battalions, might suffer far more severely in engagements not dignified by the title of battle than on such historic occasions as July 1, 1916, or March 21, 1918. A period of trench warfare in certain sectors, such as Hooge, St. Eloi, the Hohenzollern Redoubt, and La Boisselle, might be more costly and far more trying than a major engagement. Memories of the war, so far as the infantry soldier is concerned, cannot be set out in terms of battles. The events which have left most impression on his mind are often quite trivial. Their significance is largely personal to himself and difficult to explain. The memories of the war which I have here set down are not intended to support any strategical theory of the conduct of the war; they throw no new light on the fortunes of any battle; they are of no value to the military historian.

The tricks of memory and the limited field of vision of the infantry soldier are not the only circumstances which compel me to seek the indulgence of the reader My mind was far from mature when it received the impressions here set down. The war effectually put an end to my education. If I have a philosophy of life, it is based, not on wide study, but on the limited field of experience, and uncommon experience at that. I left school in 1914, when I was just eighteen; during my longest period of service in France, with which this record is in the main concerned, I was nineteen. I had no period of manhood unsullied by war to serve as a standard of comparison; and the life of the soldier after four years of war, and in the absence of any other experience, presented itself as the natural life of man. Throughout the war, in common with most of the infantry, I lived solely for the day In battle and in the front-line trenches the soldier was too much exhausted to conceive anything more distant than the next relief, when he might get some sleep. When he enjoyed a period out of the line, his next leave in England was the farthest point to which his imagination penetrated. I can remember discussions of the world after the war, carried on in a ribald spirit; but I cannot remember seriously discussing the future on any occasion. On Armistice Day the sense of relief was great, but it was accompanied by feelings of bewilderment. For years one set purpose had dominated our lives; that purpose was now fulfilled, and for the moment there was nothing to take its place. For years our lives had been forfeit We had watched our generation die, not one by one, but in hundreds, throughout four years. Our sorrows had come, not as single spies, but in battalions. So far as we had chosen, or dared, to reflect on the matter, we had known that the hour must come when, in the parlance of the trenches, ' our number was up.' In the language of literature, our lot was adequately described by Rudyard Kipling:

Nor was their agony brief, nor once only imposed on them,
The wounded, the war-spent, the sick, received no exemption,
Being cured, they returned and endured and achieved our redemption,
Helpless themselves of relief, till Death marvelling closed on them.

Death had been our companion so long that we felt almost at a loss, when he left us, and Life took his place.

Our new companion, however welcome, clearly made demands on us to which we were not used. We had to think ahead—a long way ahead. We had to adjust our sense of values, so as to pay adequate regard to the virtues held in honour by a community at peace, which are not the virtues most needed in time of war. Many who had gained a certain satisfaction from the sense that they were wanted in the hour of their country's need found that they were not wanted in the hour of her prosperity; others who had carried the heavy responsibilities of command discovered that henceforward they were to be denied any responsibility. These discoveries were far from welcome During the war we had comforted ourselves on many occasions by the thought that things are never quite so bad as they seem Peace, long deferred, was now to teach us the lesson that they are never quite so good.

Moreover, we had time at last to realise how great had been our losses. Day by day the casualty lists had told their tale, but in the preoccupations of the hour their significance had not always been brought home to us. Returning home, we were to hear the full tale Rugby was no doubt typical of most of the public schools. The school numbered usually between 550 and 560. The number serving in the war was over 3000, and of these 675 are dead. My own generation probably suffered most. Of the 56 men in my house when I entered it in 1910 no less than 23 lost their lives. But earlier generations were not exempt. One Rugbeian died of wounds received on the first day of the Somme retreat, March 21, 1918, within a few days of his sixty-ninth birthday. This important detail came to the notice of the War Office some time after his death

Figures are rarely eloquent, but these figures may serve to tell the tale of the losses of my generation; they may illustrate how empty the world seemed to many of us on our return. Throughout our childhood we had looked forward to the great adventure of life We had had our dreams; in them we had perhaps envisaged life in terms of 'high heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes' But always in those dreams the adventure had been shared with our friends. The great game was unthinkable without the companions of our smaller enterprises. But in its place we were given a greater adventure

Looking back I sometimes think that the shadow of things to come was not wholly absent from our lives Was Sir James

Barrie thinking of the menace of war when he wrote Peter Pan
Did no feeling of apprehension darken the mind of any mother i
that audience which first heard 'Our sons will die like Englis
gentlemen'; did no foreboding enter into the exultation wit
which those sons first heard youth's defiance of death—'To di
would be an awfully big adventure'?

The adventure of life paled into insignificance before th
greater adventure which had been ours. Life, indeed, could no
longer be an adventure in the absence of those friends who might have given zest to it. We were indeed rather weary of adventure, and we were conscious of proving a great disappointment to many earnest people who were anxious to recruit us on our return for a variety of crusades at home.

These circumstances detract, I am well aware, from the value of the record here set out If I had been rather older when the war came, if I had enjoyed years of manhood in a world at peace, I might have seen the war through different eyes There are many others who have far greater qualifications to write about the war—men who saw more fighting, men who viewed the war through older and saner eyes, men with greater powers of literary expression This record is subject to these and many other limitations; I claim for it no quality other than fidelity. In the process of selecting what is worthy of record in my experiences I have not had in mind a case to prove, or a theory to advance. I have extenuated nothing. I have set down nothing in malice.

I well remember the fateful day on which we entered the war and the next day—the silence and depression of the former, when it seemed possible that our honour as a nation was compromised; the relief and heartfelt thankfulness of the latter, when it became clear that whatever might befall us we could face the world united and undismayed Rarely can a great nation have gone less willingly to war Excitable people there no doubt were, who were overcome with their own eloquence and confused patriotism and jingoism in their disorderly minds. But of this there was no sign in the proceedings of the House of Commons, and *Hansard* for the first week of August 1914 is no ignoble record. Indeed we may be well content that posterity should judge us by that record, so free is it from any display of hate or slander, of arrogance or fear. Whether a firmer attitude at the outset would have prevented or postponed the war is a matter of doubt which can never be resolved; at least the policy pursued established beyond doubt our pacific intentions and brought us into the war a united nation.

The House of Commons can have witnessed few more splendid hours than that in which the leaders of all political parties gave their promises of unqualified support to all measures of national

defence. Centuries before John Milton had described the scene in *Areopagitica*:

> **Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth.**

England was not slow to answer. If there had been any hesitation, it was dissipated by the actions of the German army in Belgium Feelings of generous emotion at the sufferings of a small and pacific nation supplemented the growing realisation that a menace to our national life existed which could be fought, not, as other wars, by a small professional army, but only by a nation in arms The publication of the German Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag, 'Necessity knows no law,' and later of his interview with Sir Edward Goschen, established this conviction. When Sir Edward Goschen said that 'Fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements,' he spoke words which re-echoed through a nation whose chief pride has been that its word was its bond. Within a few weeks of the outbreak of war the Territorial Army had so far exceeded its complement that it had formed a second line, the first and second New Armies had been raised, and large contingents were on their way from the Dominions

Serving first with a Territorial unit of the 51st (Highland) Division, which later won considerable fame in the Expeditionary Force and was known by the German army as the 'devils in skirts,' and afterwards with a New Army battalion of the Dorset Regiment, I had some opportunity of observing the spirit which animated the citizen armies in the early days of the war Composed as they were of the most diverse types, inspired by the most diverse motives, they had at least one universal characteristic, a determination to get as rapidly as possible to the war with a view to its early conclusion and their early return to their usual avocations Few of them professed any pleasure in the life of a soldier. They took soldiering intensely seriously, as a means to an end, in their hope a rapid end. They well merited the description of their Saxon ancestors of fifteen hundred years before—'a martial but not a military people' The war was not a crusade in their eyes; it was a disagreeable job which had to be seen through, however long it took and whatever sacrifice it entailed. It was clear to them that while solemn engagements could be broken at will on the plea of necessity, and while the most powerful military force ever known was under the control of men who held that view, the security of their country, and of all that it stood for in the way of ordered liberty, was subject to an intolerable menace. The greatest of contemporary writers

watched my own regiment on the march with eyes which were n easily deceived. On September 5, 1914, the *Song of the Soldie* told our story:

What of the faith and fire within us,
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here can win us,
What of the faith and fire within us,
Men who march away?

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Apart from these settled convictions, which were almost universal, the New Armies exhibited every form of diversity. There were men of every age, from every country, of every profession. The call to arms had sounded afar, and men long absent from their country took the first boat and hurried home On my first night as a soldier I found myself with a schoolmaster from a remote township on the Amazon, two men just back from the Caspian Sea, and another from somewhere in Canada. Later I met men from much stranger places Diversity of character was just as marked. We had, as every Army has, our Bardolphs, our Pistols, our Nyms, but the dominant type was perhaps the quiet-mannered, unassuming man, distinguished in days of peace chiefly by his pride in his profession or craft, and by his willingness to lend a hand when needed, a man very difficult to describe, but rather like Kent in *King Lear* or Horatio in *Hamlet*. There were also the simple-hearted and valiant, the natural leaders of their generation. Of them it is hard to speak. When Garibaldi, on the last day of the Roman Republic, summoned the citizens of Rome to follow him into unknown perils, rather than to surrender, he offered them 'hunger, thirst, forced marches, battle, death Let him who loves his country with his heart, and not with his lips, follow me.' In no other spirit did many in the New Armies go to war. They had no words to express that which was in their hearts; we are not an articulate people. If any soldier had delivered a speech on love of country, or the justice of our cause, consternation would have reigned among his comrades. These were matters which were taken for granted. But there was something in men's eyes which revealed more eloquently than words the faith that was in them, that faith of which W. E. Henley had sung many years before:

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England!
Take, and break us, we are yours,
England my own,
Life is good and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky,
Death is death, but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
To the stars on your bugles blown!

I have few memories of the first year, except of the men with whom I served. My battalion of the New Army was quartered during the first winter in billets and later in a camp on the Great Heath of its native Dorset. In the early days there was every expectation that the battalion would proceed as a unit to France, but later it became a reserve battalion, and one by one the friends which I had made were drafted to other battalions of the regiment in France and Gallipoli. This deprived the battalion of much of its early *esprit de corps*, and the long period of training became irksome. But I remember well the beauty of the Great Heath, the russet expanse of limitless wasteland tinged with fire in the rays of the setting sun, the eerie woods darkening in the twilight, the small and dismal copses on the hill-tops silhouetted against the evening sky. I remember the evening at the end of 1915, when, sitting at dinner, I heard a confusion of voices wishing me luck, my orders to join the 1st Dorset Regiment in the Expeditionary Force having arrived. The next day the great moors of the South country, and the glades of the New Forest, seemed to me more than ever beautiful as the train bore me on my way to the murk and mud of Flanders and the chill Unknown.

I was more than pleased to be posted to the 1st Battalion of my regiment in France. I did not know any officer serving with the battalion, but my family had been represented in it in the early days of the war, and throughout I had followed its fortunes with the greatest interest. Indeed, my family having been connected for many generations with the fighting services, I had always hoped that I might be so fortunate as to serve with the Regular Army. I came, therefore, to a regular regiment with a considerable predisposition towards the professional soldier. That predisposition became admiration during a considerable period of service in the field. I feel able to put on record my admiration, inasmuch as I was not, and never became, a professional soldier.

To the 'services' the early battles of the war are the familiar names—Mons, the Marne, the Aisne, the first battle of Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Festubert. In these battles the Regular Army guarded the awaking of England, and in the act ceased to be

The casualty lists, not so long as in the later battles, were mor grievous to that small section of the community which gave t the Army its officers. The 'services' constitute a small world in which everyone at some time or other is bound to meet. Neve a casualty list was published in the first year of the war but there was in it the name of an acquaintance, if not of a friend; in October of 1914, and after Festubert, the regular soldier might well doubt, in reading the lists, whether in certain regiments any officer had survived I well remember the first list, which darkened one evening on Salisbury Plain. A few days later another list contained an all too familiar name.

During my period of service with the 1st Battalion of my regiment I learned to admire the qualities of the Army which took the field in August of 1914. These qualities are commonly overlooked, except in time of war. The Regular Army is not in the habit of singing its own praises. It has no publicity department. It is singularly impervious to praise or blame. It was not seriously disturbed by the criticisms levelled against it by excited politicians many years ago; indeed, a soldier still refers affectionately to other soldiers as 'the brutal and licentious' in commemoration of an historic speech during the Boer War. In the same spirit the soldier welcomed the reference by the 'All Highest' to 'Sir John French's contemptible little army,' and was proud to be known by that title. He was embarrassed rather than flattered by the change from detraction to appreciation which succeeded the outbreak of war. In his own view he had been in no need of apology in peace; he felt in less need of approbation in war He had his traditions; of these the principal was that a man should 'go out without a word.' In the early battles of the war he was not false to that tradition, and no body of men merit in a greater measure the familiar lines in Ecclesiasticus commencing with:

And some there be which have no memorial.

A body of men who obey this tradition must expect to be the subject of misrepresentation Generals are accused of lack of imagination in the conduct of major operations by men who have never demonstrated their ability to command a platoon on a field day. The soldier is accused of bartering away his right to determine his own conduct, of having no creed, no will of his own.[1] He is, moreover, a 'mercenary,' and is so described in depreciation

[1] Most eloquently in *Revolt in the Desert*, p 422

'And it came upon me freshly how the secret of uniform was to make a crowd solid, dignified, impersonal, to give it the singleness and tautness of an upstanding man. This death's livery, which walled its bearers from ordinary life, was sign that they had sold their wills and bodies to the State and contracted themselves into a service not the less abject for that its beginning was voluntary. Some of them had obeyed the instinct of lawlessness some were hungry: others

by men who in the conduct of a successful business have evidently been inspired by no mercenary motive but by a spirit of service to the community. There is no reply. The counsel for the prosecution has his say; there is no counsel for the defence.

Of the conduct of the war by the higher command I have no qualification to speak. But in reading much of the criticism which has been levelled against the 'war of attrition' and the 'wearing out battle,' and the brilliant expedients which in the opinion of the critics might have re-established a war of manœuvre and evaded the need of frontal attack, I have sometimes wondered whether anything short of a breakdown in German moral would ever have taken us to the Rhine, and whether that breakdown could have been accomplished by any other means than the hard pounding which the German army always expected, and obtained, in their battles against the British Army, however small the territory gained.

Of the soldier's creed I have greater qualifications to speak, as the occasions are many when I have observed that creed under trial. The soldier has not bartered away his right to his private judgment; he has renounced it—a very different thing. Renunciation is a quality much in disrepute, since modern education set out to teach the virtues of self-expression. But the need for it is no less great; indeed, the more one part of the community achieves self-expression, the more must the other part of the community renounce. Fortunately renunciation has its rewards: in time of peace the soldier learns that in putting the interests of his regiment ever before his own interests he obtains a greater freedom, not a less, in time of war the soldier may gain that sense which has been described by Bernard Shaw as the true joy of life, the sense of 'being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one'

The soldier, moreover, does not object to the title of 'mercenary.' In a world in which the word 'service' is on everyone's lips, the contribution to the welfare of the community made by men whose motive for good work is professional pride is apt to be overlooked. In war it was my experience that the most reliable troops were those whose moral derived from pride in their profession and in the traditions of their regiment; in peace I have found that the most valuable companions in an enterprise are the men who are too proud to be associated with a failure. Idealism takes so much out of people that the reaction is so strong; pride may never reach such heights, but it lasts longer, and in war the army which wins is the army which stays the course.

thirsted for glamour, for the supposed colour of a military life but, of them all, those only received satisfaction who had sought to degrade themselves, for to the peace-eye they were below humanity.'

In that greatest of war plays *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc Triomphe* there is a passage which puts most nobly the soldie point of view:

LE FILS: Et voilà cette fameuse guerre, beaucoup plus embêtan encore que terrible. Je ne la crains pas, et je l'abhorre. Je la fais, et la méprise.

LE VIEUX: Ne crains tu pas que cette froide détermination puisqu'el remplace en eux le vieil enthousiasme, finisse par s'user, si par impossib la guerre dure? Que les courages s'amollissent?

LE FILS: Au contraire. L'enthousiasme passe. Cette volonté san illusions ne bronchera pas.

Pride is a word which has many meanings; the pride of th Regular Army had in it nothing of arrogance. The sense ir which I have used the word is that of moral force, and this mora force was built up of certain qualities taught to the young soldier. They are set out in an admirable handbook on *Military History* published early in 1914:

Self-reverence, which can be based only upon high aspirations and high ideals; self-knowledge, which combines the courage to face facts, the patience to accept them, the constancy to turn them to good account, self-control, the off-spring of self-denial and self-discipline. We are too much inclined to think of war as a matter of combats, demanding above all things physical courage It is really a matter of fasting and thirsting, of toiling and waking, of lacking and enduring; which demands above all things moral courage

It was by the exhibition of these qualities that the Regular Army maintained its moral in the long rearguard action on the pitiless road from Mons to the Marne, and in grim endurance held the line from Ypres to La Bassée, against continuous onslaught by greatly superior forces in October and November of 1914, until regiments were reduced to companies and ultimately to platoons.

I have no wish to depict the professional soldier in terms of romance. He regards himself in no such light I have been at pains only to show that he has something which is commonly denied to him—a creed. The dead of 1914 'went out without a word' in accordance with their traditions; they rest content under the splendid epitaph of A. E. Housman:

These in the day when Heaven was falling,
The hour when Earth's foundation fled,
Followed their mercenary calling,
And took their wages, and are dead.

C. O. G. DOUIE.

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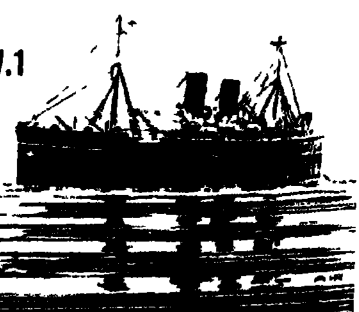
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NINETEENTH
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No. DCXV—May 1928

THE SOVIET AND DISARMAMENT AT GENEVA

If any additional evidence were required to prove the hatred with which the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (U.S.S.R.) regards the League of Nations and the contempt which it feels for the intelligence of the delegates who represent the various countries, members of the League, it surely will be found in the cynical audacity of the draft Disarmament Convention submitted by the Delegation of the U.S.S R. to the Secretary-General of the League, dated February 15, 1928, which was discussed at Geneva on March 20 at the afternoon sitting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League.

General de Marinis speaking for Italy, and Count Clauzel for France, deprecated the introduction of the Soviet proposals at this stage on the ground that it would transfer the discussion on disarmament from its present basis to that of the Soviet plan. Lord Cushendun, the British representative, however, declared

himself in favour of a careful and detailed examination of the proposals which might take some time, perhaps six months; he differed from General de Marinis, who had advocated outright rejection. Apparently, said Lord Cushendun, the Soviet Government believed and hoped that the capitalist politicians would wreck the Soviet plan; he would disappoint them. The Soviet document is headed as follows:

DRAFT CONVENTION OF IMMEDIATE, COMPLETE, AND GENERAL DISARMAMENT

and commences:

Being animated by the firm desire to safeguard general peace;

Considering that the existence and increase of armed forces constitutes an immense danger, bearing the germ of fresh and inevitable conflagrations;

Considering that the attempts to go too deeply into the question and to embrace in all its details every factor relating to the existence and increase of armaments have ended in failure, or have postponed the solution of disarmament questions:

The Contracting States . .

. . . . .

Solemnly acknowledge that the only true method which can contribute to the safeguarding of peace is the general and complete abolition of all armed forces, and conclude the present Convention; having for this purpose appointed as their Plenipotentiaries:

. . . . .

Who, having communicated their full powers found in good and due form, have agreed that complete disarmament shall be undertaken as from the date of entry into force of the present Convention, and shall be terminated within a period of four years so as to restrict the possibility of armed conflicts from the first year onwards.

Before considering any of the articles of this grotesque Convention in detail, let us examine the introductory prologue.

The first paragraph commits the contracting States to the solemn affirmation that they are 'animated by the firm desire to safeguard general peace.' This is so patently in opposition to the reiterated statements of Soviet policy by the Communist leaders, and so contrary to Soviet practice, that we have to find a key to the cryptic phraseology of the affirmation. The key is found in the interpretation of the word 'general' in the phrase 'general peace.'

Lord Cushendun at once unmasked the disingenuous nature of this affirmation by asking whether the Soviet, in denouncing war and propounding a scheme to make war impossible, intended to include civil war and social war, 'the cruellest and most hateful of all wars in the world'; adding that the main case against the Soviet Republics was not that they fought their own subjects, but that their whole world policy was to create civil war.

M. Litvinoff, in his very feeble reply to Lord Cushendun's

criticisms, admitted that the Soviet did not include war of this nature in the term 'general' war.

We can readily accept the *bona fides* of the Soviet Government in affirming its desire to safeguard *international* peace; for it is not the policy of that Government to precipitate a foreign war in which the Red army would be engaged in conflict with one or more of the Imperialist States of Europe until the following ends shall have been achieved:

1. The perfecting of the Soviet military system, which will take about four years to attain its maximum efficiency.
2. The disarmament of the capitalistic States under the Soviet scheme, which will take the same time; during this period the Red army will masquerade as police.
3. The intensification of class hatred and the secret arming of proletarian Communist military cadres in every country, the corruption of the fighting forces and the police, culminating in civil wars wherever and whenever the conditions become sufficiently favourable.

The Soviet requires a period of international peace during which its propaganda may have time to spread, and the Communist 'cells' of the Komintern shall have been able to establish themselves firmly in the social and administrative organism of the countries which are to be brought under the domination of the Bolshevist rule. The instruments through which the Bolshevist millennium is to be attained are the Third International (Komintern) and the Red army.

During this period, idealists—and others—in the League of Nations *Union*, and other less important bodies, are preparing for the final *débâcle* by inoculating the youth of the country with the toxins of pacifism, conscientious objection, and internationalism.

On November 4, 1925, Rykow, Lenin's successor, addressing the army authorities, said:

> Do not forget that our task is to internationalise Communism. Our Red army is the advance guard of the Komintern, and when the time comes, at a sign from the latter, it will begin its great victorious march, which will mark an epoch in history. Lenin always said that the success of the international revolution would be a matter of two or three days' fighting, as was the case with the Russian revolution. We shall help with all our force the brilliant and final victory of Communism in the world. The Red army, immense, disciplined, and imbued with the spirit of Lenin, will be its principal architect.

And later Stalin, in the *Communist Internationale* of December 14, 1927, p. 1893, wrote:

> We have no right to forget the words of Lenin, that in our constructive labours a great deal depends on being able to put off the inevitable war with the capitalist world either until the time when the proletarian

revolution is ripe in Europe, or until revolutions are ripe in the colonial countries, or else until the time when the capitalists begin to fight among themselves for the division of the colonies. *This is why the maintenance of pacific relations with the capitalist countries is for us an indispensable task.*

The U.S.S.R. is now engaged in doubling its military effectives by adding an enormous militia force to the standing army of 562,000 men. Military combatant service is made obligatory on all 'workers': the 'bourgeois' have to serve as military labourers. Military service is divided as follows:

1. Pre-military instruction at nineteen and twenty years of age.

2. Active service from twenty-one to twenty-five years of age.

3. Reserve service from twenty-six to forty years of age.

The pre-military instruction is given to 842,000 men in 4500 centres of instruction. Its normal duration is ten weeks, but in certain out-of-the-way districts only six weeks. The five years' active service (twenty-one to twenty-five) are performed as follows: The permanent army instructs about 270,000 recruits per annum. These men serve effectively two years and are called up for annual training in the three following years. In the navy four years are served consecutively. The new mobile territorial (militia) formations train more than 600,000 recruits each year. These recruits serve three months in the first year, two months in the second, and one month in each of the last three years; they therefore do eight months' effective training. Reservists are called up for training totalling three months.

The U.S.S.R. thus trains more than 870,000 soldiers every year. The effective total which will be reached by the twenty-two age classes will exceed 16,000,000 men.[1] The auxiliaries of the Red army in Russia are the Communists in every country in the world, organised under orders from Moscow and militarised and armed secretly as the conditions in each country permit. It seems difficult to make most of the civilised Governments realise that Communists are not in any sense a political party of the State in which they happen to be domiciled, but, on the contrary, they are strictly and avowedly part of an international revolutionary force, sworn to bring about the destruction, by all and every means, of the capitalist State in which they live.

It is clear that some time is required to perfect these auxiliaries of the Red army in the work which they have to do before success on a grand scale can reward their efforts. The sporadic outbreaks which have occurred in various countries have been overcome in such a manner as to show the Soviet that more intensive

[1] *Anti-Bolshevist Vade Mecum*, published by the International Entente, Geneva.

preparation is still required. The ill-advised General Strike in England undoubtedly weakened the Soviet position; at the same time it revealed the fact that the organisation of the Labour Party is of such a nature as to permit revolutionary forces in fact—whatever may have been the intention of the party leaders—to sweep the party off its feet and plunge the country in disaster.

But now we come to the second point (see p. 579), namely, the 'Disarmament of the Capitalistic States' In a speech at the Military Academy, August 17, 1925, Frunze said:

> Our army is increasing and improving while our adversaries are content to maintain their positions Soon we shall be stronger than all the capitalist States.

Since this speech was delivered the capitalist States have not even been 'content to maintain their positions,' but have been earnestly considering every possible means of reducing their fighting effectives.

The disarmament proposed by the Soviet Convention was to be effected completely by progressive steps in a period of four years, at the end of which the entire personnel of the fighting forces would be disbanded, and all fortifications, naval vessels, guns and war material were to be destroyed. The procedure is provided for in detail in chapters 1 and 2 of the Convention. Concurrently with the disbandment of the national armies, navies, and air forces of every country, the process of arming the international Communist proletariat will be speeded up, and, unless arrested by swift and stern measures, the menace to internal peace will become truly formidable, and it will gain impetus at precisely the same rate as the disarmament measures become effective. While disciplined troops are to be disbanded and their arms scrapped so that they may be equally unable to resist foreign attack or to quell civil disturbance, article 39 of the Convention provides that magazine rifles firing ten rounds and pistols of a calibre not exceeding 0·8 cm. may be retained for arming the civil police forces and guards, and reserve ammunition may be deposited in places laid down in a special convention, but must not exceed 1000 rounds per rifle and 100 rounds per pistol.

In the explanatory memorandum which accompanies the draft Convention, the following significant instructions are given in respect to the provisions in chapter 2 for the destruction of war material:

> (a) This chapter [*i.e.*, chapter 2] again contemplates the principal aspect of disarmament during the first stage—the destruction of all reserve stores intended for mobilisation, of which *the first to be destroyed should be those that might be employed against the civil population.*
>
> d) Article 15 of the Draft Convention provides that sporting guns of

non-military pattern and revolvers for sporting purposes and for self-defence may be retained. In view of the general social situation, these measures are particularly necessary in countries where communications are undeveloped.

One seems to see proletarian special constables and Communist workers' defence corps taking full advantage of this thoughtful provision. The police in London are well aware that dumps of arms are concealed, but have not hitherto succeeded in discovering them. It is believed that the arms, revolvers and automatics are smuggled across to England from France in fast motor boats ostensibly cruising for pleasure. Owing to the reduction of the coastguard to a mere skeleton, there can be little difficulty in landing the arms at unfrequented spots along the shore. There are gangs of Irish gunmen in London who were engaged during the Sinn Fein troubles in shooting British officers and soldiers, and these men are undoubtedly concerned in the traffic.

It is clear that there is nothing in the existing law to deter the members of the Third International from carrying on this traffic *ad lib.*: no heavier penalty than six months' imprisonment can be incurred, unless it be proved that the firearm was carried with intent to kill, and in the case of men arrested with a large number of revolvers in packages it would obviously be impossible to prove such intent; and yet we know from the mouths of their own leaders and from the inspired Communist Press of Moscow that they are under orders to 'turn your arms against the class enemy in your own country.' A civil war in Ireland subsidised by the Soviet would prove more than embarrassing to Great Britain. Lord Cushendun, speaking at Geneva on March 22, said:

The main case against the Soviet Republics was not that they fought their own subjects, but that their whole world policy was to create civil war. M. Litvinoff had referred to British activities at Shanghai. Great Britain's intervention had been purely to protect British lives and property, and it carefully avoided giving support to any of the factions in China. He was in possession, however, of authentic figures showing that enormous sums had been spent by the Soviet in supplying arms to the Chinese Nationalists. Great Britain's part at Shanghai, which had been helpful in protecting European lives, also revealed Great Britain's chief difficulty in the matter of disarmament. Although it would be relatively easy for some countries to indicate essentials for their internal security, Great Britain had always to keep before her eyes possibilities of the Shanghai order.

Concurrently with the military training, organising, and arming of the Communist proletariat, and the inculcation from the tenderest age in the Communist Sunday schools of the gospel of hatred and the repudiation of Christianity, we have impassioned harangues from the clergy of all churches and religious denomina-

tions, under the ægis of the League of Nations *Union* (Albert Hall, March 5, 1928), urging us to take the lead in disarming and thus set a good example to the rest of the world. It would almost seem as though the League of Nations *Union* was all unwittingly serving the purposes of Moscow rather than the best interests of the League. As Dr. Haden Guest remarks in his valuable book, *Where is Labour Going?*

> It is an unfortunate fact that those who are most vocal in favour of 'pacifism' in general are frequently also in favour, actively or tacitly, of the 'class war' and therefore of civil war against the 'bourgeoise.'

There is a precedent for the course which we are invited to take in the history of Egypt B.C. 1375–1358. The great colonial empire which had been founded by Thutmosis III. and extended by Amenophis II. between B.C. 1470 and 1420 was at the zenith of its glory when Thutmosis IV. succeeded his father B.C. 1420, and was followed in due course by his son Amenophis III. and his grandson Amenophis IV., subsequently known as 'Akhnaton.' Inheriting this vast and prosperous empire, the young Pharaoh ascended the throne at the age of thirteen, his mother, Queen Nefertiti, taking immediate administrative control of State affairs. At the age of nineteen he determined to quit Thebes, the seat of government, and build himself an ideal capital which he called 'The City of the Horizon,' where he inaugurated a beautiful monotheistic worship of the god 'Aton,' the 'Father in Heaven.' Akhnaton abhorred war and believed that a resort to arms was an offence to God, and he was determined to stick to his principles no matter what it might cost him.

It must be remembered that although this is a precedent, the one and only precedent of a great empire voluntarily laying down its arms, it is not on all fours with the case of the British Empire of to-day. Akhnaton was dealing with what was considered then as the Pharaoh's own property: the people had no rights, they were the chattels of the ruler, who was at liberty to gamble with their lives as he might think fit; he was thus only taking a personal risk and prepared to incur a personal sacrifice

The British Empire is a democratic possession belonging to the people who have made it what it is, and its destinies cannot be lightly gambled with at the bidding of idealists. But the sequel is as instructive to us to-day as it was to the absolute rulers of 3300 years ago. The Pax Egyptica under which this great empire had prospered in all its parts was shattered, Syria was sacrificed, hordes of barbarians overran the country, the attenuated Egyptian garrisons were massacred, chaos reigned supreme, and blood flowed like water. Akhnaton remained unmoved by the despairing appeals which came from the outposts of the empire, hugging his ideals in his beautiful 'City of the Horizon.'

Colonial tributes ceased to be paid, administration failed for lack of funds, and in a few years Egypt was reduced from being the richest country in the world to the level of a petty bankrupt State.

Simultaneously with the fall of the empire, Akhnaton died, at the age of thirty. In a few short years, indulgence in a dangerous orgy of idealism had destroyed the work of generations of wiser rule, and the peace which had been maintained by the sanction of well-regulated and disciplined force vanished like a puff of smoke when that force was withdrawn or withheld.[1]

We have now dealt fully with the reasons which make us believe that the Soviet is sincerely 'animated by a firm desire to safeguard general' (*i.e.*, international) 'peace.' May we add, *until the time is ripe for world revolution?*

The second paragraph of the preamble to the Convention considers 'that the existence and increase of armed forces constitutes an immense danger, bearing the germ of fresh and inevitable armed conflagrations.' If we insert after the words 'armed forces' the following words, '*in excess of the numbers required for the maintenance of internal order and for resisting foreign aggression*,' we arrive at a formula upon which the League of Nations has been working industriously for a very considerable time and upon which there is general agreement in principle, though it seems to pass the wit of man to apply these principles in concrete form to any measures which will command general approval and acceptance. And we must agree, as stated in the third paragraph of the preamble, 'that the attempts to go too deeply into the question and to embrace in all its details every factor relating to the existence and increase of armaments have ended in failure or have postponed the solution of disarmament questions.' In this connexion Lord Cushendun very sensibly remarked that progress could only come by evolution, and evolution was slow. He did not hesitate to suggest that the real purpose of the Moscow plan was, not to help the League, but to destroy it. He pointed out that some of the articles are incompatible with the Covenant of the League, and that the International Commission of Control which the Soviet scheme would set up is plainly intended as a rival body to the League Council. The League is not even mentioned in this plan for its own undoing which Moscow invites it to accept.

Chapter 1 deals in detail with the disbandment of the armed forces. All military units and formations, as well as all the effectives of the land, sea, and air forces, whether of the home country or of its oversea possessions, shall be disbanded within four years as from the entry into force of the Convention, and shall not in future be allowed in any form, whether open or secret. It is

[1] See *The Life and Times of Akhnaton*, by Sir Arthur Weigall.

obviously not worth while to discuss the details of this fantastic proposal beyond mentioning that it is to be carried out in four successive stages: (*a*) in the first year one half of the effectives in service, whether officials, officers, or other ranks, shall be disbanded, and (*b*) in the following years the remaining effectives in equal parts.

Chapter 2 deals with 'material,' and provides for its wholesale destruction at a rate commensurate with the reduction of the armed forces, and for the complete cessation of manufacture or import of any war material whatsoever. The only exception is contained in article 15, which has already been quoted.

Chapter 3 of the Convention deals with the organisation of protection. Article 38 says:

> On the expiry of the period of four years laid down in the present Convention for effecting complete and general disarmament, the maintenance of a protective and police service, the personnel of which shall be engaged by voluntary contracts of service, shall be authorised in the territory of each of the Contracting States, for the purpose of customs and fiscal police supervision, internal police, and the protection of State and private property; the amount of weapons and simple armament strictly necessary may also be retained. The effectives of these categories of services shall be laid down in a special convention in conformity with the population of the several Contracting States, the length of the means of communication, the existence of objects which are deemed by the State to require protection, the development of forestry, etc.

Lord Cushendun remarked that it would be difficult for Russia, whose boundaries extend from the Black Sea to the White Sea and from Poland to the Pacific, to compute the numbers of these police to which she would be entitled on this basis: they would certainly be alarmingly large for her weaker neighbours after they lost, as they would lose, the protection afforded them by the League. He asked what were the motives that inspired them in making these proposals for disarmament. Inveterate hostility to the League and to its labours for peace had been the mark of Bolshevist policy up till now.

It is quite obvious that no real control could be exercised by the Permanent International Commission over the numbers and armament of the so-called protective police in Russia, and it is equally certain that the Soviet Government would never dream for a moment of adhering either in the spirit or in the letter to any agreement which it had ratified, except in so far as it suited the purposes of its mortal struggle against civilised society.

It has been mentioned at the beginning of this article that Lord Cushendun declared himself in favour of a careful and detailed examination of the Soviet proposals which might take six months, and he carried the meeting with him. In his pre-

liminary examination of the Soviet proposals he completely justified his attitude by the merciless exposure of Soviet bad faith which permeated the whole fabric of the Convention.

The Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference was not in a position to give a second reading to its own draft Convention when the last sitting of the session took place on March 24; but it was faced with a new draft Convention from the Soviet, and a proposal from Count Bernstorff (Germany) for immediate action in the shape of a suggestion that the Council of the League should be recommended to fix a date for the convocation of the Disarmament Conference.

Count Clauzel (France) opened the discussion by paying a well-deserved tribute to Lord Cushendun, who, supported by fourteen States, had shown that the Soviet proposals were unacceptable to the majority of the Commission. He suggested that Lord Cushendun's proposal should be adopted by the Commission—namely, to refer the new Soviet draft to the Governments in the first instance, for examination by the Commission at its next session, simultaneously with the second reading of its own draft Convention. He remarked that the principal features of the new draft, which adopts the principle of progressive reduction, were not new, and had in fact been rejected by the Commission at an earlier stage.

Count Bernstorff explained that his proposal was not put forward in an obstructive spirit, but to compel the Governments to do something He felt that the Commission had not sufficient authority to set the Governments in motion. Count Bernstorff's proposal, however, found no support, and when the President (M. Loudon) pointed out its impracticability, M. Litvinoff jumped up to say that if the new Soviet draft was not given a first reading he would support Count Bernstorff.

Lord Cushendun opposed Count Bernstorff's resolution on the ground that the duty of the Preparatory Commission was to prepare the ground carefully for the Disarmament Conference, and Count Bernstorff had to admit his isolation.

M. Litvinoff, however, returned to the charge ' to put new life into the Commission ' by asking for a first reading of his new plan. The Commission, however, did not rally to the suggestion. Instead, it adopted a resolution noting, on the one hand, Count Bernstorff's suggestion for more detailed statistics for national armament, and, on the other hand, the Soviet's new draft, and commending both to the attention of the Governments, for consideration by the Commission at its next session. The resolution also makes clear the unsuitability of the Soviet scheme of immediate and complete disarmament and the Commission's intention to pursue its original course. The decision, although consistent

with League practice, was not accepted with the best of grace by M. Litvinoff. Taking the floor once more, he taunted the Commission on its delays, and expressed the hope that those who believed that there was an indefinite time at the disposal of those entrusted with the preliminary work of disarmament would not some day receive a rude shock. 'The Soviet,' he said, 'which has some knowledge of international relations, sees these dangers.'

The President, in his closing address, invited the Soviet delegation to continue to co-operate, but to come to Geneva in a constructive spirit. As the curtain fell on an unfruitful session, M. Litvinoff expressed his gratitude to the Secretariat for its excellent work. Here Lord Cushendun found himself 'for the first time in complete agreement with the chief Soviet delegate.'

Germany's grievance is that the Commission failed to achieve anything, and that she is being kept by the Versailles Treaty practically disarmed, while her late enemies are showing no alacrity themselves to conform to those articles of the Treaty which require them to reduce their armaments on a scale which shall prove their sincerity in subscribing to the Covenant of the League of Nations. Long ago Herr Gessler, when he was Minister of Defence, took the view that if the other Powers did not reduce their armaments, Germany would have every right to rearm, and strong approval has been expressed in the German Press of Count Bernstorff's hint that Germany may have to appeal to the League Assembly against obstruction within the Commission.

For propaganda purposes, both in Germany and England, the immense reductions which Great Britain has already made in her armaments since the war are purposely ignored. Great Britain has certainly given all the lead which could be expected of her, but unfortunately too little publicity has been given to her efforts in this direction. Lord Cushendun drew attention to the fact that Great Britain had already scrapped 2,000,000 tons of naval armaments since the war, and was prepared to go still further and make another reduction in the maximum size of capital ships and lengthen the period of their retention on the active list, in addition to the large reductions already effected in other directions. Our sacrifices, however, are ignored, and the German Press regards the sincerity of our latest proposals with sarcastic incredulity. Viscount Cecil in a long article in the *Sunday Times* of March 25 puts the case for Germany most eloquently. He is convinced that a draft skeleton Convention is not impossible. 'On the contrary,' he writes, 'I am convinced it can be done, provided we, the British, take our proper position as leaders in the enterprise.' One could wish that Lord Cecil had laid some stress on what we have actually accomplished, and on what we are still endeavouring to do by means of interchange of views at Geneva. Lord

Cushendun wished to await the result of these unofficial pourparlers before proceeding with formal discussions which were not only likely to be barren of results but might easily disturb the favourable atmosphere which seems to prevail at the moment.

One thing is quite clear, however, and that is, that the Communist imperialism of Soviet Russia, backed up by the national Red army, and the Komintern (Third International), maintaining the rule of Terror by the instrumentality of the dreaded Ogpu (formerly Cheka), is, and always must be, an insurmountable obstacle to any material reduction of armaments in other countries. The German Press is under no illusion in regard to the Soviet, the recent arrests of German engineers in Russia having doubtless something to do with its increased clarity of vision.

The *Tägliche Rundschau* says :

> The Bolshevist dictators themselves are destroying faith in the value of international obligations. You cannot conclude treaties of peace and friendship with other States and at the same time support Communist efforts in those States to hasten the world revolution.

The industrial *Bergwerks Zeitung*, after criticising the Geneva meeting severely along the usual German lines, asks whether the Soviet intervention has benefited the cause of disarmament and the interests of Germany.

> Has Soviet Russia, indeed, [it asks] ever been sincere and honest on any single question, whether of a political or an economic order ? Have not all its actions always been dominated by a single motive, the consolidation of the Bolshevist and Communist system and the capture of the whole world for that system, no matter by what means ? . . . This general and justified mistrust of Moscow did not, in our opinion, strengthen Count Bernstorff's position at Geneva. It was a matter of course that he should support Litvinoff's proposals. Every disarmament proposal must meet with Germany's approval. But the distrust of the principal cast a shadow upon the second, and we are certainly of the opinion that Bernstorff would have accomplished more this time if Litvinoff had kept away from Geneva.

Have the proceedings of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament been altogether barren of results, as some critics would wish us to believe ? The answer must be emphatically 'No.' The Soviet has been effectually unmasked before an influential international body, appointed by the Council of the League of Nations to prepare the ground for the meeting of a plenary Conference of the League to discuss concrete proposals for expediting the progress of disarmament to such an extent as it can be carried out with safety to civilisation.

And the Soviet Government of Russia has been shown to be the principal obstacle to the achievement of the aim, which in principle all the nations are agreed upon : while the civilised

nations of the world ardently desire peace—international peace, domestic peace, and social peace—the Soviet Government desires only the first of these in order that it may the more effectively destroy the other two.

The reply of Moscow to Geneva has already been given to the world. Speaking on April 2, Rykow said:

> The question of the militarisation of the country must continue to occupy most of their energy, as the Imperialists intended to fall on the U.S.S.R., and a relaxation of effort was unthinkable. Geneva was an eloquent demonstration of the capitalists' war thirst.

Vorochiloff, the Commissar for War, followed with the enlightening remark:

> We tried to disarm the Imperialists at Geneva. The results were as good as could be expected. We manœuvred well, and we made a loud demonstration of willingness to disarm. Now we must increase our military strength in every direction.

F. G. STONE.

THE STALIN DICTATORSHIP

THE most important problem before the world to-day is the problem of Russia. By that I mean the problem, which confronts the Russian people themselves, of establishing in Moscow a reasonably liberal and democratic Government having at heart the interests of all classes and not those of one class exclusively, and committed to no programme involving the overthrow of all other Governments. The solution of this problem need not involve a restoration of the imperial *régime* or even an overthrow of the present *régime*, if the present *régime* is strong enough and enlightened enough to take the necessary measures for its own reform. The abolition of the Ogpu, or Department of Secret Police, the abolition of the Government monopoly in foreign trade, freedom of the Press, freedom of individual initiative in commerce and industry, complete freedom of the Church: these reforms alone would effect an extraordinary change for the better in Russia, a change like that produced in a man by the removal of a cancer which is draining him of all his strength. A few good harvests after that, and Russia would be herself again. And the recovery would affect not only Russia—it would affect all Christianity, and all the world.

It is possible, of course, that Stalin's dictatorship could not exist for a day without the support of the Ogpu, in which case that dictatorship would disappear and be replaced by a better Government, as Russia could not possibly have a worse Government. But in any case, as I shall explain later, the Ogpu is as likely to prove as troublesome to Stalin as the Okhranka proved to Stolypin.

The recovery of Russia may not seem so vital to us in Great Britain, especially if we only look at it from the business point of view, and consider what our exports to Russia were before the war and how much raw material we imported from her; but we must remember that Russia's restoration to normal national life would benefit us indirectly even more than it would benefit us directly. It would increase the prosperity of Germany, Poland, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia; and, what is of even more importance, it would remove a dead weight of suspicion not only from Eastern Europe but even from Eastern Asia.

It is important, therefore, for us to examine not only the foreign policy of the Soviet Government, but also its internal policy, and especially the split which took place last December in the ranks of the Bolshevist Party.

This split was entirely due to personal antipathies between Stalin and Trotsky and only took on the garb of a doctrinal struggle subsequently. Lenin, who was a good judge of character, left to his party, when he was dying, a 'testament,' as it is called, in which he foretold the conflict between Trotsky and Stalin and the dangers to the party which would result from it. He said Stalin was 'too rough,' and wanted to have him removed from his position as general secretary of the party, as otherwise a quarrel between him and Trotsky was certain.

Immediately after Lenin's death the first skirmish took place between Trotsky and Stalin, and resulted in favour of Stalin, partly because Trotsky underrated his opponent, partly because his health was bad, and he had to leave Moscow to recuperate, and partly because, in the excess of his vanity, he disdained to intrigue or to attract sympathisers to his side, with the result that on that occasion Zinoviev and Kamenev were against him and with his opponent.

On his return to Moscow in 1926, Trotsky began to work seriously against Stalin, but made many mistakes. Nevertheless, Stalin acted with circumspection, for the power of Trotsky's name was great, and in his own name there was no magic whatsoever. He began scattering the conspirators by giving them lucrative appointments in widely-sundered parts of the republic.

Meanwhile, Trotsky devoted himself to winning small triumphs, which would have been all very well in a constitutional country like England, but which only alarmed the commissars. He succeeded in rallying to his side many Communist malcontents, who blamed Stalin for the failures both at home and abroad which marked the year 1927—abroad, the failure in China and the expulsion of the Bolshevist Mission from London; at home, the increased unemployment, the discontent among the industrial workers, and the bad economic conditions. But the Opposition was too heterogeneous to inspire respect. It consisted of at least five dissentient groups, bound together by only two ties—namely, a personal dislike for Stalin and a common discontent with the policy of the party under Stalin's dictatorship. The opinions of these groups ranged from Ossovsky on the extreme Right—a complete *défaitiste* who wanted the Communist Party to abandon its sacred mission—to the wild creatures on the extreme Left, who would be prepared to scrap all other interests for that of world revolution.

It seems clear, however, that Trotsky was animated by per-

sonal motives only, and that, if he succeeded to Stalin's place, he would be compelled to follow Stalin's policy. Lacking the skill to invent a good, rousing war-cry which gave the impression of idealism, unselfishness and acute national danger, he sponsored half a dozen contradictory war-cries, all of them negative in character and mere criticisms of the general secretary. He agitated for a return to pure Leninism. He denounced certain concessions made to rich peasants. He accused the party leaders of neglecting the interests of the industrial workers, and of also neglecting to bring about a world revolution. All these were insufficient reasons for such an extremely dangerous operation as an armed conflict inside the Bolshevist Party itself; and it is a striking proof of Trotsky's personal charm and Stalin's personal repulsiveness that many prominent commissars took Trotsky's side.

The duel ended in the victory of Stalin. The Central Control Committee (the chief party organ after the *politbureau*, or executive, of the Central Committee) met in Moscow in the second week of November and decided to expel from the party Trotsky and Zinoviev and to degrade Rakovsky, Kamenev, Smilga, and other prominent men. The party conference which met in the Kremlin on December 2 expelled on December 18 no less than ninety-eight Opposition leaders, including Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Krestinsky, Kursky and Rakovsky. The expulsion of all these men from the party was an event of the first magnitude, the most important event which has taken place in Russia since 1917.

As I have already pointed out, there is every reason to believe that had the Opposition won, they would have followed precisely the same line as has been taken by Stalin and his gang. The group in power has, *coûte que coûte*, to govern the country and subordinate everything to that object; and it is now clear that Stalin is stealing the Opposition's thunder all along the line. Speaking at the fifteenth Communist Congress on the subject of agriculture, Stalin attributed its slow progress to the fact that it was not nationalised. 'Our only hope,' he says, 'is in the Communist form of culture on the land.' Judging from these words, the general secretary will probably behave towards the rich peasants as the Soviet Government of 1923 behaved towards the shopkeepers who had made a little money under Nep—he will use them as a milch-cow and squeeze as much money out of them as he can; he will never allow them to develop into small proprietors. Even now he is squeezing the *kulaki*, or rich peasants, as hard as Trotsky would have done, had he been victorious.

I happened to see and hear Stalin on the occasion of the Communist Congress held in Moscow in 1923; and I shall give my impressions of him for what they are worth, after first warning the reader against accepting my slight sketch as a complete

picture. He was young-looking, thoroughly self-possessed, hard, without the slightest trace of nervousness, but undistinguished and ordinary in every way. He then occupied the unimportant post of commissar for the smaller nationalities—that is, the Caucasians, Tartars, Kirghiz, Buriats, etc.—and he read a report about them. Now, that report was one of the most wearisome productions that ever I listened to in all my life. It was long, involved, deadly dull, full of statistics. It was not lighted by a single spark of genius or of humour, or even of that unusual penetration that must occur in any long literary effort of a remarkable man. Most of the audience found it hard to keep awake, and I was reminded of the French revolutionist who came to kill Robespierre at a public meeting, but who fell asleep and thus lost his chance owing to the interminable and soporific verbosity of that orator. Judging by this report and by Stalin's subsequent achievements, I should say that he is a very ordinary man with the Georgian's talent for intrigue developed to an abnormal extent.

He easily got the better of Trotsky, who is really a literary man, with all the shortcomings and all the gifts of such a type—vain, brilliant, careless about intrigue for his own advancement, and equally careless about intrigue directed against him. Trotsky is a far better writer and orator than Stalin, but he probably overrated himself and underrated Stalin, with the result that the latter gradually introduced Caucasians into key positions in all the Government offices in Moscow, and even into the Ogpu. When things had reached that stage Trotsky was as helpless as Napoleon after Waterloo.

Stalin was what I would call a heavy, plodding man—I speak only of his mental characteristics, of course—and in one way he has done good, without intending it, by driving out of the Communist fold the ardent, self-sacrificing, mystical type of Russian (for that type existed even among the Bolsheviks) and by making the U.S.S.R. cease to exercise the fascination it once exercised over non-Russians of the same type. This unexpected result Stalin has obtained by his absence of imagination and by that very adroitness in practical management, intrigue, and the 'pulling of wires' which enabled him to defeat Trotsky.

The foreign enthusiasts whose sympathies are with Communism now perceive no more that glittering illusion which Lenin and Trotsky managed, between them, to produce ten years ago; all they can see are the ropes and pulleys and the slouching scene-shifters. The work that goes on behind the scenes is now visible to all the world; the magic landscapes and costumes and figures have all vanished. In other words, the operation of the Soviet machine is as unromantic as the operation of the Tammany machine in New York or of 'Big Bill' Thompson's machine in

Chicago. This may seem a small point, but it is an extremely important one, for there was nothing more dangerous in Bolshevism than the false glamour which had been thrown around it by circumstances with which the Bolsheviks had had nothing to do, as well as by certain remarkable personages among the Bolsheviks themselves. The circumstances were due, not to the Bolsheviks, but to the old *régime*. Among those circumstances which struck the imagination of the world were the strange tragedy of the Imperial family, the fighting at Tsarskoe Selo, the taking of the Winter Palace, the occupation by the Red leaders of the Kremlin, with all its historic associations. This glamour would not have existed had it not been for the wonderful literature and art and marvellous religious spirit of old Russia. Then there was a certain amount of glamour thrown by Trotsky and Lenin, not only by the adventures of this remarkable pair, but, to some extent, by a touch of romanticism in their minds. For even Lenin was an idealist; he idealised the industrial workman just as Tolstoy idealised the *muzhik*. I once met a follower of Tolstoy—a rather foolish follower, I must say—who went so far in his idealisation of the peasants that he once spent a year in a *muzhik's izba*, taking down in voluminous notebooks every word which fell from the lips of his ignorant host. This of course was silly, but it is characteristic of a certain vein of extravagance in the Russian, and this vein, as I have just remarked, was present in Lenin also.

Stalin has no illusions, and it must be said that the Communism he presents to us is the real thing. I was in Communist Russia even before the Nep, and life there seemed to me like life at the bottom of a well. Even the propaganda on the Bolshevist films, though it naturally tried to be as light and attractive as possible, represented such an intolerable state of existence that I often wondered how any agnostic who was condemned to it for life could refrain from committing suicide. I remember in particular one film representing life in a Communist children's colony. It showed that the children were never left alone, and never given leisure to think, or dream, or sit by themselves. One saw them sleeping together in long dormitories, rising together at the sound of a huge bell, washing together, working together, exercising together; and when one reflected that this was the Bolshevist ideal not only for childhood but for all the years of life, one could not help concluding that such a life was not worth living. It was a machine-like life, and the machine was running without oil. In Great Britain we all recognise the defects of the factory system and try to remove them; Lenin, on the contrary, based his whole theory on the factory system, and seemed to worship factories. As the European monarchs who sat for their portraits in the fourteenth century were sometimes fond of

having churches and monasteries in the background of the picture, and as monarchs of the eighteenth century were equally fond of having palaces, so Lenin preferred factory chimneys, and his favourite portrait shows him wearing a mechanic's cap pulled over one ear, and, in the distance, a long row of blast-furnaces and of tall factory chimneys belching smoke.

Even the ' poets ' of the Sovdep address sonnets, not to their ladies' eyebrows or to the moon or to the nightingale, but to Nasmyth hammers, Diesel engines, mammoth cranes, and other machines. Machinery is to them ' the Iron Messiah ' of their adoration : one of them even calls machinery his ' mistress and mother ' ; and to realise the astounding lengths to which this idolatry goes, the reader who is familiar with Russian could not do better than peruse any ' poem ' by Sadofiev, Tikhomirov, Gastev, Kirillov, or Ionov.

The overcrowding and the promiscuity in the houses, the absence of any spot wherein to sit down and say ' This is mine,' the systematic crushing of individuality, all this had the most depressing effect that it is possible to imagine ; and it is easy to understand why, under such a system, the imaginative arts fail to flourish. For a time some of them continued to exist, but it was because they went on the old lines. You had in the opera and on the stage the usual inequalities of life, which can never be done away with ; it is appalling to think of the sort of art which a perfectly Bolshevist world would produce.

The persecution and impoverishment of the Church added to the prevailing gloom, for the splendour of the ecclesiastical ritual and the beauty of the singing in church were vivid patches of colour in Russian life ; and though religion has grown more intense, its outward ceremonies have become almost sordid in their poverty.

In 1923 I attended a little exhibition of paintings got up in Moscow by the young painters who were in dire poverty, and who confessed to me that the Soviet only encouraged propaganda paintings. In the realm of literature it is the same. The only Bolshevist author who has shown any promise is the author of the slight sketch called, I think, *One Week*, and representing the capture by a White Russian force of a Red village, which is recaptured, however, inside seven or eight days. But this author was not a Bolshevik when he wrote this sketch, and he has done no good literary work since he entered the Bolshevist Party.

In the old days there were all sorts of newspapers and periodicals in Russia, and, though they contained much that was trivial, they constituted on the whole a fair mirror of Russia's pleasant, variegated and full-blooded life. In the *Novoe Vremya* you sometimes read sketches by Chekhov. In the *Russkoe*

Bogatstvo you found stories by Korolenko or Kuprin. In the periodicals devoted to the fine arts you saw drawings of a very high order, and in the periodicals devoted to *belles lettres* there were occasionally gems of poetry from the pen of Balmont, Alexander Blok, or some other genuine poet. From the *Review of Foreign Literature* one could obtain a better insight into new books published outside Russia than is given, so far as I know, by any similar publication produced in Great Britain or America.

There were drawbacks, it is true—there was a childish and irritating censorship; but, nevertheless, one caught in the Russian periodical Press the reflection of a gay, human, vivid, and extremely fascinating life.

To-day, in the *Izvestia* and *Pravda* and other Communist organs, we also get a reflection of life, but it is not the life of the Russian people; it is not the life of any people, or of any human beings; it is the life of a machine without a soul—in other words, of the Communist Party. Anything more arid and inhuman than these publications it is impossible to imagine; and I can think of no punishment more terrible than to be shut up in a room and condemned, day after day and year after year, to read these dreary productions in which the song of the poet is replaced by the figures of the statistician, and the laughter of children by the whirr of machinery.

Of course there are other literary productions, not written by Bolsheviks. Russian literature has been driven back a hundred years, to the time of Pushkin: there is now, on the part of literary men, the same avoidance of politics and the same concentration on æsthetics as characterised the time of Pushkin, and in some respects the result is admirable; 'but that's a story from another opera,' as Chekhov would say.

Why are the Bolshevist publications so dull? Because they faithfully reflect Bolshevism, which is an inhuman system, a system that dries up the soul. Stalin shows Bolshevism as it is, and the effect on the foreign intellectuals, idealists and romanticists who know Russia, and are following its development, is, from our point of view, very good—they have lost all taste for Communism. It may be some time before their disillusion is shared by the foreign Communists who do not know the Russian language, and are not able, therefore, to follow Russian developments closely; but that time will come. Some of these foreign idealists had shown great sincerity by contributing large sums of money to Communist organisations, and, even more, by spending their unusually fine oratorical and literary gifts on enhancing the seductiveness of the Bolshevist illusion, but almost all these people have now been cured. Some of them, sincere but mistaken enthusiasts who were deported to Russia by the Americans in

1918, have even written books which are, in my opinion, among the greatest exposures of Bolshevism that have yet appeared. One of these books is called *The Bolshevik Illusion.* There are similar writers in this country whose cure has been as complete, though they have published no such outspoken account of it.

These romantically minded intellectuals outside Russia were of little direct use to the Soviet, which has therefore sustained little loss by their defection; but the Soviet has sustained tremendous loss by the defection of the romantically minded intellectuals in Russia or by their degeneration. Some of them are in exile, like Trotsky. Some are in semi-exile, like Kamanev and Zinoviev, who, after having several times wobbled from one side to the other, are now whining to be taken back into the Bolshevist fold. Any spark of genuine enthusiasm that these men ever had must have been extinguished long ago by their sordid experiences of the last four months; and even if it has survived these experiences, it will hardly survive the humiliating crawl which they will have to perform before the doors of the party are again open to them. Zinoviev and Kamenev have already begun that crawl by setting to work on a book against their late associates, particularly Trotsky, who remarked, by the way, on hearing of Zinoviev's recantation, 'His third appearance in the *rôle* of Judas!'

Even if Zinoviev is forgiven and reinstated in his old position, it will be an eviscerated Zinoviev who will preside over the deliberations of the Third International, and from such a Zinoviev there can never come another Zinoviev letter.

Even more useless to the Soviet than Zinoviev will be men, like Chicherin, who were at one time genuine enthusiasts, but who are now insincere and cunning office-holders, whose every word rings false. As an instance of this falsity I would take Chicherin's shrill and ludicrous outburst after the Zinoviev letter debate in the House of Commons. It was to the effect that Mr. Baldwin's remarks constituted a flagrant insult to the Soviet Government, that to accuse Soviet Russia of meddling in England's internal affairs was unheard-of impudence and an unprovoked attack on a peaceful Government which was minding its own business. Chicherin must have known perfectly well that this was nonsense; and few newspapers outside Russia took any notice of this Muscovite Messalina's simulated indignation at the British Premier's reflection on his moral character. In the voluminous reports of the Russian Communist conferences one could easily pick out at least a hundred appeals to non-Russian workmen which far surpass the Zinoviev letter in violence. When these appeals were launched the party was united. It expected the World Revolution as fervently as the early Christians expected

the world's end, and there was as little discretion in the outpourings of Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Chicherin as there is in the outpourings of a volcano. At that time Stalin was not heard at all, because, being without eloquence, enthusiasm or imagination, his voice could only produce discord. But though there are no such outpourings now, there is equally bad faith. A few weeks after Chicherin's protest Japan discovered a plot by Communists, 'financed and instructed from Moscow'; a member of the Third International was arrested at St. Denis while he was explaining the methods by which Communism should be propagated in the French army; while money from Moscow stimulated strikes in places as far apart as Sweden and America.

In Russia itself, however, Lenin is dead, Trotsky is muzzled, and Chicherin is as little dangerous as a toy balloon that has been sat on. Joffe, the best diplomatist among the Reds, sympathised very much with Trotsky, but seeing the desperate position of that leader and the hopelessness of the situation generally, and being moreover incurably sick, he took his own life in Moscow towards the end of last year while Stalin was expelling the Opposition members from the party.

Incredible as it may seem, Litvinov was once a young and romantically minded revolutionary; in 1905 he actually took part in an armed attack on a Government office in the Caucasus and in the seizure for party purposes of a considerable sum of money. It would be difficult for one who saw him now to believe that, for he is elderly, stout, and ailing, but the mental change that has taken place in him is much greater than the physical change: he is now a hack bureaucrat, playing for safety, and thinking mainly of his enfeebled health. Outside Russia these people—Zinoviev, Chicherin, and Litvinov—would still be dangerous, as they would have no hesitation in playing ducks and drakes with other people's concerns; but inside Russia they are harmless, as they will not dare to plot against the Stalin dictatorship, and must continue to act as its spiritless and mechanical instruments.

The same remark applies to the minor Bolshevist officials, whose enthusiasm in the cause formerly enabled them to accept without complaint extremely small salaries and to put up with living conditions so hard that they would have drawn protests from a Trappist. All the enthusiasm that sustained these people has been killed by Stalin.

Some people may feel inclined to ask if this disappearance of the romantically minded intellectuals from the Bolshevist ranks, as a result of Stalin's policy, is not rather a good thing, especially if their places are taken by hard-headed business men and sound administrators.

The answer is that, as man cannot live by bread alone, so nations cannot live by statistics alone; they need spiritual food as well. A touch of idealism, even if it be no more than a touch, is a necessary part of a great statesman's equipment: without it he cannot be great, and he cannot be a statesman. We used to hear a great deal in this country about 'a business Government,' but advocates of such a Government are not likely to be encouraged by what is happening in Russia, where many heads of sham 'artels' and other Government co-operatives are now going to gaol for speculation and embezzlement.

This fact is not generally recognised, especially in America, from which country I recently returned; and, indeed, the further from Russia one lives and the less about Russia one knows, the more optimistically, it seems, is one inclined to regard the Stalin *régime*. Newspaper correspondents seldom have time to study any question *au fond;* in fact, if they live too long abroad, and acquire too well some foreign language, and go too deep into a foreign country's life, they run the risk of losing their own country's point of view and becoming unintelligible to the average newspaper reader there. In Russia, at all events, American newspaper correspondents have to be particularly superficial, and the result is that in American newspaper circles there exist the most curious delusions on the subject of Stalin. Many editors have got into their heads an idealised picture of the dictator, formed partly out of reports sent by their correspondents in Russia and partly out of general principles which happen for the moment to be part of the journalistic stock-in-trade. These general principles are emphatically optimistic. They include the belief that the race is tending upwards; that time and experience teach moderation and wear away the rough edges of national and religious antagonisms, and even of class hatred; that the responsibilities of office gradually but surely convert the reddest of revolutionaries into the mildest and most tolerant of bureaucrats.

So much for the general principles. As for the particular case of Stalin, I found in the minds of most Americans a picture of him which did not correspond in any particular to the reality. That picture exhibited Stalin as a great-hearted and moderate man, struggling with immoderate colleagues, while staggering at the same time beneath the weight of empire which circumstances had placed on his shoulders, anxious to make peace with the West, ready to pay back the money Russia owes, to give back the factories that have been confiscated, to welcome again the foreign capitalist and the foreign expert

Moreover—a very important point—the general secretary has gained prestige, especially in America, by the fact that he and his supporters are nominally Christians, whereas Trotsky,

Zinoviev, Rakovsky, Kamenev, and several other leaders of the Opposition are Jews. This has given rise to a quite baseless legend that the fight inside the Communist Party has been a fight between Jew and Christian, and that the Jew has had the worst of it. But there is nothing in this legend. None of the leaders on either side has any religion: they all despise religion of every sort, and we find nominal Jews on Stalin's side as well as nominal Christians on Trotsky's.

Some blame for this false picture must, I am afraid, be laid to the door of the American journalists who supply information about Russia. Many of them are not regular journalists. They drift out to Russia somehow or other, and begin to send communications to some American newspaper, which is generally glad to engage them if, after a time, it finds that they are delivering the 'goods' a day ahead of other correspondents.

How, then, it may be asked, does any true news ever percolate out of Russia? A great deal is brought by Russians coming to this country, even by Russian Communists, but naturally it is confided only to reliable persons. Unfortunately, some of the extremely striking stories which such visitors tell cannot be repeated as it would lead to the persecution of persons living in Russia, but even such stories help certain English people who are interested in Russia to form a true picture of what is happening there. Not a bad picture could be obtained, indeed, by a diligent reading of the Bolshevist newspapers. I defy anyone to take a cheerful view of the Russian question after steadily reading the *Izvestia* and the *Pravda* for six months. The United States Government gets all its information about Russia from Bolshevist official newspapers, periodicals, books and pamphlets, none of them secret; probably it is the only Government rich enough to get these translations done in bulk and by competent men; and the result is that it has become more and more confirmed in its refusal to recognise the Soviet.

Lastly, a number of excellent books have been published recently on the actual working of the Soviet system—one by Mr. L. Lawton, an Englishman; one by Professor Anton Karlgren, a Norwegian; and the latest and best by M. Gromov, an economic specialist employed by the Soviet Government. M. Gromov, who is himself a Russian, travelled all over Russia and obtained exceptionally good material about the life of the people; but unfortunately his book *Pered Razsvetom* (*Before the Dawn*) has not yet been translated into any foreign language.

All these books and newspapers and witnesses point in the same direction. One sometimes hears busy editors say petulantly, 'What is one to believe? Everybody who comes out of Russia brings a different story.'

Barring the members of 'personally conducted parties,' who do not count, everyone who has come out of Russia for the past year has brought the same story, the story which I tell here. All the Russian specialists in London know this. Outside this circle of specialists, however, the general impression of the Stalin dictatorship which one finds in America, and even in England, is much too favourable—at all events, in journalistic circles. In some of the English newspapers, and especially in the Sunday papers, very favourable accounts of the state of things in Russia have appeared from time to time. Very optimistic interviews with Stalin have been published by the *New York American*, the *Wide World News*, the Anglo-American Newspaper Service, and other news agencies and newspapers; and in these interviews Stalin is made to use large, tolerant, statesmanlike language about the relations which prevail between the Soviet Government and the Orthodox Church, and about the return of the confiscated oil properties to their rightful owners. Stalin himself has, however, gone out of his way to denounce all these interviews as forgeries; and forgeries they undoubtedly are.

Stalin never said one word that could, by any ingenuity, be twisted into an admission that there is some good in capitalism or in Christianity, or in Englishmen or Americans, and, on the other hand, he has hundreds of times declared that he is out to deceive us, to swindle us, and to take advantage of our difficulties. And he has gone further than mere words. He has helped the Communist movement in China, France, Germany, Japan, Sweden; and is apparently ready to help it in India, probably in a more subtle, and therefore a more dangerous, way than Trotsky would have helped it.

All his speeches at the fifteenth Communist congress were a repetition of those revolutionary doctrines familiar to those who have followed Soviet utterances during the last ten years. The burden of his message is that the West wants markets; that the struggle for markets causes jealousies and hatreds among the capitalist countries; that these jealousies and hatreds will eventually cause war; and that another European war will give Bolshevist Russia her chance.

It is quite true that Stalin had made various concessions to the *kulaki* (rich peasants) in the sense that (1) they might lease land, and (2) might employ hired labour; but in all his public utterances he gives not the least grounds for believing that he means to come to terms with the West. On the contrary, he denies this consistently, continually, and sometimes with a savage vigour of language. He announces (1) that the monopoly of foreign trade is the keystone of the Soviet foreign policy; (2) that payment of her debts by Russia is only a carrot to be dangled before the

nose of the bourgeois donkey, with the object of obtaining credits; (3) that everything possible in the shape of money and brains is to be got out of foreign capitalists, and nothing is to be given in return.

The present Soviet leaders keep the World Revolution in the background whenever it is likely to interfere with the obtaining of credits abroad; but the World Revolution is brought out and advocated by members of the Soviet Government or by the Comitern, or by both, whenever revolutionary strikes or class antagonisms in foreign countries become acute.

The *Isvestia* once said that Lenin was a true revolutionary inasmuch as he always deceived his enemies and was loyal to his friends; and Stalin declares emphatically that he and his party are the true exponents of Lenin's doctrines, so that apparently he also will deceive his enemies, the bourgeoisie and the imperialists, as much as he can—in other words, he will deceive every country outside the frontiers of the U.S.S.R.

Certain it is that he is venomously Bolshevist, and hates intensely Western capitalism and everything associated with it. There is not a shred of evidence to the contrary; hence it would be a mistake to assume, as so many English and American journalists have done, that he secretly loves the West. This has been made especially clear in the last issue of that excellent periodical *The Slavonic Review*.

To sum up:

What has happened in Russia is that the Communist Party has split in two, and that, consequently, the strength of the force which keeps the Russian people in subjection has been reduced by one half.

Secondly, Bolshevism has lost its attractions for Russian idealists, and for the Communist idealists of all countries.

A third result, which I have not had time to deal with, is the disorganisation of the Ogpu, or secret police, as a result of the split, and in this connexion one of the ablest authorities on contemporary Russia now in this country tells me that the sensational arrest in the Donetz basin of six German engineers belonging to the Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft was the work of the Ogpu, which wanted to hamper its own Government in its trade negotiations with Germany.

The stability of Stalin's dictatorship is still further threatened by the number of White Russians now employed by it, after having nominally become Bolsheviks; by the profound disillusionment of the industrial workers; by the increased unemployment; and by the failure of the World Revolution to materialise.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

GOVERNMENT BY AMATEURS

THERE would seem to be a general tendency in the progress of human history to pass from the superstitious to the rational; from the half-conscious instinct to the deliberate choice; from the art to the science; from the unknown to (at least) the more known; from ignorance to reason. In short, man would appear to be travelling on a mental road that is destined to end in the triumph of the thoughtful professional over the careless amateur. The history of mankind gives considerable grounds for the belief that the race is not to the strong—as is fondly hoped in gymnasiums—but rather to the intelligent. Of course, in its less happy moments, this natural law does not always have such pleasant results, and we are often compelled to gaze reluctantly into the arena of life wherein the degenerate rogue triumphs over the healthy simpleton.

The process of this gradual growth of the intelligent mind can be followed throughout the history of the arts and sciences. The medicine man of the primitive tribe, who depends for his cure on the awesomeness of his dress, is being gradually (without much haste) replaced by the scientific gentlemen who live about Harley Street, and the more modest practitioners who call them in to deliver the *coup de grâce*. Likewise, the wizard who performs miracles and the university-trained priests who still believe in them are (still more gradually) being replaced (not always for the general good) by psychologists who study the human soul as carefully as brother scientists investigate the conduct of chemical atoms.

So one might, in most departments of human society, point out the replacement of the less educated by the more carefully trained. Everywhere the practices of the arts are being made to depend more and more on the laws of the sciences. But there is one remarkable exception, a department of our social affairs where the intellect is only gaining ground so slowly that the careless observer might scarcely notice it. This is in the sphere of the art of governing.

The men who have the chief posts in the government of this and other 'civilised' nations are still, in the main, of the amateur

class, and not professionals in the scientific sense. Many of them are 'professional' politicians in so far as they intend to devote their lives to service on one or other of the front benches of the Houses of Parliament; but in the more precise meaning of the term 'professors' they would scarcely themselves maintain that they have any extensive scientific knowledge of the science or art of governing. In any profound treatise on this subject they would be classed rather with the medicine men and wizards than with the trained doctors and philosophers.

Now this is surely remarkable, seeing that the subject of government must have been one of the oldest arts known to man; and one might have thought that, after so many thousand years of practice, this art would by this time have reached the stage that could fitly be termed scientific. But this is obviously not so.

A great doctor or surgeon is not allowed to set up his plate in Harley Street, or even in the most modern suburb, until he has undergone a long training and been severely examined by older members of his profession; and a prosecution would follow any attempt to infringe this safeguard against unfit practitioners. There are cases where the regulations of the medical profession keep out a genius of the first rank; but, take it all in all, it is an advance towards the replacement of the unskilled by the trained.

Quite other methods are followed in Westminster and the other seats of government. A man cannot become M.D. or F.R.C.S. without severe toil in laboratories and libraries. But anybody can become the Prime Minister of a mighty nation without any technical qualifications whatsoever. William Pitt the younger did it at twenty-four, with no further excuse than a training in Greek and Latin classics and the capacity to introduce them neatly into English speeches. A large number of the men who ruled England during the eighteenth century knew more of Ovid and Horace than of any of the laws of political science.

It will be replied that it was these men, who were so glib with the Latin poets, who won an empire for their country. It is true that the Horace and Ovid age in the English House of Commons was also the period in which the British Empire first appeared in any complete form. The elder Pitt, who had a passion for empire-building (after the manner of his pushing fortune-seeking family), was so convinced of the fruitful relations between Latin and imperialism that he had his son fed on little else. Anyhow, there is no obvious trace in the young Pitt's education of economic or political science in any serious sense. So far as the Pitts were deliberately trained in any profession they would seem to have been qualified to be either masters at a good class secondary school or actors in a travelling melodramatic company.

Now it is not a sufficient answer to reply that the politician's

chief training must always be of human nature, studied by observation and practice in the open air of public life. Incidentally, this would rule the younger Pitt entirely out of the running in politics; for he scarcely ever met anyone in his life but a brother Cabinet Minister or an occasional assistant secretary. He was brought up in the purely artificial atmosphere of the smallest governing clique, and knew no more of the normal human beings of the streets than a glass-house peach knows of the flora and fruits of the Devonshire lanes or the Sussex downs.

But, quite apart from this, a knowledge of normal human nature is a necessary qualification for almost every profession The best medical degrees in the world will not make a man a great physician unless his knowledge of humanity is as wide as his science. The same with the lawyer. What good would the most perfect verbal style be to the literary man who did not know a great deal about men or women? The knowledge of man is a common necessity for everyone who has hopes of a successful career on this earth—except, perhaps, for the people who make American films, and even they must know everything about the mental sewers and the lowest dregs of existence. To say that this general knowledge of man is a sufficient qualification for the politician is to reduce him to the lowest common denomination of intelligence, and to refuse him a place among the specialist professions of peculiarly skilled men.

In short, whereas the wizard or soothsayer has become the philosopher, the witch finder been replaced by the doctor and surgeon, the astrologer become the astronomer and the alchemist been turned into the stately chemist, on the other hand, the statesman has all this time remained comparatively unchanged. He has not become a sociologist or economist or scientific legislator. He has remained an amateur politician.

Now, let it not be supposed that no evolution has taken place in political life. There are very few, if any, hard lines of division in Nature; and the professional politicians have picked up much useful information from the scientists, just as the astrologers and alchemists were probably always picking up hints from a little quiet reading or observation of the works of the more precise thinkers in their craft. While, on the contrary, a very modern scientific doctor lately said that some of the latest cures are revivals of the methods and herbs used by old wives in the highlands of Scotland. Even the politicians are understanding a little of the vast complex of knowledge that the scientists are raising up for use—and misuse.

With every allowance for this qualification, it is maintained that, as compared with the other departments of life, the politician remains an unskilled amateur instead of an expert professional.

It is even worse than that in some ways; for if we consider, for example, William Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's chief statesman (who may be called the first Prime Minister of the modern type), there is much evidence that he was a far more scientific governor than most of the men who have succeeded him. When we think of this silent, industrious man, for ever writing and minuting his despatches and proclamations, and compare him with his eighteenth century successors, who knew more about patronage and port than of the science of government, or with the nineteenth century Premiers who were learned in the art of manipulating mobs or bringing out-voters to the poll, and cared very little about sociological principles, whether of Herbert Spencer or the latest Socialism of the Tory absolutists; we are compelled to see that, as against a background of all these later politicians, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, stands out as a man of science, and no amateur at all. In the midst of the present political squabbling over human nonentities and party quibbles Burleigh would stand as pure intellect in a bear-garden.

There is now a vast literature on the science of sociology—filling libraries. The economists, the sociologists, the psychologists have now worked out—with many errors undoubtedly, but with many invaluable results—some of the laws of human development. We know a vast deal more about the principles controlling human activities than our ancestors knew. Hannibal and Julius Cæsar were leaders of comparatively developed nations; yet a few hours in a public library—with good guidance—would put us in fuller possession of the laws of government than those two great soldier statesmen learned, or could have learned, all their lives. But notwithstanding this possibility of political science, we are still so much in the grip of the crudest primitive emotions that a few years ago we spent our lives, our money, and our time in reducing Europe to a slaughter-house which would have horrified any barbaric chief in Africa.

The Great War of 1914–18 was fairly conclusive proof that the European art of government is still in the hands of amateurs who do not know the first principles of their profession.

It would be exceedingly interesting, if it were possible, to learn with any approximation to the truth just exactly how much the present political leaders of all parties have studied of the science of government. It would appear to be the main essential of their profession that they should be glib talkers; but is there any evidence that they are also exact thinkers? In other words, are they amateurs or professionals? Lord Morley gave proof of some considerable care in examining the governing principles (or lack of principles) involved in the French Revolution; and Lord Rosebery gave the same evidence in his examination of the eighteenth century—both in English and French history. His

Early Life of Chatham is probably a more valuable contribution to the art of history than even Lord Morley's *Burke*. But neither of these political authors is on the level of the great thinkers. The principles that could be gathered from their pages would scarcely raise the civilisation of their nation much higher in the scale of progress; and we have the proof of their slight value in the small traces these two literary politicians have left in our political history. Lord Morley told us very forcibly in one of his books how stupidly Oliver Cromwell governed Ireland; but when he governed it himself he did not show, by successful results, much more scientific knowledge of sociology.

Many modern parliamentary leaders have produced much partisan controversy on the subject of public affairs; but before the end of a year it all seems to have reached the level of political squabbling, which may interest the members of the political clubs (especially those who are within hopes of a Government post), but is scarcely likely to receive prolonged attention in more serious scientific circles. After some consideration, one can only think of one truly scientific contribution to the science of government that can be traced to a recent political origin—namely, Mr. J. M. Robertson's *The Evolution of States: An Introduction to English Politics*, the author of which held office as the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. This book is a very learned and exceedingly valuable examination of the laws of political societies. It is the kind of text-book that one would recommend to students reading for the post of Prime Minister or a Chief Secretaryship of State. Yet it would not be a rash thing to wager one's last coin that Mr. Robertson was the only member of his Government who could have got 20 per cent. marks for a simple examination on this book or any other standard work of political science. It would also be perfectly safe to take any odds that not 5 per cent. of our legislators have read Professor Hearnshaw's most brilliant little book (Benn's Sixpenny Library) on *The Development of Political Ideas*. Surely we are entitled to set them that delightful holiday task.

The irony of the situation is not only that such volumes of scientific politics should be almost unknown in Cabinet circles, but that to write such a book makes it almost a certainty that the author can only enter those circles by a happy accident. To have a colleague who was engaged in seeking to base the Government policy on a solid structure of science would cause impatient anxiety to men who are almost exclusively concerned in winning the next election. It is unfortunately extremely probable that the political party that governs impartially, according to the strict laws of science, will lose more elections than it gains.

It may be said that we have here the excuse for the untrained

politician, just because he is not in front of his normal neighbours; but the sharer and interpreter of their faults and ignorance. For it seems useless to train scientific statesmen who can rarely attain office. The answer is that although our ideals are a long way off, yet they are the only things worth aiming at with steady persistency. The amateur politicians can be left to get on as best they can. Unfortunately, they do this very successfully. The proper place for the rhetorical politician, who does not want to do much else than talk, is on the permanent staff of the B.B.C. There he can chatter at his will, and he will be kept from dangerous interferences with the permanent officials in Whitehall, who occasionally (not always) get sensible things done, if left to themselves. Better still, if left to themselves, without political stimulation, they would probably do nothing at all—which is often the happiest result of a governing bureaucracy. The politicians do not have the influence they probably imagine they possess. There is much smoke and noise, but little else. Sensible people must go quietly on, little by little, aiding the scientific statesmen to get a chance when the dust has settled down.

This matter may be of unusual importance in the near future, for it is likely that practical politics may take a turn in a direction where impartial, scientific rules will save the nation from bad blunders. The history-long struggle between Free Traders and Protectionists seems near another climax. It is a problem which most people are called upon to decide one way or the other at some period, or recurring periods, of their histories ; and it is not a pleasant thought to realise that it is not so likely to be handled with scientific impartiality now as it was in days which we might hastily assume to have been less advanced in knowledge.

For example, when Colbert was the chief figure of the similar climax in France during the seventeenth century, the matter was, on the whole, handled in a scientific way, beyond the smaller claims of classes, and with consideration for the good of the nation. He would be a very optimistical person who would hope that such a question as the encouragement or protection of trades would be decided to-day, in any modern State, solely on grounds of the general public good. It would now probably be a struggle between rival groups of traders as to which would do best for itself, if necessary at the public expense.

This question of tariffs is a peculiarly good example of the need for accurate scientific thought instead of vague superstitions and prejudices. Short-sighted people, who judge by the trivialities of the surface, have often decided that because there is a possibility (or even certainty) that interested parties will attempt to manipulate tariffs in their own personal favour (and sometimes even succeed), therefore there must be no tariffs of any kind.

A few moments' careful thought will convince any trained mind that this is a position which no civilised State can tolerate for long and survive. If it is not the function of a Government to control and guide the industries and commerce of its peoples, then there cannot be much case for public administration of any kind. As a matter of fact, no civilised Government has tried to escape from this duty—least of all Free Trade Great Britain, where, for the last few generations, trade has been carefully nursed in the interests of middlemen of all kinds, bankers, shippers, and the many classes who live by exchange and transport and so on, and not by production. The Free Trade conspiracy in the days of Mr. John Bright and Mr. Richard Cobden was mainly an attempt to get cheap food (and therefore cheaper wages) for the manufacturers' workshop labour; it was an attempt on the part of the new manufacturers to enrich themselves at the expense of the older landed gentry; just as it is now, in part, a short-sighted determination of the town artisans to get cheap food (so they hope) at the expense of a ruined rural population. But that fairly broad basis for Free Trade has become narrower in these last days, and the new financiers are prepared to throw even the manufacturers to the wolves.

It is obvious that, in the long run, the middlemen and financiers and artisans cannot have a prosperous land, even for their own profit, without prosperous factories, and (in the still longer run) without fruitful fields; so the present age of golden middlemen is clearly a passing phase. No great nation can, without disaster, devote its energies to signing each other's bills of exchange and carrying other people's goods; just as there is an old-established and well-supported tradition that we cannot live by taking in each other's washing. One day the middleman's Utopia—at present in fashion in this country—will be laughed out of court by a cartoon in *Punch*, which often leads the way in sane thinking and has before this helped to drag its fellow-countrymen out of politicians' quicksands.

The mention of the Tariff Reform question in this place is to point the necessity for scientific politicians who will handle it without a trace of class bias. As between Disraeli's Protectionist squire and Cobden's Free Trade manufacturer, the scientific legislator, trained to consider the whole nation and not its parts, would have no prejudices on one side or the other. The squire had done enough harsh and stupid deeds in the history of his class to dull any thoughtful mind to his political clamour, while the manufacturer was, and still is, proving conclusively that he had no more respect for his neighbours and competitors than had the feudal barons of the mediæval system.

The scientific statesman will put all these squabbling class

interests on one side with the dignity that is necessary to the mistress when she dismisses her over-excited cook and housemaid who have come up to the drawing-room to complain of each other's behaviour. These purely class interests must be settled in the back yard, mutually if possible, and, if necessary, with the aid of the police. But the tariff problem, in its full sense, is a national problem. It is the discussion of the way in which the central State can best assist the industry of the country to carry on with the greatest profit to the nation as a whole. Rightly considered, it is not a method of coming to the assistance of particular trades or private persons and purses, but of encouraging and assisting the different units of the nation to work in the best way for the good of the whole. That so many tariffs of the world have been manipulated by self-interested parties is proof that the rogue has been quicker than the politician in seeing how valuable an instrument the custom-house may be in controlling trade.

Mr. Arthur J. Penty has recently written a book, *Protection and the Social Problem* (Methuen), which raises Protection from a squabble between home manufacturers and importers' agents to the plane of a scientific problem for impartial statesmen. He points out that it is part of the still greater problem whether organisation is better than anarchy. In other words, can the complex modern State allow its individual members to decide in what way they shall make fortunes (or lose them) quite independently of the convenience of the nation as a whole? If we are to have great and powerful departments in Whitehall, controlling the life of the nation—not always to our advantage, and often very much to our inconvenience—surely there is room for one that will encourage good trades and discourage bad ones?

It must be noted that the control or assisting of trade does not by any means require any interference in the internal business of the manufacturer. We had enough of State control during the war—and throughout history, for that matter—and we are not anxious that more power should be given to bureaucrats. The present reaction against extreme collectivism (even in the Labour Party itself) is the sound instinct of the healthily independent mind. But the control now suggested is a very different thing from State interference in private business. It is not proposed that the State shall manage our businesses for us—which is State collectivism—but that it shall have a right to say what businesses the community as a whole considers socially convenient and beneficial. For example, as an extreme case, it is agreed that the making of false coins is not a convenient trade; and no one would be allowed to manufacture high explosives under a railway terminus, or any other popular resort.

These are only extreme cases, but there are far vaster issues

involved than the issuing of a few base coins or the blowing into the air of a handful of people. For example, the question of whether English agriculture shall be allowed to be smothered under foreign wheat or alien vegetables, just because they are cheaper, is an issue upon which may depend the whole destiny of the nation. So far, there has been a fairly plausible case for asserting that it was worth ruining our farming for the sake of cheap corn, since this enabled our manufacturers to capture the export trade with the cheapest goods in the markets of the world.

But the validity of this argument is rapidly vanishing before our eyes, as the other nations are finding it a saner policy to produce their own manufactured goods instead of buying them from England. So that no well-balanced mind, faced by the evidence, imagines that England will ever again have her supreme position in the manufacturing world. No really rational mind is anxious that it should; for that any people should deliberately desire to work for the benefit of the largest number of foreign customers is, after all, only a commercial traveller's Utopia or a shipper's dream of bliss. The sane man wants to produce sufficient for his own needs; all beyond he will, if he is honest, classify as selfishness, unless he be a rare philanthropist. At least, if we insist on attempting to manufacture for the world, let us be conceited enough to point out our exceeding virtue. It does not appear to have dawned on some dull minds that a great international trade is not merely a sign of great energy, but, also, a symptom of greed and bad taste.

The Free Traders' basic argument, if it can be tracked to its lair beneath a mist of noble phrases and sentimental rhetoric, is that the cheapest market is the best. People who have sunk to a level that will tolerate such a statement are difficult to deal with in a scientific discussion. If a low price be the ultimate test, then let us turn life into a street market and buy at the cheapest stall. It will not be long before we shall discover that if cheapness be the final word, then some kind of unscrupulous force or low cheating will be the deciding factor. The man who is determined to buy in the cheapest market—the Free Trader's ideal—will end by stretching his conscience on more than price. The cheapest market, if it be left to the unrestrained choice of the competitive system, will end by being the paradise of rogues and the hell of the honest.

This is not a matter of misty theory, but a judgment on the hard facts. Free competition, without social constraint exercised by an intelligent administration, has always led to the survival of the unscrupulous and the degradation of the good. In an earlier age of physical battles it may have been the strong who

survived, but when it comes to a battle between bank balances the survivor is more likely to be a knave than a knight.

But the suggestion that trade should be carefully chosen and assisted (not administered) by national selection instead of private convenience has only been put forward as an example which seems likely to be a dominant issue in the near future. It is only one example of a very wide principle that if we are to maintain ourselves as a civilised modern nation we must by some means arrange that our ruling politicians shall have a sound knowledge of their profession of governors, and not remain, as they usually are at present, mere amateurs who rank with the alchemists and astrologers of earlier times. Such matters as the arrangement of tariffs cannot be left to the judgment of men whose chief end in life is the gaining of a large balance at the bank. The weaklings in our present political life think they can avoid such problems by shouting (with the middlemen and commission agents) that we must remain Free Traders of the purest brand; but by so attempting to avoid the problem they show their complete ignorance of the most rudimentary principles of political science. If there is any part of our social affairs which needs a communal control, it is the matter of our trade and industry. The Free Traders have always been the craftier men who have seen that a system of commercial anarchy was the happiest hunting ground for the selfish.

G. R. Stirling Taylor.

THE REVIVAL OF AUTHORITY AND ITS INTELLECTUAL BACKGROUND

What may be described as the intellectual background of that movement towards authority which is so prominent a feature of the political evolution of the day has received surprisingly little attention in Great Britain, largely, in all probability, because English writers in the present generation have made no outstanding contribution to this type of thought. Economics rather than politics have attracted the attention of those who are dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, and since Sir Henry Maine questioned the endurance of the democratic system in his *Popular Government* fifty years ago an acquiescence in the rule of democracy has been the characteristic of nearly every British writer of importance. It is true that of recent years there has arisen a group of thinkers, of whom Mr. Hilaire Belloc is the best known member, who have attacked the party system, but it is doubtful if their influence has as yet made itself widely felt, and in these circumstances they may aptly be cited as the exception which proves the rule.

On the other hand, Don Antonio Goicoechea, one of the clearest thinkers in modern Spain, and a man of no inconsiderable administrative experience, has no doubt whatever about the importance of the intellectual reaction against democracy. In *La Crisis del Constitucionalismo Moderno* he says: 'Verlaine, Brunetière, Bourget, Maurice Barrès, and Paul Claudel, in giving a markedly reactionary note to political science and to literature, have marked out a path for followers of the greatness of Henri Bordeaux, Charles Maurras, Léon Daudet, Louis Bertrand, and Georges Valois'; and he quotes Georges Brandes in support of his contention that of recent years French literature has made a decided move towards the Right. That Señor Goicoechea is under no illusions as to the importance of this influence from above is clearly proved by a further quotation from the same work: 'The general disaffection towards the parliamentary system and the attitude, actively or passively, condemnatory of its traditional vices and evils, are also consequences of the replacement in the popular mind of the old cult of liberty by a new one—that of authority.'

It is, of course, as easy to exaggerate as to minimise the influence of political thinkers, and in any case it is rarely felt until their own generation has passed away, but the history of the past does provide one outstanding example of a change which was in the first place produced on the intellectual plane—namely, the French Revolution. The immediate cause of the collapse of the '*ancien régime*' in France was doubtless financial and economic, but the edifice only fell because it had for years been undermined by the attacks which every writer of note had made upon it. One has but to turn to the literature of the pre-revolutionary period to realise how indefensible the old order had become, and, although the Encyclopædists were certainly not for the man-in-the-street, it only required the lapse of a few years before their doctrines passed from the *salon* to the *café*. Indeed, the eighteenth century marked a crisis in the relations of literature and authority. Previously writers had, with a few exceptions, gathered round the throne of some royal or princely patron, and even when they were attacking spiritual power they usually took care, like Melanchthon, to secure in advance the protection of some temporal potentate. This state of affairs still endured in the heyday of the Benevolent Despotism, as the presence of Voltaire at the court of Frederick and of Diderot at that of Catherine testifies, but it was already on the decline, and with the advent of the French Revolution literature went definitely into opposition to authority.

For a time, however, the old order did not lack defenders, and for this the repression which characterised the Napoleonic *régime* was doubtless in a large measure responsible, for thought was a great deal more free under Louis XVI. than it was under the First Empire. Burke died too soon to rally for long the wavering ranks of authority, but he handed on his torch to Von Gentz, who, although forgotten now, was a great force in his day, and one of the most successful propagandists of all time. The Restoration won the approval of Chateaubriand and Kotzebue, and Louis XVIII. was so munificent a patron of men of letters—Lamartine served in his bodyguard, Guizot was one of his ministers, and Victor Hugo was an ardent Legitimist—that until his death it seemed just possible that the old alliance between authority and literature might be restored. The accession of Charles X., however, made the breach complete, and the July revolution was the work of a handful of journalists and authors. For many years to come literature and democracy were to go hand-in-hand.

There is a substantial measure of agreement among all who have treated of the subject that this was the course of events which ranged men of letters in opposition to authority, but there

is no such unanimity as to the commencement of the anti-democratic reaction. Signor Mussolini has declared that he owes much to the inspiration of Nietzsche; Don Antonio Goicoechea would have us seek its origins in Goethe and Comte; while a recent writer, Miss Aline Lion, stresses the importance of the teaching of Hegel in this particular connexion. All these different points of view deserve the most careful consideration, though it must be noted that as democracy is attacked from two angles—authority and individualism—there is a grave danger of confusing the standpoints of its opponents.

At first sight it may appear that there is much to be said for the view that Nietzsche was the pioneer of the anti-democratic reaction. He certainly never hesitated to pour ridicule upon democracy in all its forms. 'Such phantoms as the dignity of man, the dignity of labour, are the needy products of slavedom hiding itself from itself,' he wrote in *The Greek State* even before he had elaborated the doctrine of the superman, and the words might be a quotation from the speech of any Italian Fascist to-day. When, however, one looks a little closer it is to discover that if Nietzsche was the foe of democracy, as he certainly was, he was also an enemy of all authority which is not based upon his own valuation of values. It was he who said, in his *Thoughts Out of Season*, of the war of 1870 that it was 'the uprooting of the German mind for the benefit of the German Empire.' and yet if the German Empire represented anything it was the principle of authority. Nietzsche had no use for authority as such—it must be exercised by the superman or not at all, and those who, like Signor Mussolini, invoke him in the name of Fascismo cannot have penetrated very far into his philosophy. It is, indeed, possible to produce a list of extracts from his works all of which condemn the democratic system with no inconsiderable vehemence, but they can be matched by another series equally condemnatory of authority, and unfortunately for those who wish to enlist him on their side the two cancel out.

Señor Goicoechea is on firmer ground, at any rate so far as Comte is concerned. The apostle of Positivism not only denounced democracy himself in no measured terms,[1] but it is from him that Charles Maurras derives his inspiration. To this extent, then, it is true to say that Comte heralded the anti-democratic reaction, but his influence has only been felt at second hand and after a lapse of many years, so that to hail him as the man who turned the tide in favour of authority once again has no more justification than to acclaim Malthus as the founder of the birth control movement; he did, indeed, point out the path which others have

[1] 'The sovereignty of the people is an oppressive mystification and equality an ignoble lie.'

followed, but only after a very considerable interval of time. As for Goethe, the evidence is even less convincing. The poet certainly had no love for the principles which found expression in the French Revolution,[1] but he must rather be classed with Chateaubriand and Kotzebue among those who defended the old order than with the leaders of the intellectual reaction which had not begun at the date of his death. In any event, a poet is always an uncertain ally for the supporters of authority, for he must of necessity be an individualist, with the result that, although he may attack democracy when it represents the established order of the day, it is in reality the established order rather than democracy that is the object of his wrath. There is, in short, little continuity between Comte and Goethe on the one hand and the French writers at the close of the nineteenth century on the other, to whom Señor Goicoechea directs our attention in the passage quoted above, and that the Spanish statesman in reality holds this view himself is apparent throughout his argument.

There remain Miss Lion and the claim of Hegel to rank as the apostle of the anti-democratic movement. It is true that she does not hail him as '*et origo et fons*' of the reaction, for she shows a sense of proportion which is altogether wanting in many who hold the same views. Ever since Fascismo seized the reins of government in Italy Hegel has been acclaimed as its patron saint, and the fact that Professor Gentile held high office in Signor Mussolini's first Ministry has been interpreted as proof of the contention. At the same time, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it is a case of *post hoc, propter hoc*. Fascismo on the intellectual plane, like the '*nouveaux riches*' in the material world, has sought for a progenitor of unimpeachable respectability, and it thinks to have found him in Hegel, so that to-day the German philosopher is inscribed among the inspirers of Fascismo just as many a profiteer emblazons on his motor car the coat-of-arms of some illustrious family of antiquity to which in reality he is in no way connected. The origins of Fascismo are almost entirely political and economic, and to substantiate the claim that it owes anything to Hegel it is necessary to show that his philosophy was a powerful factor in Italian intellectual life in the pre-Fascist era, and all proof of this is wanting. In these circumstances one can only come to the conclusion that the case for including the great philosopher among the founders of Fascismo has not been satisfactorily made out, if, indeed, there is a case at all.

If the movement towards authority does not owe its rise to Nietzsche, or Comte, or Hegel, it will naturally be asked where its

[1] 'I prefer injustice to disorder.'

origin is to be found, and the answer would seem to be in that group of Catholic and nationalist writers which made its appearance in France during the closing years of the nineteenth century, and which exercises so profound an influence on French literature to-day. It is, indeed, a little difficult to know how to classify these authors so as to make their interdependence the more clear, but they fall into two recognisable groups basing their hostility to democracy on nationalist and Catholic principles respectively. In my analysis of the contribution made by these writers to contemporary political thought I have endeavoured—I hope successfully—to preserve a purely objective standpoint, and to avoid even the appearance of taking sides in the dispute between the Vatican and the Action Française.

French nationalism was born of the Franco-Prussian War and was the natural reaction against the pessimistic realism of the Zola school. In its early days its strength and weakness were those of its advocate, Paul Déroulède, while its association with the failure of General Boulanger caused a serious setback to its fortunes. Almost from the beginning it was hostile to the Parliamentary Republic, and Déroulède was at length forced into exile owing to his activities in this direction. At the same time, it has always remained a movement and has never become a party; indeed, men of all parties have served beneath its banner, and even to-day it provides a link between Royalists, Bonapartists, and Republicans of the Right. Déroulède was succeeded by Maurice Barrès, who remained until his death in 1923 the acknowledged leader of the movement. After the death of Barrès his mantle fell upon Charles Maurras, probably the greatest intellect in France to-day, for although the membership of the Action Française, of which he is one of the directors, is comparatively limited, the impression he has made upon the French youth is enormous, and he was recently voted by the students of Louvain to be their chief intellectual influence. To a lesser extent the same is true of Léon Daudet and Georges Valois, both of whom are anti-parliamentary in their views, although their ends are not now the same.

The Catholic reaction in France against democracy began somewhat earlier, and may in fact be dated so long ago as Montalembert. Its effective influence, however, is much more recent, and seems to have begun with Brunetière, who was soon to be followed by Paul Bourget and Paul Claudel. The nationalist and Catholic criticisms of the Parliamentary Republic are often hard to separate, for both emphasise the need for authority, and it would, for instance, be difficult to decide whether the principles which inspire the 'Ligue des Patriotes' under the leadership of General de Castlenau are predominantly Catholic

or nationalist. Then, again, superficial differences between the various groups which form the movement are apt to blind us to the similarity of their ends: for example, the condemnation of the Action Française by the Vatican is liable to obscure the fact that that organisation and the 'Ligue des Patriotes,' which is strongly supported in clerical circles, are both agreed upon the desirability of changing the existing French constitution. Nationalism is, in effect, a belief which can be taught in a multitude of forms.

It is among the Catholic and nationalist writers of the Third Republic that the origins of the intellectual movement against democracy must be sought rather than in the pages of Nietzsche, Comte, or Hegel.[8] No one who has any knowledge of the conditions obtaining in the Spanish and Italian universities of recent years can doubt the influence of French nationalist writers, and it is at Madrid and Rome that authority has won its most notable victories. Both the Iberian and Italian Peninsulas have always proved exceedingly fertile ground for the reception of French political ideas, and any doubt which may exist in the present instance can be set at rest by a comparison between the programmes of Signor Mussolini and General Primo de Rivera on the one hand and that of M. Charles Maurras on the other. French nationalism has won its first victory beyond the frontiers of France.

In Italy the plant was of slow growth, at any rate in its earlier stages. The influence of Gentile was in reality slight outside a very small circle, as has already been shown, and a far more potent factor in the anti-democratic reaction, so far as the mass of the people was concerned, was D'Annunzio, who, in more ways than one, prepared the ground for the triumph of Fascismo. United Italy during the first fifty years of its existence disappointed those who had made the greatest sacrifices to call it into being, and the result, not unnaturally, was the growth of nationalism somewhat on French lines. On the material side the Libyan War gave the movement a decided fillip, and the nationalists played a considerable part in bringing Italian neutrality to an end in the summer of 1915. Similarly D'Annunzio and his followers kept alive Italian patriotism during the dark days that followed the war, and when many of them rallied to the support of Fascismo they provided that movement with recruits of the very first class. At the same time nationalism, an almost purely intellectual force

[8] It is to be noted that M Georges Clémenceau has nothing good to say for the form which the revival of authority is taking, for in *Au Soir de la Pensée* he remarks: 'Fascisme et Soviétisme ne sont rien qu'une préparation d'empirisme aux retours des tyrannies du passé. La régression ne peut être un remède aux faux pas de régimes qui ne se réclament même pas d'une idée.'

in Italy, was not the basis of Fascismo, whose origins are economic, though it has not been without influence upon it, and it is thus true to say that the French nationalist movement is indirectly responsible for the overthrow of the parliamentary system in Italy.

So far as Spain is concerned it is not so easy to fix the *terminus a quo* of the spread of French anti-democratic influences. Spain, like England, has always lagged behind the thought of the rest of Europe, with the result that the morrow of General Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* found most of the intellectuals in opposition to the military directory. It is true that for years Professor Perez-Bueno, of the Universidad Central in Madrid, had been attacking the democratic system established by the Restoration, but he was a voice crying in the wilderness, although the Catholicism of Jacinto Benavente was exercising a growing influence both upon literature and the drama. The collapse of the parliamentary system, which most unbiassed critics admit to have been moribund long before its official demise, gave the old political parties furiously to think, with the result that some of the most eminent of their leaders, such as Señor Goicoechea, upon whom the mantle of Don Antonio Maura has fallen, have come to question the utility of a *régime* which they had previously more or less taken for granted, and among these latter must now be included Maura's own son, the Conde de la Mortera. On the other hand, it is only too easy to be misled by the false analogy of France into overrating the influence of thought in Spain, where that of the intellectuals both of the Right and of the Left has always been slight, though it has to be remembered that in a country so passionately Catholic and monarchical there exists a strong latent force favourable to authority.

In England, too, there has been a change of attitude during recent years, though, with the exception of a small group already noticed, it would be untrue to say that it has taken the form of a reaction against the parliamentary system. It is rather that there has been a tendency to interpret the past in terms less favourable to democracy than of yore, and the muse of English history does not exhibit the same Whiggish proclivities that distinguished the lady fifty years ago. Some writers have endeavoured to prove that the divorce between Liberalism and thought dates from the breach between Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Unionists, though it is difficult to point to any definite parting of the ways. Yet it is clear that a change has come over the attitude of the nation to the struggles of the past, and it is undoubtedly due to the younger generation of historians, who thus form a counterpart to the French nationalist and Catholic thinkers, although across the Channel, too, similar influences are at work among historical

writers, for which M. Jacques Bainville is very largely responsible. A book, for example, like Sir Henry Imbert-Terry's *A Misjudged Monarch* would hardly have found a publisher in the middle of last century, and yet the portrait which its gifted author draws of Charles II. is gradually being accepted as much nearer the truth than that of Macaulay. It is also coming to be realised, even in extreme Protestant circles, that there are two sides to the story of the Reformation, and that Elizabeth in reality deserved the sanguinary epithet which has for centuries been bestowed upon her sister.

England, although she can produce political thinkers equal to the best, has never been very prolific in that type of critic which abounds in France. At the same time the influence of her historians, at second hand, has been very considerable indeed, and the teaching of to-day is likely to predispose those who receive it in favour of authority in the future. After all, if Strafford was not a traitor to his country, but a Mussolini in advance of his time, it stands to reason that the man who makes a similar attempt in years to come will enjoy no small measure of popular support. Prophecy is dangerous in matters of this sort, but the child who to-day is taught that the democratic cause was often wrong in the past is likely to apply the lesson in the future.

Recently, too, a markedly anti-democratic movement has developed in Belgium, where Communism has gained a very considerable hold of late years. The growth of revolutionary sentiment is almost wholly due to economic causes, of which stabilisation is by no means the least important, and consequently the reaction in favour of authority is also largely economic in its origin, but the influence of French thought upon the Belgian Fascists is as clear as the fact that their organisation is Italian. M. Pierre Nothomb, the talented author of *Le Lion Ailé*, is the Belgian counterpart of M. Georges Valois, and a perusal of his paper *L'Action Nationale* leaves no doubt as to his intellectual debt to the writer of *L'Homme Qui Vient*, while the influence in Belgium of that other great anti-democratic force, M. Charles Maurras, has already been noted: indeed, a recent Catholic writer has declared that it was one of the chief causes of the condemnation of the Action Française by the Holy See. As time goes on it seems probable that the influence of the French authoritarians in Belgium will increase, and the enforced sojourn in that country of so brilliant a writer and thinker as M. Léon Daudet cannot but contribute to this result.

The war, also, exerted a very powerful influence in favour of authority. On the material side the origins of this impulse are obvious, for the Allies were only victorious because they were more faithful to the principle of monarchy, in the etymological

sense of the term, than were their opponents, but the final result of the war has been that the victors have adopted the ideals of the vanquished. This phenomenon, startling as it may at first sight appear to those who have not reflected upon the matter, is not, however, peculiar to the conflict which came to an end ten years ago, for the same effect was produced by the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars: monarchical and aristocratic Europe fought to the bitter end to stem the flood of revolution, but from the moment of its final triumph it began to espouse the very principles against which it had contended for nearly a quarter of a century. Similarly, the war which, to quote President Wilson's classic phrase, was 'to make the world safe for democracy' has performed that service for the latter's rival autocracy, nor is the reason very far to seek. While hostilities were in progress the populace in the Allied countries grew accustomed, on the material plane, to an assertion of authority which it had not known for generations, and the transition from this to a belief that an authoritarian *régime* could be defended on the intellectual side was but a step, and an easy one at that. In an article published about a year ago Commander Kenworthy, M.P., quoted Viscount Grey of Fallodon as saying, at the beginning of the late war, of democratic institutions that 'the lamps are being put out all over Europe; they will not be relit in our lifetime.' The result of that conflict has been that in all countries an increasing number of people are wondering whether there is not some better system of illumination than lamps which can apparently be so easily extinguished.

Again, there is the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The part which Catholic writers, especially in France, have played in the movement towards authority has already been traced in some detail, but there remains to be taken into consideration the influence of the Church as a whole. Prior to the war it was rather individual Catholics who placed before their Protestant and agnostic fellow-countrymen the importance of authority in human life, but during the past ten years it is the Church as an institution that has brought men to a consideration of the matter. The collapse of the old authority in so many parts of Europe has sent mankind out in search of a new, and many have turned towards Rome. In theory it may be that religion and politics have little bearing upon one another, but in actual practice such is rarely the case: it may be possible to be a devout Roman Catholic and at the same time hold the most extreme anarchical political opinions, but it is distinctly rare to find a man or woman who does combine such incompatible beliefs. Once one is convinced of the need for authority in matters spiritual it is but the logical sequence to believe that it is necessary in matters tem-

poral. This is not to say, as some unthinking Protestants would have us believe, that the Church of Rome is always to be found on the side of political reaction—the very reverse is quite often the case; but by the mere fact that it lays such stress upon authority in its own sphere it predisposes those with whom it comes into contact in favour of an authoritarian *régime* in things secular. In a very famous passage Hobbes declared that 'the Papacy is no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof,' and it is spreading throughout the world those authoritarian doctrines upon which the empire of the Cæsars was based—sometimes, indeed, with consequences disastrous to itself.

Lastly, there is the changed attitude of the Press, also in no small degree a consequence of the war, to be taken into account. During the greater part of the nineteenth century the Press was very definitely the ally of revolution in its battle with authority; but the passage of time has worked a wondrous transformation, and it is now the revolutionaries who never tire of declaiming against the 'capitalist Press.' The influence of the journalist to-day is probably greatest with that class of black-coated worker which the Socialists are always endeavouring to gather into their fold, and it is the popular Press, with its pictures of the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of York, that keeps the clerk and the shop-girl loyal to authority—at any rate, in England. The reasons for this change of attitude are many, but the chief are the rise in the status of the journalist and the fact that during the war the Press was the mouthpiece, not of revolution but of authority: it is, indeed, a very far cry from the days when a handful of journalists roused the French capital against Charles X. to those when a Royalist editor is besieged in his office by the armed forces of the Third Republic. Revolutionary newspapers with a wide circulation do, of course, still exist, but on the whole the Press to-day is on the side of authority.

The intellectual basis of the modern movement towards authority would thus seem to be found where, at first sight, it is by no means obvious. Nietzsche, Hegel, and Comte can none of them claim to have originated it, and Fascismo is clearly economic in its origins, although since its rise to power it has come to some extent under the intellectual influence of the Italian nationalists. It is, then, rather in the Catholic and nationalist writers of France that the germ of the movement is to be found, and they are in reality its leaders to-day. For a long while the seed which they were sowing appeared to be but falling on stony ground, yet when it was reinforced by the lessons of the war and by the growing influence of the Roman Catholic Church it began to grow rapidly. In short, what the Encyclopædists were to the thought of the

eighteenth century Brunetière, Barrès, Maurras, and Valois are to that of to-day—the harbingers of a fresh dawn.

Having arrived at this conclusion, one is naturally tempted to inquire what the future of this intellectual movement towards authority is likely to be. Will it endure, or will the alliance between the thinker and the dictator be dissolved at no distant date? Those who hold this latter view can point for a justification of their belief to the collapse of the Benevolent Despotism in spite of the support which it received from such writers as Voltaire, and they are thus enabled to argue with some confidence that another divorce between thought and authority cannot long be postponed. On the other hand, the situation to-day is very different from what it was in the middle of the eighteenth century, for the study has been brought by compulsory education and the Press very much nearer to the street. The Benevolent Despotism broke down before the ignorance of the masses; but that ignorance is now non-existent, and the masses are often to be found, as in Spain and Italy, on the side of authority. Circumstances have changed since the reforms of a Joseph II. were frustrated by the *magna vis inertiæ* of his people, and arguments based upon the events of those days are beside the point.

M. Georges Valois, in *L'Homme Qui Vient*, declares that the great man of the future will be the chief, and that the problem is whether he will be destructive, as in Russia, or constructive, as in Italy; and M. Charles Benoist has written a book, entitled *Les Lois de la Politique Française*, within the last few weeks to prove that only by a restoration of the hereditary monarchy can France regain the authority essential to her prosperity after fifty years of democratic government. These men, the one predominantly nationalist and the other Catholic, are typical of the thinkers who have laid the foundations of the revival of authority, and the fact that they are both French serves to stress the point that it is in France that the intellectual origin of the movement must be sought; the present trend of French literature, too, shows no sign that any change is in prospect. While the inspiration still remains there would appear to be no adequate reason why the movement should lose its force.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE INVENTOR AND THE CROWN

The development of law from custom and of legal rights from customary rights is in all cases an interesting study; but it is particularly so when the rights are against the Crown. On the one hand, the Crown, acting by its officers (amongst whom must be numbered during many centuries the judges removable at pleasure), was jealous of its rights, and could rely on the services of the ablest advocates of the day in maintaining and extending them. Against it there have been arrayed the property owners, ever seeking to convert into an absolute right a privilege enjoyed at law 'during the king's pleasure,' and the merchant or commercial class, whose business and contracts demanded that privileges arbitrarily and often capriciously exercised should be changed into rights limited and defined.

The struggle has, of course, been a losing one so far as the Crown is concerned. In many cases its special rights have gone for good; and if it should ever seem that they are restored or reasserted, they will not be the old 'privileges,' but rather statutory powers defined by the law and conferred for specific public ends.

But the position as regards the inventor has not yet been entirely won: remnants of the special rights of the Crown which existed unchallenged for many centuries have recently been, and are even now in course of being, modified; and for the very reason that the process, though nearing completion, is not yet complete, it is of special interest to note its recent growth.

Let it be stated, in the first place, that it is not intended to deal in this paper with the position or rights of the philosopher or student who discovers or 'invents' principles or laws which, however valuable they may be to the State or to the world at large, are not either patentable or at least analogous to patentable inventions. It may be that the men who first discovered the principle of relativity, or the nature and uses of radium, or the facts concerning the transmission of malaria by the mosquito, have rendered a greater service to the State than the maker of any invention ever patented. It may be that for such discoveries the State should regularly make awards. But, if it is to do so, it

must create a tribunal charged with the duty of assessing such awards and lay down rules for its guidance.

Confining ourselves, therefore, to inventions in the limited sense, let us see how the State has dealt with the inventors.

It will be necessary to deal separately with the position of the inventor who has and of him who has not the rights of a patentee; and the latter class must again be sub-divided into those who, although patentees, are precluded by contract from enforcing their rights as such and those who are not patentees.

First take the patentee with his right of monopoly. It is untrue to say that 'to the common law all monopolies are odious': they are as much within the prerogative as, *e.g.*, the right of the Crown to grant an exclusive privilege of providing a ferry across a river. But the prerogative is to be exercised on behalf of and for the benefit of the public; and the Statute of Monopolies, the basis of all patent law, had for its real purpose the abolition of only such monopolies as were against the common interest.

The Stuart claim that the king had a right for his own benefit, or that of his favourites, to create a monopoly of anything he chose was thereby ended once and for all. Yet with its usual practical wisdom Parliament recognised that the best way of encouraging persons to introduce a 'manner of new manufactures within this realm' was to give them a monopoly of it for such period as would afford a fair opportunity to establish it commercially without being exposed to competition.

Still, the prejudice created in Stuart days against 'monopolies' persisted, and Lord Eldon was declaring new and strange doctrine when in 1807 he laid down [1] that the patent may be considered as in the nature of a bargain between the public (represented by the Crown) and the patentee, and that the rights conferred by the grant must be construed on the same principle of good faith as that which regulates other contracts and without bias in favour of either the patentee or the public. It would appear that this decision caused those advising the Crown to fear that the courts might even hold that the patentee had a monopoly against the Crown. They endeavoured to guard against the danger by procuring the insertion in letters patent of a condition of defeasance or forfeiture in case the patentee did not supply, for the service of the Crown, all such articles embodying the patented invention as the department might require 'in such manner, at such times and upon such reasonable prices and terms as might be settled by the officers requiring the same.' [2]

[1] *Cartwright* v. *Eamer* (1807), 14 Ves 131.

[2] The Attorney-General was entitled to insert in the letters patent any clause which he thought desirable for the protection of the Crown; and it is probable that this clause was first so inserted at some date between 1830 and 1836.

It is obvious that this clause was not sufficient, for it did not cover the case where the Crown wished to have the articles in question manufactured in its own dockyards or arsenals or by its own contractors; but if any difficulties arose they were got over by agreement until in 1852 a Mr. Feather, of Liverpool, obtained letters patent for his invention of 'improvements in the construction of ships and in rendering ships and boats impervious to shot.'

He alleged that his patent had been infringed by the Admiralty, who had constructed a ship called *The Enterprise*, and commenced an action claiming 10,000*l.* damages. No doubt, as a layman, he relied on the fact that for many years there had been a general understanding that if a patented invention was used by a Government department the patentee would be remunerated as if the user had been by a private individual. But we must presume that his lawyers advised him that such an understanding was not enforceable at law; at all events, the argument on which they relied was that the defeasance clause, which the Crown had inserted for its own protection, raised a necessary inference that the patent conferred a monopoly against the Crown. Thereupon the Crown determined to press for a decision which should assert its rights in the most ample terms. It succeeded, the court holding that, 'although one's sense of justice may be shocked at the retrospective application of this doctrine to a patent taken out when a different practice prevailed,' it could not refuse to apply the undoubted rule of law that 'in construing grants from the Crown, nothing passes except that which is expressed or which is matter of necessary and unavoidable intendment in order to give effect to the plain and undoubted meaning of the grant.' So Mr. Feather lost his case: the analogy suggested by Lord Eldon (*supra*) was treated as being 'utterly fallacious,' and the argument that the patentee, as a person who had contributed to the national wealth, was entitled to the more liberal construction which is given to such royal grants as are based on valuable consideration, was brushed rather ignominiously, and almost contemptuously, aside.

As has so often happened, this assertion of the full legal rights of the Crown was the signal for a successful attack upon them. Clearly the legal position was unjust: the rights of a patentee, conferred upon him as a reward for the service he has rendered to the State, would be valueless if the departments could use his invention without payment.

Accordingly, pressure was brought to bear on the Board of Trade by private members of the House of Commons, and a Bill was introduced in 1882 providing for payment for user by the Crown of patented inventions. The Admiralty, the War Office, and the Post Office strongly opposed the Bill, as might have been expected, and as, in one sense, it was their duty to do. But Mr.

Joseph Chamberlain fought the patentees' case, and ultimately the Patents Act of 1883 contained a section which may be called the Inventors' Charter. Henceforth, it was declared, 'a patent shall have to all intents the like effect as against Her Majesty the Queen, her heirs and successors, as it has against a subject; but the officers or authorities administering any department of the service of the Crown may by themselves, their contractors or others, use the invention for the service of the Crown on terms to be before or after the use thereof agreed on or in default of agreement to be settled by the Treasury *after hearing all parties interested*.'

It will be observed that this section (which is repeated with certain amendments in the Patents Act, 1907, and the Patents Act, 1919), 'after giving the patentee the same rights against the Crown as against a subject, proceeds to take away as regards the Crown the one fundamental right of the patentee from which his other rights follow, viz.: the right of monopoly or prohibition; and to give the Crown by its departments or contractors the right to use the patented invention for the Crown's service upon certain terms'[3]

The reason for this singularity is obvious: it was necessary to avoid such an abuse of the patentee's monopoly as might result in the Crown being 'held to ransom' when it desired to obtain articles which were essential, *e.g.* for the national defence. Such an abuse of monopoly rights as against the subject has arisen and is met by section 27 of the Patents Act, 1907, which gives power to the Comptroller of Patents to order the grant of licences on fair terms. But even if this remedy had been devised in 1883, it would not be a sufficient safeguard in the case of the Crown; for proceedings under section 27 must take time, often a very considerable time, and the delay might be fatal to the State. It was therefore provided that a Government department might use the invention at once, leaving the question of the amount to be paid for such user to subsequent determination. A further qualification of the patentee's rights is found in the proviso that if the invention has, before the date of the patent, been recorded in a document or tried by any Government department (not having been communicated to it by the patentee), any department may use it free of payment to the patentee.[4] This is essential in order to secure secrecy in matters of national defence.

But the selection of the Treasury as the tribunal to determine what sum was to be paid to the patentee for the use of his invention by the State was clearly an error of judgment. The draftsman of the Act originally suggested that the tribunal should be that set up under the Railways Arbitration Act, 1859; this was objected

[3] Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, First Report, par. 4.
[4] Patents Acts, 1907 and 1919, s. 29.

to by the War Office and Admiralty, and the Treasury was substituted in order to meet their views. But as, in popular estimation at least, the main function of the Treasury is to check and control expenditure, it could hardly be expected that the patentee would be satisfied.

Moreover, the direction that the Treasury should hear all parties was equivalent to a direction that it should act, not administratively, but as a court, so that for each case the Board of Treasury (usually the Chancellor of the Exchequer and two of the whips) had to be assembled. A tribunal so constituted was obviously unfitted to decide questions which largely turn on points of patent law; and it may be imagined that the Board of Treasury itself was not unwilling to be relieved of the task. As it happened, the number of claims presented at the end of the war made it clear that the Board could not give the necessary time to the work, and accordingly in March 1919 there was set up the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, a quasi-judicial tribunal with a judge of the High Court as chairman, having for its main function the hearing of these cases 'in lieu of the Treasury.' The patentee of course retained the right to have his case heard by the Treasury; but it is significant that in only one case has a patentee exercised this right.

By the Patents Act, 1919, the High Court of Justice is substituted for the Treasury as regards claims by patentees in respect of user after April 23, 1920.

'*By consent of both parties*' the tribunal may take into consideration the validity of the patent for the purpose only of the reference.

The words last quoted remind us that the patentee has still one grievance unredressed. In a patent action between subjects the High Court determines, in one proceeding, whether the patent is valid, whether it has been infringed, and, if so, what damages the infringer is to pay. But if the patentee's claim is against the Crown, he has to try to get the Crown's advisers to agree that the court may 'take into consideration the validity of the patent.' If they consent, well and good; but if they refuse (as they have a perfect right to do), he has to try to get the question decided in some other proceeding. Strange though it may seem to the layman, no one can say with certainty what that other proceeding should be. One patentee recently proceeded by writ [5]: this was clearly inadmissible, and his action failed; but in dismissing it the Court of Appeal made some very pertinent observations on the present state of the law. Lord Justice Scrutton said:

It seems to me, as Sargant, L.J., seems to have thought, sitting as President of the Royal Commission . . . if you want to get a decision as to the validity of the patent, and the Crown will not consent to its being

[5] *Rowland* v. *Air Council* (1927), 43 T. L. R. 717.

dealt with in the proceedings under section 29, you must try to do it by petition of right. I am not saying that you can do it, but that is the way in which you may try to.

The learned Lord Justice characterised the present state of the law as thoroughly discreditable, and Lord Justice Atkin said that it was 'an illustration of the great misfortune which befalls subjects who have to make claims against the Government or the Executive of the country who use their services. . . . It is high time that some simplified form of procedure was adopted.'

So the patentee has still one more position to win before he has cleared away the last entanglements of the privilege of the Crown.

We may now turn to a consideration of the position of the inventor who, either because he has no patent or because he is debarred by the contract or conditions of service into which he has entered, cannot claim the legal rights of a patentee.

It is convenient to refer to those who have been in the service of the State at the date when they made the invention in question as 'service inventors,' and to the others as 'non-service inventors.' In regard to both classes, we leave the realm of law and come into the region where considerations of fairness and justice, possibly also of expediency, are still crystallising into rules of action which may eventually become rights The changes of the last few years have placed the inventor in a position as against the State considerably more favourable to him than that which he has as against the individual; to both the service and the non-service inventor the State is scrupulously fair—in fact, it sets to other employers the best of examples.

The inventor who, having no patent, discloses his invention to a private person who uses it must count himself lucky if that person gives him any reward, unless, of course, before disclosure is made, he has bound himself by contract to do so. The inventor cannot appeal to any impartial tribunal to decide how much he ought, in fairness, to receive. But it seems that it has always been admitted that inventors might properly be remunerated for the service rendered by them to the State if they put at its disposal inventions of value, although such inventions were not patented and in strict law there was no monopoly enforceable against the Crown and no legal right to any payment.[6]

Still, until the Royal Commission was appointed, there was no outside body to which an inventor could appeal. He could apply to the department which he believed to have used his invention for an award; but if it were refused, or were in his view inadequate, he had no opportunity of even stating his case, except possibly

[6] See *Hansard*, May 22, 1919.

by bringing parliamentary or other pressure to bear on the Minister with a view to a special inquiry being held. The Royal Commission has, however, cognisance of all such claims, and will hear them if satisfied that there is a reasonable case to be heard, even where the department concerned does not admit that there is such a case.

The position of the service inventor is also far more favourable than that of the employee who is not in Government service.

While in regard to inventions which have nothing to do with the work for which the servant was employed it would be most difficult to persuade a court (in the absence, of course, of express contract) that the master was intended to have the benefit of his servant's inventions, yet if it can be shown that the servant, in making his invention, made use of knowledge or materials which were his master's property, the tendency of the courts is to hold that the invention also belongs to the master. And if it belongs to him it is his absolutely, and he is under no obligation to make any payment whatever in respect of his use of it.[7]

But, with regard to the service inventor, we find a remarkable difference between the legal position and that established by practice. The departmental regulations as to applications for patents, which correspond to the 'contract of service,' still embody the theory that all inventions, of whatever kind, which he may make are the absolute property of the Crown, and that both consent to application by him for a patent and payment of any reward for the use of the invention for the service of the State are a mere act of grace, the inventor having no legal rights whatever in the matter.

In fact, even before the war, Departmental Awards Committees had been set up in the Admiralty, War Office, and the Post Office with Treasury authority to grant small awards; and larger awards were given on the recommendation of the Ordnance Council.

It is obvious that it pays the State to reward and encourage invention, and that it is only by treating the inventor fairly that fraud, such as the patenting of inventions in another's name, can be checked.[8] Further, the real alteration in the position of the civil servant occurred during the war, in

[7] An examination of all the cases on this subject (in some of which very fine distinctions are drawn) might lead to some qualifications of this general proposition, but it is believed to be sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

[8] In this connexion it is interesting to observe that in the United States, where service inventors and those who have no patent rights are not entitled to any awards, the hardship of the legal position is got over to some extent by the fact that the court charged with determining these matters is extremely astute to discover some evidence of a contract for payment for user of the invention by the State; recent legislation provides for payment for aircraft designs which have not been patented (Aeronautical Act, Public, 446-69th Congress, approved July 2, 1926).

that many who were temporarily in the service of the Crown owed neither their education nor their training to the State, and in that the increased complexity of the public service and the increase in the number of grades in which an official might be employed made it impossible to maintain even the theory that all inventions of all Government servants belong absolutely to the State. Recognising these facts, the Departmental Committee on Awards to Inventors which sat in 1918 recommended that any service inventor who was dissatisfied with the award offered to him should have *a right* to appeal to an impartial body and to appear before it in person.

This report was approved and the right conceded, and the Royal Commission has for the last nine years been mainly occupied in enforcing this right and codifying the principles which regulate its exercise.

The position of the 'service inventor' has therefore been put on a basis which must be recognised as equitable; and it may be hoped that either the Royal Commission or some other tribunal which is independent of all Government departments will continue to hear and determine claims by inventors who have no patents or no patent rights, and that to this tribunal both service and non-service inventors will have equal rights of access. In the interest of uniformity and administrative efficiency, the existing Departmental Awards Councils should be transformed into sub-committees of the same tribunal. Strictly legal claims by patentees have never in fact formed a very large proportion of the Commission's work, only sixty-one having been finally heard on the 'strict-patent' basis, although these figures do not represent the position quite accurately, for many patentees have been frightened by the difficulties and uncertainties of their legal position and the expense of litigation, and have preferred the easier path of abandoning their legal rights, if any, and applying for an *ex gratiâ* award.

The Commission under the chairmanship first of Mr. Justice Sargant, and, since his promotion to the Court of Appeal, of Mr. Justice Tomlin, has during the last nine years dealt with 1767 claims in all, and in its five reports it has stated both the rules by which it has been guided and the reasoning which has led it to adopt those rules. It has built up a code which is applicable to almost every set of circumstances, and should form the basis, at least, of all future dealings between the State and the inventor.

In accordance with its decisions, a sum of 1,293,763*l*. has been paid to inventors,* the largest lump sum awarded being 110,375*l*. in respect of certain aeroplane engines.

* There have also been a few cases in which royalties have been awarded; and the Departmental Awards Councils have made small awards. The total amounts paid are not known to the writer.

A great judge once remarked that it was almost as important to appear to do justice as to do justice. Nowhere is this more true than in the relations between the State and the individual; and the State may now fairly claim that the law and practice have so developed that, while the taxpayer is shielded from extortionate or unreasonable demands, substantial justice both is, and appears to be, done to the inventor.

P. TINDAL-ROBERTSON.

[*Secretary, Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors from March* 1919 *to December* 1927. *Now member of this Commission.*]

NOTE.—The principles and criteria by which the amounts to be paid by the State for the use of inventions are to be determined are not discussed in this article. Those who are interested will find that the various considerations which arise are fully set out in the reports of the Royal Commission. It may, however, be useful to mention here the main principles which have been followed.

Patentees have been held to be entitled to receive such a sum as would be agreed on between a willing licensor and a willing licensee bargaining on equal terms and with knowledge of the extent of user.

Inventors who have no patents, or who cannot claim the legal rights of a patentee, must show there is a causal connexion between the making of the invention and the user thereof by the State; for such inventors have no monopoly, but can claim merely payment for benefits conferred.

As to service inventors, the award must be subjected to a discount, which will be greater or less in proportion to the proximity or remoteness of the invention to the work on which the inventor was employed.

CAMBRIDGE UNDER NEW STATUTES

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were recently subjected to an inquiry preliminary to the framing of a fresh set of Statutes, and now that the new regulations have been in force for more than a year it is worth while to attempt a brief examination of the effects of the present system. In November 1919 Commissioners were appointed to consider applications made by the two Universities for financial assistance from the State: in pursuance of this object, they were instructed to inquire into the financial resources of the Universities and the colleges and halls therein, and to explore possible methods of utilising to the best advantage the available funds. The need of assistance from the Treasury was the factor mainly concerned in setting in motion the machinery which is periodically employed by the Government. It was not a question of general reform so much as the necessity of carefully scrutinising the financial circumstances in the light of the proposal to receive public money. The task of the Commissioners, as they pointed out, was more complicated than that undertaken by any of their predecessors, because for the first time in their history 'the two Universities find themselves in a situation which seems to call for assistance for general purposes from the public funds.'

The Report of the Commission, published in 1922, is divided into three parts: Part A includes a general historical survey up to the time of framing the Statutes of 1882, a summary of self-reforms, a brief statement on the trend of development subsequent to the last Royal Commission, and a section on the position of the two Universities as national institutions. This part includes also a well-reasoned statement of the dangers arising from insufficient funds. The Report lays special emphasis on the bad effects of under-pay and of the absence of a proper pension system on the quality of University professors and fellows of colleges; it also refers to the inadequate amount of time given to research, which is one of the inevitable evils resulting from an insufficient number of teachers, and to the danger that the Universities may be 'forced back by their poverty on to the too exclusive patronage of the wealthy student, irrespective of his ability or industry,

in a way that must lower the intellectual standard now attained.' The Commission recommended that the Universities should receive, instead of the interim grant of 30,000*l.* allocated to each of them since the war, an annual grant of 100,000*l.* in addition to 10,000*l.* a year for special purposes (women's education and Extra-Mural purposes), and a lump sum for pension arrears. The second part (Part B) of the Report is devoted to detailed recommendations: it includes the results of inquiry by a special committee, the Estates Committee, into the financial resources of the two Universities and of the colleges and halls. The publication of the admirable Report of the Commissioners was followed by the appointment of a statutory Commission entrusted with the duty of framing Statutes embodying the recommendations of the first Commission. It may be permitted to pay a tribute to the efficient and self-sacrificing work performed for Cambridge by the secretaries to the two Commissions

As a necessary consequence of the new University Statutes, colleges were required to revise their Statutes and to submit them to the Commission. The time that has elapsed since the new Statutes were approved by the King in Council on January 1 and took effect on 1 October, 1926, though too short to give the perspective necessary for a clear view of the resultant situation, is perhaps long enough to justify an interim opinion on the effects and on the value of the new legislation.

It is well to record the fact that in 1912 a memorial signed by several resident members of the Senate was sent to the Prime Minister suggesting to him the appointment of a Commission to inquire into 'the constitution of the University of Cambridge, the financial and other relations which exist between the University and the colleges, and the administration of funds devoted to fellowships, scholarships, and exhibitions.' The appointment of a Royal Commission cannot therefore be interpreted as a desire on the part of Government to interfere with an institution which had not given any sign of recognition of its imperfections. By many residents the decision of the Government was cordially welcomed. It is also important to remember that the primary aim of the Commission was to ascertain whether or not the straitened financial circumstances were unavoidable and therefore constituted a strong case for substantial Government assistance; or whether it might be possible both to effect economies and, in other ways than by grants from the Treasury, to increase substantially the income of the University. It was clear to the Commissioners, as to all members of the University who had given any serious thought to the matter, that, owing to the change in the value of money, the Universities could no longer pay their way without lowering the educational standard. They decided that increase

in fees paid by students, enhanced contributions from colleges to the University, and expectations from benefactors could not in themselves be regarded as satisfactory or adequate means of providing sources of income sufficiently large and constant to afford a substitute for a substantial Government subsidy. It is not only essential to have enough money to ensure the efficient working of the University; provision must be made for fresh developments and to meet the ever-increasing demands from without. The amount of money available is an important limiting factor; but an increase in revenue cannot usefully be considered without careful scrutiny of many other factors conditioning the life of a University. The complex machinery had to be overhauled, obsolete parts discarded, and improvements made which would facilitate its smooth and economical working. It was further imperative to deal with the problem of so reorganising the personnel entrusted with the management of the machinery as to obtain the best results with the least expenditure of energy, and the avoidance of unnecessary overlapping on the part of teachers—in short, greater concentration of effort and more complete financial centralisation. Have the labours of the Commissioners, so far as we can form an opinion at this stage, produced results beneficial to the University and to the colleges? The following statements and comments have reference to Cambridge alone. Complaints are not infrequently heard of the imposition upon individuals and boards, particularly upon heads of departments, of additional and irksome duties by the red-tapy requirements of the new Statutes. In some instances it is true that increased office work has become necessary, but this is inevitable. The secretary of the Financial Board, who now enjoys the status of treasurer, shares with the registrary and the assistant registraries the privilege of being in a better position than most men to form an estimate of the increase in amount and complexity of University administrative business.

The natural tendency in a transitional period is to exaggerate the inconvenience of fresh burdens rendered temporarily heavy through unfamiliarity. In a few years the new system will seem as easy as the old; and if resident members of the University were more generally willing to take their share in administrative duties the additional executive work coincident with the new *régime* would be more evenly distributed, and a greater number of men would acquire the knowledge qualifying them to criticise the new Statutes. Even in the ancient seats of learning there are some men whose temperament and ability render them ideal administrators: others, the greater number, are constitutionally unfitted for work demanding business capacity and financial acumen, though they may be able both to extend knowledge

by research—a process which in theory requires a well-controlled imagination—and to inspire others with a thirst for knowledge. The average man, if he is willing to devote a relatively small proportion of time to University business, can play a useful part—useful to himself and to the University—both as a teacher and a researcher and as a part-time administrator. There is no doubt that the new Statutes have imposed upon certain University bodies fresh responsibilities and a larger share of administrative work, though the amount of such increase is comparatively small and will appear less as time passes. There are, moreover, indications of a growing tendency towards the differentiation of residents into two classes, a class of men whose time is mainly absorbed by attendance at meetings, and another containing those who resolutely refuse to allow themselves to be involved in duties which cut into the time allotted to research and to teaching. A clean-cut division of labour within reasonable limits is desirable, but it would be disastrous if the control of University finance passed into the hands of men out of touch and sympathy with those activities of academic life on which the reputation of the University mainly depends.

As the Report of the first Royal Commission states, there had been a strong movement at Cambridge in favour of the creation of a resident house consisting of all persons engaged in teaching and administrative work to which should be transferred most of the power previously held by the senate, a large and heterogeneous body composed mainly of non-residents. The newly established Regent House is a House of Residents, and in this body is vested what is practically the management of University business: the Regent House has the power of enacting ordinances—that is, of making the regulations which govern the administrative machinery. Those who are most closely concerned with the work of the University have been given authority which was formerly in the hands of the Senate. The authority of the Regent House is not, however, absolute: provision is made for appeals to the Senate under certain conditions. To the Senate have been reserved certain privileges such as the election of the chancellor and a few other officers, the opportunity of voting on proposals to confer honorary degrees, and so on. The transference of the more important matters from the Senate to the body directly connected with the working of the University machinery was an obvious step to take: it is a reform which in the opinion of many was urgently needed.

At the discussion in the Senate House on the proposed Statutes strong objection was taken to the dominant position assigned to the new House of Residents. One speaker, prominent among the objectors as a critic who was invariably direct and vigorously

outspoken, said that it would have been far better if the Commissioners had simply said 'We abolish the power of the Senate altogether,' instead of devising a method of appeal which he described as a mockery.

The recommendation of the first Commission that the previous passing of a University entrance examination, or of equivalents or alternatives prescribed by the University, should be a rigid condition of entrance to colleges, halls or hostels, and to the non-collegiate bodies, has found expression in the new Statutes. Research students who are generally graduates of other Universities, and affiliated students, receive special treatment. In these days of keen competition among applicants for admission to colleges the tightening up of the regulations for matriculation is a salutary measure. The further recommendation that colleges should not allow students whose work or conduct is unsatisfactory to remain in residence, whether on grounds of athletic distinction or for other reasons, has already borne good fruit.

There was much speculation on the probable action of the Commissioners in relation to degrees for women. Complete membership of the University might have been proposed; but the decision, which is widely regarded as a wise compromise, was to give women titles of degrees and the right to be members of faculties and to hold University teaching posts. Many keen supporters of the women's cause sympathise with the unwillingness of the Commissioners to adopt a policy which would fan into a flame the smouldering embers, endowed with remarkable longevity, which are left after the periodical controversies on the status of women.

The institution of faculties is one of the most far-reaching changes which we owe to the Commission. The faculty system is not entirely a new idea: it may be described as the extension of a system already in operation, at least in essentials, in the departments concerned with the Natural Sciences. The fundamental importance of bringing into more intimate relationship the University and the colleges was emphasised in the Report of the first Commission. The co-ordination of teaching lies at the root of efficiency: this is relatively easy in the newer University, where all teaching is centralised; but at Cambridge, where in the course of many years teaching had been shared by college lecturers and teachers appointed by the University, the situation presented many serious difficulties. The old system had grave disadvantages: the duplication and overlapping of courses; glaring inequality in remuneration, due to the practice of lecturers receiving the fees paid by students, and other anomalies caused by the lack of efficient control by central bodies. Twenty faculties are recognised by the new Statutes, and these are dis-

tributed among four groups. For each faculty there is a board responsible to the General Board of the Faculties for the provision of adequate instruction and facilities for research in the subjects of the faculty, and for preparing the teaching programme of the faculty. The reconstruction of the old General Board of Studies has added considerably to the work and to the controlling power of a board which in former days was often criticised on account of the parochial view of their duties taken by some of its members whose vision seemed to be restricted within the limits of the subject they represented. University lecturers and demonstrators now receive a basic stipend the amount of which is suggested by each faculty to the General Board of the Faculties; and the faculty boards, subject to the approval of the General Board, determine the amount and remuneration of the additional work performed by lecturers and demonstrators. Fees as a general rule are paid into the faculty funds, and if a lecturer receives as part of his emolument fees paid by students the faculty decides what percentage, if any, is to be deducted for purposes of administration. The minimum basic stipend of a University lecturer is defined by statute, also the rate of payment for additional work: the amount of such additional teaching given on behalf of a college is fixed within certain limits. By this means an attempt has been made in the interests of the University to avoid the danger of college duties interfering unduly with the discharge of University obligations. In this connexion reference may be made to the authorisation in certain circumstances of an extra payment to University lecturers and demonstrators who are not fellows of colleges. One of the inevitable results of the Cambridge system is the sharp boundary that is often drawn between fellows of colleges and men who are not fellows. Election to a fellowship depends upon many different circumstances: there are several University officers who are not fellows though they have made for themselves a reputation as contributors to knowledge by research. Any legislation which tends to diminish the anomalies inherent in this aspect of college government is worthy of commendation.

The action of the Commissioners in fixing the retiring age of professors and other University officers at sixy-five without any possibility of extension met with more criticism than most of the changes. One of the objections raised to the rigid rule was that a professor would be weighed down by the melancholy prospect of being removed from his chair at sixty-five, whereas if the retiring age had been fixed at sixty-eight the same man on reaching the age of sixty-five would be a 'much more live and genial member of the University' by reason of the cheering prospect of three more years of service. A more serious criticism is that

it may be a real loss to a department to be deprived of the services of teachers who, even at sixty-five, would be of greater value than young men lacking the experience and maturer wisdom associated in the minds of optimists with long tenure of a post. Let us not forget that 'men are wise in proportion not to their experience, but to their capacity for experience.' The opinion has been widely expressed that the age limit should have been fixed at sixty-eight, or that in certain instances teaching posts might be held until the age of seventy. Opinion remains divided: there is much to be said in favour of a rigid rule. Apart from the invidious selection of teachers desirous to continue in office beyond the age of sixty-five, which would be inseparable from any elastic system, the argument that many men of sixty-five are still fully able efficiently to perform their duties is not as pertinent as it appears at first sight. The pension scheme, which is one of the most important reforms we owe to the Commissioners, provides an adequate income; and if we assume that a professor or lecturer has been in the habit of devoting part of his time to research, as he is expected to do, freedom from the necessity of delivering lectures will enable him to concentrate his energies on completing or even on initiating contributions to knowledge. To stress the argument based on the proved vigour and efficiency of many men at the age of sixty-five implies that cessation to perform routine duties is equivalent to compulsory unemployment for teachers who are capable and desirous of continuing in harness. It is undeniable that the new regulations will have the effect of depriving the University of teachers whose retirement will be widely regretted: on the other hand, the promotion of younger men will be accelerated, and promotion to a post of greater responsibility acts as a powerful stimulus to those worthy of advancement. In the future when all holders of posts are under the new Statutes there will be many retired professors and lecturers, still active though superannuated, desirous of taking advantage of the facilities for research which Cambridge affords, and who may occasionally avail themselves of the opportunity of watching with fatherly yet critical eye the academic gymnastics of their successors. Heads of colleges are allowed to continue in office until they reach the age of seventy or, in exceptional cases, a few years longer. At seventy a member of the Senate has no further opportunity of serving on syndicates or boards, though, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, 'to be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.' Whatever view we may hold on the age limit, there is general agreement in favour of retaining during the present transitional stage the services of men under the old Statutes who have reached the age of seventy before the

end of the period for which they were elected to a board or syndicate.

There is another feature of the new Statutes which has been much discussed and has been welcomed and condemned by poorer and richer colleges respectively. The taxation of colleges furnishes an important source of income to the University: the contribution of a college to the University chest is a fraction, determined in accordance with a graduated scale of percentage that has replaced the old uniform basis, of the net assessable income. For the first 5000*l.* the scale is 4 per cent.; for the second 5000*l.* of assessable income 12 per cent.; for any amount in excess of 10,000*l.* 22 per cent. Colleges are allowed to set off, against their contribution, sums paid in respect of certain purposes. Under this system poorer colleges gain at the expense of the richer foundations.

There are many other aspects of the new conditions which might be considered, but it is rather with general impressions than with questions of detail that this article is mainly concerned. Attention should, however, be called to the formation of a Board of Extra-Mural Studies responsible for the organisation and superintendence of the teaching of persons who are not students in the University, which gives a welcome encouragement to the efforts of the University to play a useful part in advancing recognised schemes of adult education and so fulfilling more thoroughly than in the past its duty as a national institution.

It is true of Universities, as of the world as a whole, that their existence is governed by periodic events: from time to time pressure from without causes a more or less violent revolution; a new order is substituted for the old, and a new phase of existence is initiated. The question is, may the recent revolution be regarded as a benefit to Cambridge in the widest sense; has it done anything which affects injuriously the distinctive character of the older Universities by encroaching upon the autonomy of colleges, or by bringing into more intimate association University and college teaching? Cambridge is rightly jealous of any serious interference with the college system: generations of Cambridge men think of the University in terms of a particular college, where a select few enjoyed, like Wordsworth at St. John's, the advantages to be derived from the neglect of their teachers: the University, as the final examining body, cast a shadow over the later stages of their college career. The ideal state is that in which college life, with its social amenities, is preserved, and the colleges are compelled to co-operate as fully as possible in the educational activities of the body of which they are constituent parts. From an international standpoint we should envisage Cambridge as an institution for teaching and research, a seat of learning where, by means of the

unique college system, students are trained to be men as well as scholars. This end can only be gained if the colleges realise that 'they are but parts of one stupendous whole,' members of a commonwealth, and not merely self-contained units, but institutions providing men and women worthy to play their parts as efficient executive officers of the University. The new Statutes have done nothing which strikes at the root of the autonomy of the colleges: they have done much to strengthen co-operation, and they have distributed more justly contributions made by colleges to the University chest. Even with the assistance of the special grant from the Treasury, the new pension scheme and the results of fixing an age limit cannot become completely operative until about twenty years from the present date; but it is safe to prophesy that the verdict of the next generation will endorse the opinion of the Commissioners that, in the interests of efficiency, it is better to accelerate the promotion of younger men than either to allow chairs to be held as long as the occupants wish to hold them, or to provide, even in exceptional circumstances, for an extension of the tenure of a teaching post beyond the age of sixty-five.

One of the results of the new legislation is the improved financial position of University officers, which is perhaps most marked in relation to demonstrators and lecturers. Many University stipends were notoriously inadequate and compared very unfavourably with those paid to college officers who made no direct contribution as teachers to the University. Anomalies still exist: a man with a reputation in the greater world of learning, and who spends the greater part of his time in teaching and research, may still receive a stipend much below that paid to some college officers many of whose working hours are devoted to routine duties demanding no great strain on the imagination. On the other hand, an effort has been made to assess more justly the value of work that is mainly or exclusively done for the University. It is perhaps not unreasonable to suggest a possible danger in fixing on too liberal a scale the stipends of lecturers or other junior teachers who are also in receipt of college emoluments. Signs are not wanting that professorships in the newer Universities, whether at home or in the Colonies and Dominions, offer less attraction than formerly to promising Cambridge men. This University desires to keep a certain proportion of her more able sons; but it is also desirable that Cambridge should continue to be regarded as one of the more important centres of supply. The possibility of earning a comparatively large stipend by undertaking the maximum amount of work both for the University and for a college is a strong temptation, which, if not successfully resisted, is likely in some instances to lead to a smaller output of original research and to the lessening

of ambition to seize opportunities available in some of the other Universities.

The Commissioners made a comprehensive inquiry into the cost of living at Cambridge, and reached the conclusion that the financial burdens which no undergraduate in men's colleges, whether rich or poor, can escape are too great and should be reduced. Definite recommendations were made and much trouble was taken, with the help of an expert, to scrutinise the catering arrangements in the colleges with a view to explore possible methods of reducing costs. By instituting a Committee of Stewards to consider how better and cheaper supplies might be obtained, by giving authority to the Financial Board to prescribe the form of accounts for college kitchens, and insisting upon an annual audit by an approved accountant, the Commissioners gave practical expression to their determination to encourage more effective co-operation and stricter economy. Some day perhaps the ideal pictured by a sixteenth century writer may be reached:

> The mean diet, no delicate fare;
> True wisdom join'd with simpleness.

Further recommendations embodied in the new Statutes as framed by colleges are—(1) that entrance scholarships offered by colleges should normally carry with them only the privileges of rooms in college free of rent; (2) that no cash emoluments should be granted to scholars or exhibitioners except on application from the successful candidates, and in such cases subject to the supply of full information as to private means. Reference has already been made to the statute requiring all students, except a few who may be admitted in special circumstances, to have passed or obtained exemption from the whole of the previous examination before matriculation.

In the opinion of many residents —one may go further and say in the opinion of the majority of the resident members—the new Statutes are a substantial benefit to the University: they have swept away many anomalies and anachronisms without interference, so far as essentials are concerned, with deservedly cherished traditions; they have substituted more business-like and more efficient methods of administration, and a more adequate and more equable system of payment, for antiquated and inconsistent practices which had grown up through lack of the controlling factor of centralisation.

It may be said that one effect of the new Statutes is to discourage colleges, particularly the richer colleges, from voluntarily assisting the University by endowing posts held by University teachers, or in other ways: similarly the new regulations governing scholarship funds substitute compulsory limitation of emoluments

in accordance with financial needs for a system under which some parents, not in need of assistance, generously declined to accept money earned by their sons. The answer to this is that we live in an imperfect world where systems based on the assumption that corporate bodies and individuals will take a broad view of their obligations will produce disappointing results.

In the opinion of some people the changes proposed might with advantage have been more drastic; others complain that the Commissioners went too far. While we may congratulate ourselves that Cambridge is in no immediate danger of losing the stimulus which comes from a free expression of divergent views, we can at least agree in our appreciation of the service freely given to the University by the members of the two Commissions. It is impossible to frame an expression of gratitude which would meet with universal approval:

> For we, which now behold these present days,
> Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

A. C. SEWARD.

IRVING BABBITT

II. Religion and Romanticism

There are two parts of Professor Babbitt's general thesis (as adumbrated in last month's *Nineteenth Century*) which will arouse obstinate questionings, if not downright hostility, even in the minds of those who are readiest to accept the thesis as a whole. The first is the view that romanticism is only one form or aspect of the naturalistic movement, of which modern science is the more typical outcome. The second is Babbitt's denial that there is any genuinely religious element in the romantic revival as such. 'Sensible people,' he says, 'feel a peculiar exasperation when romantic æsthetes like Rousseau and Ruskin and Chateaubriand set themselves up as religious teachers. They feel instinctively that something is wrong, even when unable to trace clearly the nature of the error.' Thus he attacks romanticism precisely at the two points which its exponents and admirers are wont to regard as the strongest on their whole front—its antipathy to the soulless mechanism of science and its ardent sympathy with the religious spirit. Fortunately for English students, the close connexion between these two modes of feeling is particularly evident in the case of Ruskin, who, in spite of a strong reaction against his artistic theories, is still, and, thanks to his genius as a prose-writer, is likely to remain, one of the most influential representatives of the romantic movement in England.

The relation of romanticism to the scientific movement is mainly a question of fact, to be decided on the historical evidence. How was that emancipation of the emotions, of which Rousseau was the initiator, actually related to the intellectual revolution in which Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, Newton, the Royal Society and the Encyclopædists were, in divers times and divers manners, the leading figures? That the former would have been impossible without the latter may be asserted without serious fear of contradiction from any quarter: the only possible doubt is whether romanticism originated in a reaction against rationalism, or was a direct, if unexpected, outcome of its workings in a new field. The question is a little prejudiced by the fact that Rousseau him-

self had a violent dislike for science, as one of the chief agencies in degrading man from his original simplicity and innocence. But Diderot, in many ways more typical, if less influential, than Rousseau, was at once an avowed Baconian who anticipated the complete theory of evolution and also an enthusiast for the removal of 'artificial' restraints on the imagination and the feelings.

Babbitt declares unhesitatingly that romanticism was the true child of scientific naturalism, and he illustrates his belief by an illuminating metaphor which will carry conviction to many minds. The break-up of the Roman Empire and the collapse of classical civilisation produced a profound distrust, not to say despair, of human nature. Human nature had gone bankrupt, and for a thousand years the Church acted as its 'administrator in receivership.' At the end of that period it aspired to become autonomous once more, to reassert its solvency, so to speak; and reason was the first element in man to break away from tutelage. The revolt of reason proved successful beyond the rebels' wildest dreams: it was superabundantly justified by the triumphs of scientific research in every department; and its success restored the confidence of human nature in itself. Henceforward it was merely a question of time, how soon the emotions and the imagination would claim in turn an absolute liberty from authority and prescription. That time came in the middle of the eighteenth century; and the ultimate result is what Babbitt calls 'the inordinate self-confidence of the modern man.'

The problem with which we have hitherto been dealing may well appear highly abstract and academic; but the case is far other when we turn to consider the relations of religion and romance. So many of us have been led to religion through romanticism, and so many of our intellectual guides have assumed an intimate and indissoluble connexion between the two things, that any attempt to distinguish sharply between them, much more any attempt to show that they are radically opposed to one another, is likely to arouse intense and painful feeling. Babbitt's attitude to the question may be gauged from his comment on Browning's now hackneyed lines:

> 'Oh world as God has made it
> —All is beauty.
> And knowing this is love, and
> Love is duty.'

It seems to follow from these verses of Browning, perhaps the most flaccid spiritually in the English language, that to go out and mix oneself up with the landscape is the same as doing one's duty. As a method of salvation this is even easier and more æsthetic than that of the Ancient Mariner, who, it will be remembered, is relieved of the burden of his transgression by admiring the colour of water-snakes.

The opposite pole of thought is fairly represented by the judgment of Professor C. E. Vaughan in the *Cambridge Modern History*:

> With the appearance of Rousseau the whole face of things was changed. The religious spirit had once more found voice; it once more spoke with conviction and therefore with authority; and a whole world of thought and imagination was unsealed.

In a like vein Professor C. H. Herford says that Shelley in *Prometheus Unbound* has given 'magnificent expression to the faith of Plato and of Christ.' Less extreme, but perhaps more valuable to the romantic cause, is Cardinal Newman's testimony that the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the philosophy of Coleridge, and the poems of Southey and Wordsworth had prepared men's hearts and minds for the reception of Catholic truth.

The controversy is plainly one of vital importance, and before entering upon it or attempting to expound Babbitt's views it will be as well to limit the field by establishing one or two points on which disagreement should be impossible. And, first, even Babbitt must surely admit, though he nowhere actually does so, that the romantic movement has, as a matter of historical fact, been at least in part responsible for revivals of religious feeling and conviction on a large scale. The Oxford Movement is an instance, though the admixture of romanticism in that has been grossly exaggerated. Broadly speaking, romanticism must be allowed to have fostered religious feeling of a kind, though not, perhaps, of the highest kind.

Secondly, and on the other hand, it seems equally certain that there is not the faintest tinge of romanticism either in the Old Testament or the New, or, for the matter of that, in the truly religious writers of Greek antiquity, such as Æschylus or Plato. Of course, if there were any truth in the statement (which has been made) that Christ was the first Romantic, our whole question would fall to the ground. Babbitt, with all sensible men, would admit in that case that romanticism is of the essence of religion. Certain sides of Christ's teaching—His injunction to become as little children; His insistence on the supreme value of love, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much'; His preference for the society of outcasts over that of the respectable Pharisees; even His counsel to consider the lilies of the field—all these have been made to take on a romantic hue, which is not easily dispelled after a century and a half of romanticism; but was the romantic colouring originally there? Assuredly not, if the *differentia* of romanticism is to assign a supreme value to emotion for emotion's sake. To take a crucial instance, a passionate love for goodness and purity, such as

Christ found sometimes among the publicans and harlots, is a very different thing from the vague sentiment described by Browning, or the kind of love displayed by *La Dame aux Camellias*. Those who quarrel with the definition of romanticism as the cult of feeling for feeling's sake are invited to supply another which will cover all the facts. If they cannot, they must perforce acknowledge that the Christian doctrine of love, in its widest interpretation, has no natural affinity with romantic theory.

The key to Babbitt's position is to be found in his belief that 'there are three levels on which a man may experience life—the naturalistic, the humanistic and the religious—though there are, of course, numerous intermediary stages, the rounds of the ladder, as it were, by which man may mount or descend from one level to another of his being.' Babbitt does not for a moment doubt that the religious level is, in every sense, the highest, the best and the most desirable ; but for several reasons he thinks it more important at the present time to urge the claims of humanism than those of religion. For one thing, he has been struck—as who can fail to be struck ?—' by the endless self-deception to which man is subject when he tries to pass too abruptly from the naturalistic to the religious level.' It is far easier to deceive oneself and others about one's supernatural lights than it is in regard to one's attainments on the humanistic plane. Moreover, as was pointed out in a previous essay, it is the truths of humanism rather than those of religion that are directly endangered by the propaganda of modern naturalism ; though the denial of the ' law for man ' involves ultimately the denial of any religion worth the name. Last, but by no means least, comes a consideration which must seriously affect our whole estimate of the religious value of romanticism, and which therefore demands a fuller exposition.

Of the three planes of being it is on the second only, the humanistic, that the analytic reason is fully at home. Both above and below the level of ordinary human experience we rely for our knowledge on some immediate or intuitive form of apprehension. As Aristotle taught, neither first principles nor the particulars of sense can be deduced : they must be perceived immediately. Now it is a curious but undeniable fact that in the long run man is driven either to rise higher or to sink lower than reason. He cannot rest content with the piecemeal apprehension of things in their separateness, as they present themselves to the logical faculty. He must attain to some sort of vision of the whole, as a unity in which distinctions are melted. That is why Wordsworth speaks disparagingly of ' the false secondary power by which we multiply distinctions.' The truth to which this psychological

fact bears witness is expressed objectively in the scholastic maxim: *Omnia exeunt in mysterium.* Its subjective result is that we are all, in the last resort, mystics; all of us, that is, who have intelligence enough to be anything—Bernard Shaw with his 'Life-force' no less than Plotinus with his 'One.'

This vision of unity, then, can be achieved either above or below the rational level—never on that level. There is a mysticism of the spirit and a mysticism of the senses; and, by a quaint piece of felicity, it was the respectable Wordsworth, of all people in the world, who, as Professor Garrod brought out so clearly in his admirable little book, most unequivocally rested his mystical beliefs on the report of the senses. In his case, so far as we know, the doctrine would not seem to have led to any wild excesses; but it may be a damnable heresy for all that. For the present we are content to note how it favours the view that romanticism is the legitimate offspring of naturalism. 'There is surely,' said Sir Thomas Browne, that noble humanist, 'a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the Sun.' Compare this with Wordworth's

> sense
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Can there be any question that the romantic poet has abandoned man's claim to a superiority of essence?

Once accept Babbitt's suggestion (if it should not rather be called a fact of observation) that there are these two distinct types of mysticism, and it is no longer difficult, except in a given case, to estimate the alleged services of the romantic movement to the cause of religion, especially if it is borne in mind that the lower forms of spiritual mysticism and the higher forms of æsthetic or sensual mysticism tend strongly to resemble one another, and are sometimes hardly distinguishable. The whole subject is discussed by Babbitt with even more than his usual wit and eloquence in Chapter V. of *The New Laokoon*, on Platonists and Pseudo-Platonists. That chapter, of less than thirty small pages, contains, one is tempted to say, a greater amount of sound ethical and literary criticism than any contemporary volume on similar topics.

A touchstone is there suggested for separating, not only Platonists from Pseudo-Platonists, but also true from false mystics—their attitude, namely, to the analytic and discursive intellect which is the legitimate queen of the purely human sphere. The Platonist and the true mystic are always ready and eager to

follow her guidance to the utmost bound of human thought, and only then to lose themselves in an *O Altitudo*. Plato's mysticism is reason at white heat; Rousseau's is a golden glamour 'covering with a delicious veil,' as he himself says, even 'the aberrations of the senses.' Man can rise by a supreme effort to a spiritual unity *above* the level of clear and conscious intellectual distinctions; he can also sink with considerable ease *below* it, to a confused emotional unity. The two states bear a superficial resemblance, but, once more, 'by their fruits ye shall know them'; and not only by their fruits, but by their bearing of respect or contempt towards the activities of the 'meddling intellect.' The touchstone will be found to serve its purpose, whether you apply it to Bishop Berkeley and William Blake, or to Francis Thompson and Oscar Wilde. For lack of it William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience* is a chaos of confusion worse confounded. How else could he write of drunkenness that 'it brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. *It makes him for the moment one with truth*'? The italics are mine, but the remark seems to supply the reason why the Americans passed the Volstead Act.

Babbitt's theory, which seems at times to leave too wide a gap between the two kinds of mysticism, may be completed, as he hints in one place, from well-known passages in the Platonic writings. The earthly Aphrodite can, under proper discipline, lead the soul on its first steps along the road to the heavenly. It is possible, and even in the highest sense natural, to ascend from the love of one beautiful body to the love of all, and so, through the beauty of Laws and Morals and Sciences, to love of the one Absolute Beauty. It is possible; but the way is long, and few there be that find it.

Here at last we can find satisfactory answers to the questions, 'In what sense, and how far, was the romantic movement religious?' It removed the ban which pseudo-classicism and rationalism had combined to lay on *all* the mystical tendencies in man, the higher as well as the lower. In the 'subliminal uprush' which followed many strange and grotesque and terrible things came to light, and also some fair and noble things; and in regard to any given product of the movement it is the task of criticism to distinguish between these higher and lower elements—to discriminate, as Newman says, the precious from the vile. Sometimes the task is easy. We know what to think of the Wordsworth who contemplated with unction the long left ear of an ass, as of that other Wordsworth who heard the mighty waters rolling evermore. In the case of a man like Walter Pater, to whom Babbitt is less than fair, there is a need for somewhat nicer distinctions. In all cases it is well to remember, what

Babbitt is apt to forget, that in the inscrutable designs of God it may be only a step from the lower to the higher mysticism; that an æsthetic initiation may lead the way to a true conversion.

The instant and deadly peril which threatens Western civilisation arises from the union of a merely emotional mysticism with a science which, so far as it appeals to the masses, is a synonym for materialistic efficiency; and in this connexion 'the masses' includes the vast majority of the well-to-do. The fruit of that ungodly union and concord is humanitarianism; and humanitarianism, as can be read at large in many public utterances, is the sworn foe of humanism, as it is of all standards human and divine.

This is the practical, one might almost say the political, aspect of the problem which Babbitt has set himself to solve, and to it he devotes the whole of his last book, *Democracy and Leadership*. It is fascinating to trace in the turbid stream of modern life the mingling of the two main currents of naturalism—the one utilitarian, the other sentimental; but it is with the latter that we are still more immediately concerned, and we must revert for a moment to the distinction between a higher and a lower type of vision. A further difference, beyond those already noted, is that while the higher is always the reward of strenuous concentration, the lower is as invariably associated with an emotional expansion. To this single fact may be traced the dominant tendencies of naturalist ethics.

Here at any rate Rousseau is the classical example of the romantic school. He found the root of all the virtues in a 'natural pity' which is the counterpoise in human nature to the principle of self-love; and because this pity is natural to man, 'he is the most virtuous who offers the least resistance to the simple impulses of Nature.' It is significant that English Deists and Naturalists, like Shaftesbury, had already prepared the way for this glorification of instinct, by basing morality, not on reason or conscience, but on a moral sense or taste. Emotionalism is the hall-mark of naturalistic, as well as of romantic, ethics. By Rousseau and his followers what was originally a moral theory was developed into a religion, or rather into two religions—a worship of Nature and a worship of humanity—which in their brief career have drenched the earth with almost more blood than all the Christian centuries. For Babbitt undertakes to show that Napoleon and nationalist aggression and German *weltpolitik*, equally with Bolshevism, are integral parts of Rousseau's legacy to the world.

We in England are familiar enough with the religion of Nature, thanks to Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats and an innumerable succession of poets and prose-writers; but with the religion of humanity we are happily less familiar, thanks to what remains

of our national common sense. We can therefore readily understand how the outpouring of the emotions in the presence of natural beauty culminates in an ecstasy, wherein the sense of distinctions is lost in the consciousness of an all-embracing unity. What we fail to realise is that by giving the rein to our emotions in the presence and contemplation of our fellow-men (which, mercifully, we are not likely to do) we could induce a similar experience of union with a larger whole. That, precisely, is what happened to the population of Paris—Rousseauists to a man—in those ' golden hours ' when, as Wordsworth says,

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

The phenomenon has been repeated, and is indeed scientifically reproduced, in Bolshevist Russia ; nor are there wanting demagogues who would like to give a demonstration of it in England.

Unfortunately this humanitarian ecstasy ends almost inevitably in a psychological reaction which is attended with disagreeable consequences for the object of worship. When the thrill of communion with Nature passes, and we see natural things once more in their normal separateness and imperfection, we accept the disenchantment with, at worst, a sigh of resignation, for we cannot do otherwise. But those who have once mingled in a mystical brotherhood with humanity cannot look again with so placid an eye on the imperfections and the mutual antagonisms of men. They feel that here are evils which they can and must abolish, and the result of their musings can generally be summed up in the words : ' Be my brother, or I'll kill you.' Thus the worship of humanity, like other savage religions, is often consummated with the sacrifice of the god.

This form of devil-worship, as we have already remarked, has counted few devotees or ' adepts ' in our own country, for we are congenital individualists, independent to the verge of melancholy ; and Shelley was never more un-English than when he wrote, in the spirit of Rousseau :

> The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
> Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree

But every great ' religious experience ' strives by an inner necessity to formulate itself in a theology, and the religion of humanity has been no exception to the rule. It has given birth to a numerous and deadly brood of heresies, among which the dogma of equalitarian liberty is perhaps the most specious and mischievous—specious, because it is in a sense true that all men are by nature free and equal ; mischievous, because that sense needs to be most

carefully limited and defined, as it never is by the fanatics of humanitarianism.

Now, though the English have been preserved by a certain coldness of temperament from embracing with fervour the full religion of humanity, the national mind has weaknesses of its own—notably a positive dislike of clear thinking, and a boundless capacity for sentimentalising—which have made this island in the past the spiritual home of the crank and the sectarian. It is only just to add that our American kindred seem to have inherited and developed more than their share of these unlovely qualities, and that it is not our branch of the Anglo-Saxon race that is responsible for the enormous imbecility known as 'uplift.' The fact remains that the English-speaking peoples as a whole are exceptionally liable to 'peaceful penetration' by isolated doctrines of the humanitarian creed, though we shrink in horror from any whole-hearted and single-minded attempt (such as the Bolshevist revolution) to carry *all* its principles into practice.

Pacifism, for instance, is a partial but legitimate development of the humanitarian idea, which has had a considerable success both here and in the United States. Its success is readily explained, for what can be simpler or more delightful than to let the bosom expand with sentiments of love for foreign nations, in the intervals of lynching negroes or preaching the class-war at home? And how easy it is to impart a 'religious' tone to the whole business by occasional references to the 'Prince of Peace'! Yet the pacifist, as Babbitt says,

> is not only a materialist, but a very objectionable type of materialist. In the name of the fairest of virtues, he is actually engaged in breaking down ethical standards. It is a matter of common sense and every-day experience that there can be no peace with the unrighteous, and the unrighteous always have been and are extremely numerous. . . The virtue that sums up all other virtues in the secular order is, as every thinker worthy of the name has always seen, not peace but justice.

In other words, the humanitarian doctrine of peace at any price cuts at the root of all morality.

This may serve as an example of the judgments passed by Babbitt on the expansive emotionalism which is almost everywhere supplanting the humanistic and religious idea of discipline. He shows, further, how the emancipation of the natural man which was preached by Rousseau leads in practice, not to the reign of universal love—for 'natural pity' is by no means a master-passion in most men—but to the unchaining of the three lusts so admirably named by Latin theologians—the lust of sensation, the lust of knowledge, and the lust of power.[1] He is bold enough to say that the love of truth, so much vaunted by

[1] *Libido sentiendi, libido sciendi, libido dominandi.*

the pseudo-scientists of the day, is in many cases a mere lust for worthless knowledge, uncontrolled by any ethical or rational aim. At any rate, one can hardly be too grateful to him for reminding us of that forgotten piece of mediæval—or was it patristic?—psychology, since modern civilisation is visibly and almost palpably an apotheosis of the three lusts. Indeed, it is probable that a majority of representative moderns, from Shaw and Wells down to Edison and Henry Ford, would accept the three lusts as an adequate and inspiring summary of their ideal for the race.

The most difficult and delicate part of our task remains—to define Babbitt's personal attitude to the religious problem in general, and to the Christian solution in particular. As to the latter part of the subject, different readers will probably draw different conclusions, in harmony with their own leanings. It will suffice here to make two statements with perfect confidence—first, that Babbitt has more intellectual respect and sympathy for any reasonable form of orthodox Christianity than for any of the modern philosophies or theosophies that are striving to take its place; secondly, that the three writers of the last two centuries for whom he expresses the most unreserved admiration are Dr. Johnson, Burke and Joubert, each of whom was an avowed and fervent advocate of orthodoxy.

Each of them was also, in the noblest sense, an individualist, and it would not be misleading to say that for Babbitt the central problem of religion is the problem of securing 'a sound individualism.' A satisfactory philosophy, in his view, must fulfil two requirements which are often but wrongly thought to be incompatible. It must, on the one hand, be 'positive and critical'—by which he means that it must adopt without reservation the experimental method and all that that implies, including a willingness to submit all its concepts to strict logical analysis. On the other hand, it must somehow retain its hold on the truths of the inner life which are embodied in what he calls 'standards.' To summarise both sides of the ideal in a single sentence we must have standards, but we must hold them flexibly. The weakness of modern civilisation is that it is critical and experimental only on the naturalistic level. In the spheres of humanism and religion it flies in the face of all experience, and refuses to submit its catchwords to the dialectical examination which would reveal their hollowness. Its attitude to the chemical elements which possess explosive properties is strictly scientific; but in its dealings with human nature, which contains far deadlier explosives, it relapses into the feeblest sentimentalism. It deliberately fosters and exalts the very passions which wiser epochs have striven by every means to check or moderate.

It is immediately obvious that when Babbitt urges us to

submit our ideas and ideals to the test of 'experience,' he has in mind something much larger than our own personal experience 'Goethe,' he says, 'speaks not as a reactionary, but as a person of keenly experimental temper, when he says that we should oppose to the aberrations of the hour the masses of universal history.' But to profit by experience in this sense we need the aid of a disciplined imagination, and it is because Burke possessed this 'moral imagination' (as distinct from Rousseau's idyllic imagination) in a supreme degree that he assigns to him the highest place in the whole line of English thinkers. To do so is surely to proclaim oneself a traditionalist, though from one passage it appears that Babbitt would deprecate that description for himself. It follows, at any rate, from his premisses that tradition is of overwhelming importance in the conduct of life, for the experience of the past is infinitely greater than our own can possibly be. 'The past which as dogma the ethical positivist rejects, as experience he not only admits but welcomes. He can no more dispense with it indeed than the naturalistic positivist can dispense with his laboratory.' This method of approach to the religious problem might fairly be described as at once, and in equal degrees, critical and conservative. It implies a patient effort to adjust the claims of liberty and authority, and a steady refusal to become either a modernist or a reactionary.

In Babbitt's own case the method has led to the rehabilitation of a Christian virtue and the reassertion of a Christian doctrine which have both gone sadly out of fashion. The virtue is humility, in regard to which he quotes with approval Burke's saying that it is 'the basis of the Christian system, the low, but deep and firm foundation of all real virtue.' He is less easy to follow when he says that humanism no less than religion must subordinate intellect to the ethical will, and so put its ultimate emphasis on humility. Somehow one hardly associates the idea of humility with Aristotle and the other Greeks whom Babbitt, of course, accepts as the classical examples of humanism; but he would justify his assertion by pointing out that the Greek, no less than the Christian, set before himself an ideal standard, to which he felt that he must subdue the unruly elements in his nature. This, it must be confessed, is to put a rather large interpretation on the word 'humility'; and yet it brings out clearly the profound difference between those, whether saints or humanists, who regard human nature as a thing that requires chastening, and the naturalists who declare with Madame de Staël that everything expansive in human nature is divine. Certainly the trend of modern popular ethics is increasingly to 'get rid of the don'ts,' and to depreciate the veto power in man; and so far they are in direct opposition to the classical as well as the Christian ideal

This brings us once more to that duality in human nature, that struggle between a lower and a higher will, which is for Babbitt the central fact of experience. 'Whatever we may think of Christian theology, the Christian insight remains true that man suffers from a divided will.' It is in this connexion that he is led to reassert the vital importance of the doctrine of grace, of man's dependence upon God, without which, in some form or other, the enormous mass of scientific power and machinery which we have developed can never be subordinated and directed to any adequate end. 'The problem would seem to be to recover the truths of grace in some individualistic form.'

As to how that recovery is to be brought about Babbitt is by no means clear, but, as he says himself, it is no small distinction even to have asked the right questions. And there we might be content to leave him, were it not that a single sentence, in the introduction to *Rousseau and Romanticism*, seems to suggest a direction in which an answer might be found in consonance with his general principles. He is very shy of falling into the metaphysical illusion, and this same distrust of metaphysics leads him to class himself as an Aristotelian rather than a Platonist. Yet he goes so far as to say that 'one tends to be an individualist with true standards only in so far as one understands the relation between appearance and reality—what the philosophers call the epistemological problem.' This plainly means that a sound theory of religion and morals can only be based on a sound theory of human knowledge and of the characteristics which distinguish what is real in human experience from what is mere appearance.

Now it is a fact of history that Platonists, and especially Christian Platonists, such men as Cudworth, More and T. H. Green, all exhibit a strong tendency to resolve ethics into epistemology. It might indeed be called the peculiar 'note' of the Platonic school. Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*, for instance, is nothing but a heroic attempt to deduce the rules of conduct from the conditions which are seen to be involved in the bare possibility of human knowledge. One is aware that Idealism, and especially Green's presentation of it, are for the moment out of fashion; but fashions pass, and Platonism has a trick of returning. One feels at times that Babbitt is on the verge of Platonism, and is only held back by something impalpable and indefinable, but very strong—possibly a New England heredity. He may be right, after all; but this much is certain, that Christian Platonism has come nearer than any other human system to a solution of the two antinomies which he sees at the centre of human thought—the implication of the One in the Many and the question as to the primacy of intellect or will.

PHILIP S. RICHARDS.

WILLIAM HARVEY

In the spring of the year 1628 a small book, entitled *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, by William Harvey, then fifty years of age, was published at Frankfurt. This work placed Harvey in the foremost rank of that limited group of men who have by their labours definitely advanced to a notable degree not only our knowledge of the facts of Nature, but also our power of controlling them, and hence it is no exaggeration to claim for his work and his discoveries the much-abused term of immortal.

Harvey, in virtue not only of the greatness of his discovery, but perhaps still more, owing to the principles he laid down, followed and regarded as essential to the successful prosecution of inquiry into the manifestations of life, will always rank as one of the greatest names in the annals of British science, and will stand with Newton and Darwin so long as man is prompted by the desire to investigate and try to understand the wonders of the world of Nature, animate or inanimate.

Harvey, like Darwin, spent long years in patient investigation, and both were well advanced in years before they announced their conclusions to the world. Both were characterised by the apparent simplicity of their methods of inquiry, but the simplicity of their methods was only equalled by the depth of their insight into the nature of things. What became obvious to them—and is now obvious to us, thanks to their work—was extremely obscure to previous workers of great capacity and of very great intellectual achievement.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine how much of the success that attends the solution of a given problem depends upon the mere intellectual equipment of the investigator, and how much upon the principles of inquiry and of method that he adopts, and the record of Harvey is singularly interesting and instructive from this point of view. It is often thought that a really great discovery is entirely determined by the fact that an investigator of sufficiently commanding intellectual powers emerges on the scene at a particular time and place, and that his success is solely due to the fact that he has brought greater intellectual powers to bear on the problem than his less fortunate

predecessors. Doubtless this may be true to some extent, but very often the brilliant result is due to a different cause. The successful inquirer has brought a different method of inquiry to bear on the problem, and the difficulties that confronted his predecessors, and proved insuperable to them, vanish. This is no disparagement of his intellect as such, but rather the reverse, as it implies he has had the intuition to realise that the problem required for its solution methods different from those hitherto employed. Harvey is a most notable example of this in the history of science. Advance in science can be made only by two methods—observation and experiment. Observation had been used for many centuries in the prosecution of inquiry into the activities of living things, and it had been so used by some of the very greatest minds the world has ever known, but the result in the particular question of the nature of the activity of the heart was simply chaos. No other word adequately expresses a state of affairs that tried to reconcile the teaching of the learned that the arteries contained air with the patent fact that in wounds and operations they spurted blood. It is unnecessary to deal here and at length with the various explanations elaborated by the learned observers to reconcile these discrepancies. It is, however, very important to realise that these explanations were accepted, and such was the reverence paid to authority and dogma that Harvey himself when he overthrew them incurred no little odium and even material loss, as he was looked upon by some as a crank, and we are told that his practice 'fell mightily.' The importance of this matter lies not so much in the facts that the beat of the heart was not understood, and the idea of the circulation of the blood not realised—although it is difficult for us to appreciate what this must have meant in the daily practice of medicine—but rather that the extraordinary vagueness, not to say absurdity, of the doctrines taught must have had a most paralysing influence on the human mind in its conceptions of the nature and activity of living matter, as well as on the art of medicine.

Harvey, by the use of experiment in a scientific manner, not only made his immortal discovery of the circulation of the blood, but laid the sure foundation on which during the 300 years that have elapsed since the spring of 1628 physiology and medicine have been established. These sciences have been developed and are developing daily, not simply indirectly, as a sequel of the far-reaching effects of Harvey's discovery of the circulation, but directly, as the result of the application of the method of Harvey to the solution of the innumerable problems that beset not only the student of life, but also the practitioner of medicine, in his daily struggle with disease. Great as is the service rendered by Harvey owing to his discovery of the circulation, a far greater

service is that bequeathed to us in his celebrated exhortation to the Fellows and members of the Royal College of Physicians 'to search and study out the secrets of Nature by way of experiment.'

Hence it is not unfitting that the Royal College of Physicians should have decided to celebrate in the spring of 1928 the tercentenary, not of the birth nor of the death of Harvey, but rather the tercentenary of the birth of Physiology and of Scientific Medicine. Both these sciences owe their origin to the Frankfurt publication, that inculcates in no uncertain manner the method of Harvey, and describes the momentous discovery made by following that method. The College of Physicians, in thus paying tribute to Harvey and his work, is mainly actuated by the greatness of his accomplishment in advancing natural knowledge; but there is another reason for the desire to honour his memory. In the long list of Fellows of the college, throughout the 410 years of its life, there is probably no greater name in the annals of medicine than that of Harvey, but certainly there is no other Fellow who had a greater affection, and even loving regard, for the college than that manifested by him on many occasions during his life and recorded also in his testament.

All the accounts we have of Harvey portray a man of singularly lovable character; his brothers and friends were greatly attached to him. On several occasions he was placed in positions that implied that he was completely trusted by kings and princes, and he included amongst his friends many of the most distinguished men of his time. Thus, although he was devoted to the prosecution of his researches, he nevertheless cultivated the society of his fellow-men, and the indenture of the gift of his patrimonial estate to the Royal College of Physicians, in the year before his death, laid stress on the paramount importance of fostering friendly relations between its Fellows and did not minimise the importance of hospitality in this connexion. Harvey enjoined that a portion of the income derived from his gift should be expended in defraying the cost of a feast to be held once a year within the college, at which there should be a commemoration of the benefactors of the college, together with an exhortation to others to imitate their action, and also the celebrated exhortation, already alluded to, to the Fellows and members of the college to search and study out the secrets of Nature by way of experiment. This trust has been maintained from Harvey's day to the present time, and the yearly Harveian oration affords an occasion not only for commemorating benefactors, as intended by him, but also for recording the ever-increasing debt due to Harvey himself for the magnificent example he set in following the precepts he laid down throughout his long life. The tercentenary celebrations

have, however, a special character in that it is desired, at a time when the science of medicine has advanced and is advancing with notable strides, to emphasise how these advances owe not only their inception but their very existence and further development to the pursuit of research by the method of Harvey.

Harvey was a practising physician, and it is evident from the accounts we have of him that he must have been a man of very considerable attainments in the active pursuit of his profession. He was physician to James I. and Charles I., and in close relations with the latter for many years, and was, as is well known, in actual attendance on him at the battle of Edgehill. Further, the King committed the health of his children to his charge. He also on numerous occasions was entrusted by the King with the medical care of many personages; and again, as is well known, he accompanied the Earl of Arundel on his embassy to Germany in 1636. He not only practised as a physician, but, as was then customary, he was in the habit of operating, and he mentions incidentally many operations that he performed. He also did much to advance the art of midwifery, and his work in this branch of medicine would have been sufficient to establish the reputation of a less distinguished man. Hence it cannot be doubted that Harvey must have been an extremely competent exponent of the art of medicine; nevertheless, his fame rests on his services to the science of medicine, and it is therefore of interest to inquire a little more into what were the leading features of that method of his that led to such magnificent results in establishing medicine on a truly scientific basis.

The art of medicine had been cultivated for several thousands of years, and much valuable knowledge of what may be called the natural history of disease had been acquired, so that not only could the clinicians of the past recognise many diseases, but they could also, in some instances, foretell their probable course, and they were also acquainted with what we now term their complications. In fact, much of our knowledge of the clinical picture of disease dates from very early times, and it is remarkable for the accuracy of the observation displayed by the early practitioners of our art. In some of the more common and dramatic maladies to which the human frame is subject comparatively little has been added by later observers to the actual description of their leading features, and this is a very remarkable tribute to the skill and accuracy of the early observers. The clinical study of disease is necessarily of fundamental importance, and no other method of study can possibly replace it; but it does not constitute the whole of medicine, and Harvey's merit rests on the fact that he realised this and devoted himself to the furtherance of inquiry on other lines. However accurately we may succeed in describing

the appearances of disease, however skilful we may become in recognising its presence and even foretelling its probable course, we cannot possibly expect to acquire the powers to prevent, cure, or relieve it unless we know its nature. Before Harvey's time, when the fact of the circulation was unknown, and a mass of speculation, resting on no solid basis, was the accepted dogma of the day, it was impossible for any sound conception of the nature of disease to exist. The phenomena of living matter and of disease are so complex, and so difficult to elucidate, even with our present-day knowledge, that it is not surprising that 300 years ago they were regarded as even more mysterious. The method of Harvey supplied the key that has enabled rapid and continual progress to be made on an ever-increasing scale.

Harvey was a practising physician, but he approached his subject from the point of view of the biologist rather than from that of the practitioner. Although he was daily treating disease, and his inquiring mind must have been faced by endless problems in the course of his daily work, he nevertheless selected for his investigation the nature of the beat of the heart—that is to say, he was actuated by the desire to acquire knowledge for its own sake rather than to embark on an inquiry with apparently direct utilitarian aims. Although the history of many branches of science teaches the lesson that single-minded devotion to this high aim of seeking knowledge for its own sake is the path that should be followed if great discoveries are to be made, nevertheless it is a lesson that many find difficult to learn, and even now we often hear the question asked whether a given research is likely to have a utilitarian result or not and its value assessed accordingly. In all branches of inquiry utilitarian ends have ultimately been served by discoveries made by inquirers who embarked on their researches with no other object than their interest in a specific subject and their keen desire to know. Utilitarian ends have been served in medicine by Harvey's discoveries; they are far too numerous even to mention, but, important as they are, they do not form the crown of his work. In selecting the action of the heart for his subject Harvey became an earnest student of the nature of living matter, and gave himself to the study of what the physiologist calls one of the 'fundamental' activities of living things—*i.e.*, muscular contraction—the power of motion and of movement forming one of the most characteristic features of living matter. The beat of the heart is perhaps the most outstanding instance of such activity, and from all time has been regarded by all men as emblematic of life itself. That he fully appreciated the difficulty of grappling with this fundamental inquiry is well seen from his own words describing the state of his mind when he embarked on 'discovering the motions and

uses of the heart, and sought to discover these from actual inspection, and not from the writings of others, I found the task so truly arduous, so full of difficulties, that I was tempted to think, with Fracastorius, that the motion of the heart was only to be comprehended by God.' Harvey, however, was only stimulated by the difficulties he experienced, difficulties that had proved insuperable to others; and he goes on to say that 'at length by using greater and daily diligence and having frequent recourse to vivisections, employing a variety of animals for the purpose, and collating numerous observations, I thought that I had attained to the truth, that I should extricate myself and escape from this labyrinth, and that I had discovered what I so much desired, both the motion and use of the heart and arteries.' In all the statements we have in Harvey's own words, portraying, as they do, his mental outlook on the problem he was investigating, one cannot fail to be profoundly impressed with the single-minded aim of the true inquirer, who desired only to ascertain the truth simply and solely for its own sake, but nevertheless did not fail to realise the extreme difficulty of the quest. He also, like all great men, realised that however true his own results might be, nevertheless there remained much more for others to discover later, and this is well expressed when he says: 'So will it perchance be found with reference to the heart at this time; or others, at least, starting from hence, the way pointed out to them, advancing under the guidance of a happier genius, may make occasion to proceed more fortunately and to inquire more accurately.' This forecast of Harvey has been abundantly justified in the 300 years that have elapsed since his momentous discovery. 'Others starting from hence, the way pointed out,' have certainly been enabled 'to proceed more fortunately and to inquire more accurately.' The present state of physiology and of medicine is proof of this to all who are capable of appreciating facts. It may be questioned, however, whether these great results are not due in major part rather to the genius of Harvey than to the subsequent workers 'advancing under the guidance of a happier genius.' There have been, of course, great and successful investigators since Harvey, but their results have been achieved thanks to the use of the method devised by him, amplified by the resources supplied by ancillary and cognate sciences that were not at Harvey's disposal, and they would be the first to acknowledge the debt they owed to the founder of their science. Harvey had nothing but his hands and his eyes and a magnifying glass of low power to assist him in his work. On the other hand, the modern cardiologist cannot complain of lack of instrumental equipment to aid him in his work, and hence his results may reach a degree of accuracy undreamt

of by the pioneer. Harvey, in his desire for knowledge as to th nature of the beat of the heart, determined, as we have seen, t obtain it at first hand by his own observation, and not simpl to accept the teaching of others, however great their authorit; derived, it might be, from antiquity, or even from outstandin intellectual qualities, unless and until he could satisfy himself c the truth of this teaching. In this characteristic of his ment outlook we have a measure of the greatness of the man, mor especially when we remember the time in which he lived, characteristic that is fundamental to the progress of scientifi inquiry at all times. This attitude of mind is not one of simpl antagonism to authority and dogmatic statement as such, bu rather an antagonism to dogmatic statement of asserted fact tha cannot be confirmed by individual observation. Authorit taught that the blood passed from one side of the heart to th other through the thick partition that exists between the tw sides. Anatomical observation showed that the partition wa a solid one of a very substantial character, and obviously im pervious. As no visible pores existed, it was assumed tha invisible ones were present, and thus dogma still maintained tha the blood was transferred in this manner. Such teaching was not acceptable to Harvey, whose common sense refused to believe in conclusions that rested on purely imaginary conceptions. Harvey's mind was not one to accept explanations contradicted at once by observation; but where he differed from his predecessors was that, instead of devising some other possible explanation, he proceeded to observe and experiment on the actual beating heart, and in due course was enabled to unravel what had been a mystery to others. He had the rare faculty of being able to observe accurately without being misled, as is so often the case, by preconceived views, whether derived from the teaching of others or held by the observer himself.

Harvey's work was in part anatomical, in part physiological; he made numberless anatomical observations, and on the physiological side he worked partly by mere observation of the beating heart, etc., and partly by experiment. Just as one is impressed by the breadth of view that led him to embark on a biological inquiry, so one is equally impressed by the wide scope of his method of investigation. Thus he used, both when observing and when experimenting, the comparative method; he did not confine his investigation to the heart of one animal, but he ransacked the animal kingdom for material both in his anatomical and in his physiological work. He did not make the mistake of thinking that the problems presented by the physiology of man could be solved by investigations limited to man. He extended his inquiries to any available living creature possessed of a heart,

whether warm-blooded or cold-blooded, whether deer, frog, snake or shrimp. To elucidate the problem of the respective parts played by the heart and lungs, and especially in his solution of the problem of the passage of the blood from the heart to the lungs, he made many observations on animals, such as fish, that have no lungs. All these observations in comparative anatomy and physiology reveal the profound wisdom of his conceptions as to the methods adequate and suitable for researches on the nature of the activities of living things.

But the greatest of all the conceptions of Harvey was his systematic use of the method of experiment. When observation was difficult and liable to lead to error in interpretation, experiment often led rapidly to a correct deduction. Harvey himself tells us how, when the beating heart of a warm-blooded animal is seen, the rate of movement is such that it is often extremely difficult to be certain of the order in the chain of events. When the rate is slowed by cooling or other means, it becomes easy to see the orderly progression of events. Whether the heart filled or emptied its various cavities during the stages of contraction or relaxation and the relation of the beat of the heart to the arterial pulse are questions that are easily answered by suitable experiment, but such fundamental facts, and many others too numerous to mention, had remained unknown and obscure until settled by experiment.

The late Lord Moulton summarised in a few words the services of experiment to the cause of science by saying that when we are reduced to observation science crawls, and 'as soon as you can bring experiment to bear upon a subject you are free, but as long as you can merely observe your progress is slow. The reason is that experiment is like cross-examination : you can put the question you want, and Nature always answers it' There can be no doubt that physiology and scientific medicine 'crawled' for a very prolonged period prior to Harvey, and that subsequently to his work the rate of progress was very much accelerated. The fact, as Lord Moulton put it, that Nature always answers the question asked by the experimenter should be a great incentive to the disciple of Harvey, following his master's method, to see to it that he frames his question in a proper and adequate manner, as otherwise it is not unlikely that the so-called result may be such as undeservedly to discredit the method of experiment.

Another reason why the experimental method has been so fruitful lies in the fact that the phenomena of living things are exceedingly complex, and the physiologist and pathologist, by the use of this method, have been enabled often to limit the problem investigated, and thus by a method of analysis have

up in the statement that it can recognise schools as schools of the University and the teachers in those schools as teachers of the University. The refusal of recognition of schools might perhaps have been an important moral weapon, but it has never been exercised in the case of any of these twelve schools, although it has occasionally been threatened. The refusal of the recognition of teachers has been frequently put into force and has had a considerable moral effect.

The measure of control of its schools which may in future be exercised by the University has been very materially increased by the passage of the University of London Act, 1926, but the new statutes have not yet been imposed upon the University, and their actual effect must remain uncertain. We shall return to this subject later.

The London School of Medicine for Women provides for the full training of women in the medical profession. Inasmuch as the London University admitted women to its degrees long before other qualifying bodies in London, the students at the London School of Medicine for Women were at first exclusively students studying for University of London degrees, and the school very rapidly established an exceedingly high reputation for success in preparing students for these degrees. An amusing illustration of this success is offered by evidence given before the Royal Commission by Miss Julia Cock, then Dean of the London School of Medicine for Women, and by the late Sir Henry Butlin, a former President of the College of Surgeons and a member of the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Sir Henry Butlin complained that the standard for University of London degrees in medicine was so high that relatively few men in the medical schools attempted these examinations. Miss Cock said that the Women's School found no such difficulty, and gave figures in proof of her statement This school has always remained one of the largest schools as regards university students of all the schools in the University. The clinical material of the school for training students in practical medicine and surgery is derived from its affiliation with the Royal Free Hospital and from agreements with some other schools—*e.g.*, the Hospital for Women in Euston Road, a maternity clinic in Endsleigh Street (sixteen beds), and certain opportunities of holding dresserships at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and at Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital. This accommodation was probably fairly adequate up to the end of last century. During the war, however, two notable alterations in the position of medical women with respect to men came about. The men's schools were depleted of students by the war, and concurrently there was a rush of women entering medicine. In 1915 the

University of London viewed with some concern the position thus created. It was contended that the clinical material available for women had become inadequate, and a strong committee, under the chairmanship of the late Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, was appointed by the University on December 20, 1915, 'to consider the present position of facilities for the medical education of women in London, whether these facilities are adequate, and if not adequate, what means should be adopted with a view to extending them.' This committee reported to the Senate at its meeting of November 15, 1916, when it was resolved that a conference should be arranged under the auspices of the University with the object of arriving at agreements between the medical schools of the University on the subject of the admission of women students at those schools During the sitting of this committee, and before it reported, an agreement had been entered into between St. Mary's Hospital Medical School and the London School of Medicine for Women, under which students from the London School of Medicine for Women were to be admitted for their clinical training at St. Mary's Hospital, which undertook to accept no women students except from the London School of Medicine for Women. This agreement contemplated a certain maximum number of students to be so received, and was terminable within a certain period or upon one year's notice by either party Several other men's schools thereupon opened their doors to women—the only schools which throughout have declined to take women students being St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, Middlesex, and St. Thomas's. The University committee of 1915 declared:

> It is the policy of the University to afford equal educational opportunities to all students without distinction of sex. We are of opinion that no valid objection can be maintained against the system of co-education for men and women medical students; and that this is the only system by which the general policy of the University can be effectively carried out. In our opinion, adequate facilities for the medical education of women would not be provided in any hospital or medical school, unless resident medical and surgical appointments were open to men and women on equal terms; and we hope that these facilities will be provided in some of the schools of the University at no distant date.

It may be pointed out that the first line of this clause did not go far enough. It is not only the *policy* but the *statutory obligation* of the University to afford equal opportunities to women as to men.

The Professorial Board of University College, commenting upon this clause in a report made to the same meeting of the Senate (November 1916), pointed out that 'equal educational opportunities do not necessarily imply identical educational opportunities,' and went on to say that

if the University finally decides that co-education in medicine is desirable in the interests of medicine and in the interests of the nation as a whole, then in the opinion of the board co-education should be adopted in all the medical schools of London. Partial legislation is bound to produce inconvenience and injustice. Co-education has been adopted in the medical schools of the provincial universities, but in those universities one medical school and not many constitutes the whole faculty. If women were admitted to only a few schools there is reason to believe that those schools would lose men students and would become mainly schools for women.

These comments are included here as they occur in the same report to the Senate. I shall refer to this suggested solution of the difficulty later.

With the return of normal conditions at the men's schools after the war several hospitals closed their doors to the further admission of women, notwithstanding the fact that the advent of the women had been highly beneficial to those hospitals which had admitted them, not only because of the fees received from these students, but still more because of the assistance given by the students in carrying on the work of the hospitals, which are so largely dependent upon the services of students as clerks and dressers and in filling the junior house appointments.

The motives actuating this closure are probably quite readily explained by the statement quoted from the report of the Professorial Board of University College—namely, the belief that schools admitting women would lose men students, who would prefer to go to schools where no women were admitted; and as long as there was a choice of such schools the admission of women would operate to the detriment of those schools which continued to admit them.

The men's schools have one by one declared their intention of no longer admitting women. The final announcements from three schools which had not taken this step previously—King's College Hospital, Charing Cross, and Westminster—would, if operative, bring about the position that there would be no school of the twelve schools constituting the Medical Faculty of the University of London to admit women except the London School of Medicine for Women, and, to a restricted degree (twelve students a year), University College Hospital. We return, then, to the position in 1915, a position which prompted the inquiry, already quoted, by the committee of the Senate appointed in that year. The provision of facilities for the undergraduate medical education of women in London was pronounced by that committee to be inadequate in 1915, and it is obviously necessary to inquire whether the facilities now provided for women are in fact adequate as compared with the facilities provided for men. 1915 was undoubtedly a time of crisis, and it is contended by

those who support the restriction of women students to the single school, the London School of Medicine for Women, that there is no longer any necessity for providing accommodation other than that obtainable at the London School of Medicine for Women. This is a statement of fact capable of proof or disproof. While there is no generally accepted standard of the number of beds to be provided per student in hospitals which claim to give proper opportunities for clinical training, this ratio of beds to students is a means of comparison of the relative accommodation provided by different individual schools. Accommodation may in fact be fairly, if roughly, gauged by this ratio. The point is of cardinal importance, because not only is the clinical training of undergraduates hampered by paucity of beds, but the opportunities of obtaining the highly coveted house appointments after qualification are also restricted, and the report of the university committee of 1915 quoted above properly emphasised this fact. It should be explained that students after qualification are eligible for appointments as house physicians, house surgeons, etc., that these appointments are the most valuable preparation for practice and are very eagerly sought after. It would, I think, be true to say that, even in the schools that have admitted women in the past, appointments were only partially open to women ; that preference was given to men, and that women have never really had a fair opportunity in this respect, even when a number of schools received them. Those opportunities must become still more remote when the women are confined to one school, and the unfortunate antagonism which the controversy has reopened will, it is much to be feared, militate against their having fair consideration for appointments at any hospitals outside the Royal Free Hospital. To have missed the opportunity of filling one of these appointments constitutes a handicap which can never be overtaken in after-life. It is clear that if only 2 per cent., we will say for argument's sake, of students at the Women's School can hope to fill house appointments while 10 per cent. of students in men's schools can confidently expect to have these opportunities, the disadvantage to women students is severe.

Inasmuch as the University of London is bound to consider the interests of its own students before those of all others, it is, I submit, similarly under an obligation to make sure that its own schools shall give first consideration to the needs of London University students. The problem of accommodation for clinical students in London is greatly complicated by two facts : (1) That all the medical schools of the University, besides receiving students for London University degrees, wish to attract, and do attract, students from Oxford and Cambridge, who usually complete their clinical training in London because neither of the ancient Univer-

sities has provided opportunities for hospital study. Thei students are obviously pursuing a university education, an as such are eligible for the annual grants derived from th University Grants Committee, the only doubtful point bein whether the grant earmarked for London University should b thus diverted to the requirements of students from Oxford an Cambridge, both of which universities have also grants direc from the University Grants Committee. (2) That all the schoo also admit students who have no intention of pursuing a universit education but are entering for the diplomas of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons and of the Society of Apothecarie In perhaps the majority of the schools these non-universit students form the greater bulk of the attendance, the proportio varying with the different schools.

Under its present moribund constitution the University ha no control over the distribution of the grants from the Universit Grants Committee, and it has consequently been complete unable hitherto to enforce any policy upon its constituent school Difference of opinion may of course be expressed as to the relativ value of the two systems of government—that of the past, no reaching its end, in which persuasion has been the sole resourc left to the University, and the system of the future, by which very material power, that of the purse, will be given to th University. The President of the Board of Education in hi speech upon the second reading of the University of Londo Bill, 1926, explicitly said that 'the reason for the Bill is tha practically the whole finance at the present moment of th University of London is in the hands of no university body an no college body It is in the hands of the University Grant Committee, and the reason for this Bill is to get rid of tha undesirable control, which is recognised to be undesirable, b the University Grants Committee, and to be able to hand ove the allocation of Government money to a university body.' Th university body thus contemplated is the new 'Court' whic will make the distribution to the schools of the University instea of the present University Grants Committee. The sum thu distributed to the University of London is a very considerabl one. It amounted to 376,000*l.* in 1925, to 462,000*l.* in 1927 All the medical schools with one exception accept grants fron this source at the present time, the amount being determine by a general survey of work done. None of the schools coul view without consternation their withdrawal. It seems clea therefore, that the University, through this 'Court,' will have and is intended to have, a much increased measure of contro over its schools. It will be able, and is intended to be able to co-ordinate the resources of its schools, to discourage wastefu

overlapping where this exists, to relieve congestion where relief is needed, by the simple expedient of varying the distribution of grants to ensure this end.

I propose to give some figures which I think will demonstrate that there is wasteful overlapping in almost all of the men's schools, and that there is congestion in the Women's School of Medicine, a congestion which will be further accentuated by the action now to be taken by the three remaining schools which up to the present time have admitted women students but which propose to do so no longer.

Taking the ratio of beds to students as a fair indication of provision of accommodation for teaching in the clinical years of study, we have the following comparisons :—

Hospital.	Number of Beds.	Number of London University Undergraduates.
St. Bartholomew's . . .	687	482
Charing Cross	300	17
St. George's	436	18
Guy's	616	280
King's College Hospital . .	400	114
London	849	225
St Mary's	288	121
Middlesex	458	136
St. Thomas's	644	162
University College Hospital .	3[illegible]0	200
Westminster	236	36
London School of Medicine for Women (Royal Free Hospital).	266	277

It is obvious on consideration of these figures that, while there is ample room at the men's schools, the Women's School is already too crowded even to meet the requirements of the students now attending that school, and still more to meet the additional influx of students which may be expected if the men's schools which now take a certain quota of female students cease to do so.

I have said that it will be the function of the 'Court' under the future constitution of the University to administer all its finances, and inasmuch as the demands made upon the University chest are always greater than can be met, economy is of the first importance. While, therefore, co-education is not, as I have said, a primary duty of the University to enforce, if co-education

is more economical than other means of relieving the congestion at the Women's School, co-education must be adopted. The alternative suggested by the opponents of co-education—namely, that the London School of Medicine for Women should build new accommodation—directly infringes this rule of economy. Building is the greatest of all the expenses in hospital administration; it is significant that Parliament, when making the grant of half a million to the voluntary hospitals in 1921, expressly prohibited the application of any of this grant to new buildings, and a very strong case would have to be made for incurring this expense at the present time. I do not think that such a case can be made out; indeed, I submit that here is an instance of overlapping of which the University should take notice, and that the acceptance of women students by the men's schools becomes a necessary solution of the present difficulty.

Those who defend the closing of the men's schools to women rely upon certain arguments which we shall now consider.

(1) It is stated that there is no reason to continue what is represented as a war measure—namely, the reception of women at most of the men's schools in 1915 and onwards—and that the number of women at present seeking admission to medicine is dwindling, and in any case is not now greater than can be met by the Women's School. The last statement I think I have already refuted; but it may be worth while to consider whether the number of women desiring to enter medicine is in fact dwindling, and whether it is desirable or not that women should be encouraged to make a career in medicine. All the facts point to an increased rather than a diminished number of women medical students. The heads of the great women's colleges definitely declare that there are more and more girls coming forward to enter medicine. The economic conditions of the middle classes at the present time make it increasingly necessary for those classes, and especially for the professional classes, to seek careers for their daughters. While it is true that medicine is one of the hardest of the professions to enter owing to the very long curriculum demanded for qualification, it is also true that the rewards of medicine are more secure and very considerably greater than in most of the other walks of life open to women.

(2) An objection has been taken to the admission of women to men's schools on the ground that so many medical women marry and in many cases relinquish professional work. But the same argument would suggest that it is uneconomic to train girls for any other professions, or to give them any higher education whatsoever, on, what I think is, the mistaken assumption that education is wasted upon women who marry. That argument is perhaps a strictly masculine one and is not likely to be really

pushed to its logical conclusion; nor does it matter very much whether it is so pushed or not, because the women now have a voice in their own destinies, and are thoroughly determined to mould their own lives as they will. If there is one training which is not wasted in married life it is a medical training, for none can so well equip a woman for the beneficent and indispensable task of bearing and of rearing the future generation. But the unhappy disparity of the sexes in our community at present makes matrimony an ideal impossible of achievement for very many women. It is also obvious, as we probe this question, that matrimony, even if adopted, does not in fact necessarily terminate a woman's activities in other walks of life, and need not do so in medicine.

(3) The rewards of medical practice open to women have been represented as insufficient to warrant their entry into the profession. The answer to this argument surely is that if this were so, the flow of women students would automatically cease. It was my duty some five years ago to act as one of the inspectors for London University of the London School of Medicine for Women, and I was agreeably surprised to find how well the women from that school had fared in after-life, and that they had won a really astonishingly large number of lucrative appointments or were comfortably established in practice. But there is a new and wholly untilled field for women doctors in the vast opportunities for work offered by ante-natal and maternity medicine and by child welfare centres. In all of these branches of practice the present state of affairs is a reproach to the medical profession and, especially in maternity medicine, to the whole community, for the mortality of childbirth is maintained at a figure so tragic that the conscience of the nation has been deeply stirred by it. The death rate of confinements in well-equipped maternity hospitals is round about 1 in 5000, while the death rate of confinements conducted in the homes of the mothers (of all classes, not only the poor) is round about 1 in 250. An influential letter, signed by twenty-three of the leading obstetric physicians in London, appeared in *The Times* of April 3, 1928, emphasising the crying need for reform in this respect. Figures have been recently given showing that something like 70 per cent. of confinements in this country are conducted by midwives *unaided by doctors.* A midwife can obtain a certificate qualifying her for attending confinements after six months' training; medical qualifications, for women as for men, entail six to seven years of study. Midwifery has been the bugbear of the male general practitioner, and the transference of midwifery to the non medically qualified midwife has taken place largely because in many instances the qualified male doctor would not undertake it. The argument need hardly be laboured that an immense gain would at once

accrue if highly trained medical women took a larger share in the management of maternity cases, a branch of medicine in which women doctors might meet the terribly insistent present demand. The conditions of childbirth in India as revealed in a notable book, *Mother India*, which has excited very considerable controversy during the past few months, again offer a field of practice for medical women which is quite immeasurable in extent, and the need for which is again beyond argument.

Upon all these grounds it may confidently be stated that there never was a time in which medical women were more necessary to the solution of urgent problems of public health; and, as I have said, there is overwhelming evidence that women are prepared to meet this demand, if they can secure the training proper to do so.

To understand the position of medical schools in London it is necessary to remember that in practically all cases they are private corporations, dependent upon the fees of students, and until quite recently receiving no subsidies whatever from the State. There are probably more schools in London than can be comfortably supported by the demand, and the competition between them for students consequently is severe. Bitter experience has demonstrated the truth of the statement I have quoted from the report of the Professorial Board of University College that men prefer to go to schools where women are not admitted. The reason for this is partly because the competition at those schools is much less severe than at the mixed schools. The women entering medicine are usually picked women, somewhat older as a rule than the men, less distracted than the men by other claims than those of medical study, and consequently usually winning a disproportionate number of academic distinctions. The pace set by the women has been a very hot pace, as I have mentioned in the conflicting statements made by Sir Henry Butlin and Miss Cock as to the difficulties of passing the examinations of London University.

It must be regretfully admitted that there is another circumstance which makes women unpopular to the medical staffs at medical schools. The staffs of all our voluntary hospitals give their services freely and without any reward other than the expectation of practice from their connexion with a teaching school. Men pupils when they get into practice, it is thought, are more able and more likely to send patients to the consulting staff than women pupils, and where the income of the consultant is dependent upon that source the consultant is sometimes unable to lose sight of these considerations. Personally I believe that this again is a mistaken view, and that women are not less likely to contribute to the consultant's success than men are, if the

consultant treats them fairly during their pupilage, which is not always the case.

Certain other arguments against medical co-education which have been urged in the lively controversy that has raged in the Press during the past few weeks may now be considered.

The two main grounds of objection raised to the admission of women by the men's schools in the evidence given before the University committee of 1915 were—(1) that women are keener in their work and take the first places at demonstrations and obtain an unfair share of clinical opportunities; (2) that women are unable to contribute to the athletic life of their school. These arguments seem so childish that one would be inclined to ignore them, but they have been gravely restated in the present controversy, and one must presumably treat them seriously. (1) In response to the first objection it may be said that 'first come, first served,' is the rule at all clinics; that women are not usually offered, and would not usually accept, any chivalrous giving up of place to them by men; if the women choose to come early and the men do not, surely that is the men's fault, and no one else's. It is only a part of the keener competition which the presence of women introduces, not I think altogether to the disadvantage of the school itself. One may cite the story of the small boy who was passed in his class by a girl; his father reproved his offspring and wound up his castigation with the gibe that it really was something of a disgrace to be beaten by 'a *mere* girl'; the youngster reflected for a moment and said, 'Daddy, I think girls are no longer quite so mere as they used to be.' That is a lesson which we male children of a larger growth are beginning to learn for ourselves. (2) Women at the mixed colleges, like University and King's Colleges (as apart from the hospitals attached to these colleges), take their fair share in the athletic life of the college. Co-education is universal in the United States, and athletics certainly do not seem to be waning in the schools there. Indeed, the converse argument might well be urged that men are stimulated by the presence of women to greater athletic prowess—if the point were in fact worth making. (3) It is contended that there is a certain delicacy, apparently more felt by the men than by the women, in being taught anatomical and physiological subjects together, and in examining patients. I have been engaged in teaching clinical medicine to mixed classes for the past twelve years and have never found the smallest confirmation of this pretension, which was properly derided by the great majority of witnesses giving evidence before the University committee of 1915 upon this very subject. Seeing that all the provincial universities have practised co-education for many years now, and that these difficulties have not been manifest at

those universities, it is rather difficult to understand why it should be supposed that they would arise in London alone. A sentence in the report of the University committee of 1915 states explicitly that the evidence showed that 'most of the difficulties anticipated for medical co-education had disappeared altogether in practice.' It is significant that co-education for long practised at University and King's Colleges, where the preliminary medical subjects (anatomy and physiology) are taught, has not shown any of these difficulties which would seem to be peculiar to the hospitals.

Dr. Jamieson, then Dean of the Faculty in Leeds University, gave evidence before the University committee of 1915 to the effect that, though he had been averse from the medical education of women, his actual experience since their entry warranted him in saying that he could see no good or useful reason against treating them on equal terms and along with the men. In four years he had had no complaint whatever from surgeons or physicians with women among their dressers or clerks, and in his own department of anatomy he had refused all suggestions of separating the men or women in any way whatever. As has been pertinently stressed, men students have worked harmoniously with women nurses even in the hospitals, where 'delicacy' would seem to be somewhat unduly developed, and it is difficult to understand why difficulties should arise with women students of medicine, and not with nurses.

From my own observation I think there is sometimes a curious sex antagonism displayed by the men, whose masculine pride is perhaps hurt by the unexpected occasional superiority in professional attainment of the women. It is said that a man hates to be made a fool of before a woman. Here it is the teacher who is at fault, for a teacher who takes a delight in making a fool of anybody cannot be a good teacher. Indeed, most of the difficulties mentioned reside in the teachers and not in the students.

The women undergraduates who have been educated in the medical schools alongside men undergraduates have not only distinguished themselves at the degree examinations, but have conducted themselves with such uniform sagacity and tact that even their detractors have been forced to express a reluctant respect for their behaviour. Thus medical co-education in London, so far as the women undergraduates are themselves concerned, has fully confirmed the experience of other universities. All the more does this redound to the honour of these women undergraduates: they have been cognisant of the storm of opposition which was brewing, and have met it with the most admirable patience and restraint.

It has been computed that there are about 600 women students desiring to prosecute studies in medicine at the present time in

London. Probably about a third of this number might be accommodated with reasonable facility at the London School of Medicine for Women. The remaining 400, I submit, should be apportioned in quotas to be determined according to circumstances at each of the medical schools of London. This procedure, suggested by the Professorial Board of University College in the first instance, as quoted, would at once eliminate any sense of unfairness which might be felt if certain schools only were compelled to take women. The expedient of taking a small quota has in fact been in practice at University College Hospital, which limits its feminine intake to twelve students a year. No school would then be able to hold itself out as a men's school only, and I am convinced that the absorption of the women students would be perfectly comfortably effected, as it has been in every provincial university. The secret of this success at the provincial universities has probably resided in the fact that, as these universities do not contain more than one medical college, there is no other course open to the men than to come to the hospital where women are admitted. Once that condition prevailed in London, all the difficulties would probably vanish as they have vanished in the provincial hospitals. As the *Observer* very pertinently puts it, 'It may be most conveniently made a matter for arrangement amongst the hospitals themselves whether the attendance of men and women should be promiscuous or at separate centres, but their *collective responsibility* [the italics are mine—E. G. L] is the dominating fact '

Cecil Rhodes, in his famous will, said that educational authorities were often 'children in finance,' and the same criticism would perhaps apply to the authorities at some of the medical schools. Have they really considered the probable financial reactions of the action they are now contemplating ? The medical schools are largely dependent for their functioning on the hospitals to which they are attached ; all these hospitals are supported by voluntary contributions, swayed, therefore, by public opinion. I do not think the London medical schools realise to what an extent public opinion is determined to assert the right of women to obtain proper medical training, and how easily public opinion, if not conciliated, can divert subscriptions from the voluntary hospitals, and thus hasten the disastrous consummation, so long threatened, of the supersession of the voluntary system by State control. The medical schools, as we know them, would inevitably disappear under that control, and it would surely be preferable to make the small concession, now so widely demanded, of admitting a few women to the men's schools than to risk the demolition of the entire system of voluntary hospitals, and the consequent destruction of the schools connected with them.

E Graham Little.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MARCO POLO

MARCO POLO, the most illustrious son of Venice, is a name to conjure with. To me it has served as an inspiration, and during the thirty years I spent in Asia—mainly in Persia, but also travelling in Central Asia, in Chinese Turkestan and on the Pamirs—I was privileged to follow in the footsteps of the 'Father of Geography,' perhaps more than any other traveller. I am consequently in a position to add something to our knowledge of the routes he followed and of the cities he visited in his epoch-making journeys.

The moment is opportune, in view of the recent publication of Professor Benedetto's great work, *Il Milione: Prima Editione Integrale*. The learned Professor has carefully examined seventy-eight manuscripts that were already known, and sixty which he discovered hidden away in libraries all over Europe. One of these was of the highest importance, being a copy of the lost Latin text that is mentioned by Ramusio, who is the Italian Hakluyt. To quote the eminent geographer, Sir Filippo de Filippi[1]: 'This beautiful publication does more than constitute an important addition. It marks an epoch.' Here, then, I leave the subject with the hope that the labours of Benedetto in some fifty libraries and the tracing of Marco's routes in Asia by British travellers may result in the publication of a new English edition, worthy to succeed Yule's classic.

The Polo family had been established for some years at Constantinople and had opened a branch at Soldaia, then an important port in the Crimea. From this base, in 1260, Nicholo and Maffeo Polo, furnished with 'a store of jewels,' travelled inland to the court of Barca, the reigning Mongol prince. This was termed Sarai, situated on the Volga, and is the 'Sarra in the Londe of Tartarie' of Chaucer. Barca paid a high price for their jewels, and the brothers were encouraged to penetrate still farther inland, and, descending the Volga, they crossed the desert to Bokhara. Mainly

[1] The *Observer* of March 4. I would mention that Marco's account of the size of the cities in China and the number of their inhabitants gave rise to his nickname of *Il Milione*. When I visited his neglected home in Venice, I found it in the *Corte del Milioni*.

owing to disturbances which broke out, the adventurers were unable to leave, and perforce spent three years hoping to proceed. The situation was changed by the appearance on the scene of envoys of Hulaku Khan—the Alau of Marco and of Longfellow's *Kambalu*—'on their way to the court of the Great Kaan.' The envoys said to the Venetians: 'The Great Kaan hath never seen any Latins and he hath a great desire so to do.' The adventurers accordingly accepted the invitation to accompany the envoys, and, after travelling for a year across Asia, reached the court of the Kaan

Khubilay was eager for knowledge about Europe and received the brothers with much kindness. After questioning them on more than one occasion, 'he took it into his head that he would send them on an embassy to the Pope.' The purport of the letters which he entrusted to the Polos was to request His Holiness to send 100 teachers to convert himself and his subjects to Christianity, while he was also anxious to receive 'some oil of the Lamp which burns on the Sepulchre of Our Lord at Jerusalem.' The travellers received a 'tablet of gold,' on which was inscribed an order for horses, supplies and escort. Thus helped by the authorities, they travelled homewards, but yet 'the journey occupied them for three years.' They finally struck the Mediterranean at Ayaz, a port opposite Cyprus, and reached Venice in safety in 1269.

After spending two years at their home the Polos decided to return to China and to take with them Marco, the son of Nicholo, a youth of sixteen. At Acre they received from Gregory X., the newly elected pope, 'credentials and letters in reply to the Great Kaan's messages; also many fine vessels of crystal as presents.' Moreover, Gregory appointed two friars to accompany them, but they shrank from the dangers and hardships of the journey and never left the coast. Thus failed miserably the greatest chance that ever offered for converting China and the Far East to Christianity.

The Venetians commenced their third great journey in 1271, starting from Ayaz, and probably entered Persia at Tabriz, a city which 'attracts many Latin merchants. . . It is also a great market for precious stones' From Tabriz they continued their journey eastwards, passing through Kazvin. The next city to be specially mentioned is Saveh, three or four stages to the south-west of Tehran. Marco somewhat naturally confused it with Saba, 'from which the three Magi set out to worship Jesus Christ.' The Venetians then travelled south-east along the caravan route to Yezd, where 'they weave quantities of a certain silk tissue.'

To-day, although Yezd chiefly depends for its prosperity on

its central position at the junction of several caravan routes, its Husayn Kuli Khan silk, of which I possess specimens, is famous and is worn all over Persia

To resume the journey, 'When you leave this city you ride for seven days over great plains. There are many fine woods producing dates upon the way. . . . There are also wild asses, handsome creatures. At the end of those seven marches you come to a fine kingdom which is called Kerman.' The main caravan route which runs *viâ* Anar and Bahramabad, does not answer to this description, its altitude being above 5000 feet and so out of the question for date-palms. There is, however, another route which I have also followed, and at Bafk, which is situated at 3100 feet I found extensive date groves. I also, looking north, saw a wide expanse of glittering salt swamp, a favourite habitat of the wild ass. Kerman, where I founded the British consulate in 1895, is described at some length. Special reference is made to its 'exquisite needlework in different colours, with figures of beasts and birds, trees and flowers, and a variety of other patterns.' Again, Marco has drawn attention to the staple industry, for the *shal* of Kerman (from which our word 'shawl' is derived) is still manufactured extensively, although the fabric of Kashmir, which is believed to be an imitation of the older Kerman weaving, is better known to-day.

In the onward route to the Persian Gulf the text runs: 'On quitting the city you ride on for seven days . . . and you come to a great mountain; and you find a great descent to a vast plain, and at the beginning thereof is a city called Camadi.' Very soon after settling down at Kerman I decided to trace this section of the route. I realised that it ran across the unexplored district of Sardu, which was a blank on the map, and as such possessed special attractions for me. I found it to consist of a very high plateau with a 'great mountain' in the shape of the Sarbizan Pass, which has an altitude of 9200 feet. Indeed, Marco's description is extraordinarily correct in this section, for from the top of the pass, in a descent of thirty miles, there is a difference of altitude of over 6000 feet: no wonder Marco remembered it!

The ruins of an important city litter the right bank of the Halil Rud, at the entrance to the 'vast plain,' but the inhabitants knew nothing of Camadi However, a recently lithographed manuscript of the history of the Seljuks of Kerman gave the key to the problem. The passage runs: 'Komadin was a resort of strangers from Turkey and from India, and a meeting-place of travellers by sea and land.' To-day the ruins merely consist of thousands of kiln-burnt bricks, while the surface of the ground is littered with fragments of pottery. The present inhabitants mainly live in huts made from reeds or in tents, and are not

sufficiently civilised to utilise the bricks that are to be had for the mere picking up.

To resume, Marco, who gives an accurate description of the francolin, which has afforded me excellent sport in this valley, describes the escape of his party from a gang of bandits by taking refuge at the village of Conosalmi. In the final descent to the coast, passing through low hills, 'you come to the Ocean Sea, and on the shore you find a city with a harbour, which is called Hormos.' It is, I think, of extraordinary interest to note that Marco crossed the route of Alexander the Great,[1] in the district which the Venetian called Reobarles, or Rudbar. Diodorus Siculus terms the place where Alexander made his standing camp Salmous. Now, Conosalmi evidently contains the word *khana*, or 'house,' and it is thus probable that the two places are identical. Nor is this all. Nearchus, after his long coasting journey from the mouth of the Indus to the Persian Gulf, landed at Harmuza, which is identical with Hormos, and when he travelled inland to find Alexander, must have followed the same route, albeit in the opposite direction, as that described by the illustrious Venetian some 1500 years later.

Marco gives a full description of Hormos, which, not long afterwards, was removed for the sake of greater security to an island off the coast, where it became the great emporium enshrined in Milton's 'wealth of Ormus and of Ind,' and the scene of one of the most famous exploits of D'Albuquerque. It would appear that the season for sea voyages was past, while the fact that 'their ships are wretched affairs . . . and are only stitched together with twine' may have influenced the decision of the Venetians. Consequently they decided to return to Kerman, using a route that lies farther west, and to travel to China entirely by land.

Kerman is situated close to the southern edge of the Lut, the great desert of Persia, which occupies the centre of the country. Its name, the Arabic form of Lot, has been given to this great salt waste owing to the existence of areas covered with bluffs, which are worn by the elements until they, to quote *The Lady of the Lake*,

> Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
> Or seemed fantastically set
> With cupola or minaret.

In view of the extent to which the Koran influences nomenclature in Persia, it is not surprising that here we have 'cities of Lot,' and that the name has been extended to include the whole area.

Marco's description runs: 'You find yourself in a desert of

[1] *Vide* my 'Alexander the Great as an Explorer' in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, October 1927.

surpassing aridity. 'There are neither fruits nor trees to be seen, and what water there is is bitter and bad, so that you have to carry both food and water.' The Lut has been crossed by me in nearly every part, and I may claim to have been the first European to follow in the exact footsteps of Marco Polo. It was during my first journey in Persia, and, owing to inexperience, I did not take enough water with me. Being quite unable to drink the 'bitter and bad' brand, I was fortunate to escape the fate of hundreds of travellers, whose bones mark the trail.

'At the end of eight days, you arrive at a province which is called Tonocain.' This word represents Tun and Kain, in the latter of which districts I founded the British consulate. In Persia 'Go to Tun' is not a polite remark!

Marco breaks off his narrative at this point to give a delightful account of the assassins, whose *fidai* in this very year (1272) attempted to kill Prince Edward of England at Acre. Upon resuming the account of their journey, we find ourselves at Balkh, the ancient capital of classical Bactria. Here Marco again crosses the route of Alexander the Great, and he mentions the claim of its leading family to be descended from Iskandar, 'Lord of the Two Horns,' a claim that is still made in remote Hunza whose *Thums* have intermarried with the chiefs of Badakshan, to give Bactria its present name

Upon leaving this province 'you ride twelve days between east and north-east ascending a river . . . and come to a province called Vokhan. And when you leave this little country [3] . . . you get to such a height that 'tis said to be the highest place in the world. . . . And when you have got to this height, you find a great lake between two mountains and out of it a fine river running through a plain. There are wild sheep of great size, whose horns are good six palms in length. The plain is called Pamier.' In these words Marco describes one of his greatest geographical discoveries, and for many centuries his account of the 'Roof of the World'—to use the Persian phrase—and of the great rams was discredited. However, as elsewhere, travellers, myself among the number, can testify to his sterling honesty. The 'great lake' was re-discovered and named Lake Victoria by a British explorer, while I have shot an *ovis poli* with horns that nearly measured six palms, or 60 inches, at an altitude of 16,000 feet. I have also been privileged to see the 'record,' which measures no less than 75 inches.

Marco describes the region as being 'so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of the great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give

[3] Vokhan, now termed Wakhan, is indeed a 'little country.' It can be ridden across in a day.

out so much heat as usual.' Here again I can corroborate.[4] Even when travelling in July we experienced heavy falls of snow, and the winds were so biting that only leather jackets could keep us warm. We also discarded our tents, and were glad to take refuge in the *akoi*, so well described by Matthew Arnold:

> A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.

Matthew Arnold was, I think, the first poet to mention the Pamirs in the lines:

> Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
> In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere.

From the 'Roof of the World' the Venetians made for Kashgar. They probably skirted mighty Muztagh Ata, which remains a virgin peak, and travelled down the Gez Valley by a route which, as my experience proved, involves 'continually passing over mountains and hills . . . and crossing many rivers.'

Of Kashgar, Marco—who was naturally appreciative after traversing such a sterile country—writes: 'They have beautiful gardens and vineyards and grow a great deal of cotton.' He also mentions 'many Nestorian Christians, who have churches of their own.' During my residence at Kashgar as Consul-General I made repeated inquiries as to any traces of this Christian community. I could only discover one surviving custom, which was that, if a horse is not sold at a fair, its owner makes the sign of the cross on its forehead, to prevent its luck being spoilt.

From Kashgar the caravan route to China runs across the level plain to Yarkand, which, like Kashgar, is a rich oasis. Marco refers to the prevalence of goitre, which is still a most distressing sight to the traveller, and one can only hope that it may be eliminated by the use of iodine in the drinking water. It is interesting that Marco notes that it 'arises from some quality in their drinking water.'

From Yarkand the travellers made for Khotan, the route skirting the towering mountain barrier of the Kuen Lun. To my surprise, Marco made no mention of it, but the reason would appear to be that, owing to the particles of loess that fill the air and create a haze, he never saw it. That, at any rate, was my experience.

Khotan, the 'Kingdom of Jade,' termed jasper and chalcedony by Marco, was unfortunately the last centre in which I traced the journey of the Venetians in Chinese Turkestan, but they reached the court of the Kaan safely, after a journey that had 'occupied a good three years and a half.' They were welcomed most warmly by Khubilay, who was especially pleased with young Marco. So

[4] *Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia*, chapter vi. *et seq.*

much was this the case that he sent him on missions to various parts of the empire, and gave him high appointments. He proved himself to be a capable official, and, realising the Kaan's delight in hearing about strange customs and natural phenomena, he took special pains to please his master and entirely succeeded. From the point of view of the traveller this period was most fruitful, as Marco was able to furnish reliable information as to the almost incredible number and great wealth of the cities of China, describing province after province with wonderful accuracy; he also was sent on missions outside China. 'When the two brothers and Marco had abode with the Kaan all that time that you have been told, they began to have thoughts about returning to their own country. They applied to the Kaan for leave to go, but nothing on earth would persuade him.'

A chance had brought them to China, and a chance was to take them home. Again ambassadors arrived from Persia. On this occasion they were despatched by the Il-Khan Arghun, with a request to the Kaan that he would send him a wife. The choice fell on the lady Kokachin, *moult bele dame et avenant*. The journey by land was considered to be too long and fatiguing, and, accordingly, it was decided to return by sea. 'Meanwhile Messer Marco chanced to return from India, whither he had gone as the Kaan's ambassador.' The Persian envoys, realising the advantage of Marco's knowledge of the sea-route, begged the Kaan to send the Venetians with them. Khubilay finally agreed and equipped a squadron of thirteen ships for the voyage.

The first island reached 'after sailing for some three months was Java, and they continued to navigate the Sea of India for eighteen months more before they arrived whither they were bound. But I should have told you that it is a fact that, when they embarked, they were in number some 600 persons without counting the mariners; but nearly all died by the way, so that only eight survived.'

Upon landing at familiar Hormos they heard that Arghun was dead and had been succeeded by his brother Gaykhatu. Upon reporting the safe arrival of the princess, they were instructed that she should be taken to the camp of Ghazan Khan, whom it had been decided she was to marry. The Venetians probably retraced their former route to Kerman, and, crossing the Lut to Tun, proceeded to the district of Kuhistan. There they handed over the much-travelled Kokachin, 'who wept for sorrow at the parting.' However, it is pleasant to reflect that Ghazan Khan was the greatest of the Mongol rulers of Persia and of a much more suitable age for a bride of nineteen than his father would have been. At Tabriz the Venetians were highly honoured by Gaykhatu, who gave them 'four golden tablets of authority,' and the

greatest of all recorded journeys came to an end 'in the year 1295 of Christ's Incarnation.'

Looking back on the many journeys I have made, following in the footsteps of illustrious Marco Polo, on none does the golden haze lie deeper than on my expedition to the Pamirs, the fascination of which high plateaus is wonderfully expressed by Kipling, whose verse may well conclude this article:

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is grazing out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know,
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

PERCY SYKES.

THE NIGHTJAR

The nightjar is known to most people chiefly by the 'jarring' song from which it takes its name. On a still summer evening its resonant trill may be heard at a distance of over half a mile. In twilight, or at dusk, in a woodland glade, or on some gorse-sprinkled common, a glimpse may be caught of the bird in its erratic, moth-like flight; for a moment you may see it poised aloft against a glowing west, and then, with a glide and a flicker, it disappears uncannily into the gloom.

With some knowledge of their haunts and habits, it is quite possible to obtain a closer view and acquire a more intimate knowledge of nightjars' peculiar and fascinating ways. The best time to do this is shortly after their arrival, which occurs in mid-May in most localities, though there are records of their appearance as early as the first week in April. It is then that their courtship behaviour may be watched, and this is, of course, closely followed by nesting and the rearing of the young.

Their love passages are as fantastic as one would expect in birds that toy in amorous dalliance in the half-lights and in the shadows,

> When the light gentles, and the wind is soft,
> And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.

Then you may see the cock, sprawled full length upon some bare, gaunt branch, in silhouette like a grim gargoyle against the after-glow. As he churrs, the woodland alley-ways resound with vibrations which seem so numerous that they almost bewilder the ear. It is as though one had stumbled unawares upon some witches' workshop where bent and ancient crones weave cabalistic spells upon whirring spinning-wheels. Suddenly the thrumming music changes to a rippling trill, not unlike the 'bubble' note of a hen cuckoo; the singer has slipped off his perch in answer to his mate's crooning call. In and out among and over the tree-tops you can see them curvetting and chasing; they fret the air with infinite, mazy patterns as they glide, twist and turn. In his ecstasy the cock shouts 'coick,' 'coick,' and smites his wings together over his back (a sharp eye can see their tips meet) with

a crack like a whip-lash. As he glides past, you can mark the bold, white spots upon wings and tail displayed for his lady's allurement. Long the chase continues, through, round and about darkling glades and across the paling heavens, till at last she perches on a bare limb and he behind her. And then, though by her aerial feints and parries she has so often sworn she would never consent, she yields to him.

There are usually two eggs ; I should have been inclined to say 'always,' from my own experience, but 'always' is a dangerous word to use in writing about birds. A well-known naturalist, now dead, once showed me a clutch of three which he took himself, but he said that he should not have believed in the existence of such a laying had he not seen them with his own eyes. He showed the eggs to a keeper, who said, 'Oh, I've often found half a dozen of they in a nest.' As a matter of fact, the bird books say that three are exceptional, but even four are on record. It is, of course, possible that such a number is the work of two hens. The elliptical eggs are very beautiful : their whitish background is marbled and blotted with a variety of shades of brown and grey ; viewed from a short distance the general effect is a delicate mauve.

Seen by themselves upon a patch of burnt heather, or amid the dun litter of dead leaves and fragments of bark in coppice or scrub, they are conspicuous enough ; but on moors where bracken is prolific the search for them is often both tedious and fruitless. And when the hen is brooding them it is only too easy to overlook both her and the eggs she covers. Much has been written about the protective colouration of the nightjar ; its invisibility among its natural surroundings is marvellous, and has to be experienced to be properly appreciated. Woodland walkers who are not familiar with this bird will, as like as not, be surprised to see what they thought was a piece of dead fir bark suddenly take wings and vanish amid the larch boles.

The nesting-place chosen by one bird was, in my experience, unusual. It was a scanty patch of dried-up herbage upon a shingle bank not more than fifty yards from the sea at high water. This site had, however, been used by nightjars in previous years, and probably this hen was one that had returned to her old haunt, or she may have been a descendant of the original tenant ; that nightjars will nest in the same spot, almost to an inch, year after year, is well known. When shown to me she was sitting beside two young. She fluttered off over the shingle, clucking with vexation, flapping and spreading her wings and tail, for some distance. Then she flew towards the sea, and after circling over the water, pitched on the rocks near its edge—a strange perch, indeed, for a nightjar. The young were about ten days old ; when disturbed they opened their wide mouths, spread their wings, and

hissed at us. One, probably the first hatched, was more vicious than the other.

This trick of scuffling along the ground when put off eggs or young is, of course, adopted by birds of many species, and almost invariably by a nightjar; it is no doubt an attempt to lead off the intruder by feigning injury. I have seen a hen nightjar adopt this ruse even when put off adult young who took flight simultaneously. The trick has been reduced to a fine art by the ringed plover, who lies on the ground on her side, flapping one wing spasmodically, spreading her tail, and uttering piteous cries as though she were *in articulo mortis*.

Flushed from the eggs or young, the hen nightjar, when she finds her deceptive ruse unsuccessful, sometimes circles round the intruder, clucking and hovering. Often she is joined by the male, who behaves in a similar manner and cracks his wings: both give vent to the alarm note, 'coick,' continually; sometimes the cock, after circling, perches on some convenient bough, or on a gorse bush, and churrs. Once a hen, so disturbed, perched on a stump nearby, and sat there clucking and flapping her wings up and down as she watched me. I think these actions are intended to scare the intruder, though they seem also to be an expression of the parents' alarm.

One evening I was sitting, a little before dusk, on a log, watching a pair of nightjars which I suspected to be nesting; the cock circled round me in eerie, elusive flight. Then he flew off, and I lost sight of him. A few minutes later I heard the beating of his wings behind me, and saw him hovering over a sandy pathway; he pitched for a second, then flew away again, but returned and settled on the same spot. He was standing half erect, and stared at me with wide-open eyes, clucking softly, and bobbing his head up and down; once he leapt in the air and cracked his wings loudly over his back. He stayed altogether about two minutes. It was a weird and uncanny performance.

Possibly there were young or eggs about, and these curious antics may have been intended to frighten me away, but I never found this nest. Or he may have been lodging a protest at my disturbing him from a contemplated dust bath. Nightjars are fond of pitching on any dry, dusty patch; a motor car in which I was being driven once almost ran over a cock bird that was dusting in the middle of a country lane; the car was nearly upon him when he swerved up over the hood and just escaped a collision.

It is very unusual to obtain a glimpse of a nightjar with eyes wide open. When disturbed in bright sunlight the cock will settle on a fir branch and watch you through half-open lids. The hen, when sitting, if she knows she is observed, also keeps her eyes nearly closed, but looks at you through a narrow slit. It was

therefore interesting to observe that the young nightjars found on the shingle bank kept their eyes open: they were, of course, thoroughly alarmed, and as they could not fly, unable to escape. I once was lucky enough to catch a hen asleep: she was sitting on a nesting site from which some vandal had abstracted the eggs; her eyelids were shut close, and it was some seconds before she became aware of my presence and flew off.

Adult nightjars have on the inside of the long central front claw curious comb-like teeth ('pectinations'), whose number varies even on the two claws of the same bird. There are usually ten, but on the claw of a nightjar which I found dead, and preserved, there are nine. This pectination is absent in the young: the two on the shingle bank had the central claw flat in the place where the teeth occur in the adult. There have been many conjectures as to the use of this comb. Gilbert White, in a well-known letter to Thomas Pennant, says that he saw a nightjar when catching 'fernchafers' 'distinctly, more than once, put out its short leg while on the wing, and, by a bend of the head, deliver somewhat into its mouth.' 'If,' he continues, 'it takes any part of its prey with its feet, as I have now the greatest reason to suppose it does these chafers, I no longer wonder at the use of its middle toe, which is curiously furnished with a serrated claw.' Other observers have seen—or believe they have seen—this performance, but, though I have watched nightjars for many hours in different localities, I have never seen one use its claws in this manner.

Other theories are that the bird uses this claw to rid itself of vermin, or to comb out the bristles which fringe its wide mouth, whose gape, even in the young, is of enormous extent; or again, that the serrated claw enables it to maintain its usual position along, instead of across, the branch on which it perches. As to the last explanation, the nightjar crouches so low when at rest upon a bough that it is impossible to see its feet at all; but the pectinations on the claw are so small that it is very doubtful whether they would afford any additional support. No satisfactory explanation of this curious feature seems so far to have been suggested. As this comb is not present in the young bird, its evolution must be a comparatively late event in the history of the species.

Both birds share the duty of incubation. Once when I was watching a sitting hen the cock flew up at dusk, and, after giving a 'whip-crack' with his wings, settled by her; in about a minute the hen flew off. I crept nearer, and saw the cock sitting on the eggs, but the hen gave a warning 'coick,' and he fluttered away low over the ground with a lavish display of the conspicuous white spots on his wings and tail. On two subsequent nights the

cock flew up at dusk to the sitting hen and circled round her, but did not settle; possibly he saw me and was alarmed. Next year what was presumably the same pair nested in the identical spot, but, though I twice saw the cock rise from the nesting site, I never actually saw him on the eggs. It looks as though the cock were in the habit of relieving the hen on the eggs at dusk; I have never seen him sitting on the eggs by day, but, in the case of a pair of nightjars kept in confinement, it was observed that the male relieved the female for a time in the morning, at mid-day, and in the evening.

Some observers have found that the young when hatched are removed by the parents from the nesting site if it is visited or disturbed. This was not the case with one brood which I watched continuously during one summer. The young remained sitting beside the hen within a few feet of where they were hatched until the seventeenth day, when I found them on a bare patch some fifty yards from the 'nest.' W. H. Hudson, in *Hampshire Days*, relates how two young nightjars, after he had handled them, vanished from the spot the next day. Another observer had told him that in the previous year he had found the young birds were not removed, although he had frequently visited them on horseback; but he had not touched them.

Probably the young either remove themselves or are led away by their parents if they are so disturbed as to be badly frightened. The young nightjars on the shingle bank when disturbed crawled away a short distance. In such an environment they were very conspicuous. At that time, though their feathers were coming through the down, they could not yet fly, and therefore had not much chance of selecting a protective environment; but I doubt if the young of themselves realise at first the value of assimilating themselves to their surroundings. One youngster that I flushed in a Cheshire woodland, when it could fly fairly well, pitched on a patch of grass, where its presence was very obvious against the green background.

The churr of the nightjar is most often heard by night, though I have heard it by day both in the morning and in the afternoon for a short period. Often it begins at dusk, and a bird to which I listened during one June began its song punctually at 10 p.m. (summer-time). The bird usually chooses a dead branch upon which to churr, and it may be that the reverberation is by this means increased. The prone position along, not across, the branch may also have a similar effect. The song of one which I heard reeling while perched at right angles across a bough seemed to me to have a smaller 'timbre,' but on another occasion, when I was listening to one churring from the top of the gorse bush on a moor where there were few or no trees, the note seemed quite as vibrant as

that produced by a bird crouched upon a bough. The tail and whole body vibrate with the bird's music; if you listen carefully, you can hear that there are at least two notes sounded simultaneously, one lower than the other. The 'song' is interrupted at intervals, no doubt to enable the singer to take breath. I have seen the bird turn round on the branch after churring and continue its solo facing in the opposite direction.

The jarring is most often heard on a still, clear evening; cold or windy nights seem to discourage the nightjar's vocal efforts, but it will sing in the rain.

Among a collection of albinos in a certain public museum there are two pure white nightjars with red eyes. It must have been an uncanny sight indeed to see these ghostly birds flickering through and about the woodland drives and alleys. To them the name 'lych-fowl' (*i.e.*, corpse fowl), which is applied in some districts to the nightjar, must have seemed peculiarly appropriate. Little wonder they fell victims to the gun perhaps of some superstitious rustic, for there are still some stupid enough to suppose that the nightjar is a hawk, as, indeed, its local name of 'night-hawk' testifies.

The hours which I have spent in watching these curious and beautiful birds hold many delightful and inspiring memories. In the owl-light of a June evening, when, after the day's sweltering heat, all manner of sweet and subtle moor and woodland scents flow from every side, we can almost feel or even hear the flowers and leaves growing. At such a time, when—

> . . . Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
> Tingles with the spring,

we may reach out after, and perhaps for a short moment even grasp, however imperfectly, something of the mystery of the spirit which pulses behind all life, not only in man, but in beast and bird and insect. We feel the throbbing heart-beat of all things alive, the vivid, eager spirit-impulse, which the scientist, however deep he probes and peers, has never fully explained or solved. And the consciousness of this intense well-spring of life, so virile and vigorous in each individual, fosters the hope of our and their survival as separate entities after death. Each ego, be it great or small, seems now only to be imprisoned in the ephemeral clay, which, though for the present it is the medium through which the spirit expresses itself, is really but its husk. We feel that not only we, but they, are 'greater than we know.'

E. W. Hendy.

TALLISKER OF THE CLIFFS

Tallisker is the place beyond all that I have seen from which the gay and the jovial seem utterly excluded and where the hermit might expect to grow old in meditation, without possibility of disturbance or interruption.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1773.

IN all the Isle of Skye there are few places more remote than Tallisker. It lies beside the Atlantic, and north and south great precipices rise where yeasty torrents fall mightily from their birthplace among the mists to the thundering seas 1000 feet below.

Many persons of note have enjoyed the hospitality of Tallisker. Johnson and Boswell passed two nights within its walls, and Pennant rowed upon its broad bay. From the House of Tallisker Sir Alexander MacDonald of the Isles in 1745 wrote his historical letter to President Forbes as follows:

My lord. Probably you'll have heard, before this reaches you, that some of our neighbours of the mainland have been mad enough to arm and join the young Adventurer mentioned in MacLeod's letter to you. Your lordship will find our conduct with regard to this unhappy scrape such as you'd wish, and such as the friendship you have always showed us will prompt to direct.

Young Clanranald is deluded, notwithstanding his assurances to us lately; and what is more astonishing Lochiel's prudence has quite forsaken him. You know too much of Glengarry not to know that he'd easily be led to be of the Party; but as far as I can learn, he has not yet been with them. Mr. MacLean of Coll is here with his daughter, lately married to Tallisker, and he assures me of his own wisdom; and, as he has mostly the direction of that Clan, promises as much as in him lies to prevent their being led astray. You may believe, my lord, our spirits are in a good deal of agitation and that we are much at a loss how to behave in so extraordinary an occurrence. That we will have no connection with these madmen is certain, but we are bewildered in every other respect till we hear from you. Whenever these rash men meet with a check it's more than probable they'll endeavour to retire to their islands; how we ought to behave in that event we expect to know from your lordship. Their force, even in that case, must be very considerable, to be repelled with batons; and we have no other arms in any quantities. I pledge MacLeod in writing for him and myself.

I come now to tell you, what you surely know, that I am most faithfully, my lord, your most obedient humble servant,

ALEX. MACDONALD.

Tallisker.
11th August, 1745.

Pennant tells us that 'Talyskir belongs to the chief of MacLeod and in old times was always the portion of a second son; he enjoyed it for life, with the view of giving him the means of educating his children who after that were left to the care of fortune.'

It was MacLeod of Tallisker who led the clan at the historic fight of Beinn a' Chuillin in 1602, for Ruaraidh Mor, the chief, was absent seeking aid from Argyle. Tallisker was 'sheathed in armour,' but was taken prisoner by the MacDonalds, who at last gained a dearly-won victory in the dark shadows of Coire na Creiche by the pale light of the moon.

This fight beneath the grim precipices of the Black Cuillin was the last clan conflict in the Isles. For the last time Donald Mor MacCrimmon urged his clansmen forward by the immortal memory of his fingers, and when the corries were dyed with the blood of the slain, and the tartans of MacDonald and MacLeod lay together upon grey stones and brown heather, he composed, so it is said, that classical piobaireachd known to pipers the world over as 'The Desperate Battle.'

The MacLeods of Tallisker are now but a name. They live in Australia, far from the Isle of Mist, but the house is occupied by a worthy successor—one who has much lore of the old times and lives amongst the great authors of the past.

There are few persons, even of those whose home is in Eilean a' Cheo, who have crossed Gleann fo Rathad—the Glen beneath the Road—and seen Tallisker amid its trees nestling below them, but all who have made the journey must have succumbed beneath the spell of Preshal Mor.

No lofty peak is Preshal. Its summit stands just over 1000 feet above Atlantic waters, yet in all Skye there is no more shapely hill. Preshal seems to look upon Tallisker as its special care, guarding the old sycamore, beneath which Dr Samuel Johnson sat, from those easterly storms which lift the water in spindrift from the hill lochs, and sheltering the well-tended garden where roses blossom in December and a blue-flowered hydrangea spreads a carpet of pale blossoms on the shortest day of winter.

It was a grey winter's morning when my host of Tallisker guided me, by way of Glen Sleadale, to Preshal Mor. At sunrise the frost had lifted, and the slow-climbing sun had tinged for a few brief minutes the snow cap on Hecla of Uist, mysterious

across leagues of ocean, with delicate primrose light. Now, as we climbed, the clouds had overspread the windless sky, and pale showers were forming over land and sea. The 'deer's hair' grass, rough and wiry, was the brown colour of crotal cloth; only beside the clear hill springs was the close-cropped grass green.

On a little plateau, almost on the hill-top, we came unexpectedly upon the remains of three small dwellings. They were, doubtless, the ruins of summer shielings, but it was curious to see them set thus high, and considerably above the best of the pasture land. Who but those from a race of poets or artists would have chosen to have made their summer homes, on the roof of the world yet sheltered from the winds by a smooth wall of rock, above and below? On a summer's evening, when the cows had been milked and the day's work well and truly ended, the family of these hill dwellers perhaps gathered beside the small door and saw the sun sink in a cloud of glory—mystic, wonderful—behind Eaval of Uist.

Beyond Rhum, luminous in glowing haze, they saw, far southward, Beinn Hynish and its tapering headland upon the distant isle of Tiree, where, so it is narrated, the monks of Iona grew their barley. And on days of outstanding clearness they viewed, I doubt not, the cone of Hirta rising faint across close on 100 miles of ocean, where at that time the galleys of MacLeod and MacDonald so often steered their imperious course.

Could one recapture the past one might listen to old tales of far-off days, told beside a peat fire that cooled neither by day nor by night, from the morning of the going up to the mountain shielings at the first glory of summer to the day of autumn and of sounding winds when the door was closed for the last time before the people with their flocks and their herds set out for the glen below.

But now the summer shielings of Preshal linger as a faint memory only. Yet sea, hill, and island rise as they did in those early times, and the dwellers in the shielings must sometimes have seen the dark spires of the Cuillin free themselves from a sea of mist such as pressed in upon them this winter's day. From billowy clouds, light as cotton-wool, first one, then another hill-top thrust itself. The snow was almost unbroken, but from Sgurr Dearg the Inaccessible Pinnacle rose, black as night against the grey of a winter sky. Mist held all the lesser hills. Then, as we watched, the clouds lifted, until at last even Sgurr Dearg and its Inaccessible Pinnacle were blotted out by that rising aerial tide. Did the garden at Tallisker exist when the shielings were occupied, the people looked down, even as we did, and saw the green grass and fresh flowers almost immediately beneath the hill-top.

Beyond the garden of Tallisker, and near the shore of the bay, is Cuchulinn's Well. Perhaps the illustrious Knight of the Red Branch of Ulster slaked his thirst here one day on passage in his *birlinn* to Dunscaich in Sleat, where Queen Scathach, the amazon ruler, instructed him in the use of the deadly scythed chariot.

Johnson in his *Journal* tells us that old Tallisker would drink the water from no well save Cuchulinn's, and that every night Donald, his servant, was sent with a pail to bring back some of the prized liquid. One wild night, in order to save himself a dark and difficult walk, old Donald filled his pail at the burn that flows past the house, and hoped that his deceit might be undetected. The laird, on tasting the water, became instantly suspicious. This was not, surely, the water of his beloved well! Donald was called in and was closely questioned, but did not admit his misdeed. The laird of Tallisker, in order to put matters to the test, said to him, 'Donald, this time I will come myself to the well with you, and then by the taste of this second pail of water I shall know for certain whether you have deceived me.'

Full of foreboding, Donald accompanied his master into the wild night where wind and rain made music among the cliffs. At last they reached the well, and while Tallisker watched carefully Donald filled the bucket. As they battled homeward against the storm Donald bethought himself of a way to save himself from his master's anger. He crossed the burn behind his master, and contrived to spill the water and refill the bucket again from the stream undetected Tallisker, on drinking the water and finding it again distasteful, is reported to have said that Cuchulinn's Well must have been bewitched!

It is interesting to read Boswell's account of climbing Preshal. He writes:

> After dinner he [Coll] and I walked to the top of Prieshwell [Pennant, be it noted, writes of the hill as Bris-mhawl], a very high rocky hill whence there is a view of Barra, the Long Island, Bernera, the Loch of Dunvegan, part of Rum, part of Rasay, and a vast deal of the Isle of Skye.

I have said that the way to Tallisker lies through the Glen beneath the Road. From Carbost, which may be said to be the port of Tallisker, the distance to the house beside the cliffs is four miles, and the walk, in winter as in summer, is full of delightful variety. One November day the sky brightened after a morning of rain and twilight, and when I started on my walk to Carbost by the Glen beneath the Road the Minch lay at rest below me calm as some sheltered loch, and on its green waters were golden pathways from reflected clouds.

A few minutes before sunset I reached the head of the glen. The Cuillin giants all day had been hidden in close mist, but

gradually and very wonderfully the clouds now began to lift. Sgurr Thuilm first stood revealed. Close above, and around, that peak a layer of thin cloud floated motionless. It glowed with pink fires in the sinking sun—radiant, of remarkable beauty.

Sgurr Dearg next freed itself, and the snows upon its lonely summit became tinged with purple. Very slowly Sgurr na Banachdich threw off its mantle of mist, and last of all Bruach na Frithe showed violet-tinted snows through a window of its overshadowing cloud. In the deep-blue sky overhead small sapphire clouds floated ; westward they changed to rose colour, then all at once dimmed their light as the sun left them.

About this time, from Carbost, from the heights above Sligachan, perhaps from the lonely shores of Raasay beyond, came the crafty clan of the *fitheach*, or raven, winging their way homewards to the great precipices of Biod Ruadh where they roost. They flew in twos, in threes, sometimes singly, making their westward flight in silence save for an occasional guttural croak. As dusk settled on hill and glen the last stragglers of that winged company passed me, hurrying west before the light should fail them, their black pinions with quick thrusts urging them forward. Suddenly angry cries drifted down on the still air, and a raven could be seen in fierce pursuit of a grey crow that had approached him too closely for his dignity.

There was something inspiring in the strong purposeful flight of these ravens, to the number of thirty and more, and I recalled the old Celtic saying : 'If a raven should accompany or precede you on an expedition and if he be joyous, your journey will be prosperous. If it is to the left that he goes and croaks at you in front, it is at a coward he croaks in that manner, or his croaking denotes disgrace to some of the party.'

That evening I looked down on Tallisker as the last of the afterglow was shining behind South Uist across the Minch. Hecla and Beinn Mhor were hazy and scarcely visible, but behind those faint hills towered the image of a gigantic isle, in shape not unlike Rhum. Perhaps the night clouds had taken on the form of an island ; perhaps I Breasail, that abode of the spirit, for a few moments had become visible to mortal eyes. The memory of that phantom isle will remain long with me, because of its size and the beauty of its form as it brooded benignly above the darkening Minch. While still the afterglow lingered the stars shone out, and a swift-moving meteor threw a silver streak across the silent heavens. Then, from beneath the dim sea-girt cone of Hecla, came the clear welcome rays of the Uisinish light. Behind me, as I walked, was Jupiter ; ahead of me was the Uisinish beacon, and there was little to choose between them in brilliance. But the rays of the lighthouse rhythmically waxed and waned:

the lamp of Jupiter burned with strong and steady glow. Thus, without wind and almost without cloud, came the end of the short winter's day in the country of Tallisker of the Cliffs.

But it is rare, at the season of winter, for calm weather to endure beside Atlantic tides, and a morning soon dawned, when a fierce southerly gale rushed in upon the dark, smooth-walled rocks. Ruman, the Homer of the Gaels, 1000 years ago wrote of the south wind 'setting in across the land of Saxons of the mighty shields.' It would have inspired that royal poet to have seen the gale urging the great waves upon the Bay of Tallisker, seething with foam As each wave reluctantly receded, the rounded stones that it sucked down with it rolled back with the roar of distant thunder. In the fierce, sudden squalls the creamy foam was caught up like driven snow upon the gale. Purple sandpipers and turnstones, flying with difficulty, were at the mercy of the storm As the squalls struck them they were swept almost vertically into the air, and the watery sun gleamed momently upon their wet plumage.

Boswell, in his narrative of his wanderings in Skye, writes that at Tallisker he 'looked at no less than fifteen different waterfalls near the house in the space of about a quarter of a mile.' In a winter storm these waterfalls are a wonderful feature of this stern coast. A little distance north of Tallisker Bay a considerable stream of water falls in a glistening cascade to the sea a full 500 feet below. On this day of storm the strength of the wind was such that the eager fall was caught in the arms of the gale and swept back in a cloud of grey spray over the hill-top above the cliff. Now and again, as the gale lessened in violence between the squalls, the waterfall reached the ocean intact, the wind-torn spray swaying now this way, now that, like some wild, protesting thing that is harried by a relentless enemy. From time to time the low winter sun shone out from the flying wrack, and then a splendid rainbow hung halo-like above the fall. Lesser waterfalls in the vicinity offered no resistance to the gale. They were swept upwards and backwards with such ease that they gave the illusion of chimneys smoking furiously in a strong wind.

At the south entrance to Tallisker Bay is an isolated sentinel rock Its old name, mentioned by Pennant, is Stac an Fhucadair, or the Stack of the Fuller (of cloth) It is the 'pyramidal and reclining' rock round which Pennant was rowed 150 years ago to the accompaniment of an '*iorram*,' or boating song. This stack catches the full fury of the storm, and to-day the great waves beat upon it with violence

Above the deep chords of the sea music at dusk the shrill cry of a soaring buzzard was heard. On the western horizon the sky burned dully, and a quick-moving storm brought darkness before

its time. Unexpectedly a flash of intense lightning flickered ove the sea and thunder shook the cliffs, peal succeeding peal in quic succession. Torrential rain, driven aslant the gale, drove acros the sullen sea like a sheet of solid water. There was wild musi on Tallisker Bay this winter's night—the music of the thunde of the waves, of the swaying waterfalls, of the rushing wind, an the spirit of the tempest was abroad upon Eilean a' Cheo.

SETON GORDON.

DE QUINCEY, THE GOBLIN

The recent publication of Professor Saintsbury's new edition of de Quincey's *Opium Eater*, and the publication of a newly-discovered diary of his youth, has revived interest in one of the most fascinating and most baffling personalities of English literature.

As that book and its offshoots, *The English Mail Coach* and *Suspiria de Profundis*, are touched by a light that is not of this earth, but of some hollow of the land of dæmon, so was the man himself touched by that light. One says 'the man himself,' but really the term 'man' is as much a contradiction when used of de Quincey as when used of Shelley. Man of the world, of course, he never was, but he was not even a man of common daily life. He was in it, but he had not a place in it, nor attempted to find one. As Shelley was a wandering spirit of the sky, so was he a wandering spirit of the dark. He was not man but goblin; a furtive, flitting creature whom nobody ever really saw.

In all the attempted memories of those who knew him we perceive an accent of hesitation, as though they are not fully certain what or whom they are speaking of, or what they mean to say. The picture is blurred, as though the model were continually shifting—as he was. They did not fail to see his genius; they did fail to see *him*. In a homely phrase, 'they didn't know what to make of him'; and to this day nobody knows what to make of him. He lived always a hidden and uncommunicative life. His motives and his actions were secret, and he went his solitary way, carrying out his projects without a word to any but those immediately concerned. He achieved even in his lifetime a high position in literature, but made no attempt to claim it; and as late as his old age, when magazines were anxious to have anything of his, he would hawk his work round to new magazines with the diffident air of the beginner. All his life he wanted to hide. Like many literary geniuses, he hated writing and hated the literary life, and more than once he expressed the wish to make a little money and then to 'slink into some dark corner, educate my children, and show my face to the world no more.'

So far as the facts are known, his was an uneventful life, but

partnered, like so many uneventful lives, by inward tempest and uproar.

He was born in Manchester on August 15, 1785. He was the son of a well-to-do merchant—himself a small practitioner in letters—and was brought up in the comfort of the well-to-do home of those days, among a group of lively brothers and sisters. Like the bulk of the English middle class, they had little to mark them from any other family of their rank, except the harbouring of a rebel—the timid, sickly Thomas, who could not be middle class. He was educated, first, at a small private school in Wiltshire; then, from twelve to fourteen, at Bath Grammar School, and from fifteen to seventeen at Manchester Grammar School. This last school he hated, and even more he hated the warty materialism of Manchester. So, at seventeen, he ran away, and went on foot to Chester, where his mother was living, to report himself and his revolt. By an arrangement with her, backed by an uncle to whom this display of spirit was agreeable, his escapade was condoned, his schooling was terminated, and he was allowed a guinea a week with which he could do as he pleased. What he pleased to do during that summer was to go walking through North Wales. But in November of that year a sudden madness seized him. London called him. Once in London, he thought, he would be able to erase his middle-class background, make a career for himself, and live independently. By his abilities he could have done that, but he reckoned without his diffident and wayward temperament. A more helpless being in the material matters of life never lived, and for such a being to expect success in such a venture was already proven folly. But he was set upon it. He promptly wrote to his guardians forswearing his guinea a week, and with six guineas in his pocket he threw himself upon the city. Of the resulting fiasco the *Confessions* tell.

With the turn of the year, however, a reconciliation was effected, and in the later part of 1803 he was entered at Worcester College, Oxford, with a fixed allowance of 100*l*. a year and no more. Little is known of his Oxford days. His vacations he spent in London, in Bristol (meeting Coleridge), and at the Lakes (meeting Wordsworth). For five years he was at Oxford, but he kept his terms casually, as the mood suited him, and, though noticed as a brilliant scholar, he never sat for his degree. After Oxford he entered at Middle Temple for the Bar, but, though he ate his dinners, his shiftless habits and the undirected way of life into which he had fallen made his studies again wasted effort, and again he never sat.

Arising out of his meetings with Wordsworth, the fancy took him to settle in Grasmere. Wordsworth was moving to a somewhat larger house, and suggested his taking his empty cottage.

This he did in 1809, and now found himself in the society of his idol and of a literary group made up of Southey, 'Christopher North,' Coleridge, and some less eminent names. Throughout this period he lived in idleness, under the bondage of laudanum, on the money that had come to him as his inheritance. But in 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, daughter of a dalesman, and though the early years of marriage were spent in idleness and laudanum, he soon found it necessary to make a supreme challenge to his thraldom and to look about for work. He did both successfully; and the man who even then would have honoured the greatest metropolitan newspaper as its editor, and was later to honour English literature, became the editor of an obscure local sheet—the *Westmoreland Gazette*. The engagement of such a man on such a paper, as may be imagined, did not last long—barely a year; but it was useful since it gave him his first experience of literary work and showed him his path.

Seeking here and there for further literary occupation, after a disappointment in Edinburgh, where he had hoped for something from 'Christopher North,' then editor of *Blackwood's*, he turned again to London; and there his literary career began. Through Charles Lamb, whom he had met on previous visits, he was introduced to the proprietors of the *London Magazine*, then in its first blaze of contributions from Lamb, Hazlitt, Allen Cunningham, Thomas Hood, Barry Cornwall, Talfourd, and Carlyle. In that magazine his first piece of serious writing appeared, and that first piece was the first portion of the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. It attracted immediate attention; indeed, it killed the rest of the contents of the issue in which it appeared; and though his fortune was not made, the name of 'The Opium Eater' was. He continued to feed the *London* with contributions under that pseudonym, and they were glad to have every scrap he sent them; but his heart was away from London, with his wife and children in Grasmere, and in 1826 he surrendered his London fame and left the city, never to return.

His next step was to Edinburgh, where *Blackwood's* was now ready to welcome him. Here he was kept busy with work and with to-and-fro Grasmere visits; but in 1830, finding the separation from wife and family unbearable, he sold his Grasmere home and moved completely to Edinburgh, where the rest of his life—apart from a year or two at Glasgow—was spent. It was a life of constant work, made harder by his habits of procrastination and by long spells of mental depression, and clouded by the loss of those he loved. In 1833 his youngest son died. Two years later his eldest son died. Two years after that his wife, Margaret, died—the bitterest blow of all. Little is known of Margaret de Quincey. She sat always in the background of his life. She was

one of his secrets, one of the things that no man ever tells, though he write ten volumes of autobiography.

From now on his life was divided between literary labour and the care of his remaining children, until they were old enough to enter upon life. With the idea of making things easier for him, his eldest daughter, not yet twenty, removed the younger children to a cottage at Lasswade, a mile or so outside the town, so that he might work in peace and have a country retreat whenever he wanted it. This cottage became the centre of his life until its end in December 1859. He was still occupied at his lodgings, 42, Lothian Street, in seeing the last volume of his collected writings through the press, when he quietly collapsed. His condition was so critical that he could not be removed to the cottage, yet for six weeks he lingered, nursed by two of his daughters. At last the end came, and in the early morning of December 8 this strange, tormented life ceased without suffering or struggle.

Looking over that life, one sees a peak-fact that rises above all others. That peak-fact is London.

London was his crisis. He had four London periods—first, in 1802, after the bolt from North Wales; second, in 1804, during his undergraduate days; third, from 1806–9, when he was keeping his terms for the Bar; and last, from 1821–6, when he was writing for the *London Magazine*. The important periods were those of 1802 and 1804. The first created that weakened state of health upon which he lays his bondage to laudanum; in the second he entered into that bondage. It was these days that formed, or twisted, much of his inward life and fixed the hue of his writing. Queer enough, in any event, that writing would have been, for even as a child he was abnormally imaginative, and his imagination had rich stores of learning to play upon; but without the London years the orchestra of that imagination would have lacked the dark-toned instruments that compose that unique hue. London gave him a shock from which he never recovered—a shock that meant a load of suffering for him and a load of treasure for us. For the rest of his life he was to have always before his eyes the racing phantasmagoria of London faces and in his ears its tumultuous footfalls.

Its first effect was to bewilder him. By its size and constant motion alone it would and does do that to any sensitive provincial coming to it with no other idea of cities than that afforded by the little cities of inner England. To most it does no more than that, and then only for a brief space. To the insensitive it does nothing. But for the artist there is something more: there is its Sphinx-like spirit. This spirit de Quincey was quick to recognise and dismayed to face. Coming close upon his wonder, the recognition of it filled him, as it fills all artists, with terror—

he terror that arises from contemplation of the most dreadful onception possible to the human mind: the conception of somehing that has no beginning and no ending. It is the wreck of all he laws that the mind has built. Because his mind must have ome rock on which to rest man has invented gods and built pon them his ideas of a directed universe. Once that rock is verthrown, and he is asked to realise no beginning and no ending, is mind must wander, which is our synonym for madness. ondon does end, but its end is not visible from any central point, r even after miles of walking; and it was this conception of nending immensity that paralysed de Quincey.

Just as men, otherwise brave, will carry a life-long fear of cats r water or lightning, from some misadventure of childhood, so rom the age of seventeen, after those first few weeks of London, e carried a life-long fear of London. A single whisper of that vord rolls round the gallery of his memory and returns in a roar. ondon was his evil genius, or, in the Freudian jargon of to-day, is complex. It figured in his regular dreams and in his laudanum isions. It darkened his heart as he lay waiting for the London oach in the Shrewsbury inn. It struck him down and broke him; nd it so haunted his life that whenever, in his writing, he seeks an mage of ruthless power and dire immensity, the word 'London' upplies it. Never was its shadow lifted. Under all the surging rchestration of his prose is a drone-bass of the storms of London.

In a passage of *The Pains of Opium* he speaks of the perlexities of his steps in London. Perplexing as they were to him n performance, they are doubly perplexing to those who would ry to track them at a distance of a century and a quarter, or even o locate the points of his sojourns. Roughly, one may say that is London territory is Soho and East Marylebone—that is, the portion of Marylebone enclosed by Great Portland Street, Tottenham Court Road, Euston Road and Oxford Street, and that portion of Soho from Greek Street to Golden Square. Indeed, it might be narrowed to one long streak of this territory which can be taken in a single eye-shot. If you stand at the far northern end of Great Titchfield Street, and look southward, you have a vista over Oxford Street and through Soho to the chimneys of the power-station on the edge of Golden Square, and you are seeing the important de Quincey London. Greek Street and Great Titchfield Street were his homes. In Oxford Street he bought his first laudanum. The corner of Great Titchfield Street was his nightly rendezvous with Ann, and in Golden Square he parted from her for ever. These scenes made the drive and stir of his life, and later they made the background of his memories and of those nights of horror when laudanum recalled them and diabolised them.

Not that they needed diabolising, for in their native shape and air they were—and are—already devilish. Most of the streets are in spirit as they were in his time. Then, as to-day, the houses were let out in cheap lodgings: they had 'come down' from their 1750 estate. London districts have their fashionable and unfashionable periods. They start in the mode; they decline; they rally; they decline again to the point of extinction, and rally yet again, until they decline into slums. De Quincey knew the district in one of its decline periods, and to-day it is in another of those periods—except for the rebuilding of some of its houses, it is just as he knew it. Cleveland Street, Bolsover Street, Titchfield Street, Clipstone Street—these streets, to my fancy, are a closer picture of the hell conceived by the old poets than the picturesque flames and torments by which they illustrated it. Outwardly decent, they are sadder to the eye and to the mind than the courts of any slum, more craven than the streets of any benighted Northern town. They do not breathe—they sigh. Even on days of summer their distances are haunted by mournful mists, and the cry of the hawker—itself the voice of squalor—floats through the mist like the cry of a being floating through a nebula, without habitation on planet or in space. Their hold on life is but a perfunctory commerce with life's leavings. Their shops are new shops offering used goods at second hand, or second-hand shops offering the meaner quality of the new goods; and of their houses some, with a last finger-hold on seemliness, offer meagrely respectable lodgings to the meagrely respectable; others offer a furtive and second-hand appeasement of lust. As they are to-day, so were they in his day.

When we examine the record of the laudanum visions it is clear that most of them had their basis here. They were enchanted replicas of East Marylebone. It may seem incredible to those unfamiliar with drugs that such ornate tapestries could have grown upon these haggard streets, but opium works like that. The drug cannot supply the vision without material, and that material must be found in the conscious or sub-conscious mind. All it can do is to recover and release forgotten things, or rebuild immediate things, in enhanced form; and the more perceptive and richly stored the mind of the drug-taker, the more fantastically magnificent will the vision be. This enchantment of common things is one of the startling and, unfortunately, alluring virtues of the drug. You, about to take opium or laudanum, may be sitting in a bedroom of a Bloomsbury or Bayswater lodging-house, amid the sad appointments of those places—a wallpaper of dim roses that once were flaming, an iron bedstead, a washstand and dressing-chest of deal, dingy curtains shutting out possible overlookers who could not possibly see

through the rain-dimmed window, threadbare art-carpet, lifeless pictures. And lo! fifteen minutes after taking the drug, your own grief and the grief of the room will have vanished. You will not be in a dream. You will be wide awake, but with heightened faculties of eye and ear. You will still be in that room, and none of its arrangements and appointments will have been moved. One might think that these heightened faculties would be so much the more repelled by the room, but, though nothing has been moved, all is changed, rehabilitated in a world of colour and light. As the drug is of Oriental earth, so it works upon brain and eye in Oriental imagery. The room towers to the dimensions of a mountain pavilion of Cathay, embellished with all the fancies that opium can drive from the recesses of your consciousness. The wallpaper is a silken banner; its faded roses become emblems of pagan frenzy. The drab quilt of your bed blazes with the flowers of the Hanging Gardens. The bed itself is an imperial couch, and its knobs are minarets. The tinkle of an organ in the street below becomes as rich in its texture as a score of Berlioz, and the tiny crepitations of a mouse in the wainscot become a salvo of artillery. There comes, too, the phenomenon of the interchange of senses, when a melody can be *seen* and a picture can be *heard*.

But, as I say, all this false splendour comes, not from opium, but from its release of your own projections; and no man ever saw or heard in a drug-trance anything that did not somewhere live in his own mind. So in de Quincey's visions of Assyrian terraces those familiar with the workings of drugs can see the laudanum-heightened memory of the terraces of Oxford Street and the labyrinths of Marylebone, and in the mournful processions through the valleys of Lebanon we can see the daily and nightly promenade of urgent London people upon their urgent occasions.

Even to-day a wet Sunday in Marylebone plunges one into the abominable; in 1804 it must have sent one to the bottom; and I think those who have paced out such a Sunday, and those whose imaginations can evoke it for them, will agree that by itself, and without the imposed burden of neuralgia, it excuses, if it does not pardon, the lonely scholar's surrender to laudanum. Whether he would have fallen to laudanum without the push of a wet London Sunday and neuralgia is an idle question, to which the answer is—Yes and No. He did fall, and he fell by those agencies. Predisposed as he was, by nature, to take any way of flight from the world's pain, it is probable that other agencies would soon have worked for him. But it was by the agencies London and neuralgia that he opened for himself a lifetime of physical and mental suffering, and in seeking for apologies it is these that he names.

A soul in torment knows deeps and shades of suffering from which the mass of men are happily held, but vaster deeps and darker shades are known by those whose torments are of their own creating. Always, if he had never touched laudanum, he would have suffered. At six years old he had a capacity for suffering far beyond that of most adults. Laudanum enlarged it and laid new channels for it, and in his deepest pain, pain created by the laudanum excesses, the keenest stab came from the knowledge that he himself had laid and dug those fresh facilities. The sorrows of the afflicted are temperate and endurable because of their outward visitation, but the sorrows of Burns and Poe and Thompson and Coleridge and de Quincey, and all the self-afflicted, are made keener by the teeth of remorse. In a passage where he was wearing the purple (but not, at that moment, as an emperor) he cries:

> Oh, spirit of merciful interpretation, angel of forgiveness to youth and its aberrations, wilt thou charm away that mighty phantom, born amidst the gathering mists of remorse, which strides after me in pursuit from forgotten days—towering for ever into proportions more and more colossal, overhanging and overshadowing my head as if close behind, yet dating its nativity from hours that are fled by more than half a century? Oh heavens! that it should be possible for a child not seventeen years old, by a momentary blindness, by listening to a false, false whisper from his own bewildered heart, by oné erring step, by a motion this way or that, to change the currents of his destiny, to poison the fountains of his peace, and in the twinkling of an eye to lay the foundations of a long-life repentance!

The misery had been real enough, but he was here dramatising it, and it is not conveyed so forcibly as in a brief scene of his old age in the streets of Edinburgh. A friend, John Findlay, met him one summer evening on Dean Bridge. He was supposed to be on his way to a dinner, but explained to Findlay that his mental state was so bad that he had turned back; and in giving his reasons as he rested on the bridge he suddenly broke away with 'Oh, my God, the misery I've been born to endure!' There is something more in that cry than the symptomatic self-pity of the drug-taker, though it traces back to the drug.

Yet perhaps without laudanum he would have died young. From earliest childhood he was a neurotic, but a neurotic—the combination is not unknown to medicine—with a stout constitution. Without that constitution he could not have survived the immense doses of laudanum; as it was, they may have saved him, for a stout constitution does not necessarily mean a long life. Many bodies live and thrive on poison, and if they do not discover the poison that they need, they die. I have known two cases where poison should have killed and did not. These cases were condemned, twenty and twenty-two years ago, by more

than one doctor. In each case the man, having then no further concern for his health, turned to some kind of poison for ease from the ordeal of waiting. They are not healthy men to-day, but they are alive and still using their poison. We are not justified in assuming that the poison saved them—the doctors may have been wrong—but there is the fact that they were sick men, and the continued daily poison, which might have killed a healthy man, did not kill them. De Quincey must have been of this type, for certainly he fed for many years on poison. His daughters have told us, and his Edinburgh friends confirm them, that only at long intervals did he eat a meal. Even after he had conquered laudanum he lived mainly on fluids—coffee, tea, soup—and a little vegetable. It is not, therefore, a wild guess that had he not discovered laudanum he would not have lived to the age of seventy-four, and without laudanum a striking *motif* would be missing from the scheme of English literature.

The shop of the Oxford Street chemist, the 'beatific druggist,' who sold him his first dose, is, like most de Quincey haunts, no longer standing. Where he did not cover his own tracks, accident did it for him. One point only of his London sojourns remains as it was. This is the house of Brunell, the moneylender's jackal. In this house, through the bleak November days of 1802, as yet unwarmed and uncoloured by the purple drops, he slept on the floor with the little household drudge. It is No. 61, Greek Street. He gives somewhere a direction to it, and tells us that it stood 'at the north-west corner of Greek Street, being the house on that side the street nearest to Soho Square.' 'North-west corner' locates it, but, seeing that both sides of Greek Street run parallel into Soho Square, the further direction is confusing. The house to-day is little altered. It is now occupied by a shipping and forwarding company, and the ground floor is fitted as a shop. In the upper part it is unaltered from his description of it, and in one matter it is precisely now as then. He speaks of its windows being 'coated by a paste composed of ancient soot and superannuated rain.' When I passed it, on the day of writing this page, its upper window was just so coated. This is a disfigurement incidental to the business of any warehouse, but as the building wears a London County Council plaque celebrating de Quincey's use of the house, it is pretty to amuse oneself with the fancy that the window is deliberately so kept to his memory.

His other London points are three—namely, 4, York Street, Covent Garden; 5, Northumberland Street, Marylebone; and 82, Great Titchfield Street. In an upper back room of 4, York Street, the *Confessions* and some later things were written. At that time Lamb was living in Russell Street, a minute's walk from York Street, and this near neighbourhood to Lamb may have decided

[illegible] Street has gone. This little street, leading from [illegible] Road to Paddington Street, has suffered much change. One side is covered by 'mansion' flats, the other by Marylebone Workhouse. At the southern end are four old houses of the kind that originally composed the street. They are renumbered 1A to 4, the Workhouse, presumably, being No. 1. The No. 5 at which he lodged—and where, so far as one may trust the dating of his letters, he took the laudanum he had bought in Oxford Street—must therefore have stood on the site now covered by the Workhouse.

But there is no knowing certainly that this goblin was lodging at any given place at any given time, so often was he flitting and so casual was his memory of these matters. His first biographer, H. A. Page, whose book has never been superseded, makes a statement about his London lodgings—no doubt from information supplied by de Quincey—which is contradicted by de Quincey's own letters. Page says that '*about this time (1808) he was living in Great Titchfield Street, but removed to Marylebone to share rooms with a college friend.*' But from letters addressed to him and letters from him it is clear that the reverse happened—he moved in 1808 *from* Marylebone to Great Titchfield Street. All Wordsworth's letters of 1809 about the *Convention of Cintra* pamphlet, which de Quincey was seeing through the press for him, are addressed to Great Titchfield Street, while from 1806-8 letters from his mother and other correspondents are addressed to Northumberland Street.

The 82, Great Titchfield Street of his time has also gone. This, with two or three adjoining numbers, has been rebuilt in one corner block of shops below and flats above; so that only two known London haunts remain—Greek Street, his first home (or kennel), and York Street, his last. He passed through life as a shadow, and left only shadowy traces of his passing.

THOMAS BURKE.

MEMORIES OF 1914—1918

III. Winter on the Somme

'La guerre,' said the soldier, 'la guerre a perdu son prestige. Et souviens toi comme il était puissant. On se la figurait féroce et magnifique, dans sa pourpre brûlante de sang et de feu. Elle imposait, comme un soleil noir. A présent on lui donne son vrai nom : une corvée. La plus lourde, la plus monotone, la plus rebutante des corvées.' A more accurate description of the war on the Western Front has not been written. The moments of exultation were few and very far between ; the hours of monotony were interminable. A diary of a long period of service in the trenches would be of no greater interest than a diary of any labourer engaged day by day, indifferent and unimpressed, on the forced labour of mechanical employment. The infantry soldier remembers trench warfare for the most part in terms of the long watches of the night, the slow coming of dawn, the few hours of fitful sleep, the unceasing labour on the construction of new trenches and the maintenance of old trenches continuously destroyed by shell fire and rain, the monotonous coming and going of ration and supply parties for ever jamming in the narrow communication trenches. The patrolling of 'No Man's Land' during the darker hours of the night, and the repair of the ever-broken barbed wire under the menace of rifle and machine-gun fire, introduced an element of excitement into the dullest of trenches. But there was no excitement in the constant shelling by guns of every calibre and by the heavy minenwerfer ; merely a disgust at the appalling noise and the unending apprehension of imminent danger. This again was varied only by the yet greater disgust at the sight of the dead and the dying, and of the sufferings of the wounded, which was of daily occurrence in the quietest, and of hourly occurrence in the worst, sectors of the trench line.

But it may be not without interest to choose one period of trench warfare and to describe it in some detail, and I have taken for that purpose a period which I spent with my regiment in the trenches fronting the village of La Boisselle in the second winter of the war. This was the first occasion on which I was in the

front-line trenches, and the various features of trench life, afterwards to become so familiar and monotonous, had at that time all the attractions of novelty. Moreover, the La Boisselle trenches were among the most notorious in the British lines. For a considerable distance the opposing lines were divided only by the breadth of the mine craters; the British posts lay in the lips of the craters protected by thin layers of sandbags and within bombing distance of the German posts; the approaches to the posts were shallow and waterlogged trenches far below the level of the German lines, and therefore under continuous observation and accurate fire by snipers. Minenwerfer bombs of the heaviest type exploded day and night on these approaches with an all-shattering roar. The communication trenches were in fact worse than the posts in the mine craters to most people; there were, however, some who always felt a certain dislike of sitting for long hours of idleness on the top of mines which might at any moment explode. In the craters movement of any kind in the day-time was not encouraged.

When I joined my regiment I found, to my great disgust, that it was enjoying a brief period of rest; the first, I was given to understand, since the battle of Mons. This was no consolation to me, as I was consumed with desire to see the war at first hand. But in fact the rest lasted for a brief period only, and it was not long before in a blizzard which swept down from the north, causing some casualties and disabling one of the officers in my company, the regiment set out for La Boisselle. We halted at Millencourt, behind Albert, on the way; company commanders and the colonel went up to examine our trenches and reported on them unfavourably. The colonel stated that in his long experience they were the worst trenches which he had ever seen. Nobody, however, seemed either excited or depressed. In fact, stories of mud up to the thighs and minenwerfer unlimited appeared to constitute a good joke with the regiment.

Early in the afternoon we left Millencourt. My company was the last to start, as we were taking over Usna Redoubt, a strong point in the support line. We marched through Albert, over the railway bridge, past the ruined cycle factory, and so through the square under the shadow of the shell-torn church, with the image of the Virgin and Child dependent at a miraculous angle from the tower, and out on to the Bapaume Road. At the light railway crossing beyond the town we halted again under a great calvary to inquire for some promised gum-boots, which were unhappily not forthcoming. The railway line was overgrown with weeds, the next station, Fricourt, being in German hands. On our right were the remains of a house, whose shelter looked most inviting, and a battery of artillery, well concealed,

in action. We proceeded slowly up a long and unpleasantly exposed stretch of broad *route nationale*, which extended bleak and haunted to the skyline. On one side were shelters scooped out of the bank, and some dug-outs where the tunnelling company, working in the mines of La Boisselle, kept their stores. The road was under constant shell fire, but was protected from direct observation from the German lines by a rise on the summit of which were the riven trunks of five tall trees. Some telegraph-posts, still erect, represented the only other feature of the landscape. We entered the communication trench and halted for a moment. I took the opportunity of looking round up the mournful overgrown road, protected by a wire barrier, beyond which no traffic had passed for many months, and down to the Ancre and Albert city behind us. Then we moved forward down a good and fairly dry trench, turned down one much worse and very shallow, and so arrived in Usna Redoubt, a maze of well-constructed trenches and deep dug-outs, in one of which I found the outgoing officers endeavouring to leave us a respectable fire by pouring rum on to the stove, a strange initiation into the practices of trench warfare.

The night was peaceful in Usna Redoubt ; the shelling, which was heavy on our front line, and the snow, which fell through the night, did not disturb our sleep. Dawn came, and I set out to explore the neighbourhood. Growing tired of the mud and constant traverses of the communication trench, I took advantage of a fold in the ground which denied direct observation from La Boisselle and emerged into the open. I came to a grave with a black cross, marked 'Deux Soldats Français Morts pour la Patrie.' The grave was strangely solitary in all the surrounding desolation ; the rank grass whispered sadly in the fresh morning breeze.

In the valley below was Aveluy, bathed in the freshness of sunrise. To the north was Authuille Wood, on whose eastern edge our line ran, where my regiment was almost annihilated a few months later. Beyond it lay the great mass of Aveluy Wood. Through a gap could be seen the uplands beyond the Ancre, with the ruined villages of Hamel on our side and Beaumont-Hamel on the German. I turned to the west. Below lay Albert and in the background Millencourt ; smoke curled from the chimneys, forming a blue haze amid the tall trees. I looked at the village, which I had left the day before, as from another world. I reflected that in the five miles which lay between were a thousand years of civilisation and all 'the ages' slow-bought gain.' There man went forth to his labour until the evening ; here he toiled unceasingly to maim and to slay. Here Death held sway, and the life of man was numbered in days, not years. And Death was

no 'sundown, pleasant and serene,' but a stroke as of lightning, or a long-drawn-out agony, suffered alone amid all the grim fury and horror of battle. There man lived in some measure of comfort and security; here he lived in noisome holes burrowed out of the earth, as primitive man had lived in forgotten ages, and, as then, his every artifice was employed to keep alive the torch of life. There a thousand little fussy things mattered, but here the conventions and disguises of civilisation were laid aside and the real man was seen. The worries and cares of the old life had lost their power, for man was face to face, every hour, with the eternal riddle of Death.

It was the quiet hour after dawn, and for the moment there was peace. Not a shot rang out to break the stillness. Yet many were watching the last dawn stealing over these chalk uplands; the regiment before Authuille lost sixty-six men that night.

I turned back from the grave of the French soldiers and made my way to Usna Redoubt. The morning was peaceful. In the afternoon I and a companion went forward to inspect the mine craters, which my company was to take over in the course of the night. We passed down our front-line trench towards the ruins of the cemetery through which our line ran. East of the cemetery was the heaped white chalk of several mine craters Above them lay the shattered tree stumps and litter of brick which had once been the village of La Boisselle. We progressed slowly down the remains of a trench and came to the craters, and the saps which ran between them. Here there was no trench, only sandbags, one layer thick, and about two feet above the top of the all-prevailing mud. The correct posture to adopt in such circumstances is difficult to determine; we at any rate were not correct in our judgment, as we attracted the unwelcome attentions of a sniper, whose well-aimed shots experienced no difficulty in passing through the sandbags. We crawled away and came in time to a trench behind the cemetery, known as Gowrie Street. Liquid slime washed over and above our knees; tree trunks riven into strange shapes lay over and alongside the trench. The wintry day imposed a greyness over all. The shattered crosses of the cemetery lay at every angle about the torn graves, while one cross, still erect by some miracle, overlooked the craters and the ruins of La Boisselle. The trenches were alive with men, but no sign of life appeared over the surface of the ground Even the grass was withered by the fumes of high explosive Death, indeed, was emperor here

We plodded slowly through the mud, and became jammed owing to a party making their way in the opposite direction. An intermittent bombardment was going on. So attuned is huma

nature in such surroundings to the presence of danger that we all became aware at the same moment that a minenwerfer bomb had been projected directly at us. It rose high in the air, and I for one, and I think the others too, as we watched its flight, were certain that it would land directly on us and blow us to pieces. Nothing is so destructive as a minenwerfer bomb which hits its mark; indeed, a man becomes as though he had never been born. I watched it, stupefied rather than afraid. Movement was impossible in the liquid mud Then there was a swish over our heads; the bomb just cleared the trench and exploded with a deafening crash above us. The danger past, I felt rather weak for a moment. We disentangled the two parties and passed on, meeting an officer of a trench mortar battery whose intervention we invited. He was an amusing person, and perhaps owing to that circumstance we did not observe another minenwerfer bomb till a man fell off the fire-step of the trench with commendable speed. This bomb had been aimed with greater accuracy, and fell right into the trench. It would have killed several of us but for the happy circumstance that it failed to explode. In due course we came to 'Burnt Island,' so named, as indeed were all the trenches in this sector, by the 51st (Highland) Division which had taken them over from the French; and so home to Usna Redoubt.

My company was not due to take over the front line till the later part of the night, and I endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. In this I met with no success, as a raid took place near Authuille. All the guns for many miles on each side joined in the bombardment. From horizon to horizon the Somme battlefield was ablaze with a lurid light. The air was shrill with the passing of countless projectiles, the lighter shells whispering, the heavier shells throbbing, the heaviest roaring with the noise of express trains racing into eternity. The ground shook with the all-shattering explosions. Above all brooded a sense of awful power, instinct at once in the appalling majesty of the thundering guns and in the undaunted spirit of the watchers along the trench lines, undismayed in the face of the twin terrors of darkness and eternity.

At two in the morning the order came to move. Two is not the hour of the night at which I normally feel at my best, but unhappily during the war it was quite a usual hour for relieving trenches. I became happier when we moved off. We came to Dunfermline Avenue, where the mud was so deep that I was constrained to warn my neighbours against the danger of submarines. In due course I took over Trench 121, which lay to the left of the craters and was the normal approach to them. The outgoing company was undisguisedly glad to be off, and provided

lurid tales of the events of the preceding thirty-six hours. My most vivid memory of the night is that of two very old soldiers, whose home address was well east of Aldgate Pump, addressing the German army in familiar, if deplorable, language; while a machine-gun swept the parapet of the trench from end to end their heads remained silhouetted against the skyline, and, so far as I could see, did not move up or down during the two hours of their watch.

My platoon, which was No. 1 Platoon of A Company, had a reputation in which they took considerable pride. They had been for a long period under the command of a young subaltern, whose heroic defence of Hill 60 in April 1915 is on record in the pages of *Eyewitness* On that occasion the German army took to the use of poison gas as a preliminary to attack. A green cloud swept over the trenches, already shattered by a heavy barrage, and killed nearly all the defenders. But the five who remained alive, choking and nearly blinded, fought on under the command of this subaltern, and when the evening came Hill 60 was still ours. The subaltern was now in command of A Company, though, owing to an injury, he was not present at this tour of trenches, and his old platoon was looked on with a kindly eye when old soldiers returned to the regiment. In fact, the platoon was mainly composed of regular soldiers, although at this stage of the war there were few left in the other companies of the regiment. Several of the non-commissioned officers had been continuously with the company since the battle of Mons. So far as I could judge, war being their trade, they regarded the length of it with some indifference. One went so far as to confess to me that he was looking forward to the end of the war, as he wanted to 'get back to some real soldiering.' My platoon sergeant, on the other hand, was never happy unless he was situated in the most dangerous trenches. He was a kindly, gentle sort of person, who carried on an affectionate correspondence with a large number of young persons in his native London, and had no natural predisposition towards fighting I was surprised on that account to find him always bright and contented in the most exposed part of the front line, unhappy in the support trenches, and positively morose behind the lines. I commanded No. 1 Platoon for a substantial period, but I remember no occasion when their moral was depressed even by the most trying circumstances. I was therefore amused one night when, passing along the trench line, I overheard a conversation between two old soldiers. 'The company is not what it was,' one of them said; 'the lads don't go looking for bullets like they used to in the old days.'

If the men did not look for bullets, they took no obvious steps to avoid them. Their long experience of fighting stood them in

good stead. Every soldier must have remarked how frequently a young soldier was killed in his first few days at the front, while old soldiers, in the words of the song, 'never died.' The explanation lies, not in the vagaries of a blind fortune, but in the development of an additional sense, which gave warning of the presence of danger. This sense gave the trained soldier a facility for picking out the weaker points in a trench line, and dead ground when in the open; but it gave him also a real prescience which is very difficult to explain. I will give two instances out of many in my knowledge. One night, when it was pitch dark, I was following my company commander, a very experienced soldier, down a communication trench leading directly away from the German lines. Suddenly he fell on his knees; I thought this rather a joke, but I negligently bent over him. A fraction of a second later a rifle grenade burst on the parapet exactly where my head had been. We picked ourselves up, and I said, 'I did not see that coming.' 'No,' he replied; 'I did not see it, and I did not hear it, but I knew it was there.' Some months later, when I had gained that invaluable sense, I happened to be halted with my platoon behind a bank near Thiepval; the bank denied observation from Thiepval Chateau, but was open to the north, where two miles away across the Ancre the German line ran before Beaumont-Hamel. Suddenly I had a feeling that we had been observed from that direction, and I moved the platoon 50 yards further on. A moment later four shrapnel shells burst over the exact spot from which we had moved.

Perhaps, therefore, my two old soldiers, their heads high above the parapet in Trench 121 on this winter night, knew by instinct that the machine-gun which traversed the parapet all night was set on a line just above their heads at the particular point where they stood on guard. At any rate, the night passed without incident, though the weather was deplorable.

Dawn came at last, and I found behind the craters an unclean and rat-ridden dug-out which was dignified by the title of company headquarters. Behind was waste land, utterly desolate, stretching up to the ridge with the gaunt trees where once had been the Albert-Bapaume Road, now an overgrown grass track, where in the interlocking shell holes it could be discerned. In front lay the ghastly cemetery with the broken crosses. I was joined by my company commander, and we set out to ascertain whether a way could be found through the medley of blown-in trenches and shell holes to the regiment on the right of the craters. We had the secondary object of effecting the proper burial of a long-dead Frenchman. We met with no success in either quest. I rested during the morning, so far as was possible in the unhappy circumstance that a sniper had marked the dug-out and devoted the

day to shooting into it. The thud, thud of the bullet on the earth was monotonous, but it was a warning against careless movement, and suggested the need of calculating the exact interval between shots with a view to one's safe passage into the trench outside. I spent part of the morning in reading the local trench diary, which gave an account of the more dangerous localities and a variety of comment. I was amused to find some literary contributions by one of my contemporaries at Rugby, who has since become important in the world of letters. Unhappily these contributions had been disfigured by the ill-natured comments of a fire-eating captain of another regiment.

In the afternoon my tour of duty was enlivened by the reported discovery of the position of one of the German trench-mortar batteries. I hurried off to headquarters to report to the colonel. He was delighted. With his adjutant and other headquarters officers and myself he took up a position on a convenient fire-step, and commented excitedly on each puff of smoke emerging from the German trench in the position which I indicated. The row of heads along the parapet, even in the support line, inevitably presented a suitable target, and a moment later a rifle grenade landed directly in front. The row of heads moved down and up again with all the precision of physical drill on the parade ground. The excitement was intense. I was sent off with orders to clear our front-line trenches of men in order that the heavy artillery might open fire on the far edge of the craters. I fled precipitately down Gowrie Street, but three feet of mud hardly make for great speed. Evening came at last. A shrill and mournful wind swept over the waste. The ground, scarred, pitted and black with explosive, darkened in the twilight to a uniform grey. The untouched crucifix was black against the evening sky. Gowrie Street, in its mud-ridden desolation and misery, assumed yet more sinister an aspect as I set forth for my first complete night in a front-line trench.

A burst of machine-gun fire traversing the parapet of the front-line trench heralded the approach of night. The light faded out of the sky. I passed along the trench, stopping now and again to speak to a man, or to arrange some piece of work for the night. The moon rose and shed its glare over 'No Man's Land,' outlining against the sky the stakes and broken lengths of barbed wire and the heads of the men on watch. It passed through my mind that this was Britain's frontier, and that here for mile after mile her chivalry stood on guard in mud and snow through the long watches of the night, weary but indomitable, surrounded by manifold forms of death, surveying across grim 'No Man's Land' an ever-watchful enemy.

The other subaltern in the company, becoming bored,

announced his intention of visiting the craters on a reconnaissance, while I, to assist him, undertook to fire Verey lights. These made everything as plain as day as they descended, and revealed a Teuton in one of the craters; unhappily, they first revealed my companion to the Teuton, who got in the first grenade, and indubitably had the best of the encounter. I had left the position which I had taken up for the night in order to fire the lights. While I was returning and was alone in the trench the 'nightly strafe' unhappily occurred. It had become the unpleasant practice of the Teuton to select a particularly exposed piece of trench, and to concentrate on it at one time of the night every gun, minenwerfer, and other instrument of frightfulness available. My first experience of this sort of barrage occurred when I did not expect it, and when I was alone. I admit that I clung close to the parapet, feeling horribly sick, while all round and over the trench shells exploded in such numbers that the crashes and explosions blended in one hideous and prolonged cacophony far louder than thunder, while from end to end the trench was ablaze with a light far more blinding than lightning. A shelter under the parapet looked most inviting, but I pulled myself together, and passed on to the position which I had selected as my headquarters for the night and had left for the purpose of firing the Verey lights. A heavy shell had scored a direct hit on it. My fortune had evidently been good.

At last, after interminable hours, the ground changed slowly from black to grey: the trenches became more and more distinct; I could see the colour of the mud, and the haggard whiteness of men's faces. A light breeze swept through the rank grass and desolation of the battlefield, heralding a winter dawn Round the corner of the trench there was a sound of voices. The trench broke into life. I observed Private Macnab, the only Scotchman in the company, smile. A dixie appeared round the corner of a traverse. The hot tea and rum had arrived.

I picked up my possessions and, after posting the day sentries, slipped away through the mud of Dunfermline Avenue to a deep dug-out at Burnt Island, to which company headquarters had been moved. I was soaked through from my thighs downward, and my gum-boots were inches deep in glutinous mud, but I sank happily on to a wire bed and slept. In the afternoon C Company took over our line; I accompanied Noel Blakeway, a young and most gallant subaltern, down Trench 121 to the cemetery amid the crash of minenwerfer bombs. In the craters I handed over my last post to him and so parted. I next saw him a dark speck on the German wire beyond the craters in the cold light of dawn.

The next thirty-six hours were spent in the support line some 100 yards up the ridge. The dug-outs here were horrible and the

defences quite inadequate. In the evening we 'stood to' for the hour before darkness, while our parapet was swept by machine-gun fire from Ovillers-la-Boisselle, and then settled down for the night. I was not too tired to forget altogether the loud explosions, the inadequacy of our head cover, and the squeaking of the inevitable horde of loathsome rats.

The next morning was quiet enough, the only incident being the arrival of the padre, who combined with his unfailing bonhomie an unnatural curiosity. This led him to stand open-mouthed in an alcove which afforded an excellent view of La Boisselle, but had the further advantage of constituting the local skyline. The whiplash of a bullet deafened him in one ear, and he resumed his journey at a more reasonable level. In the afternoon a very young subaltern of the Highland Light Infantry, evidently on his first visit to the trenches, passed down Dunfermline Avenue with a carrying party. The usual desultory shelling was in progress. A little while afterwards another party came in the other direction, with stretchers. It was the subaltern and his party returning home; and so they passed westwards on their last journey.

Late that night my company took over another sector of the front line. I had had a little disturbed sleep, and woke feeling sick. I was a moment late, and so missed the head of my platoon I fitted myself into the slowly-moving line of men, and entered a deep and narrow trench known as Kirkcaldy Street. The rattle of rifles and accoutrements against the sides of the trench made so much noise that I felt sure that the Germans could not fail to hear us. Otherwise the night was still. Suddenly there was a blinding flash in the trench just before me; the rush of the air displaced by the shell blended horribly with the roar of the explosion; and a voice cried out in agony, 'Christ, my God!' I am not likely to forget that cry in the night, the blinding flash, and the nauseating smell (afterwards to become so familiar) of blood and explosive which pervaded the whole trench. I escaped with a scratch. There was a mess to be cleared up, and we were jammed like sardines in a narrow trench. It was some time before the relief of the front line was effected.

The rest of the night passed quietly. The trench which we occupied had lately been dug in advance of the old front line, now the support line, by the 18th Division. In consequence it was cleaner than most trenches, and less redolent of decay. Our left flank was, however, exposed; a gap of several hundred yards lay between us and the next regiment, and through the night constant patrolling was necessary. The trench was, moreover, subject to enfilade machine-gun fire from the ruins of Ovillers-la-Boisselle, against which a number of overhead traverses provided insufficient

protection. The headquarters dug-out had evidently been spotted by the Germans, as it suffered from continuous shell fire. Rifle grenades also were becoming fashionable, and degenerated into a considerable nuisance.

Apart from these discomforts the left sector was very tolerable, and a great contrast to the right sector with its mine craters. On patrol one night with a sergeant I stalked a supposed German, but nothing came of it. One morning, strangely enough in rather a quiet hour, the cry of a man in agony rose from the German lines. The hour was so quiet that I had time to think, and I found myself feeling a certain pity for him. But it was not long before the uneasy lines broke into wakefulness again, and in the storm of shell fire I had time only for my own affairs and those of my men.

The night of our relief came at last, and I waited in desperate impatience for the incoming regiment. The last hour of waiting is always the longest. The trench lines looked like scars in the fitful moonlight, and the chalk of the mine craters gleamed white. Behind us, on the near horizon, stood the shell-torn poplars of the great road, grim sentinels against the background of starry sky.

Over the night, as though from nowhere in particular, a whispering sound came as of a giant's sigh, ineffably eerie, rising into a rolling crescendo and tearing the night air. I crouched against the parapet. Then with four tremendous crashes the great shells exploded in a trench leading back to the ridge by the poplars, and the sky was lit with a glare, as it were, of sheet-lightning.

I straightened myself out, and thought rather bitterly that the Germans might be trusted to know the night of our relief. And then again came the giant's sigh. Machine-guns swept 'No Man's Land' from both sides, and our field-guns opened fire on La Boisselle. For some time the storm raged, then, as suddenly as it commenced, died down. In the distance there was a glare in the sky and the thunder of far-off guns. The night was likely to be quiet now, for every gun would be turned towards the new centre of activity. After all, we were only pawns in the game.

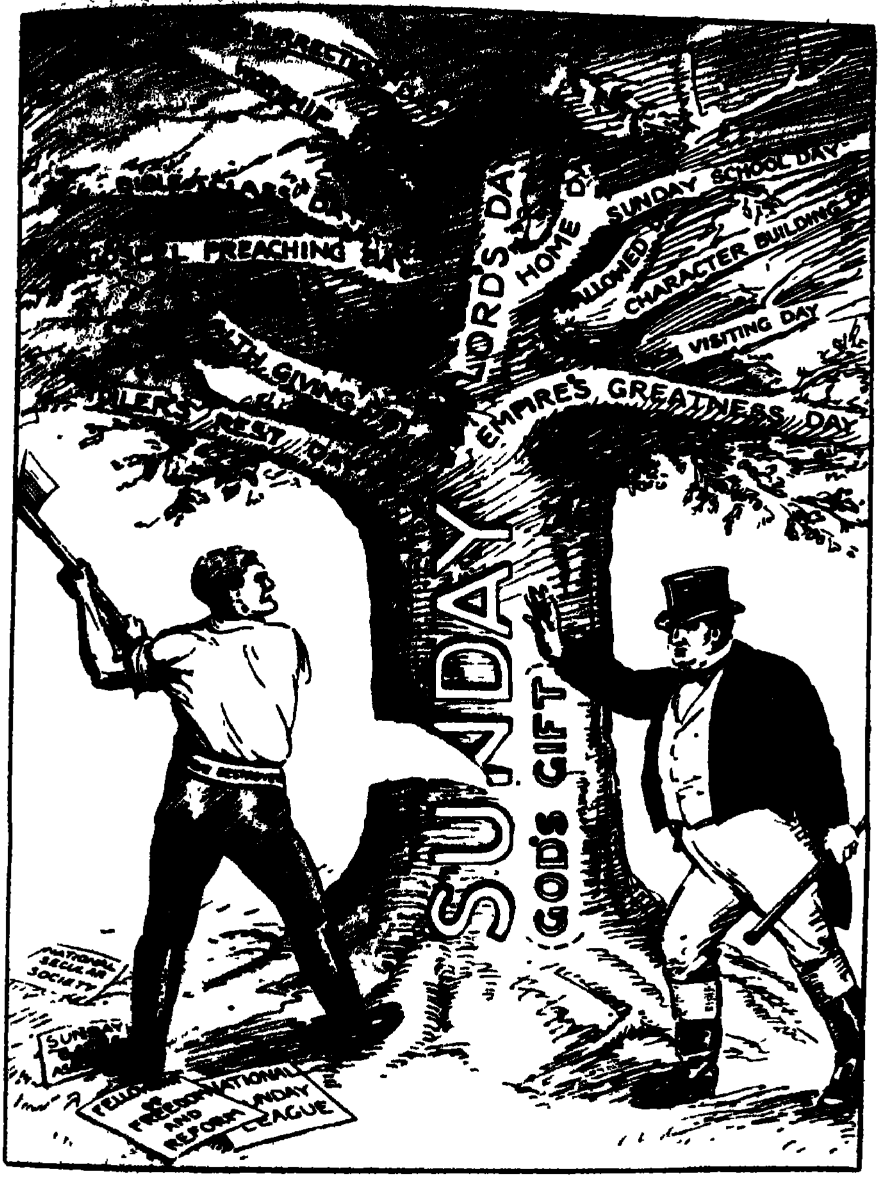
There was a stir down the trench. The relief had arrived. We filed down the trench towards the craters and then westwards towards the ridge. There were many blocks and vexatious delays. In many places the trenches had been blown in by the heavy shells, and machine-guns swept the ridge. The shell fire had caught one of our companies in the process of relief, and had taken its toll. We passed on, came to the Bapaume Road, and, forming up, marched away from all the evil of La Boisselle down the ghostly road over the Ancre Bridge and past the White Chateau.

Soon my platoon was comfortably installed in a house on the Aveluy Road, and I viewed with unqualified pleasure a real bed, on which was spread my sleeping-bag. I crept inside, and, warm, clean and dry for the first time for a week which had seemed like many months, I forgot all the ills that flesh is heir to in dreamless sleep.

C. O. G. Douie.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the Nineteenth Century and After, 10 *&* 12, *Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.* 2.

Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.



John Bull:

Woodman, spare that Tree!
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it NOW.

If Britain loses her Sundays life will not be worth living



SUNDAY is a "Day of Rest and Gladness, a Day of Joy and Light"; it is a celebration week by week of Heaven's mightiest Victory, the glorious Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; it is a Day when we meet together in the Courts of the Lord to worship and adore HIM, our Saviour and Redeemer.

This Day of Rest is the Day of Days—it is a Shelter from the storms of life; it is a Respite from the cares of every-day toil, it is a Release from the stress and strain and struggles of our busy, rushing lives; it is, in short, **God's Gift to a weary world.**

A Question. You very rightly value your Sundays—but do you also value the Society which for so many years has helped to guard them for you?

The Guardian of Britain's Sunday

—the Lord's Day Observance Society

How does the Lord's Day Observance Society do its good work? How is it saving Britain's Sundays?

Its Deputation Preachers (accredited Ministers of Religion) occupy Church of England and Free Church Pulpits, rallying the people in the Churches to Hold Fast by our Sundays.

Its Agents (experienced, bright Speakers) on week-days address Men's Meetings, Women's Meetings, Debating Classes, Ministerial Conferences, as well as Great Public Demonstrations on the Sunday Question What is equally important, tens of thousands of Children are also being reached with Object and Lantern and Sunday School 'Talks' on the Blessings of observing God's hallowed Day

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"The Lord's Day Observance Society is one of those Societies which really DO THINGS and GET THINGS DONE."

Sunday-At-Home, November 1927



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Infidels Hate this Work! (This stirs us)

Sunday Destroyers Fear this Work! (This encourages us)

God's People Love this Work! (This gladdens us)

Yet we could do so much more if funds were forthcoming. Will you therefore, as one who loves the Lord of the Lord's Day, come to our aid and help us in the Battle? We cannot, dare not, slacken in our efforts when the Sunday Destroyers are so busy. Let your gift then be a Thank-offering to God for His great Sabbath gift to us. Let it be sent this day when it is so much needed. If you GIVE to this worthy Cause, you'll have the satisfaction that you have helped in saving our Sundays.

It will only take a minute to Fill in

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Please do so NOW

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My name is.......

My address is

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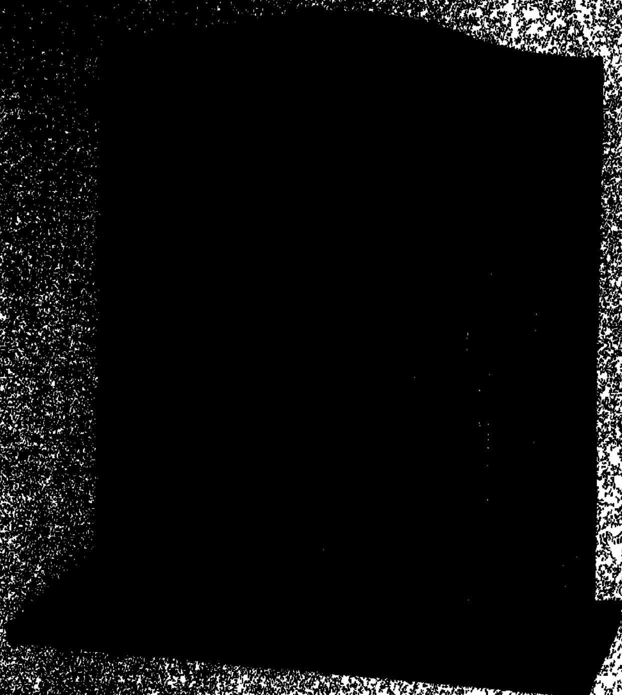
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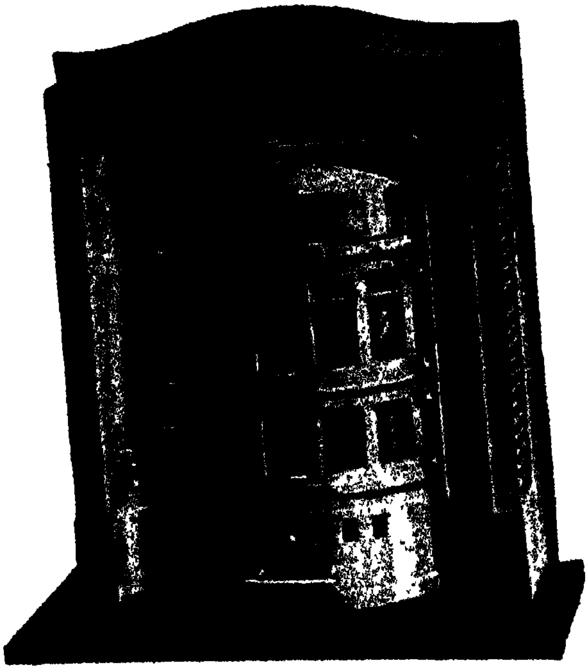
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR JUNE

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THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No. DCXVI—JUNE 1928

APOLOGY

In the issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After* of January last we published an article by the Rev. W. W. Longford, D.D., entitled 'The Vatican, France and L'Action Française.' In the course of the article there appeared a passage which contained serious reflections on the honesty of Monseigneur Leon Durand, Bishop of Oran, in relation to the funds provided by the Government of Algeria for the payment of the priests of his diocese. We desire now to state that, having fully investigated the matter, we are satisfied that there is, and was, no foundation for any imputation of any kind on the personal character or conduct of the Bishop. We deeply regret that any such imputations should have appeared in our pages, and we tender to Monseigneur Durand our sincere apologies for having given them publicity.

CARROL ROMER, *Editor*.
CONSTABLE AND COMPANY, LTD., *Publishers*.

AN HISTORIC BUDGET

THE Budget of 1928 will make history. Hitherto Mr. Churchill's career at the Exchequer has been remarkable for ingenuity, for the courage with which he has faced adversity, for the agility displayed in turning awkward corners, and the skill with which he has skated over some very thin ice. Dexterity and agility are indeed admirable endowments, but they do not constitute by themselves a great financier, still less a great statesman. If the finance of the present Administration was to be redeemed from a suspicion of failure, something more was evidently called for. The Budget of 1928 has answered the call. That it presents innumerable targets for criticism in detail is obvious. Some of the shafts have already found their mark, and concessions of minor significance have already been made. But the central conception of the Budget is, I shall submit, unassailable and must remain intact; a successful assault upon it would mean not only the downfall of the Minister, but the overthrow of the Government; worse still, it would mean the indefinite postponement of all hope of emerging from the present industrial *impasse*. For the specific characteristic of the Budget of 1928 consists in this, that it is no mere financial statement, but has unfolded a comprehensive scheme of administrative reform which it will take many months, it may be years, to implement, the reactions of which may not indeed be fully apprehended for a generation to come.

In this respect Mr. Churchill's Budget is comparable only with the fiscal reforms carried, in the early 'forties, by Sir Robert Peel. The Budget of 1928 has been compared in significance to the 'People's Budget' of 1909-10. The comparison is altogether misleading and inadequate. The Budget of 1910 had this much in common with the present Budget: its object was not exclusively fiscal; it looked beyond the finance of the year—of many years—and was perhaps primarily intended to set a trap for the House of Lords, and the Lords unfortunately fell into it. But as an instrument of fiscal reform the 'People's Budget' was a dismal failure. The revenue derived from the land taxes never paid for the expenses of collection, and in 1919, during Mr. Lloyd George's

[illegible] were ignominiously abandoned. The fiscal reforms [illegible] Sir Robert Peel between 1842 and 1846 are in an altogether different historical category. It is not too much to say that they determined the fate of England for all time to come. Down to 1846, notwithstanding all the changes involved in the 'Industrial Revolution,' a balance was still fairly maintained between country and town, between agriculture and industry. The produce of English farms just sufficed to sustain (though not too generously and at a high price) the factory workers and the dwellers in the towns. Peel upset the balance. England, which when George III. came to the throne was a land of farmers still exporting wheat and wool, had become, before Queen Victoria died, a land of mines, factories and furnaces, the centre of high finance, the world's mart, and the world's carrier, dependent for the greater part of its food supply and raw materials upon imports from overseas. Those imports it could obtain only by the export of its own coal, its manufactured products, the profits earned by its ships, and the interest derived from its savings invested abroad. From Peel's day we must also date the beginning of the fiscal revolution which has gradually transferred the main burden of taxation from the consumer of commodities to the recipient of income. Other reactions there were into which I cannot go.

To anticipate from the Budget of 1928 effects so fundamental and far-reaching as those which followed upon Peel's reforms would be perhaps to exaggerate its importance. But I can recall no other Budget in the intervening period comparable with it as a comprehensive scheme of constructive reform. From this point of view the Budget of 1928 closely resembles those of 1842-6, and Mr. Churchill is justified, therefore, in claiming that it must be judged as a whole. Before I attempt so to appraise it one or two minor and detachable features of it may be briefly noticed. These are not numerous, for it is the specific characteristic of this Budget, as I shall presently show, that the whole scheme is built up on a single basic idea, and that every part is dovetailed, with singular skill, into every other part, thus forming a closely knit and coherent whole.

Among the detachable features I note, first, the relief given to small income tax payers with children. This may be regarded as a partial endowment of fertility in a class which has deserved particularly well of the State and which has of late years found the burden of rearing a family exceedingly heavy—so heavy, indeed, that the responsibility has been increasingly declined either by celibacy or by birth control. An ingenious and industrious author has lately searched through the pages of the *Dictionary of National Biography* to discover the extent to which

the State has been, in various directions, indebted to the Scottish manses and their sons. The result of his researches has been to confirm the general impression that the debt is exceptionally heavy. It is to homes of this economic condition that Mr. Churchill's concession will bring substantial encouragement. The allowance for the first child is raised from 36*l.* to 60*l.* and for any other child from 27*l.* to 50*l.*, and the allowance will be applicable in the year of the infant's birth. The remission will affect 650,000 households, and will afford far greater relief than would accrue from a reduction in the standard rate of income tax. Thus a man earning 400*l.* a year, with three or more children, will be entirely free from income tax. A man earning 500*l.* a year will get a reduction equivalent to 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound on the standard rate; even the man with 1000*l.* a year will benefit more by this provision than by 8*d.* reduction in the standard rate. After that point, as Mr. Churchill said, the advantage diminishes as the tax scale rises, but all taxpayers with children will in some degree benefit.

By a reduction in the import duties on raw sugar encouragement is given to British refiners and relief computed at ½*d.* per pound in the retail price to all consumers of sugar. As regards the consumer, this concession was intended to balance the extra fiscal burden which the proposed tax on kerosene might have thrown upon him. But the proposal to tax kerosene was very short-lived. It was killed by the revolt of the back bench Conservatives, particularly the agricultural members; and never has Mr. Churchill exhibited to greater perfection his parliamentary adroitness than in the speech in which he announced the abandonment of the tax. To withdraw in face of hostile armies on both flanks is a manœuvre which calls for tactical skill of the highest order; and never in my lengthening experience has it been more triumphantly executed. So the kerosene tax has gone; but the concession to sugar remains. Had the latter been meant only for the consumer, this would be fiscally indefensible, but in fact it was intended primarily to afford much-needed encouragement to the British refiners, who have been most injuriously affected not only by foreign competition, but by the lopsided operation of the sugar-beet subsidy. Thus the reduction of the sugar duty, like the income tax concession to parents, may be regarded as a minor manifestation of the central idea of the Budget—the encouragement of the producer.

On a third point—the amalgamation of the currency notes with the Bank of England note issue, which will take place in the present financial year—there has been practical unanimity of opinion, and there has been general approval also for Mr. Churchill's adoption of a new form of Public Accounts. Financial

experts in the House have long ago pointed out the absurdity of swelling the expenditure side of our accounts by the inclusion of the expenditure on the Post Office. Henceforward only the balance—credit or debit—of the Post Office and of the Road Fund will appear in the Accounts.

Much more complicated and much more controversial are the questions raised by Mr. Churchill's treatment of the Sinking Fund and the whole problem of national indebtedness. But one or two facts emerge pretty plainly. Since 1919, and including that year and 1927, funds found by the taxpayers amounting in the aggregate to no less than 766,171,460*l.* have been applied to the reduction of debt. Of this total 429,753,000*l.* has come from annual surpluses (old Sinking Fund) and 336,418,460*l.* has been specifically provided in successive Budgets. If, however, we turn to the nominal value of the National Debt we find that whereas on March 31, 1920 (the highest point), it reached 7,828,779,000*l.*, on March 31, 1928, it was 7,527,570,000*l.*, showing an apparent reduc-ion of about 300,000,000*l.*, despite over 700,000,000*l.* of payments 'or that purpose.[1] There are experts who say that the true position s even worse than these figures would indicate, and that, in fact, iotwithstanding all the heavy sacrifices made by the taxpayers, he reduction has been 'less than nothing.' Mr. Churchill himself onfessed that as regards the year 1927-8 the results of our exer-ions appeared 'somewhat disappointing.' Well he might, in iew of the fact disclosed in his Budget Statement that last year, part from the realised surplus of the year (over 4,000,000*l.*), nd taking the New Sinking Fund (65,000,000*l.*) and the payment or the accrued interest upon Savings Certificates (15,000,000*l.*) ogether, we had found no less a sum than 80,000,000*l.* for debt edemption. Yet, notwithstanding this huge contribution, the ead-Weight Debt shows a reduction of only 27,000,000*l.* between pril 1, 1927, and the same date in 1928 (7,554,000,000*l.* and ,527,000,000*l.*). The anomaly is mainly due to the compulsory onversion of a quantity of War Loan borrowed at 3½ per cent. . the beginning of the war; but is nevertheless sufficiently rturbing to a generation of taxpayers which believes itself to ;, and is, making immense sacrifices for the benefit of the nerations to come.

It will be noted that Mr. Churchill did not allow the realised rplus on last year to go, as automatically it should, into the old nking Fund for the reduction of debt. Instead he is going to row it into a 'suspensory fund' which he wishes to accumulate

[1] These figures differ slightly (though immaterially) from those commonly ted, but they have been officially supplied to me by the Treasury (*Hansard*, y 10, cols. 431–2). The Dead-Weight Debt figure does *not* include 121,000,000*l.* rued interest due on Savings Certificates.

this year for the purpose of initiating the great rates relief scheme which will begin to operate next year. He also intends to recur to the policy instituted by Sir Stafford Northcote in 1875 and establish a fixed debt charge of 355,000,000*l.* for all the services of the Debt. By this means the process of amortising the Debt will be accelerated as the interest charge falls. The relief obtained by the *conversion* of the Debt will not, however, inure to this fund, but (so far Mr. Churchill can control the matter) to the income tax payers. If the payment of this fixed charge of 355,000,000*l.* is uninterruptedly maintained it will, it is reckoned, extinguish the debt in fifty years, and at an earlier date if the rate of interest falls below 4½ per cent. Granting the presuppositions on which this calculation is based, the conclusion is not, I think, over-sanguine; but the presuppositions are precarious. The principle of a fixed debt charge is, however, a sound one, though the application of it is a very different matter when the dead weight to be lifted is nearly ten times as heavy as it was in 1875. Nor are the chances of its integrity so promising.

Much more questionable is the propriety of diverting the realised surplus of last year from the old Sinking Fund; and to this course 'orthodox' financiers in all parts of the House have already taken grave exception. No one was more emphatic in denouncing Mr. Lloyd George for doing the same thing, on an even larger scale, in 1912 than Sir Austen Chamberlain, and it would be interesting to know (though highly indiscreet to ask) by what argument Mr. Churchill persuaded his distinguished colleague to give him the approval which he denied to Mr. Lloyd George.

The points I have thus far noted, though very far from insignificant, are, however, outside the great central scheme on which this Budget is built up, and should not, I submit, be allowed to divert the public mind from the cardinal principle it embodies. Not even the most loyal supporter can be expected to approve of every detail in the vast edifice; he may, however, fairly be asked to survey the scheme as a whole, and, if it commands his approval, to subordinate the lesser evil to the greater good.

The argument for the central scheme rests on a series of propositions, closely interrelated and indeed interdependent, which may be roughly formulated as follows:—

(1) That the well-being, nay the very existence, of this country depends upon the prosperity of a few basic industries, notably coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding and engineering, to which we may add the manufacture of textiles;

(2) That for nearly a decade these industries have, save for brief intervals, been increasingly depressed; that many individual concerns have already closed down and others are on the point of doing so; that, as a result of this depression, we have an army of unemployed quartered upon us, which is perpetually reinforced and remains obstinately around the figure of one million;

(3) That inasmuch as productive industry employs about three-fourths of the wage-earners in this country, and accounts for not far short of nine-tenths of the 1,000,000 unemployed, this menacing problem can be solved only by giving a powerful and concentrated stimulus to the productive industries;

(4) That nothing has done more to depress these industries than the burden imposed upon production by a system of rating which was designed under the Tudors for a nation of about 4,000,000 people living almost entirely by agriculture and is wholly unsuited to the highly industrialised society of to-day;

(5) That we have thus become entangled in a vicious circle; that the high rates necessitated by unemployment, and mounting in some cases to over 30*s.* in the pound, press with special severity upon those rating areas which contain the largest proportion of basic industries and are on that account already exceptionally distressed[2]; that rates, being a primary charge upon industry, payable (unlike income tax) whether profits are made or not, falling indiscriminately upon the prosperous and the suffering, the hale and the halt, and pressing with disproportionate weight upon industries involving large and expensive plant and the employment of the largest amount of labour, are compelling such industries to close down; that the closing down of some industries and the migration

[2] According to a statement issued by the Ministry of Health, the total receipts from rates in England and Wales increased between 1913-14 and 1926-27 by no less than 124 per cent.—from 71,000,000*l.* to 159,000,000*l.*, the average rate per pound of assessable value increased from 6*s.* 8¾*d.* to 12*s.* 5¾*d.* (85 per cent.), and the rate per head of population from 1*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* to 4*l.* 2*s.* (110 per cent.) It is estimated that some 34,000,000*l.* is now paid on the properties of the productive industries which will be entitled to relief. Not less impressive are the specific examples of particular industries and particular firms. The Balfour Committee (I., p. 482) show that between 1913-and 1925 in coal mining rates rose from 1·64 to 2·14 per cent. of the cost of production, while, measured per unit of production, the rise was nearly 200 per cent. The Consett Iron Company paid 29,000*l.* in rates in 1914 and 118,000*l.* in 1926-7. The average rate paid per employee by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. was in 1914 15*s.* 4*d.*, in 1927 it was 5*l.* 8*s.* The cost per ton of crucible steel on actual output in Sheffield was in 1914 3*s.* per ton, and in 1924 (owing to short time) was 21*s.*

of others imposes still heavier burdens upon the diminishing number which remain in a given area, and that so the vicious wheel revolves;

(6) That the situation can be redeemed only by the application of a drastic remedy, and that such a remedy is to be found in the payment of a large proportion of the rates upon productive industries out of the national Exchequer, but in such a manner as not to relieve the local authorities of all responsibility for local expenditure;

(7) That, to finance this relief to local rates, resort must be had to a new source of revenue;

(8) That a tax on petrol offers the maximum of advantage with the minimum of inconvenience, in that it will produce a large revenue raised upon a commodity which, in considerable part, ministers to luxury, which is at present low in price, and which can therefore be relied upon to produce revenue without diminishing consumption. Incidentally the taxation of petrol may help the depressed coal trade and the languishing railways, and may stimulate scientific research into fuel substitutes such as liquefied and pulverised coal;

(9) Finally, it is argued that so large a measure of rating reform offers the opportunity for, if it does not positively necessitate, comprehensive reforms in our system of local government.

Such is the series of propositions upon which the argument for this historic Budget must rest. Some of them are perhaps somewhat less indisputable than others, yet in support of all of them substantial reasons, based upon ascertained facts, may be advanced.

As to the fact of trade depression, there can be, unfortunately, no dispute: but depression is admittedly partial and local; it extends, happily, only to a part of the vast field of industry; many trades and many districts are doing well. The outward and visible signs of comfort, nay of prosperity, in the pleasure parts of London, and throughout a great part of southern England, are too striking and too general to be mistaken. Moreover, the income tax returns, though grievously affected by the coal stoppage of 1926, have shown remarkable resilience, and prove conclusively that large profits are still being made in trade and industry. But not in that part of the field of industry which is nationally most important. Unless our basic industries flourish we cannot live. We may scrape along for a time by drawing on capital, by the profits derived from exchange, and by dividends from foreign investments (terribly depleted as these are); but Thiers was right in looking to see whether smoke was issuing from

he tall chimneys and whether the evening sky was ablaze with he flames of the forges.

What is the bearing of all this upon the structure of Mr. hurchill's remedial scheme? Briefly, his proposal is that the :xchequer should pay the whole of the local rates on agricultural ınd and buildings (not on farm *houses*), 75 per cent. of the rates n all buildings and plant (but not on the offices, etc.) used for urposes of production by means of manual labour, and a similar mount of the rates paid by the railway companies; but, in order ıat this relief should afford the maximum amount of assistance) agriculture and the basic industries, the whole of the sub-ention to the railways is to be passed on to the consumers and ı be concentrated upon a limited class of freights—namely, ;ricultural produce, coal, coke and patent fuel, mining timber, on stone, iron ore, manganese ore and limestone for blast rnaces and steel works.

To deal with the last point first. Of the carrying of these :avy goods the railways have at present a practical monopoly; e alternative of road-transport is not open to the consignees. ınsequently a terrible handicap has been imposed alike upon e producers and the users of these raw materials. The Balfour ımmittee computed that the general level of railway freights ıs about 54 per cent. above the pre-war level; but there are ımensely wide variations as between the different classes of ods. Take pig-iron. In 1925 the average railway charge per n of Cleveland pig iron was 23*s*. 5*d*., or roughly 30 per cent. of e market price of pig iron. But of this total only 6*s*. 3*d*. repre-ıted the average cost of carrying the pig iron to the steel works; : remaining 17*s*. 2*d*. represented the cost of carriage of the ;ential materials—coal, limestone and iron ore—to the furnaces. nilarly in the case of steel plates. The total cost of rail carriage 1925) per ton of steel plates from the steel works to the cus-ner (a shipbuilder on the Wear) was 30*s*. 2*d*., or 17 per cent. of : price. But of this total 24*s*. 4*d*. was accounted for by the riage of pig iron, limestone ore, coal and coke to the steel rks; only the remaining one-fifth was attributable to the riage of the plates themselves. In the course of the Budget ›ate, Mr. Runciman quoted some interesting figures to illus-te a closely allied point—the advantage enjoyed by sea-borne against rail-borne goods. Iron ore, for example, can be ught from Algiers to West Hartlepool, 1900 miles, at a cost of 6*d*. a ton; to carry it on from West Hartlepool to Leeds costs 2*d*. Sugar can be carried from Mauritius to England at the : of twenty-four miles per every 1*d*. of freight; between stol and London 1*d*. will carry it only three-quarters of a mile. -borne coal pays only one-tenth of the cost of land carriage.

The question naturally occurs: Why not, instead of giving relief to heavy industries *via* the railways, bring pressure to bear upon the railway companies to reduce freights? The reason is plain. Apart from the 'facts of Nature' to which Mr. Runciman referred, freights are now determined by an independent tribunal set up by the Railways Act of 1921. But the tribunal has to equate charges with wages. Railways, or rather their employees, are pre-eminently 'sheltered'; wages have risen enormously since 1914, while the burden of rates has more than doubled and now amounts to about 7,000,000*l*. a year, falling with peculiar severity upon the lines which serve distressed areas and depend upon the heavy industries. What wonder, then, that the railways themselves are—only temporarily, we hope—in a parlous condition? Yet they will get no direct relief from Mr. Churchill's scheme; all they receive must be passed on to certain specified classes of customers, in respect of specified commodities. Nevertheless, it may be hoped that the long-suffering railways will indirectly benefit from the increased prosperity of the heavy industries, and indeed of all industry and trade, and directly from the cheapening of coal and other essentials of their own industry.

To industry we return. All productive industry is to share in relief. Certain critics—notably Mr. Lloyd George—have complained of this: of the impartial descent of Mr. Churchill's golden rain upon the just and the unjust; upon the prosperous and the depressed; upon the Courtaulds and the Monds equally with the coal mines the shipyards and the iron and steel works. But Mr. Churchill is surely right. And for several reasons. In the first place, you can discriminate between production and distribution—the baker, for example, will get relief for his bakery but not for his shop; rates cannot discriminate between prosperity and adversity; but the inland revenue can, and does, and what you concede in relief of rates will return to you, probably with increment, in the shape of direct taxes. Moreover, as Mr. Churchill showed in one of the most vivid flashes of his opening statement, the burden of rates on productive industry is cumulative. 'Coal (rated) is converted into coke (rated again), and used with iron ore (rated) and limestone (rated) to make pig iron (rated again), and this, with more coal (rated) and other rated products, is used to make steel (rated again).' This constitutes a vicious progression; Mr. Churchill will substitute for a vicious a virtuous progression: 'Coal will have a rate reduction factor which will go to the railways, and will be used for reducing freights, and consequently it will cheapen the iron ore which arrives at the steelworks, where again the special rate relief is accorded, and this cumulative relief will be passed on to the shipyard, where it will find the appropriate three-quarters relief. . . . If these basic

ndustries are restored to a prosperous condition, not through he agency of increases of price, but through the agency of an ncrease of true competitive power, the benefit which they derive will permeate upwards tier by tier to every part of our economic and social life, and will come back to us from abroad in the improvement of the balance of our trade.'

Can anyone deny the validity of this argument or question he insight and vision of the man wise enough to conceive and ourageous enough to apply it? No one has been a severer critic of Mr. Churchill's finance in the past than myself, but on this ccasion, and on the broad issues raised by this Budget, I range nyself among his grateful admirers. He has given hope to those who were fast sinking into the slough of despair; he has afforded elief to those who stand most in need of it, and whose relief will nost directly benefit the whole community.

Nevertheless, critics of the Budget there are, and for months o come their shrill voices will be heard. It may be well, therere, to anticipate some of the more specious arguments which re likely to be advanced. Be it again admitted that there are bjections to points of detail which are not only specious but ubstantial. With the more important of these I have already ealt. From partisan platforms we are sure to hear much of the oint promptly made both by Mr. Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George at this is 'a rich man's Budget.' 'It is to be,' said the former, a dole to the landlords.' 'It is,' said the latter, 'a direct conibution to the landowning classes of this country.' This conntion may derive some support from economic theory; but it is ntradicted by recent economic experience. The 50 per cent. emption granted to agricultural rates in 1896 did not arrest— ere is no evidence that it retarded—the continuous decline in nts from 1890 to 1907. Does anyone pretend that the further mission in 1923 (50 per cent. of the remaining rates) has gone to the pockets of the landlords? But the hollowness of this ntention would be immediately exposed if it were realised that e 'land' lords of England have long since ceased to receive nt for land; the agricultural rent roll of to-day represents in uth only a very meagre return—probably less than 3 per cent.— on recently invested capital. Not even the State could afford improve its nationalised property on these terms. If, therefore, me relief did reach the unappreciated and unrewarded improvers of our national estate, it would not be inequitable; but is safe to say that it will not.

Again, it was urged by Mr. Lloyd George—and his words will widely re-echoed—that 'the prosperous are going to get the same ief exactly—neither more nor less—as the unprosperous areas. e necessitous areas will get no larger contribution than the

areas that do not need help.' I observed, at the moment, to a neighbour that Mr. Lloyd George evidently did not understand the scheme; if he did, he misrepresented it. What is the truth of the matter? The 'necessitous areas' are those in which the rates are highest because the productive industries are either unprosperous or at a standstill. Assume that the rate in such an area is 20s. in the pound (in fact, it exceeds that amount in no fewer than thirty boroughs and urban districts, and actually reaches 30s. in four places—all in South Wales); but assume it is 20s. Productive industries situated in that area will receive from the Exchequer 15s. in every pound of their rates. Will that relief not assist the area, by diminishing unemployment and pauperism, in a degree far greater than will inure to Blackpool with its rate of 7s. 6d., to Oxford with 7s. 7¾d., or to Bournemouth with 8s. 9d.? It is true that to 'dormitory' towns, where wage-earners engaged in productive industry live but do not work, the relief will be more tardy and less conspicuously direct. But even there it will come by the diminution of distress unemployment and pauperism.

Equally fallacious is it to suppose that relief to one industry will throw an additional burden upon its neighbours. It would, if the relief were to come from rates; but since it is to come from the Treasury, the additional burden will be felt only in so far as the distributive neighbours are consumers of petrol in greater ratio than the fortunate producers; and that will not often be the case.

The only people who deserve any sympathy are indeed the consumers of petrol; and unless all anticipations are falsified, the sacrifice imposed upon them, though for the time being appreciable and in some cases heavy, should be merely temporary, and should be more than compensated by the general improvement in trade, and by the relief which ought consequently to accrue to the direct taxpayer, to say nothing of the general consumer.

But we may admit, we must indeed insist, that these latter compensations will not materialise unless one condition be fulfilled. Mr. Churchill plumed himself upon the fact that by 'a continuous economy campaign,' by 'hard work and ceaseless scraping,' he had this year secured 'the modest but not unwelcome surplus of 4,250,000*l*.' I do not withhold my mite of congratulation on this modest achievement; but it is surely pertinent to ask why this 'intensive economy campaign in all departments' was deferred until 'immediately after the Budget of last year was announced.' Why did not the 'ceaseless scraping' begin immediately Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill took office in 1924? It was certainly not for want of pressure from

their supporters in the House of Commons. I applaud Mr. Churchill's 'hard work and ceaseless scraping' during the last twelve months; I appreciate to the full its 'modest results'; but if these results could be obtained in 1927, why not in 1925 and 1926? I appreciate also the new form of Public Accounts, but let it not be supposed that it will serve to obscure the tenuity of Mr. Churchill's economies. On this ground I am regretfully constrained to admit that Mr. Churchill seems to be open to grave censure, and the more so because he has shown in the last twelve months what he could do, if (to use a colloquialism) he 'had a mind to it.'

None the less we may be grateful for the small mercy of the surplus (misapplied as I hold it to be) of this year, and much more for the larger mercy which we anticipate as the result of a Budget which Sir Alfred Mond described as 'the most fruitful, the most far-reaching and the biggest-visioned Budget which had been introduced for a great many years.' Open-minded Liberals have been hardly less unstinted in their praise. Mr. E. D. Simon, a public-spirited citizen of Manchester, some time a Liberal member for that city, and more lately vice-chairman of the Liberal Industrial Enquiry Committee, has publicly congratulated Mr. Churchill on 'having tackled an exceedingly important problem with characteristic courage and vision.' 'Mr. Churchill's speech,' he added, 'contains an admirable statement of the unfairness of the present rating system; and the main proposal, which is the transfer of 30,000,000*l.* a year from the rates to the national Exchequer, is . . . one which should be heartily welcomed by all Liberals. . . .' As regards the effects upon Manchester, it seems probable that they will be almost wholly good. Sir Josiah Stamp, a member of the same Liberal Committee, a railway president, and an eminent statistician, has expressed a similar opinion.

Nor can I doubt that the more closely the Budget is studied (and a close study of it is imperative), the more cordially will its cardinal principle be approved. It is perhaps unfortunate, from the electoral no less than from the industrial point of view, that its operation will be deferred for eighteen months. I take no pedantic objection to the accumulation of a fund out of current revenue to meet next year's expenditure, but I do regret the deferring of benefit, if not of hope, and I am not yet clear that it would be impossible to make some advances on account to productive industry out of accrued revenue from the petrol duty. It is obvious that the scheme cannot operate fully until the Finance Bill of this year has been supplemented by the Valuation (Ascertainment) Bill, which is to define the scope and direction of relief to rates for which the Finance Bill will provide, and by a much larger measure for the reorganisation of Local Govern-

ment foreshadowed by Mr. Churchill. Twelve months, it is estimated, will be required to enable the new valuation to be made for the purposes of de-rating. That may well be, but, although the financial position of threatened industries should be greatly eased by the mere promise of relief, their condition is already so precarious that even a small cash instalment payable on a provisional valuation would in many cases be of incalculable benefit to the industries concerned and a further stimulus to the leniency or generosity of the banks. Any way, the suggestion does not seem to contravene any rule of financial procedure or fiscal propriety, and I make it for what it may be worth.

There has been little or no reference in the preceding paragraphs to the great measure on Local Government which will place the coping stone upon Mr. Churchill's imposing structure. This measure will not be introduced before next session, but Mr Neville Chamberlain has already indicated the main outlines of the scheme. To discuss even the outlines would carry me far beyond the limits of this paper. Summarily, however, it may be said that it will involve a wider spreading of charges over larger areas, and the substitution for the existing percentage grants from the Exchequer to the local authorities of a block grant, fixed, for a period of five years, not in proportion to the expenditure of the locality, but in proportion to its needs as measured by population (especially child population) and wealth. The rating system of this country is at present, as the Liberal Yellow Book succinctly puts it, 'a jungle of anomalies, complications and historical survivals.' Mr. Chamberlain will, it may be hoped, simplify the system and alleviate the burden. But we must await further details before we can pass judgment upon a reform which must necessarily be far-reaching and may evoke, in quarters traditionally conservative, a certain measure of opposition.

Meanwhile, enough has been said to indicate the interdependence of the various parts of the great scheme unfolded by Mr. Churchill on April 24. Evidently obnoxious to criticism in detail, that scheme is, as a whole, extraordinarily coherent. In its totality it represents an effort, inspired by large vision and by the highest qualities of imaginative statesmanship, to lift from the shoulders of British industry a load under which it has long staggered, and which has lately become insupportable. As a whole, then, let this historic Budget be judged.

J. A. R. Marriott.

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

THE question of devising the most suitable plan for peopling the Dominion's waste places and filling up the gaps that meantime proclaim Canada's dire need of population is one that is exercising the minds of Canadian statesmen rather freely at this time and giving rise to a certain amount of anxiety in high places. That a young nation possessed of ample territory and almost limitless natural resources should find itself afflicted with the maladies commonly deemed peculiar to over-populated countries and those past their prime, with a declining birth rate and a constant seepage of its best manhood to other parts, furnishes a situation that is generally felt to call for some heart-searching and a problem that must be resolutely faced. At the time of this writing the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons is conducting an exhaustive inquiry into the whole subject.

The birth rate in the eight Anglo-Saxon provinces of Canada has declined around 18 per cent. in the past six years, and the tendency is still in the downward direction. The 1925 figure was 23 per 1000 of population; that of 1926 was 22 per 1000. Quebec alone shows a gain in this respect, and is estimated to lead the other provinces in births in a ratio of something like 3 to 2, due mainly to the large families raised by the habitant element in the population, reinforced by the determined stand taken by the Roman Catholic Church against birth control. This, however, is largely offset by the high infant mortality among these people, which in the year 1926 was 142 per 1000 living births as compared with 78·5 in Ontario, 58·6 in British Columbia, and an average for the nine provinces of 101·9. In certain instances these infant mortality figures are terribly high, and in some of the outlying townships and villages the appalling proportion of almost one-half of the children born in a given month die before reaching the age of one year.

While a declining birth rate may no doubt be considered as the white man's problem in all parts of the earth, Canada's experience as a nation appears to show that a natural rate of increase is not of necessity bound up with ratio of population to acres according to the popular notion (indeed, it appears to be

slower in the empty country), but is part and parcel of the prevailing economic system, which is more or less the same all over the world. People leave Great Britain and other European countries because they are too crowded; they leave Canada because it is too empty. The same economic conditions are found existing in the main in each case, and only within narrow limits are these greatly affected by the fact that in the one case the density of population is one inhabitant to so many square yards and in the other to so many square miles. Canadian industry is found to have its cycles of good and bad trade, Canadian towns almost invariably have their quotas of unemployed, and the agricultural settler only too frequently finds that the unbroken land offering reasonable railway facilities on which he has set his heart belongs to private interests whose fee for the trouble and expense of holding puts the purchase price beyond his reach. In other words, if he wants the fruit of his toil to be apparent in his own lifetime (the only terms on which sensible people will undertake this arduous work), he is confronted with precisely the same bars and hindrances that induced him to root up and leave his congested country of origin.

Canadian immigration figures, while showing some improvement in recent times, are still far from satisfactory as compared with pre-war years, when the extent of the undeveloped natural resources of the country is borne in mind. In 1912, 354,000 new citizens were admitted; in 1913, 402,000; and in 1914, 384,000. In recent times these figures have dropped to 111,000 in 1925, 96,000 in 1926, and 143,000 in 1927. That the present numbers are considered far from the quantity the country is able to take care of is amply demonstrated by the utterances of our public men and politicians and the ceaseless propaganda maintained by the great railway companies. Had the rate of increase shown in the first three years of the second decade of the twentieth century been maintained, Canada would to-day have had a population of close on 12,000,000 of people instead of only some 9,000,000, and the Hon. R. B. Bennett, leader of the Opposition, stated in the House not long ago that Canada had facilities for taking care of 15,000,000 to 17,000,000 more people than her present numbers.

It must not be overlooked, too, that the immigration figures quoted above are considerably offset by the steady outflow of native Canadians and British settlers to the United States which is always going on. During the period 1912 to 1914 an annual average of close on 72,000 Canadians left to take up permanent residence in the United States, and this number has risen to an annual average of upwards of 90,000 in the last three years. Against this has to be set a certain number of repatriated Canadians who for various reasons return to their native land,

the number of whom has been running on an average something like 50,000 per annum during the last few years. However, from figures compiled in Washington, it appears that in the six-year period between January 1921 and December 1926 636,000 Canadians left to take up residence in the United States, of whom it may be estimated (since repatriation figures only began to be compiled in Canada in 1924) some 250,000 returned, leaving this country with a net loss in the period indicated of 386,000 souls, an annual average loss of upwards of 64,000 people. It is the kind of loss that Canada (or any young country, for that matter) simply cannot stand. The net population gain of our populous neighbour the United States in the last six months of 1926 was 133,000, or more in the half-year than Canada's net gain for the whole year. Authorities vary as to the number of immigrants the country can take care of per year, the figures ranging from 350,000 to 1,000,000; but even the most conservative of these estimates would still mean a monthly rate of increase of something like 30,000 people, nearly three times as great as the rate indicated by the latest returns.

The general question of the country's capacity for absorption is of course one about which there is much dispute, and anything in the nature of 'dumping' human material into Canada is always fiercely resisted by the labour bodies, who contend, with a good deal of reason, that so long as there is unemployment in the land the bringing in of outsiders can and does do nothing but aggravate the situation. This phase of the question is always kept carefully in view by the present Liberal Administration, and the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, in the course of the debate on the Address from the Throne early in the year, stated emphatically that, though the country needed all the immigrants it could successfully assimilate, it was not the intention of the Government to extend the immigration policy to the point where it led to large quantities of unemployment in any of the centres of the Dominion, while the Hon. Robert Forke, Minister of Immigration, stressed the point that for most immigrants employment must be immediately available if they were to become other than disgruntled public charges.

Mr. Henri Bourassa, the fiery and eloquent Quebec Nationalist, who might be described as the Shaw of Canadian politics, lent colour to the debate by scouting the notion that money was capital except in a fictitious sense—which reminds one of Mr. Shaw's 'Capital is not money saved but money spent.' Prosperity in England, the United States, or elsewhere, Mr. Bourassa stated, was productive of pauperism and extreme capitalism, both of which were to be avoided. The Province of Quebec was controlled, he affirmed, by a handful of capitalists in Montreal.

The greatest settlement policy yet laid down was that laid dow by the Creator in the 'cradle policy,' and Mr. Bourassa made a impassioned demand that equal facilities be given Canadia with those accorded to British immigrants, citing a specific ca where a farmer with a family of six from his own county Labelle, in the Province of Quebec, who sought to emigrate Manitoba, found that it would cost him exactly five times much to do so as it would cost a family of the same size to mov from Manchester, England, to Manitoba. This furnishes a goo illustration of the anomalous happenings to which intensiv immigration schemes are apt to give rise.

Mr. Bourassa resented the accepted idea that calamity ove hung the country because a majority of immigrants were no Britishers. He dealt with the land policy of Britain, and men tioned the names of the Dukes of Sutherland and Westminst as types of landlords who had driven millions of British peop into urban centres where many became Socialists and Con munists. These landlords, he declared, held tracts comparabl to those held by the railways of Canada and by other privat interests, and he created a mild flutter by stating that if it wer desired to precipitate a break in the relations between Canad and the Empire it could be done by opening the gates withou restriction to those who had been deprived of an opportunity t earn a living on the land in Britain. This, of course, drew angr protests from English members, one of whom declared that eve the poorest of England had stood staunchly by the Empire an by England in the time of stress. While admitting the truth o this, Mr. Bourassa nevertheless contended that it was a post-wa situation that was now under consideration.

The Prime Minister emphasised the opinions of bank president and managers, and quoted from commercial statistics and th yearly statements of the leading financial institutions, to show that the year 1927 was one of general growth and prosperity and the most expansive in the country's history. Production distribution, manufacturing, and transportation were stated to exceed all previous records, foreign commerce had never been better, and evidence of the general growth and prosperity of Canada was declared to be abundant. These were the views of the representative business men of the country, and the Prime Minister thought they constituted a fitting reply to criticisms of the Government's policy and enabled him to give Parliament 'a record of progress and a message of hope, present and future, such as no other Government leader had ever been able to give.'

Mr. Bennett contended that satisfactory trade figures did not of necessity signify that all was well with the country, and pointed out that the chief gains had been in the production of

wood, paper, metals, minerals and grain, which had been brought about in spite of an almost stationary population by utilising the resources of science and scientific investigation and by improved machinery and equipment; but that these gains had only been possible by lessening the productivity of the soil, denuding the forests, and bringing the wealth below the soil nearer to the exhaustion point by using up metals and minerals that could not be replaced—that we were, in effect, selling our estate and getting rid of our fixed assets.

The Press of the country, from the French journals in Quebec to the English dailies of Vancouver and the West, likewise keeps up a continual clamour on the subject, the activity of which is evident enough from the fact that one can hardly take up a newspaper of any shade of political thought anywhere within Canada's far-flung boundaries without finding the issue touched on editorially or otherwise in some form or other. The Liberal *Manitoba Free Press* says:

No Canadian need be jubilant when a European family is placed on a farm from which a Canadian family has removed itself. Yet this is what is going on in some parts of the country. The original Canadian stock is leaving the land and getting into the towns and cities. The same process is going on in many sections of the United States and is regarded with alarm by students of the social order in that country The newcomer from Europe prizes the land; to him it is a great boon to be able to own a hundred acres. The Anglo-Saxon in this country regards the land lightly. Ownership means little to him, and in many cases he would prefer making his living elsewhere.

The Independent *Vancouver Province* states:

In the year ending June 30 last, in round figures 81,000 people left this country to make their homes in the United States It was the greatest contribution of any one country. . . . Last year we lost to the United States nearly half of our new population of immigration. It is a serious business for Canada. . . .

The Conservative *Three Rivers Nouvelliste* says:

Intensive immigration can only complicate an already difficult situation. To be of some advantage to the country, to ensure a reduction in our taxes, intensive immigration should have an agrarian character, and above all should furnish our country with people who are going to colonise it. Such is not the case. It is artisans—especially in Britain—who are emigrating. They come to live in our towns and to congest the labor market. It is with reason that the labor syndicates are opposing immigration.

The fear of being swamped by non-British foreigners ever present in the minds of politicians and leaders of thought in Western Canada, where the population, through natural decline and the movement of natives born to the United States, has been

losing ground steadily during the last five years, was forcibly expressed by Colonel R. H. Webb, Mayor of Winnipeg, in a speech in Ottawa last summer.

> If British people are coming into Canada [he said] they are not reaching the West. The Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are fast becoming non-British, and I believe right now their population is 50 per cent. non-British. It is no good building up French and English provinces in the East if there is to be a great non-British block in the West. Non-British immigrants arriving now number 90 to 1, I believe, as compared with those of British stock. . . . They are Germans, Russians, Poles, etc., splendid people, maybe; but you don't think they love us or ever will love us? If you do, you should live among them for a while.

He complained vigorously of the dumping of assisted immigrants into Winnipeg, and gave it as his opinion that the sooner immigration was taken out of politics the better it would be for Canada.

The general question of 'dumping' was thus treated by the Liberal *Saskatoon Star* some time ago:

> In recent months many South-Eastern Europeans have arrived in the West without a knowledge of English, with very little, if any, money, and with no experience in the sort of farm work they are likely to secure here—work with horses and machinery. Some of these people have been left more or less stranded at country points in the West with no immediate prospect of employment. This seems hardly fair to the immigrants themselves or to the country. To bring men into Western Canada, especially men handicapped by lack of funds and ignorance of English, and leave them at railway stations to shift for themselves in a strange land is certainly not 'colonisation.'

The low-tariff policy of the Government is persistently attacked by a certain section of the Press, and by Opposition members in Parliament, as tending to check the fullest development of Canadian industry and largely responsible for the exodus of native Canadians, and it was stated in the House of Commons recently that Canada imported last year $80,000,000 worth of goods which might have been manufactured in the country. On this subject the Conservative *Ottawa Journal* says:

> Canada was willing to lie down before Washington's tariff policy, with the consequence that the goods which ought to be manufactured in Canada, providing jobs for Canadian workmen, are manufactured in the United States, providing jobs for United States workmen. . . . That is why Canadians find it necessary to cross the border to get work. Since Confederation Canada has lost to the United States more than the present population of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. We built up one great West and lost another. That drain will continue—it is going on now—unless and until Canada takes a leaf out of the book of the United States and decides to look after her own people.

An interesting sidelight on the condition of the farming industry is furnished by the income tax returns for the fiscal

year 1925-26, from which it appears that only some 3648 of the country's farmers paid income tax, and of this number 3077 were located in the three Prairie Provinces. This means that in the enormous areas of Ontario, Quebec, and the whole of the Maritime Provinces less than 600 farmers were able to make enough to bring themselves within the scope of a law which at that time exempted married men earning less than $2000 a year and single men earning less than $1000. Such figures, coupled with the stories of hardship in outlying places that frequently figure in Press despatches, largely offset the propaganda work of the Canadian agencies in Britain in the mind of the British farmer, who is not thereby induced to root up from his native soil and submit himself and his dependants to the rigours of the Canadian climate or the disadvantages of living in remote and inaccessible places.

Nor do the reports from British settlers who have 'made good' which appear in the daily papers from time to time always influence the intending British emigrant in the desired direction. One such from a British ex-soldier, published in the *Montreal Star* last September, set forth that the writer, who had acquired a farm in the West, was under the necessity of hiring himself out to a neighbouring farmer in order to make ends meet. He had to leave his own farm at 4.30 each morning and work from 6 a.m. till 8 p.m. on a farm two miles distant, and after coming home had to do the 'chores' on his own place, which kept him going till 11 p.m. He was quite enthusiastic, however, and figured, at the rate at which he was able to pay off his indebtedness, that the whole farm of 160 acres, valued with its buildings at some $2600, would be his in twenty-five years' time. On such terms the proposition could hardly be deemed alluring, but it is unquestionably typical of what the average British settler has to contend with. Yet these European immigrants are the men who are breaking a large percentage of the country's new farming ground; and the *Edmonton Journal* (Independent Conservative) stated not long ago that in territory adjacent to the Canadian National Railway's Alberta lines there was new land broken last year to the extent of 410,500 acres, 75 per cent. of which was cleared by newly-arrived immigrant help, and from 40 to 50 per cent. of the breaking done by those who arrived during the past two or three years, while in a large proportion of the balance their help was utilised. When the spirits of these Mark Tapleys begin to flag, as they frequently and not unnaturally do, they are apt to drop out and not be replaced; and indeed it is common enough knowledge that more would leave than actually do were this within the bounds of financial possibility.

The industrial situation, apparently as the result of bringing

in more artisans than can be adequately absorbed, and in spite of the satisfactory balance-sheets of the large corporations and the optimistic forecasts of banking officials, has not been any too good from the workman's point of view during the last few years. Further reference to the income tax returns already quoted reveals the fact that 215,277 people paid income tax during the fiscal year in question, which is probably not more than 10 per cent of the nation's workers and wage-earners, so that apparently something like 90 per cent. of the populace are earning less than taxable minimums. In 1923 the cost of living, according to Government figures, was round $1600 per annum for a family of five persons. The annual average earnings of coal miners in that year were $1392. In 1924 the cost of living was about $1570. The average earnings of clerks in the railway service in that year were $1382; of machinists, $1501; of sectionmen, $901; of all classes of railway servants, $1411.

Actual cost of living is found on investigation to be an elusive quantity that is apt to vary widely according to the different standards of different classes of people, but the Government rates quoted above are calculated fairly close to a subsistence level. Yet the actual earnings of many classes of workers are considerably under these figures. Cost of living, computed according to 'a standard of minimum health and decency' by the Canadian Brotherhood of Railroad Employees, was for the year 1925 $2202, this figure including food, clothing, shelter, fuel and light, medical care, life and house insurance, recreation and incidentals—a more comprehensive list of necessaries than those included by the Government statisticians, whose figure for the year 1925 was again in the neighbourhood of $1600. Wage averages for that year were: carpenters, $1731; builders' labourers, $1076; blacksmiths, $1937; printers, $2053; coal miners, $1354; skilled factory workers, $1610; unskilled factory workers, $1241—these rates representing the annual totals the men would receive if they worked uninterruptedly through the whole year without loss of time.

Many remedies are forthcoming from men in widely different walks of life, in addition to that, generally favoured by politicians and business men, of stimulating industry by raising the tariff, the controversies around which remind one of the Free Trade *versus* Protection issue which rent Britain in the days of the late Joseph Chamberlain. Thus a Toronto professor of political economy is found blaming seasonal fluctuations in employment as the principal cause of the exodus of native Canadians, and suggesting that a serious attempt be made to stabilise these; while the head of one of the large textile corporations maintains that Canada would not need to spend a single dollar on immigration

propaganda if she could just contrive to offer more diversified employment to her citizens. Yet the *per capita* wealth of the country is high, being officially estimated at $2525 per person; and the favourable trade balance of $151,000,000 in 1927 was stated by the Prime Minister in Parliament to be the largest *per capita* favourable trade balance of any leading nation of the world.

But a reasonable question might be: What do satisfactory trade returns or increasing bank business matter if the average worker's earnings are close to, or even below, mere cost of living figures? or What does *per capita* wealth really signify when only a small percentage of the nation's wage-earners come within the Government's minimum taxable rates? Such figures are frequently a snare and a delusion. What comfort, for instance, is the British immigrant likely to derive from them if, in the process of breaking the country's undeveloped land, he has to hire himself out for thirteen hours a day and work on his own land in his 'spare time' for the privilege of calling his farm his own at the end of twenty-five years? They are surely the most foolish of optimists who dream either that the British Commonwealth of Free States is going to be consolidated or the Empire's food supply assured in the years to come on any such terms as these.

For one does not have to be either a Utopian or gifted with prophetic vision to understand the meaning of the present trend of things, and to perceive clearly that if population increase is to maintain the true ratio with accumulation of material things so essential for the country's healthy development and expansion, some more comprehensive effort is necessary than the measures, or lack of measures, that have led up to the present situation. Indeed, Canada in these days appears to furnish an excellent illustration of the manner in which the old order of things has failed to keep pace with changing conditions. As viewed through the medium of bank clearings, trade returns, and company balance-sheets, all is well; but there need be no delusion as to the significance of a declining birth rate coupled with a slackening of the flow of immigrants and a constant exodus of the native-born in a country of 9,000,000 of people. It is a combination of circumstances which no young nation can long endure without serious results.

The lodestone that has drawn, and still draws, the native Canadian and the foreign immigrant to the United States is really the more attractive working conditions offered by American manufacturers, for after all farming does not appear to be in much better shape in the United States than in Canada, and such movement as there is of Americans to Canada is made up almost

entirely of farmers seeking cheaper land. With climatic conditions approximating largely to those of Canada in the industrial centres, seasonal fluctuations are just as likely to be felt in the Republic as they are here, and can hardly be regarded as a purely Canadian phenomenon in any study of the labour problem; while if Canada cannot offer quite so diversified a field of employment as her more fully developed and populous neighbour, still her relatively high *per capita* wealth and favourable trade balance appear to suggest that it is not so much diversification of employment that is needed as more liberal rewards for such employment as there is. Canadians as a rule prefer to stay in Canada if it is made worth their while, and the same may be said of those British immigrants (with the exception perhaps of the Irish) who come to Canada and then go on to the United States. Nor does the commonly accepted contention that Canada cannot compete with the United States in the matter of wages appear to be a valid excuse in the light of these trade and *per capita* figures. We cannot, like many small countries, plead poverty. It is our business policies that must be reshaped to keep pace with the times.

While Americans are on the whole individualistic rather than socialistic and are shy of State or collective control, they are nevertheless well in advance in ideas for the betterment of industrial relations between employers and employees, and bonus and stock distributing schemes and employees' welfare are now the rule rather than the exception with the larger corporations. These are often coupled, as in the well-known case of the Filenes of Boston, with the delegating to the employees of large powers over the general running of the business and the shaping of the regulations governing their own rates of pay, working conditions, etc., and movements of this kind prove enormously attractive. 'Golden Rule Nash,' a Cincinnati clothier, demonstrated within the compass of a few years what miraculous things can be achieved by a judicious application of the principle of doing as one would be done by in the running of a manufacturing business, and Leach's interesting work *Man to Man* contains further evidence of this and kindred movements, and of the successful application of parliamentary methods in place of the old autocratic idea. The privilege of having a say in the regulating of his own affairs is found to appeal to the average worker almost as strongly as the sharing of profits. Henry Ford, although he still remains in large part the benevolent autocrat of the Ford Motor Co., has distributed a large amount of stock among his employees, pays the highest possible minimum wage ($6 for an eight-hour day), and contrives, as far as it is humanly possible, to make machines do the drudgery instead of human beings. That he is a popular

employer, the waiting lists at his various plants and branch factories amply testify.

It is along such lines that development in Canada seems to be hanging fire, and cases in which young Canadians give up positions here in order to take up others in the United States are nearly all found on investigation to hinge on questions of pay or working conditions. Yet, so long as industry is prosperous and returns on invested capital satisfactory, the Canadian business man does not seem to think the general question of immigration or the problem of peopling the country falls with any particular degree of appropriateness within his special province, and as a rule does not lose much sleep over it, but consigns it to politicians and public men. Nevertheless, it is this self-same business man who largely has the power in his hands and who must in some way or other be induced to give the matter his earnest attention. Meantime his thoughts appear to be turned, if anything, the other way, and inquiries seem to show that the tendency towards unification of the country's industries, which began a few years ago with the merging of several of the most powerful pulp-and-paper concerns, and is manifesting itself in recent times in mining and steel manufacturing, has not brought with it any noteworthy amelioration in the lot of the rank and file to compensate for the economies thus effected so largely at their expense. The idea so long prevalent that if returns on invested funds are satisfactory and the 'key' men well looked after the fate of the residuum is really not of much account seems to call with increasing urgency for modification in view of all that is being done to the South and the unsatisfactory nature of vital and immigration statistics.

Whether or not Canada has been so engrossed in mere figures and trade returns that she has neglected her opportunities for getting the best of the European emigrants is perhaps a debatable point, but there is undoubtedly something in the contention put forward by the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, which said not long ago :

> In fifteen or twenty years Canada will look overseas in vain for surplus man-power to develop her resources. Economists freely predict a stationary or possibly receding world population. . . . For a few years more European countries may remain partly over-populated with adults, but Canada's chances to secure more people are dwindling steadily day by day. It requires no great prophetic foresight to conclude that the time limit within which Canada may solve her population problem in terms of millions of new citizens is coming to an end

That this is true enough, in the main, our diminishing immigration figures appear to testify. But above everything at the present time Canada needs children. For the child of the right kind of parents can generally be counted on to establish himself

in his native land if given a reasonable chance; but the immigrant, until much time and labour has been spent on breaking him in, is ever an uncertain quantity. Yet, short of drastic and immediate changes in our business policies, increasing numbers of children seem to be about the last thing it is reasonable to look for or expect.

J. B. M. CLARK.

THE FATE OF THE WEST INDIES

THE British Colonies of the Caribbean, after long slumber, are awakening under impulses which we do well to heed.

One of the Colonies, British Guiana, has just been deprived by the British Parliament of its constitution. This is probably an unprecedented event in the history of the British Empire, for the prevailing tendency is towards more, not less, self-government. Yet the step backward in Demerara should be the prelude to a decided move forward in economic development now that cumbrous Dutch devices of a past century give place to modern British Crown Colony methods.

In another Colony, Jamaica, challenges have been issued to dominant Americanism. Encouraged by grants from the Empire Marketing Board, and with the support of the Government of the Colony, a co-operative association of growers and shippers is starting its own banana shipping and marketing organisation side by side with that of the all-powerful American United Fruit Company. At the same time the Canadian Government, through the State-owned Canadian Merchant Marine and National Railways, are building a luxurious hotel in Jamaica to cater for the first-class tourist, who is now dependent upon hotels of American ownership and management; while under the Canada-West Indies Trade Agreement two modern and amply refrigerated fruit-carrying steamers are this year being added to the direct service between the islands and the Dominion in the hope of diverting Canadawards travel and trade which now moves largely through New York and Boston. Simultaneously the money of the Empire Marketing Board is being applied to help in making the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture at Trinidad a centre of training and research for general Empire benefit. It will not be for want of asking if other grants are not obtained from the Empire Marketing Board to stimulate co-operation in the production and marketing within the Empire of other fruits and vegetables of the British West Indian Colonies generally.

The traditional basis of West Indian prosperity is, of course, sugar, and it is not to be supposed that the home of the sugar industry of the British Empire will be unaffected by changes which

tend to revolutionise sugar refining processes. Here the State-supported Oxford School of Engineering and the British Ministry of Agriculture are concerned, and the new and easier methods which seem likely to result may well give a new manufacturing status to sugar-producing Colonies, especially where, as in the case of Trinidad, there is a cheap and abundant supply of fuel.

It is not my present purpose to discuss these impulses. They are as yet, and for the most part, in course of development only, but taken together they give a new importance to the question of the ultimate destiny of this most interesting and historic part of the Empire.

Once upon a time the West Indies were truthfully called 'the natural cockpit of European nations in the struggle for hegemony.' That was in the eighteenth century, when the islands of the Caribbean were fought for as prizes. The world had few such prizes then. A change came when the field of European enterprise was enlarged by the entry first of India, with its teeming millions and fabulous riches, and afterwards of Africa—the continent of perpetual surprises. Thenceforth the British West Indies and their two millions of people, mostly coloured, were well-nigh forgotten. They listened with avidity to after-dinner reminders of their heroic share in the beginnings of our Empire, but all the time they knew themselves to be 'poor relations distantly acknowledged.' British State policy passed them by, and they wondered wistfully what their fate would be. The United States was the inevitable heir of Spain in Cuba and Porto Rico, and British visitors came away from the British West Indies convinced that they, like the other islands, would drift under the protection of the great American Republic. It was only a question of how and when.

It may, perhaps, serve a useful purpose if I state the position to-day as a casual but sympathetic observer sees it after a month spent in the principal Colonies—Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, and British Guiana. Being honorary secretary of the West Indies Committee of Members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, unusual opportunities were given to me to learn the views of representative planters, merchants, officials, small 'farmers,' and workfolk in the larger Colonies and from the smaller islands. They welcomed the chance to talk freely and informally, out of hearing of the Press, upon all aspects of what may prove to be a searching test of the quality of our new Imperialism.

What is to be the future of the British West Indies? Is the United States the inevitable heir of Britain in the Caribbean, as she has proved to be of Spain? Or is our Imperial system adapting itself, in its own zigzag fashion, so as to give a lease of

fresh life within the Empire to islands which were the cradle of British power?

It is timely to ask these questions, inasmuch as new factors have come into view—the Panama Canal, the Great War, the policy of Empire preference, and the Canada-West Indies Trade Agreement. In the new circumstances the future of the British Caribbean becomes a problem of high significance for us and all the English-speaking peoples, upon whose shoulders, whether they like it or not, world-leadership tends more and more to rest.

The economic affinity between the West Indies and the United States is manifest, and it is an increasing affinity. In his latest report the British Trade Commissioner, Mr. Wilson Goode, notes the use which United States traders made of their chances in the war years when British supplies were either cut off altogether or curtailed. 'In many important lines the United Kingdom has since recaptured its trade, but the predominance of American production over a period of several years has left an enduring mark upon the trade of the British West Indies.'

Proximity has much to do with this predominance; so has greater adaptability to customers' needs. It takes thirteen to fourteen days to pass between London and Kingston on the one hand and Port of Spain on the other; the voyage from New York generally takes a good deal less than half that time. Our inadaptability in external markets is illustrated once again by the place of the British motor car in the West Indies. It has hardly any place at all, despite tariff preferences in each Colony. The American car is everywhere, and while Mr. Ford has been preoccupied with his new design, it is a French, and not a British, maker whose advertisement I found widely placarded in such Colonies as Jamaica.

In the shops of the chief centres it is in American dollars and cents that goods are priced, and if you offer English money it is after a reckoning of the American equivalent that the shop assistant gives you your change. The cinema is, of course, everywhere, and everywhere the films are predominantly American. In the House of Commons recently, in answer to a question as to American cinema monopoly in the West Indies, the Under-Secretary seemed to lament the Americanisation of this potent agency of popular education, but it is not easy even to attempt to apply the quota remedy which we are applying in England.

The well-found and well-managed steamers which carry most British tourists to the West Indies and most West Indians to England—there are thirty-four of them in the fleet—were built on Clydeside, and the captains, officers and crews are emphatically British, but the control is American; and, to judge from the type of novel which circulates most freely from the ship's library,

there is no daring on sea or land, and no freedom under the skies, quite like that of 'God's own country.' The 100 per cent. American shines out in these novels, and the rest of the world is expected to gasp with wonder. Yet the novels, one and all, are from London publishing houses; trashy they may be, but they can be bought so cheaply in easily transported sheets!

The astonishing history of the banana supplies the best evidence of American permeation. The banana has made Jamaica the spearhead, so to say, of Americanisation generally. In the other West Indian islands Americanism winks; it smiles broadly in Jamaica, thanks to the banana. Thirty years ago Jamaicans were making pig-food of their bananas; in 1927 they sold overseas something like 21,000,000 stems, with, say, sixty bananas to a stem. The banana keeps over 100 steamers continuously at sea; and 42,000,000 out of the total world production of 77,000,000 stems are handled by one American concern, the United Fruit Company. That company is indeed the chief begetter of the banana industry, and to it Jamaica especially owes much of what prosperity it now enjoys. On its Jamaican lands last year it produced 2,000,000 stems, and it purchased 7,000,000 from growers, large and small. Its steamship services and hotels and its progressive policy in general have done more than anything else to lift the Colony out of the slough of despair into which it fell when its main industry, sugar, collapsed. In former days Jamaica meant sugar and rum for the outside world. Fruit, nearly all bananas, now represents 41 per cent. of Jamaica's exports, and sugar and rum together represent only 19 per cent.

Success brings its penalties, and when I was in Jamaica I witnessed the progress of the determined effort to lessen American domination in the banana industry. The Empire Marketing Board has made a grant of 2400*l*. a year over two years to encourage the co-operative marketing of bananas, and men of high repute, such as the President of the Imperial Association of Jamaica, were striving to create an independent marketing and transport organisation so as to give the banana producer a market alternative to that provided by the United Fruit Company. The purpose of the movement must command respect, for it seeks to free the island from the risk of foreign domination. And as the movement develops Jamaicans generally may come to appreciate more exactly the value of the progressive impulse which the United Fruit Company brings to Jamaican life. The British West Indies as a whole, like Canada, stand much in need of new progressive impulse whencesoever it comes, and their problem is how to secure it without sacrificing economic and political control.

Is that possible? The dismal prophecies of J. A. Froude after his visit to the West Indies in 1866 stuck in the West Indian

mind: 'Let the United States take the British West Indies, and welcome; on the map they appear to belong more to the United States than to us.' An editorial writer in the South American Supplement of *The Times* of July 1911 spoke of the supremacy of the United States in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea as 'practically indisputable,' and added: 'There can be little doubt, therefore, that the islands of the West Indies and the outlying units of Spanish America will, upon the completion of the Panama Canal, gravitate in due course to amalgamation with the Great Republic of the North.'

It all seems so natural, and yet, after watching West Indian conditions for a good many years, I am led to the belief that never in our time were the British Colonies of the Caribbean further away from the United States politically than they are to-day. The tendency of their thought seems to illustrate afresh the modern truth that, while trade may follow the flag, the flag does not necessarily follow trade.

Therein we touch one of the political mysteries of our time—the developing unity of the British Empire in face of what to the rest of the world look like decisive disruptive tendencies. 'We answer to a higher destiny,' was the retort which Sir Wilfrid Laurier once made to the assertion that Canada could not for ever maintain a political aloofness from her rich and powerful neighbour. Each year American capital has moved northward into Canadian industry in an ever-increasing stream. American financiers and traders took full advantage, in Canada as in the West Indies and elsewhere, of Britain's preoccupation upon the battlefields of Europe and Asia. Never has there been a more friendly intermingling of peoples across the boundary between Canada and the United States than is seen to-day. But the foundations of Canadian life remain staunchly true to tradition; there is no legislature, federal or provincial, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, to which a candidate could secure election on an annexation ticket, or indeed on any anti-national ticket of any kind. Deep down in the heart of every true Canadian is the belief that Canada 'answers to a higher destiny'—exactly what destiny he does not know and has little time to consider, but certainly a destiny that is Canadian, and therefore in essence British.

Motley, the American historian, once discussed with Froude the probable annexation of Canada to the United States. 'Would Canada like it?' asked Froude. Motley made this reply: 'Would I like the house of Baring to take me into partnership?' And, after the fashion of his nation, he thought that settled the matter.

And what of the West Indies? One of the most knowledgeable

surveys of West Indian conditions was made fifteen years ago by a Jamaican, Mr. Herbert de Lisser, to whose literary and organising talent Jamaicans owe more than they seem at times to be aware of. He then asked, in his book *Twentieth Century Jamaica*, 'What would happen in Jamaica if the United States should offer the Colony a good reciprocity treaty?' He admitted that the temptation might be too great to be resisted.

> The capacity of the United States for consuming the products of these Colonies is far greater than that of any other country. The United States could offer to any or to all of them a degree of prosperity, a promise of success, at present beyond their hopes. They would prefer something less as long as that meant direct continued connection with England. They would deliberately set aside riches and the foreigner's domination for comparative prosperity merely and an assured future with England. But it is the uncertainty of the future which troubles the West Indians. They can never feel sure that what is done in England to-day in regard to them will not be undone to-morrow. I repeat that they would prefer less with Great Britain than more with the United States; they would take all that the latter had to give them, but their love would be with England. Loyalty to England and pride in the British Empire are no mere words in the British West Indies. But they are becoming tired of stagnation.

Much has happened since those words were written. Above all else, we have had Empire unity in the face of a common war peril. Is there still the same uncertainty and stagnation? Are the British West Indies finding that 'something less' which they would prefer to American absorption? I think they are.

For one thing, Canada, in all her new national and industrial vigour, has come to mean much to the Colonies of the British Caribbean. They look to her in quite a new relationship, that of an elder sister. I have just noted the Jamaican thought of fifteen years ago that the United States might offer 'a good reciprocity treaty.' United States thought has since gone elsewhere. Washington has become the radiating centre of an over-lordship which covers, in varying degrees, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Santa Domingo; and if there is to be any question of over-lordship in the case of the British West Indies, it is rather to Canada that eyes are turned.

As far back as 1891 overtures were made by Canada to British Guiana for a reciprocity treaty. British Guiana's answer was 'No,' on the ground that an arrangement of such a character would be preferred with the United States, and the British Guiana Government would not enter into any arrangement which might prevent reciprocity with the United States. To judge from recent expressions of authoritative business opinion in British Guiana, the answer of Georgetown to any such suggestion from

Ottawa would be different to-day. The question put to me more than once in Demerara was this:

> Would Canada admit us as a province of the Dominion, or at least as her tropical annexe? We feel [I was told in so many words] stifled at times by Colonial Office methods. We admit faults in our past political ways, and the cumbrousness of our old Dutch constitution, but no Britisher likes to be talked to as a somewhat superior schoolmaster talks to a somewhat naughty schoolboy. Whitehall would not talk like that to Ottawa. Also we see what has come from Canadian methods in the development of such hinterlands as Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia possess. Our hinterland in British Guiana is no less full of unreaped riches.

Much might be said in comment upon any such appeal. British Guiana is not as Quebec and Ontario. Problems of their own continent and climate seem to satisfy Canadian statesmen and people of this generation, to say nothing of their perplexing relations with lands overseas, such as Japan. Have Canadians not always blessed their immunity from a colour problem of the kind that harasses the thinking citizen of the United States? Of the 300,000 people in British Guiana all but 12,500 are classed as 'coloured,' and of the 940,000 in Jamaica the 'whites' are only 14,500. The future may bring surprising changes in political relations between the countries of North and South America, and in years to come a puissant Canada may look politically towards the tropics as the United States has done. But for the present it is enough to think of an economic relationship, and under the Canada-British West Indies Trade Agreements trade exchanges are certainly developing. Here are the percentage figures:

Imports into British West Indies

	1912 (No Treaty)	1920 (First Treaty in Effect)	Latest Statistics. (1926)
From United Kingdom	38·6	29·0	29·17
From United States	37·2	45·6	32·5
From Canada	8·6	13·9	20·4
Exports from British West Indies (Domestic Produce)			
To United Kingdom	24·3	42·3	27·3
To United States	36·1	24·0	32·1
Canada	21·9	19·4	20·6

There has been delay in carrying out certain clauses of the last trade agreement, as, for instance, the vital clauses affecting

direct and up-to-date steamship services for passengers and refrigerated goods, but these obstacles are now being removed. At the close of this year the means of steamship intercommunication will be greatly increased, and tourists to Colonies like Jamaica will find awaiting them a Canadian Government hotel as magnificent as those which Canadian governmental and railway enterprise provides all through Canada itself. The first-class hotel accommodation of Jamaica will be no longer exclusively American. Canadian enterprise is already well placed in the bauxite industry of British Guiana, and a wide field for Canadian as well as British capital and initiative is afforded by the sugar, fruit, rice and timber industries of several of the Colonies.

Other changes of much importance are affecting relations with Great Britain. Empire has taken on a new meaning for the majority of the British people. The family feeling has entered nto the British mind, and it can no longer be said that the mmediate benefits of free imports from all the world are of more consequence in British opinion than the future of the Empire overseas. In the British House of Commons we are kept up ' nights because some among us seek party capital over questions of Empire preference. But the number of attackers and the orce of their attack is always on the decline. As men of all parties go more overseas they come to realise the profound effect of Empire development upon the welfare of the British home population. We in England begin to feel that the Empire is a heritage which it is the especial duty of our generation to cherish nd develop, and our kinsfolk overseas know that a new and ivifying influence is at work. 'England does really care,' was he universal comment in the British West Indies and other Colonies when Empire sugar was given a substantial preference n the British market for a period of ten years, and a like comment in all parts of the Empire has been evoked by the fiscal avours now given to other Empire products like tobacco and uch manufactures as come under the McKenna duties and the ey industry and safeguarding schedules of the British tariff. The field of preference is, of course, restricted so long as the British elector thinks more of merchanting than of production, f cheapness than of the greater power to purchase, but other orces are at work. I have space to mention two only.

The Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture is beginning to diate a unifying and stimulating influence from Trinidad all ver our tropical possessions. So is the newly-formed Empire arketing Board, with its grants to encourage efforts of self-form in such vital modern requirements as better production, lective co-operation, and up-to-date marketing.

I lay stress upon this kind of Imperial help because it is by

uniting in encouragement to self-help, in 'pushing' rather than in 'leaning,' that we can best work together in the cause of Empire. We have leaned too long both at home and overseas; we begin to see its fatal consequences.

A negro boatman was taking me out for a swim one glorious morning at Port Antonio, Jamaica, last January.

'Aren't you an M.P.?' he said.

I admitted the offence.

'Then I want to ask you a question: What's the Royal Government going to do for us?'

'What do you mean by the Royal Government?'

'The King's Government, of course.'

'What,' I asked, 'do you want them to do?'

'Well,' was the reply, 'you see that mountain. There are swamps nearby. Why can't the Royal Government get men to work like in Panama, fill the swamps with the mountains and give us plenty of good land for our own?'

The incident may carry a moral for other Britishers than those of the British West Indies.

PERCY HURD.

WHAT CAN WE KNOW ABOUT PROHIBITION?

'It is a condition,' said Cleveland on a famous occasion, 'which confronts us—not a theory.' To many people that condition seems to be one of the non-enforcement of Prohibition legislation. They draw the deduction, as practical men, that it is best abandoned. Law, so runs the argument, cannot persist in defiance of the wishes of a large section of the community and of general custom. But the deduction is too hasty. It is notorious that the difficulty of enforcement is especially an urban difficulty. And yet there seems excellent reason to suppose that enforcement at the present time in metropolitan New York, under the Federal law alone, is better than was enforcement in Maine, with the backing of State law and a 'dry' tradition, at the end of the last century. In Kansas it took a generation before it was possible to get effective enforcement. If custom makes law, law also makes custom. Enforcement has become possible, where once it was impossible, over many parts of the country. The decisive issue in the matter of the enforcement of a continent-wide law is whether respectable public opinion is going to rally to the standard of 'personal liberty' and nullification or is going to discountenance law-breaking, not only on the ground that a law is a law but on the ground that the law, even if a superfluous restriction on some individuals, is of benefit to society as a whole.

A certain English member of Parliament, as an outside observer, has delivered himself of the dictum: 'Prohibition benefits the masses and corrupts the classes.' The clubman loses most and gains least by Prohibition, and the clubman is a highly vocal member of society. Anecdotes about the farcical enforcement of the Prohibition law go the rounds. Sin is news, and virtue isn't. Wild tales circulate to the effect that 'more liquor is consumed than before the war'—tales which it does not require much investigation to show, for the country as a whole, to be nonsensical. It would be rash, however, to take the clubman as alone representative of respectable public opinion.

The importance of the question of upon which side of the line this respectable opinion is going to settle its weight it is almost impossible to exaggerate. The extent of the quiet reduction in

the consumption of liquor, whether from motives of prudence or of obedience, tends to be gravely underestimated by the gossips. The fact, however, remains that effective enforcement depends not upon law-abiding habits alone, but also upon having a more than Lilliputian Prohibition unit to deal with those who do not want to see the law enforced. The small bootlegger will always bootleg as long as it is safe. The big bootlegger is part of that general criminal problem which is with us always; if he were not a bootlegger he would be involved in some other illicit trade. The weak-willed always fall to temptation if it is strong enough. But if the body of adult, reputable citizens do not want enforcement, there will be no strict enforcement—the 'wets' will continue to win on the financial appropriations. It is this body of opinion which is the uncertain factor. If, however, it wants enforcement, it can have it, because it can pay for the cost of enforcing the law, and it ultimately dictates the customs of the mass of decent folk.

The first question is whether the law can be enforced. It is not difficult to conduct an inquiry of an objective nature into where precisely the machinery of law is breaking down. An inquiry in a not dissimilar field has been made by the Missouri Crime Commission. But ultimately we are brought back to considerations of the force of public opinion. The second question is whether the existing law is desirable, and the first question depends upon the second. It seems, however, common ground that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is not within the horizon of practical politics, and that any modification of the Volstead Act must be such as the Supreme Court could hold to be consonant with the Constitution. Nevertheless, the will of the people of the United States is still sovereign, and not only enforcement or nullification, but a substituted amendment or a careful recasting of the Volstead Act, must be considered as possible courses once the American people knows what it wants. The third question is what does it want, and what kind of legislation can carry the conviction that it is beneficial?

II. It is the man of average intelligence and average goodwill who will decide the issue of Prohibition. The man determined 'to get a drink' is not interested in 'the facts about Prohibition.' But the facts about Prohibition are precisely what the average man, who prides himself on having an open mind, wants to know.

'There are no facts in Prohibition,' says Major Alton A. Green, late Prohibition Inspector under General Andrews, 'at least, no facts which any of us really knows.' If the words are taken literally, that means that we do not know whether New York is not drier than Kansas. It means that, allowing for the widest margin of statistical error in estimating sources of supply, we do

not know whether there is not more alcoholic liquor consumed now than in 1924. Major Green presumably means not this, but that, in dealing with an illegal trade, there are many facts about which we cannot do more than guess. But that is a very different statement. Indeed, there seem to be some very significant facts which we do know, and others which, if we know where to go, we can discover. It seems to be a safe statement that observance was better in 1920, when the legitimate trade had been put out of operation and the illicit trade had not yet learned how to supply the place, than it has been subsequently. And, from various social changes which took place especially in 1920, changes directly connected with drinking, we can do something to conjecture what consequences are likely to follow from adequate enforcement. Above all, we are in a position to point out quite a number of current statements, often laid down dogmatically, which are mere rhetoric, quite incapable of verification. It is possible to carry out a very effective ' debunking ' operation.

III. One grave handicap of much social legislation is that nobody, save as a matter of principle, is directly interested in its enforcement. In the case of a theft or of a murder, the victim or his relatives spur on the law to the punishment of the criminal, and adopt an attitude which is certainly not that of the ordinary purchaser of liquor to his bootlegger. Those, however, who are interested in the products of industry become very direct sufferers from the disorganising effect of heavy drinking in cases where the efficiency of the whole process depends upon the workers in each shop keeping time with each other. It is perhaps of the economic effects of Prohibition that most has been heard. Partly this has been because they are of a kind which may be expected to affect the ordinary citizen and not only the criminal, the pathological, or the ' submerged tenth.' And partly it has been because there is a very general impression that, however much it may be the leisured and wealthy who now oppose Prohibition, it was originally supported by employers of labour, who were prepared, it has been contended, to infringe the ' natural rights ' of the workman in the interests of increased production. When we come to estimate these economic effects, we pass into a realm of opinion—often well-informed, but still mere opinion—in which the endeavour to disentangle the statistics of increased production due to Prohibition from those of what is due to improvement of equipment or to the elimination of waste presents difficulties which would check the ardour of all but the most foolhardy.

Statistics, however, are but records of experience at the second remove. Opinion about what other people are doing may be mere hearsay, but a man's opinion about his own experiences is worth many figures. Professor Feldman, of Dartmouth, who

also corroborated in a recent survey undertaken by the Social Science Research Council, in an independent investigation in 1927 succeeded, by a questionnaire which most skilfully avoided being tendentious, in eliciting a remarkably uniform expression of opinion from a fair random sample of employers and from those who are in close contact from day to day with the working of industry. Out of 287 answers to the questionnaire, 184 employers stated that the situation with regard to absences on Monday had been improved, other factors being duly allowed for, by Prohibition. Again, just as those convicted of drunkenness now tend to be recidivists, conspicuous rather for the frequency of their terms of imprisonment than for their total numbers, so Professor Feldman shows that the heavy drinkers in industry tend to be 'down-and-outers,' conspicuous for the frequency of their applications for employment, rather than normal workers. It is to be hoped that Professor Feldman's investigation will before long be carried out upon a larger scale, so that we may be in a better position to appreciate the effect of dry legislation upon the industries of the country.

IV. When we turn from the production of the factory to the consumption or savings of the worker, it is again difficult to distinguish the increased wealth of the wage-earner due to a period of great prosperity and to higher real wages, from increased wealth due to the economy of moneys once spent on drink and to increased efficiency as a worker. The known 'dry' policy of certain large manufacturers, whose products are largely sold among the more prosperous kind of artisans, and who have the best of financial reasons for estimating what factors contribute to their prosperity, indicates that Prohibition is a major influence in favouring this prosperity. The small but valuable study of conditions at Cedar Rapids immediately after the introduction of a State 'dry' law, carried out by Mr. B. Lasker, points in the same direction. But it is likely that Prohibition has been most significant in its effects by compelling masses of human beings who are creatures of habit to take a decision about whether they will continue to invest a portion of their wages in liquor, or whether they will expend it in groceries, clothing, furniture, automobiles and houses.

V. When we turn to the field of public health we return to recorded facts and measurable effects, and to statistics which, although far from perfect, are yet among the best which we have. We are here again concerned, as in the economic field, not so much with the disorderly effects of drunkenness as with the disabling effects of drinking. The two issues are not the same. The British occupational statistics do not show a very high alcoholic mortality rate among miners, but the criminal statistics for mining areas do show a high rate of arrests for being drunk

and disorderly; on the other hand, there is no reason to suppe a high rate of arrests among those clandestine 'soakers' w swell the mortality totals. The British and American syste of liquor regulation split sharply on this matter. The Briti system makes the medical assumption that one glass drunken not 'one-glass-drunk.' It assumes that temperate drinking rather beneficial than otherwise. The public-house should the fore be retained, should be reformed, should be made reputal and recreational. It should be the kind of place where t working-man can go himself and (as to a German beer-garde take his family. What is forbidden is drunkenness and disturbi the public peace. The problem of liquor regulation is fund mentally one of law and order. The American system assum that alcohol itself is deleterious and is to be dealt with on t analogy of legislation regulating the sale of narcotics. N drunkenness matters, but the reduction of industrial and soci efficiency due to the tendency of the *homme moyen sensuel* (wh is the peculiar object of most democratic legislation) to do himself with drink. The emphasis is not on the civil peace, b on economics and hygiene.

It is customary to estimate the effect of Prohibition and oth measures of liquor regulation upon public health by the fluctu tions in the figures of deaths from alcoholism and from th probably largely alcoholic disease of cirrhosis of the liver. Thes diseases show the customary sharp decrease from 1917 (beginnin of war-time restrictions) to a nadir in 19.0 (Eighteenth Amend ment in force), followed by a rise, during the years of 'normalisa tion' and relaxation of the sentiment in favour of enforcement to something about 60 per cent. of the 1910-16 level, the whol flattening out in the last four years.

The objection, however, to basing any argument upon thes figures, save as an index of the amount of *excessive* drinking, an apart from their statistical uncertainty (since physicians ar reluctant to certify alcoholism as a cause of death), is that th total of those certified as dying from these causes is only a triflin percentage of the annual mortality. On the other hand, clinica and physiological studies of the connexion, in normal persons between, on the one hand, alcohol drinking, and, on the othe hand, efficiency and resistance to disease, are of personal interest to every individual. As has been said, it is upon this point that the American and English systems split apart. It is for medical science to decide between them, and it cannot be said that it has as yet decided. On the one hand, even although the latest research indicates that a glass of beer does have a noticeable disturbing effect on the physical organs, it is premature to affirm that this is an injurious effect. And, on the other hand, if a moderate

dose is not injurious, the highest British medical authority has declared that drinking under conditions that may well fall far short of drunkenness is, for most people, injurious. The evidence of medical authorities cited in America by the ' wets ' offers what is perhaps the cold comfort that alcohol may exterminate the weaker members of the species ante-natally, and thus be eugenically beneficial.

What is required is the collection of available authoritative information and further *ad hoc* research with a view to presenting a report as weighty and impartial as was, a quarter of a century ago, the Physiological Report of the Committee of Fifty. It may be that the narcotic effects of alcohol, as of other drugs, may be for certain purposes and constitutions good, for others injurious. Such a conclusion might point towards some compromise between the system of medical certificates and the Swedish system of personal licence for certain liquors. The connexion between mental instability and alcoholic excess, already studied by Drs. Pollock and Furbush (1924), seems especially deserving of attention. It seems possible that the beneficial results of alcohol in moderate doses are chiefly noticeable when a man, temporarily (as before a public speech), or constitutionally, or for some social reason, is suffering from a sense of inadequacy or inferiority. If so, psychological studies seem to be called for which might prove fruitful of results and give guidance to intelligent and scientific legislation.

VI. The crucial matter is not so much to know what is happening as to understand why it is happening. What is the cause, social, psychological or sociological, of the craving for alcoholic drinks? It is by pursuing inquiries of this nature, rather than by the monotonous repetition of uncertain statistical totals, that the most significant results will probably be obtained. Needless to say, the relatively effective Prohibition of 1920 reduced the number of arrests for drunkenness—a result of which the importance is emphasised when the generally admitted increase of police vigilance at this time in making arrests is taken into account. To say this is, after all, to do no more than to say that Prohibition, in part, prohibits. It is interesting that, for whatever reason, the curve of divorces granted on the ground of drunkenness fell to nadir when Prohibition came into force, although a rise—not, however, reaching the former level—subsequently took place. This seems to confute any argument to the effect that Prohibition has driven men to take to drink clandestinely at home.

What is perhaps more important is that, despite the notorious (and perhaps largely mythical) ' crime wave,' such crimes as may with some probability be connected with drunkenness show, on

the whole, a tendency to decrease with the coming into force of Prohibition. Hence the evidence tends to substantiate in pa the belief of the late Dr. W. C. Sullivan, of the British Hon Office, concerning the important part played by drinking increasing certain crimes. That there should be a close co nexion between drunkenness and brawls or affrays is not su prising. What would be interesting is if a connexion could l shown between a tendency to alcoholic excess and certain typ of anti-social acts, possibly of a kind indicating nervous instabilit If so, we should be one step nearer knowing what precisely tl problem is about which we are legislating. We want a lar number of case histories of alcoholics, and to know whether the is any connexion between alcoholic outbreaks and other kinds outbreak. If the drunkard is a marked psychological type, a 'inferior' for whom alcohol just turns the balance, then tl English repressive legislation is fumbling, while the America nation-wide preventive legislation may be, as it were, crackir a nut with a coal-hammer.

VII. When we pass on to that vaguer field, called social, i which most of our detailed information is supplied from charitabl agencies and voluntary societies, instinctively we turn toward the same line of inquiry as the most hopeful. The statistics c charitable relief may be used with striking effect, as in the Repor of the Federal Council of the Churches, or we may be supplie with a vivid account of the effects of Prohibition as seen from th angle of the community settlements, as by Mrs. Martha Bruer (1927). But we want to know why the figures in these statistic have fluctuated in this way, supposing them to be reliable evidence and whether the poverty relieved has been due to drunkenness where the two are associated, or whether the drunkenness ha been due to depression or despair caused by the poverty.

The advantages of Prohibition are perhaps most apparent in the case of that not inconsiderable part of the population which lives on the 'border-line' between indigence and dependence This is probably not that section of the community which possesses the strongest character, and it is peculiarly exposed to the temptations of its environment, especially when these temptations are put forward by 'the trade' with all the arts of salesmanship. With these persons it is not enough to punish drunkenness: one must prevent its cause. The same holds true to a less degree of that larger body of more prosperous people who occasionally fall victims to temptation from lack of self-control, to their own and other people's detriment. Under a strict prohibitive *régime*, a depraved few may take to the drinking of lethal substitutes such as wood alcohol, but many will be induced to become industrious citizens. The statistics of the charity

organizations generally show a sharp decline about 1920 in cases of relief required because of intemperance, followed by a rise usually well short of the 1916–18 level.

It is, however, necessary, in considering these social statistics, to beware lest we compliment ourselves on removing the cause when we have, in fact, merely removed the symptom. Drinking is not a simple, but a complex, social phenomenon. We may usefully distinguish three main types. There is occupational drinking, whether directly connected with the industry, as in the heavy steel mills, or indirectly, as among travelling salesmen. We need to know here in what occupations there has been a custom of heavy drinking, what have been the causes of this custom, and what has happened under Prohibition. There is, further, convivial drinking, with the intention of feeling 'a fine fellow,' and often going along with high wages. It results, not in 'soaking,' but in the 'spree,' and seems to be largely a psychological matter. The drinker of this type could probably be guided in the choice of his liquors by a discreet use of the taxing power in such a way as to raise prices. He has probably no determined preference for the harder varieties of liquor. Thirdly, there is the misery drinker, who drinks to get 'dead drunk' and unconscious, and whose drinking often goes along with low wages. Each form of drinking seeks its own form of consolation. 'The quickest way out of Manchester,' it used to be said, 'is the gin-shop.' This deplorable condition of affairs is not only to be remedied by removing the gin-shop, although until it be removed it is probable that the energy will be lacking to find another way out. We need to know our 'Manchester,' that is, those removable social conditions, whether bad housing, lack of economic chances, monotony of occupation, excessive isolation, or whatever it may be, which are provocative of heavy drinking. Social and occupational studies of this nature upon an adequate scale have never been carried out since the days of the reports of the Committee of Fifty in 1905.

VIII. What is chiefly significant is not any one line of evidence, but the cumulative effect. The problem is whether the price involved in the detriment to the pleasure of many, and perhaps to the working powers of a few, is well paid in return for a gain in sobriety, and in what sobriety implies, to an extent which may be indicated, tentatively but not entirely arbitrarily, at about 40 per cent. of the gamut run between 1910 and 1920. If the ordinary person becomes convinced that this price is not too high to pay, those who violate the law for gain, and well-intentioned but thirsty citizens, will not be strong enough to prevent enforcement. The average man's conviction will itself depend upon his belief that the same result can be attained in no cheaper way.

If he is not so convinced, legal or practical nullification will probably ensue.

No saw is more common than the remark, 'Fundamentally, of course, this is a matter of principle,' the 'final principle' then enunciated differing according to the speaker. The principle, however, essentially involved is that of the extent of the sacrifice which should be demanded, in the name of the social good, from persons of self-control for the benefit of that large number of persons who, where liquor is concerned, can neither control themselves nor remain without becoming an economic and even physical nuisance to others. Before, then, the question of principle can be settled, we need to know certain facts. We need to have a medical opinion upon whether our sacrifice is, in terms of health, indeed such. Assuming that it is such, we need to know the extent of the other man's gain under a given measure of legislation, and whether this legislation is of the kind that effects the most at the least sacrifice. At present any alternative legislation to the Eighteenth Amendment or to the Volstead Act will be merely a leap in the dark unless it is based upon a fuller medical knowledge of what constitutes excessive drinking, upon a fuller social and psychological knowledge of the conditions which conduce to such drinking, and upon a fuller administrative knowledge based upon a comparison of the effects of different kinds of legislation. The problem of the control of the liquor traffic is one of those many cases in which the public opinion behind any satisfactory legislation must be grounded, not upon propagandist statements checked by amateur judgment, but upon scientific investigation.

George E. G. Catlin.

RUBBER

THE STEVENSON SCHEME AND INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL

RUBBER, itself the most remarkable product of the vegetable kingdom, has been during the past fifty years, or rather more, the subject of two remarkable experiments. The first had an economic aim and motive, but was wholly scientific; it proved a complete success. It consisted in the transplantation of a forest tree from the New World to the Old, from its native habitats in the regions of the Amazon to India and Ceylon and the Far East, not at all so simple a matter as might be supposed. This tree is named by botanists *Hevea braziliensis*, and is the most prolific source of rubber.

The story of this great experiment is now well known and need not be repeated here; it has become a sort of classic of economic history. It is interesting to note, in passing, that it was due to the initiative of the Government of India in the time of Lord Northbrook, though to what particular individual does not appear to have been recorded. The result of the experiment may be summarised in a few sentences. In the year 1900 the world produced, perhaps, 54,000 tons of raw rubber. Nearly the whole of this was collected from natural forests, mostly in Brazil; it was 'wild' rubber. The proportion contributed by the British Empire was possibly 7 per cent. Last year, 1927, the world production of crude rubber was probably not less than 630,000 tons. Of this total about 35,000 tons was 'wild' rubber; the whole of the balance, 595,000 tons, was 'plantation' rubber—that is to say, rubber obtained from trees planted by the hand of man. Practically the whole of this was due to the experiment; in other words, it was derived from seeds of *Hevea braziliensis* smuggled out of Brazil as 'botanical specimens' by Mr. Henry (now Sir Henry) Wickham, acting for the Government of India, in 1876, from which seedlings were raised at Kew Gardens by the late Sir Joseph Hooker and in due course sent out to India in Wardian cases. The proportion contributed by the British Empire was about 340,000 tons, or 57 per cent. There has been no more remarkable development in agriculture than this since the first

Napoleon, angry at the success with which Britain had 'restricted' the supply of colonial sugar to the Continent, stung the scientists and agriculturalists of France into trying to produce sugar from their own soil, and thus started the cultivation of the sugar-beet, an industry that was to change the face of Europe. There are now in the East, from Ceylon to Celebes, between 500 and 600 rubber-producing estates, apart from an immense number of what may be called allotments worked by natives in Java and Sumatra. By far the larger number of these estates are British-owned; and most of the rest are Dutch. Some are rubber estates solely, but a large number are associated with tea estates and are owned by companies that are primarily tea companies. The capital invested in these rubber estates cannot be much, if anything, under 200,000,000*l.*; the estates range in size from a few hundred acres to 50,000 acres; while a competent authority in 1925 estimated that there were then at least 500,000,000 planted rubber trees in the East.

This enormous expansion in the production of crude rubber since the beginning of this century has been due almost entirely to one cause, the steadily increasing demand for rubber brought about by the development of the motor vehicle. It is therefore true to say that rubber owes much to the motor vehicle; but the motor vehicle is just as much indebted to rubber. It is impossible to conceive the vehicles which now crowd the streets of our towns and cities and overflow on to all our main country roads with wheels having tires without rubber. With any other practicable substance the noise and vibration would be so terrific that human life would be impossible in our towns or along our main roads; while it is not easy to imagine a road structure that would be able to stand the wear and tear.

The second of our two experiments arose directly from the immense, indeed overwhelming, success of the first. It is, however, of a very different character (it is still proceeding), and cannot be described as scientific. It may be said to have been begun with the appointment by Mr. Winston Churchill, as British Secretary of State for the Colonies, in October 1921, of a committee to 'investigate and report upon the present rubber situation in British Colonies and Protectorates, and to advise what remedial measures should be taken to improve the existing situation'; it developed into what is known as the 'Stevenson scheme'; its death sentence was pronounced by the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, from his place in the House of Commons on April 4 of this year, while Mr. Churchill, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, sat by his side. As an experiment and 'scheme' it will come to an end on October 31 of this year. It has been one of the most interesting and instruc-

tive experiments in the history of economics, and one of the most unwise.

The circumstances in which this experiment was initiated were these. In the year 1915 the world production of crude rubber, for the first time for five years, exceeded consumption. In each succeeding year till 1923 production exceeded consumption, except in 1921, when the difference was a little the other way. Naturally, stocks accumulated and prices fell. The average spot price in London of 'fine, hard Para' rubber, which for 1918 was *2s. 11d.* per pound, worked out at *11½d.* a pound in 1921; while it was known that contracts were being made at much lower prices. In the early part of that year it was estimated that the unsold stocks of crude rubber in this country, the United States, the Netherlands, at Eastern ports and afloat, exceeded 300,000 tons. It was clear that the situation was becoming critical for the industry; and the question was: Should matters be allowed to take their own course, or should some attempt be made to get them under some kind of control?

Voluntary restriction of output had been repeatedly suggested and discussed by British producers; but it had not been found possible to bring about any agreement; and as a last resort representatives of important British rubber interests in London applied to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, at that moment, Mr. Winston Churchill, to see if he could help them. The immediate result was the appointment of the committee to which reference has already been made. This committee was composed of very able men, and had for chairman the late Lord Stevenson, then Sir James Stevenson, G.C.M.G. (chairman of John Walker & Co., Limited), whose independence so far as concerned the rubber industry would not be called in question. It had one defect, however—it did not contain any member who could be considered to be in any way an independent and authoritative economist.

This committee of investigation concentrated from the first on restriction of output throughout the industry generally; while it was recognised that, in order to make a policy of restriction effective, it would be necessary to induce the Dutch producers to join in whatever scheme might be adopted. The Dutch Government was therefore approached, but declined to take a part in the proposed policy, for the perfectly good reason that the Dutch producers were by no means agreed as to the necessity or wisdom of the policy proposed to be adopted. It looked for a time as if a deadlock must arise. How could British producers in Ceylon and British Malaya be expected to cut down their production while producers in Java and Sumatra remained at liberty to go as they pleased? Those non-British producers were already

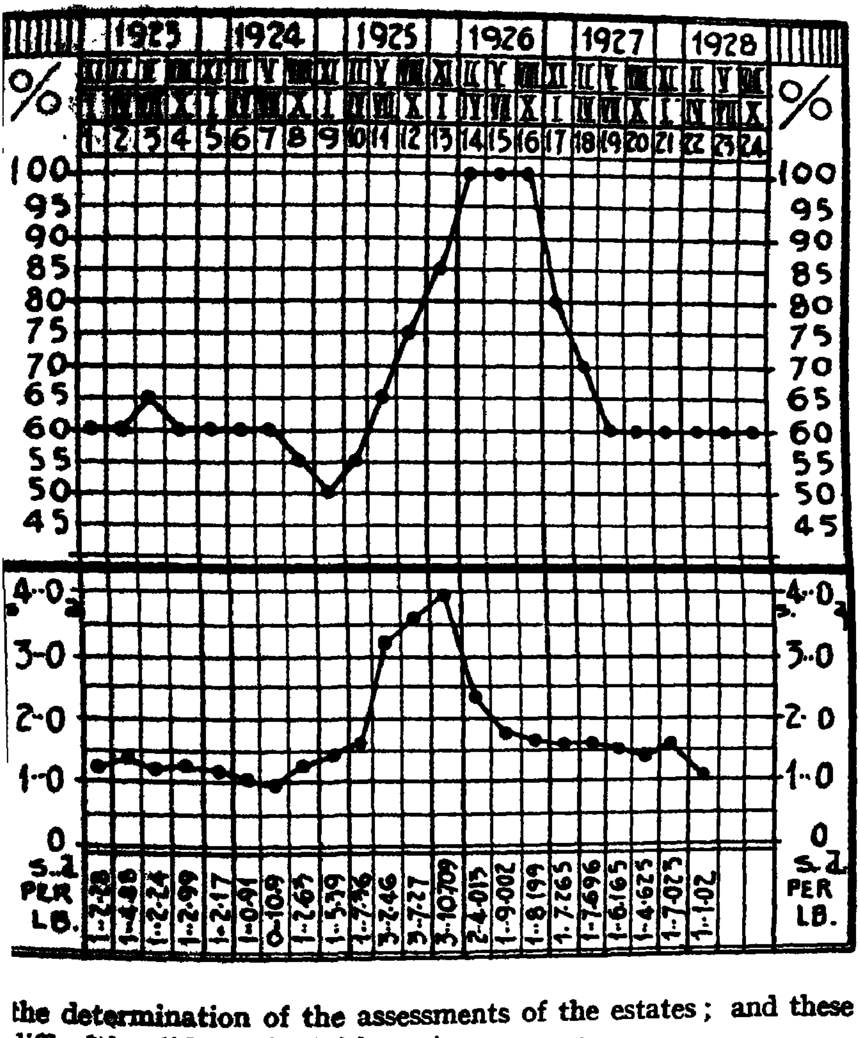
[illegible] Malayan [illegible] remark- [illegible] number of the Dutch estates, while nominally Dutch, were really British-owned; they voluntarily offered to join the scheme and to toe the line with producers in the British territories. As soon as this reinforcement was received the committee made a report and recommended the immediate adoption of a scheme which had already been put before the Secretary of State. The latter acted promptly on the recommendation. The legislative sanction of the Colonial Governments was required, but this was only nominal, and all the necessary formalities were quickly concluded. The scheme came into operation in Ceylon and the whole of British Malaya (including the Unfederated States) on November 2, 1922.

The foundation of this scheme, which became known at once as the 'Stevenson scheme,' was a graduated scale of export duties to be levied on all crude rubber of domestic production exported from the Dominions concerned. Then a year was selected—November 1, 1919, to October 31, 1920—which was to be the 'standard' year. For the first three months of the operation of the scheme producers were to be allowed to export 60 per cent. of the quantities they exported in the corresponding period of the standard year, and no more, at the minimum rate of export duty. If they exported more than their assessed allowance they must pay extra duty, which might run up to 1*s*. per pound, of course a prohibitive rate. The minimum rate of duty was nominal; it was not to be more than 1*d*. per pound in any event, and was, in fact, fixed in most cases at half that rate or less. It was no part of the scheme to raise revenue for the States.

At the end of the first quarter the situation was to be reviewed in London by the Colonial Office assisted by an 'advisory committee' appointed by the Secretary of State. This committee was substantially the original committee of inquiry, and again had Lord Stevenson for chairman. If these authorities found that the average price in London of 'ribbed, smoked sheet' rubber during that quarter had been not less than 1*s*. per pound, then the exportable allowance at the minimum rate of duty was to continue for another quarter at 60 per cent.; but if it had been below 1*s*. per pound, then the exportable allowance, at minimum rate of duty, was to be reduced to 55 per cent. during that second quarter. Subsequently the situation was to be reviewed at the end of each quarter and the exportable allowance at minimum rate of duty raised or lowered or maintained, according to the average ascertained price in London, with a view to keeping that price somewhere about 1*s*. 6*d*. per pound.

... ingenious; if anything of the kind, ... control, had become necessary in the interests of the industry, then perhaps it would be difficult to suggest a scheme less objectionable. From the first, however, there were administrative difficulties, chiefly in connexion with

Chart No. 1.—Exportable Percentage and Standard Price.



the determination of the assessments of the estates; and these difficulties did not diminish as time wore on.

We cannot dwell here on the details of the working of this remarkable scheme, but its operation throughout the whole period since the beginning to the present time is shown succinctly in the chart (No. 1) appended. It will be seen that nine quarters had to elapse, during which time the exportable allowance was dropped to 50 per cent., before the price touched 1s. 6d. per

pound ; in the seventh quarter the price dropped to under 1s. The explanation of this sluggish movement is easy : the huge stocks which had accumulated had to be cleared or greatly reduced. Then came the rebound ; the production of motor vehicles, especially in the United States, was increasing at an enormous rate, and large users of rubber began to fear an actual shortage of that indispensable material. The price advanced until, in the thirteenth quarter of the operation of the scheme, it was only a fraction of a penny below 4s. per pound. As a result, for three quarters in 1926 British producers in the controlled States were at liberty to export as much as they exported in the year of standard production, 1919–20. The advance in price, however, had, as usual, been much overdone ; the price fell precipitously in the fourteenth quarter, February–April 1926, and at the end of that year the exportable allowance was reduced to 80 per cent. At the moment, it will be seen from the chart, the exportable allowance is precisely where it was when the scheme was started, while the price is lower. The exportable allowance will remain where it is till the scheme expires at the end of October of this year.

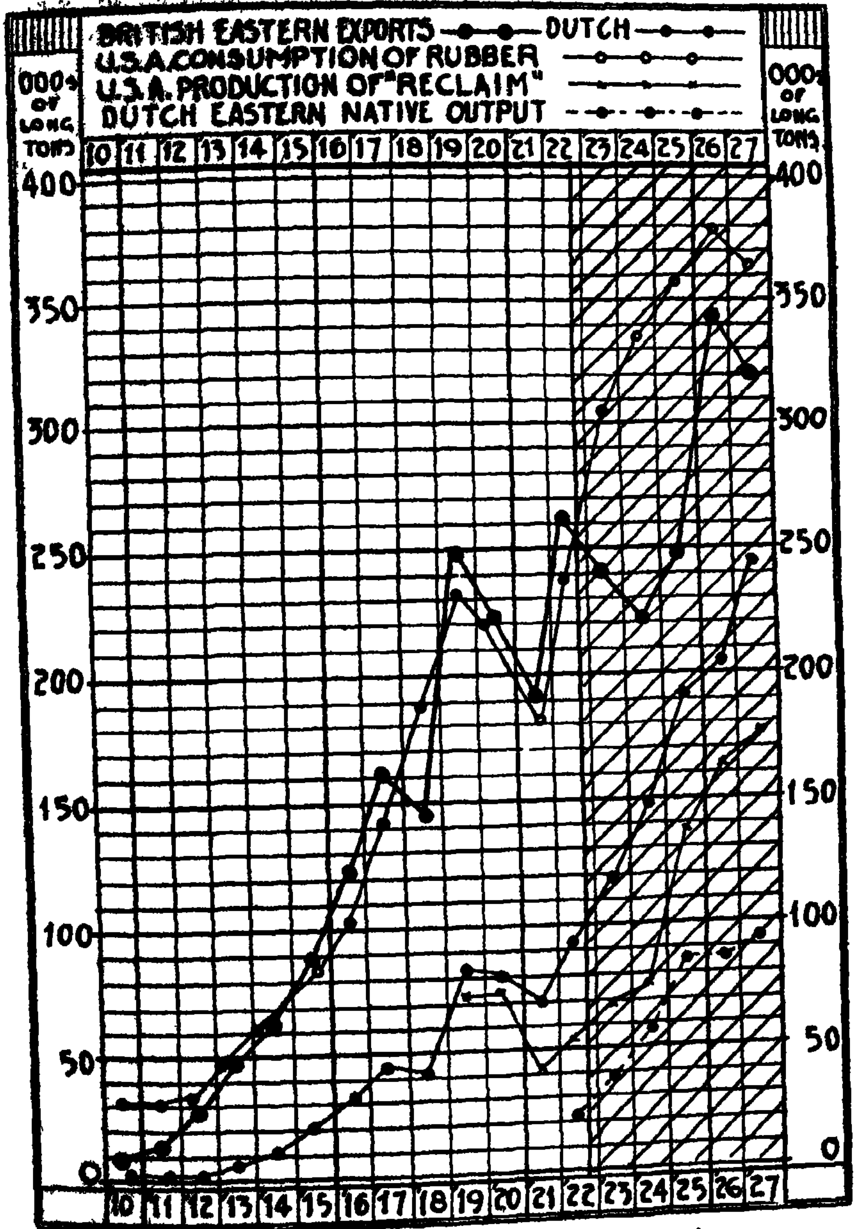
Now, this great experiment—for it has been a great experiment, whatever view we may take as to its wisdom or necessity—presents two striking aspects both deserving of being put on permanent record and of careful study. The one is economic and national ; the other is political and international, and of the two is probably the more important.

The object of the 'Stevenson scheme' was said to be to 'save the British rubber-producing industry.' It may be claimed that it attained that end ; it is obviously impossible now to show that if there had been no 'Stevenson scheme' there would not have been some serious collapse in the industry. On the other hand, it is certain that a substantial advance in the price of crude rubber would have come during the period of the scheme in any event, scheme or no scheme ; and it is clear that the industry, as an industry, never was in any real danger. What were in danger were the shares of certain over-capitalised British rubber companies, which no doubt were 'saved' for the time being. Let it be granted that the 'Stevenson scheme' attained its immediate object ; its wider effects, economic and political, have been these :

First, it has transferred to non-British producers in the East, more particularly to the Dutch, a very large business which, but for the scheme, would have remained in British hands. What has happened is shown very strikingly on our chart No. 2. Take the two curves which show the British and Dutch exports of rubber, which are based on very complete tables prepared by the

British Rubber Growers' Association. It will be seen that, while the British curve till 1922 mounts far above the Dutch, from

Chart No. 2.—Economic Results of the Stevenson Scheme.



The shaded portion is the period of the 'scheme.'

that year the Dutch curve begins to gain rapidly on the British. It is true that the British curve takes a big leap upward in 1926,

but it drops again in 1927. The Dutch curve never looks back after 1921, and if the conditions of 1927 continue during the present year, it is clear that the Dutch curve will meet and pass above the British at an early date. In other words, the Dutch will then be producing more rubber in the East than we shall. In 1922 the British Empire produced 66·4 per cent. of the world's rubber (Mr. Amery recently stated in the House of Commons that we had produced between 70 and 75 per cent., but that is probably an excessive estimate). A shrewd authority in the United States predicts that in the present year our quota will fall below 50 per cent. for the first time since 1914. It is certainly better to produce 50 per cent. of the world's rubber at a profit than to incur a loss by producing 65, but it is not pleasant to see any decline from a British position once gained. It is always to be remembered that, apart from the profits of the growers, there are important ancillary profits arising from the transport of the commodity—packages, shipping, insurance, and so on—which are approximately proportionate to the volume of the business. Before passing from this phase attention may be directed to the extraordinary growth in the production of rubber by the Dutch natives of Java and Sumatra, as shown on this chart. During the period of the operation of the scheme this production grows from 22,000 tons to over 90,000 tons a year.

Secondly, the scheme, if it did not call into existence in the United States of America a new industry for the reconstitution of old rubber, has stimulated that industry into extraordinary activity. Its growth is shown upon the chart, from which it will be seen that, while the production of 'reclaim' rubber was a little over 50,000 tons in 1922, it was nearly 180,000 tons last year, the greater part of which would never have been reclaimed at all but for the scheme. Reclaim rubber has now a firm hold upon users of rubber, especially in the States, and will remain a permanent competitor of the natural product.

Thirdly—and here the economic merges into the political and international—the scheme has estranged the British rubber-producing industry's best customer, the United States of America, and stimulated the biggest users of rubber in the world into setting seriously about the business of producing rubber for themselves. They are already actively at work in Brazil, in Africa, and in the Far East itself. They are even testing the possibility of producing their rubber in some of their own south-western States. Mr. Henry Ford, the biggest individual user of rubber in the world, has declared that, because of the 'Stevenson scheme,' he will make America independent of the rest of the world for her supplies of rubber, and if Brazil be included in the 'America' it can be done. Brazil alone could easily supply all

the rubber needed by the States if only she had the labour—fortunately for British rubber producers, a very large 'if.' The United States consumes over 70 per cent. of all the rubber produced in the world; while it is interesting to observe from Chart No. 2 that until the adoption of the 'Stevenson scheme' *British Eastern supplies of rubber just about kept the United States going.* This condition, which had existed since 1912, fails completely during the period of the scheme.

The serious character of the political aspect of this 'experiment' arises from the fact that the scheme was brought into being by the *act of the Executive of the British Government.* The Americans insist upon regarding the whole thing as the act of the British Government, and not a friendly act. They claim that this act has compelled them to pay between 100,000,000*l.* and 200,000,000*l.* more for their rubber than they ought to have had to pay; an advance of 1*d.* per pound on the American consumption represents 3,500,000*l.* Now, the Americans are not children; it is certain that if there had not been any 'Stevenson scheme' there would have been a substantial advance in the price of crude rubber about 1925–26 owing to the enormous expansion in the output of motor vehicles in the States; and if that advance had been brought about by the natural operations of industry and commerce not a word would have been said Even if it had been brought about by a 'combine' of the usual type (combines are not unknown in the States), there would have been voices, no doubt, precisely as there have been in Lancashire, time and again, over cotton; but they would not have been marked by the bitterness which has characterised most of what has been said in America since 1925 about Britain and rubber. Nor must it be supposed that the question concerns only the big users of rubber; when motor cars are produced at the rate of more than 4,000,000 a year in the United States it is easy to see how the price of rubber may touch the 'people.'

And, again, it is not only the big users in the States who have 'given tongue.' Complaint and protest have been clearly and formally made by no less a person than Mr. Charles Herbert Hoover, the United States Secretary of State for Commerce, and possibly the next President of the States. It is true that Mr. Hoover's pet notion that the scheme was deliberately devised with the view of securing a monopoly of rubber production for Britain is a very wild idea which cannot be justified; but the mere fact that it has been officially put forward by a man in Mr. Hoover's position indicates the serious view that is taken of the scheme in the States. Let us make no mistake: America is not going to forget the 'Stevenson scheme'; and, while Mr. Amery in his recent statement in the House of Commons said nothing

about this aspect of the question, it is not to be supposed that it has not been present to the minds of the British Cabinet or has had no influence in bringing about the decision of the Cabinet to end the scheme. We may, indeed, well ask ourselves, Was it worth while to risk the loss of any goodwill on the part of the United States for the sake of anything that the 'Stevenson scheme' could possibly have effected?

Had the supporters of the scheme been wise they would have had the proximate ending of the scheme announced in 1925, when the price of rubber was approaching 4*s.* per pound; and, in the writer's opinion, but for the illness that laid the late Lord Stevenson low in 1925–26, and to which he ultimately succumbed, something of the kind would have been done. It was always said that the scheme was to be temporary. Instead, the pro-restrictionists (or the Colonial Office, it is not quite clear which) had the scheme modified with a view to raising the 'pivotal' price of crude rubber from 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound, the original aim, to 1*s.* 9*d.* For reward they have now to witness the ignominious extinction of the scheme by arbitrary act of Government.

As a means of raising the price of rubber the 'Stevenson scheme' was effective; as a means of stabilising the price at an 'economic' figure it has been a failure, as it was bound to be. The announcement that it will now end will have been received with satisfaction by many on both sides of the Atlantic, who have no special interest in rubber, but who are anxious that the friendly relations between the United States and this country should not be prejudiced, even in the slightest measure, by any doubtful economic expedient, but should be permitted to grow in amity and goodwill.

Finally, as an industry, the production of crude rubber in the British Eastern Dominions is one of the most favourably circumstanced industries of the Empire, with climate and soil highly suitable and with a practically unlimited supply of suitable labour. No industry should less need any artificial support by the State or be more independent of control by any Government department.

A. J. LIVERSEDGE.

THE POLITICS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE

I. By an Oxford Undergraduate

It is doubtful whether at any former time in the history of Oxford politics university political fervour has run so high as during the past six years. It is true to say that Oxford has always been more progressive and more radically minded than Cambridge, and the divisions at the Union debates in recent years have shown that this is still so.

In normal times, and viewed from a political standpoint, the majority of the undergraduates are asleep; on the other hand, if once their enthusiasm is roused by a general election or by a visit of one or other of the great political leaders, that enthusiasm is such as is not witnessed among any other gathering of people. Great speakers—as, for example, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Winston Churchill or Lord Birkenhead—always draw an audience such as they could not hope to address at any other place, with the possible exception of Cambridge.

It is well to realise that the majority of undergraduates are not outwardly very much interested in politics; those who are responsible for the organisation of the three party associations are not looked upon with favour, and are regarded as mediocre busybodies.

As might be expected, university politicians can be divided into Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists. The Communist element can be disregarded.

If a poll was taken of the whole university, the Conservative Party would, without doubt, obtain an overwhelming majority. But the Conservatives, as is the case in other spheres, are not so active as the other two parties. In the first place, the majority of the wealthy people are Conservative, and the greater the wealth a young man possesses the less likely is he to spend his time attending political meetings; he prefers to visit the theatre or the cinema, or to sit over his port and cigars in one of the more exclusive clubs. Such a man certainly reads his *Morning Post* or his *Times*, and he is probably well versed in the questions which are occupying the attention of statesmen at any particular

time; but he looks askance at the Oxford politician who possesses no athletic ability and who bores his listeners with political jargon. He has no use for such people.

Again, the opinions of the undergraduate, and especially the Conservative, who does not worry himself very much with current politics, are moulded largely by the traditions of his home. His father was perhaps at Eton and Christ Church before him; his father hunted with the Bicester and played polo 'when he was up,' and his father did not interest himself in that much maligned institution, the Union. This being so, he does not propose to diverge so far from the family traditions as to visit such an institution himself. Even the most ardent politician at Oxford sometimes feels that perhaps this is the best attitude to adopt, and there is certainly great danger of becoming too stereotyped and too much the party agent. It is a known fact that Conservative Oxford and Cambridge men in the House of Commons to-day for the most part did not interest themselves to any great extent in politics while they were still 'up.' So much for the non-active Conservative.

But what of the enthusiastic Conservative? It would be evident to any impartial observer that he is preferable to the enthusiastic young Liberal or Socialist, mainly because the latter have politics as their only interest, whereas in the case of the Conservative this is certainly not so.

Most Conservatives at Oxford incline towards the left wing of their party, as is generally the case with young men. Those who preach 'die-hard' doctrines are usually adopting a pose—not an uncommon thing for an undergraduate to do; it may be they are die-hards because there is some die-hard politician for whom they have a great admiration and on whom they are trying, often unconsciously, to model themselves. It is quite noticeable that after Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Birkenhead has paid a visit to the Union speakers attempt to adopt their mannerisms on subsequent occasions, and one type of Oxford speaker will even sink so low as to plagiarise the epigrams of a great man.

There are very few undergraduates who could be termed good Tories, or good Whigs, or even good Socialists, because on arrival at the university from a public school, with all its limitations, a young man is very uncertain what his politics really are. He is constantly changing, and he does not know his own mind; thus most Conservatives are of the rather feeble type. Their views are ephemeral and indefinite and the products of a sentimental frame of mind in which, it seems, all youthful politicians find themselves, and thus, as has been said, they are usually attached to the left wing of their party. In spite of this, it is not often that

a Conservative undergraduate, even of the feeble type, changes his political name to become a Liberal or a Socialist.

To the undergraduate who uses his mind the Conservative Party does not at first seem attractive; it does not have the humanitarian appeal which captures so many young waverers for the Socialist cause. Undergraduates, as a class, do not think very hard; when they go up to the university many men begin really to think for the first time in their lives; for the first time they realise that the one and only thing that matters is not, 'Who is to be head of the school next term?'; for the first time they have to make decisions without the assistance of a parent or a housemaster. In this state of mind the same unselfishness which inspires first love also inspires one to choose the political party which expounds the most humanitarian suggestions, rather than the political party which advocates the most practical policy.

In short, the Conservative Party at Oxford consists, first, of those who do not think at all, and they are almost certainly in the majority; secondly, of those who think so clearly that they are not influenced by the superficial attractions which the other parties offer; and, thirdly, of those who are so steeped in the family traditions of Toryism that they are thereby almost precluded from joining any other party. This must not be taken too rigidly, as not quite all young Conservatives can be included in these three categories; there are also those who become Tories under the influence of purely mercenary motives, and there are those who are Tories because, their fathers being plutocrats, the sons are striving hard to be aristocrats.

Oxford is not naturally Conservative, as it is seldom an intelligent young man can be, all his inclinations being the other way. On the other hand, it is true that the majority of those *in statu pupillari* profess Conservative beliefs, mainly through laziness; their home is comfortable, and they have never had their eyes opened to the unpleasant side of life, and seen the hardships which some of their poorer fellows have to endure.

What of Liberalism? Oxford has many times been called 'the home of lost causes,' and the strong Liberal element which is present in the University to-day should prove this assertion conclusively. As elsewhere, Liberalism at Oxford numerically is not very substantial, but its advocates are more active and display greater enthusiasm than do Conservative and Socialist politicians at the University; therefore Liberalism at Oxford is really the strongest political force.

The Liberals at Oxford are typical of the most unpopular section of young politicians; they take themselves and their politics much too seriously. Their success is due partly to the natural desire of

many undergraduates to be as non-committal as possible and to steer a middle course; and it is submitted that to become a Liberal no definite decision has to be made; this being the case, it offers certain attractions which the mind of an undergraduate will not be able to disregard.

Some members of the University are Liberals because their consciences will not permit them to be Conservatives, and their practical sense will not permit them to be Socialists. Perhaps these people will be supporters of the recently formed Liberal Council, but certainly not of Mr. Lloyd George; there are, however, but few undergraduates like this.

Many are Liberals, as in the case of the Conservatives, because their fathers have been Liberals; and it is probably true to say that many profess Liberalism because they are Nonconformists. But their chapel is not so powerful a force in England as it was, and in recent years it has not exercised very great influence over Oxford. Throughout England, as is well known, the religious houses of all denominations have, during this century, tended to attract less and less people, and it is this falling off in the attendance at the Nonconformist places of worship which has undoubtedly reduced the number of Liberals of the old type, and what is true of the country is no less true of Oxford.

A severe but honest critic of the Liberal Party must say that theirs is a superficial sincerity, and that they are to a great extent window-dressers. This very obvious trait of the party is not absent from the Oxford Liberal to-day. Liberalism at Oxford is an object of false sentimentalism, perhaps another reason why it is attractive to the minds of some of the more fickle undergraduates.

Emphasis has already been laid on the tremendous influence of distinguished statesmen on the politics of the undergraduate; this is especially noticeable among young Liberals, and it is very largely due to the influence of such figures as Mr. Lloyd George and Sir John Simon that Liberalism plays so important a part in Oxford politics. These two great men are a source of inspiration and encouragement to many Liberal undergraduates, for nowhere is success more reverenced than at Oxford; and great politicians who visit Oxford do not waste their time from a party point of view.

University politicians are either very ambitious or they are mere busybodies, but if both, invariably unsuccessful. An ambitious Liberal is a rather intolerable person to meet; he is usually a very 'pushing' type of man, thrusting himself in where he is not wanted, who insists that his opinions on current politics should be heard by everyone with whom he comes into contact, and he asserts his views in a didactic manner which alienates

many, and infuriates all. Those who complain of the 'Balliol manner' must assuredly have been canvassed by a Balliol Liberal.

It must, however, be admitted that young Liberals show more forensic ability than other young men, and one reason for this is that they are well versed in political theories and policies; and also they take more trouble carefully to prepare their speeches.

Liberal undergraduates are, then, too earnest, sentimental, superficial, and didactic. They are Liberals either because Liberalism is a vice inherent in their family, or because they are Nonconformists, or because they are unable to make up their minds as to their political opinions, and having no strong convictions, they prefer to steer a middle course.

Finally, there are the Socialists, no mean force in Oxford politics; here at least there is sincerity. Whether an undergraduate is a Socialist who will remain one for the rest of his life, or whether he is only a Socialist whose views are the outcome of first-love unselfishness, he is certainly sincere

Many reasons may cause an undergraduate to be a Socialist. Maybe an unpleasant life at home, with an intolerant father, severe bullying at his public school, or severe hardships arising out of straitened circumstances, have made him bitter against his fellow-men; or perhaps he is one of those very sentimental young people possessed of a too searching conscience. Or, again, he may be a young man, the son of rich and aristocratic parents, who is suddenly shown the worst and the sadder side of life—he is filled with an indignant sense of horror; he vows then and there that he will try to find a remedy for such a state of affairs, and he incorrectly assumes that the Socialist Party is the best means to attain this end.

Perhaps he is one of those who believe that the path to success is by way of a pose. He thereupon joins the ranks of the so-called 'æsthetes' (but, like other Oxford æsthetes, he is not artistic); he wears strange clothes, confidently expects that he will reap a Disraelian success, and he calls himself a Socialist. He avoids political discussion because he is not well informed on political questions; he is not really interested, and he suffers from a total insincerity. The latter is the worst type of Oxford Socialist; he is a '*poseur*' who really has no politics at all, and, therefore, he need be discussed no further

Lastly, there is the undergraduate who has been reading economics, and has been curiously convinced that in Socialism lies the salvation of the country. He is a theorist, and as such is more interested from an intellectual than from a solely political standpoint.

Most of the really sincere young Socialists—and, as it has been

said, Socialists are usually sincere—are very earnest people, but are entirely devoid of a sense of humour; they make long and carefully prepared speeches, comprising much 'sob-stuff' and many fallacies. As has been indicated, with many Socialism is only a phase, a phase which, while it lasts, is accompanied by a great sincerity. The Socialist undergraduates do not often change their politics whilst 'still up' (but such an occurrence is not unknown), for to do so would be humiliating, but on leaving Oxford, the phase having passed, either they cease to busy themselves with politics at all, or they become 'independent,' and await a favourable opportunity to join one or other of the two great parties.

The Socialist Party at Oxford is not unsubstantial, because, first, the sudden freedom which an undergraduate obtains on leaving his public school and the natural inclinations towards excessive generosity concurrent with adolescence are conducive to a phase of Socialism.

Special, but not undue, emphasis has been laid on the big part which passing phases play at the University, because such phases are responsible for most of the youthful indiscretions which are prevalent in Oxford life. Whether it be die-hardism, sentimental Liberalism, Socialism or even Communism, all are often mere passing phases. Idealism is never so rampant and so unrestrained as among young men at the University.

There is one other type of politician at Oxford, and that is the man who declares he has an open mind; actually he has not one at all.

Certain conclusions can now be drawn: the Conservative undergraduate owes his politics either to his father, that is, to family tradition, as in a majority of cases, or to his own stupidity and laziness; possibly, on the other hand, he has thought more than most men of his age, and perhaps, unlike most men of his age, he prefers practical suggestions to impractical theories, and at the same time fully realises the difference between the two. The Liberal undergraduate owes his politics to his father, or to his place of worship, or he may desire to steer a careful middle course; he is probably a sentimentalist, a 'bore' to meet at a party, but a good speaker and very enthusiastic. The Socialist will be a sentimentalist, a humanitarian, but without a sense of humour, and quite probably the victim of a phase; he will be a theorist and will be possessed of impractical ideas; perhaps he will be the victim of unfortunate circumstances: in any case, unless a mere '*poseur*,' he will be sincere.

Finally, older men may regard youthful politicians and their original, if impractical, ideas with suspicion; they will regard their phases with amusement and that patronising attitude peculiar

to so many Oxford politicians with annoyance. But, in the words of Disraeli, 'the affectation of youth should be viewed leniently, and every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful.'

F. Murthwait-How.

THE POLITICS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE

II. By a Cambridge Undergraduate

Has the undergraduate any political opinions? If so, what are they? To answer these questions it strikes me as essential to divide the undergraduate members of this University into four groups: the indifferent, the Conservatives, the Liberals, and the Socialists, who must in turn be subdivided. I will first describe the political organisations of each group in the University, then the activities in which each engages, and finally, though it be in an inverted logical order, the ideas which inspire the members of each of these political associations.

If my article is unbalanced by reason of the space devoted to the ideas of the Socialists, a handful of men, it is true, then I plead that they alone have a clear, coherent, and complete social aim and political method: if, for instance, my task had been to describe religion in the University, a similar disproportion would have been created by the Anglo-Catholics and the Quakers, the former having a clearer and more extensive body of doctrine, the latter a purer and more ardent moral code, than any other religious sect.

First I will describe the 'indifferent,' the vast majority of undergraduates, who have neither a political organisation, nor do they engage in any political activity, nor is their life guided by any political or religious idea: some squander money at the aristocratic 'Pitt Club,' some kill foxes with their dogs and shoot birds with their guns, some drive motors, some play all manner of games from 'royal tennis' to 'Rugby' football, and some leave the University with their 'pass' degree and look back with pride on exactly the social performance their fathers had accomplished before them.

There were, at the end of the last academic year, about 5000 undergraduate members of this University: of these there are not more than 150, the pick of each political society, who are socially conscious, who have reflected upon the life of humanity and, in particular, upon that of their fellow-countrymen, and selected their course of action. The few who are active in religious denominations should be added to these.

The 'indifferent,' then, are the vast majority. I now pass on to political organisations.

The Conservative Association had 740 members last Michaelmas term, a 'record' figure, and all but a handful join either because they wish to attend the annual dinner, at which the Prime Minister was the guest of honour in 1926, at which Lord Birkenhead was in 1927, or because they wish to wear a silver grey tie with a pink stripe, or because their parents were Conservatives and the subscription is only 5s. per annum.

The Liberal Club has approximately 140 members. Of these 40 are 'dons,' and many join because their parents were Liberals: at most 40 are serious politicians. Why did they ally themselves to this party? It must be remembered that this University is recruited almost exclusively from a single class, and that this class only contains two political parties, the traditional parties: it is, therefore, natural for reforming spirits to move towards the Liberal Party. Besides, there is the dazzling figure of Mr. Lloyd George for the majority, who gravitate more naturally towards a personality than towards hard, clear-cut ideas; and, for the few, there is a concrete land policy and a concrete policy for the mining industry, which has been followed by the report of a Committee on Industry, the whole forming a fairly extensive social policy, sponsored by Sir Herbert Samuel, a man universally trusted for solid thought and administrative ability.

The Labour Club has approximately 160 members: considering that the University is almost exclusively recruited from the upper class, this figure is striking. Less so, perhaps, when one remembers that the University years are the flower of a man's youth, that they are an age *par excellence* of idealism, of the visionary and the revolutionary, when the call of Nietzsche, of Marx, of Lenin, is clearest and most compelling.

The majority join, I think, from a vague sympathy for the sufferings of the working class, from an undefined sense of social injustice, but the minority, with whom alone we are concerned, have a clear and definite body of ideas.

Finally, there is a hybrid organisation, the Cambridge Union Society, whose primary function is to supply its members with sumptuous repasts, and a reading and writing room, but which also holds weekly debates.

At the end of the last academic year it had enrolled about 2400 undergraduate members—that is, as women are excluded, approximately half the students of the University; it is the comforts furnished by the club which attract the majority, and only a small minority attend the weekly contests in the debating-hall.

In these debates some of the most distinguished Englishmen—in industry, in the law, in politics, in the Church, in the artistic and scientific professions—participate: they are heard in the debating-hall at half the terminal meetings—perhaps too often, perhaps to the detriment of undergraduate talent. For 'the Union' is not a place of serious controversy; it is not a place where opinions are championed, attacked, demolished, exchanged; it is not a 'clearing-house' for undergraduate opinion of all shades and colours from the Tory democrat to the Communist. The main reason, I think, is this. The object of the majority of undergraduate speakers is to climb the steps which lead, through the executive committee and the minor offices, to the presidential throne itself; and therefore they speak in the way that appeals most directly to their auditors, they burn the midnight oil concocting the laboured jokes which will secure them votes at the terminal elections.

Therefore 'the Union' is not a place for the individual to express his conscience and convictions; it is not a training-ground for the intellectual leaders of their generation, but the arena where the gladiatorial struggle for 'office' is fought. The evil consequence is that only talented men, who are also serious, can distinguish themselves, and that many serious individuals never speak in a debate.

These, then, are the political and party political organisations at the University. Their activities are very similar. Each club is galvanised into feverish activity at the approach of a general election: there are the annual municipal elections, there are the local constituencies; and, besides the weekly speaker whom each club invites, and the big meeting in Matthew's, Thurston's, or the Dorothy Café, groups of enthusiasts discuss round the hearth in college rooms every social problem vexing the mind of man.

Let me now pass on to the last section of my article, in which I shall endeavour to describe, as I stated in my first paragraph, the ideas which inspire the different political groups.

I have said that only a handful of each political club is politically conscious: of the 700 members of the Conservative Association at most 30 are active. Of these the majority are followers of the 'Young Conservatives'—Captain Macmillan, Mr. Duff Cooper, Mr. Stanley, and Major Hills: they are apostles of 'young democracy,' the idea which issued from the great mind of Benjamin Disraeli, and which means gradual, very gradual social reform, under a band of benevolent Conservative despots. A few are frankly reactionary: they follow Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, and they even cry, 'Clear out the Bolshies!' with Commander Locker Lampson.

The Liberals are entitled to greater attention.

a [illegible] and a more complete idea of social reform than their Conservative opponents. There is not the slightest difference of principle between the formulated policy of the Liberal Party and the formulated policy of the Labour Party. The State, the Liberals say, having paid complete compensation to the existing owners, will become universal landlord in the country, and the farmers or colliery companies will be its tenants : the Government of the day, always subject to the electorate, is to be the new master in our economic organisation, is to become the universal employer of the working class, and this is simply an extract from the gospel which Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Professor Graham Wallas have been preaching since 1889, an extract from the gospel of State Socialism.

This, then, is the 'new Liberalism,' and it stands in direct and absolute contradiction to the *laissez-faire* Liberalism of the nineteenth century, the 'old Liberalism' which created the world industrial supremacy of this country. The 'new Liberalism' has, in fact, sprung out of the immense material prosperity which the 'old Liberalism' created ; for the latter was also responsible for 'sweated labour,' for the terrible unemployment crises which followed unco-ordinated industrial enterprise, for all the cruelty and chaos of unlimited competition. The spectacle of human suffering roused a popular demand for 'State interference,' and ultimately for the universal control of the democratic state in industry, thus sacrificing individual liberty in order to crush individual licence.

Finally, there is the nucleus of the Labour Club, the 'Fabian' Socialists, the 'Guild' Socialists, the Communists, whose ideas I will expose in that order.

(*a*) Fabian Socialists. The prophets of Fabian Socialism are Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. Shaw, Professor Graham Wallas, and Professor Laski. Their disciples in the University are State Socialists, or, as they are called by the Socialists who aim at the abolition of private property, State-capitalists. Their purpose is identical with the purpose of the modern Liberals: they imagine a society in which the State is universal owner of capital and universal employer of the working class, but their method is different, because they aim at nationalising the land, industry, the banks, as rapidly as political power will allow them, and because some at least do not mean to give complete compensation to the owners of private property.

(*b*) The Guild Socialists. The prophet of 'Guild' Socialism is Mr. G. D. H. Cole. The guildsmen propose an end totally different from that of the State Socialists. The starting point of their reasoning is the liberty of the individual : the individual, they declare, is anterior and superior to the State, never a means to the

[illegible] end of the ruler in a democracy, and, therefore, the whole organisation of society must be measured in terms of individual liberty and need.

Now, as each individual can only develop his personality, physical, intellectual and moral, in conjunction with his fellow-creatures, society must be a vast web of correlated associations, each with a clearly defined function to perform: each association—educational, economic, professional, political—is organised locally as a 'guild' and nationally as a 'national guild,' and, further, the national organisation of individuals as consumers will direct production according to their needs, and the national organisation of individuals as citizens, the State, though its function is more important, is no more sacred than the town council, and ceases absolutely to be the 'octopus' State of to-day. The method of action is prescribed by the condition of society, by the historical evolution of the country. In modern society 'capitalism'—that is, the ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange by the few—is a permanent denial of liberty in every branch of life for the majority of our fellow-countrymen; and this servitude is maintained by bourgeois law and by the force of the bourgeois State. So far the Communists and the Guild Socialists agree. But, whereas the Communist Party aims at expropriating the robbers of the working class, the owners of capital, by armed force, and at the total destruction of the bourgeois State, at an immense and hazardous revolution, the guildsmen aim at the peaceful penetration of 'capitalism' by the working-class movement and at the dissolution of the modern State in the economic organisation of society.

They believe that the trade union movement will oust the shareholders throughout the country, that in this way the division of society into classes, into rich and poor, employers and employed, will be abolished, and that industry will be directed and controlled by the workers therein engaged. In the same way, the co-operative movement will oust the private wholesale and retail distributors.

The London Guild of Builders and the co-operative societies shed the first flicker of light which the rising sun of Socialism throws over a country still buried in the night of capitalism.

(c) The Communists. The main sources of modern Communism are the thought of Karl Marx, the great philosopher, and of Vladimir Lenin, the great revolutionary, and the experience of the Russian Revolution in and after October 1917.

The doctrine is founded on human evolution, political and economic; it is not 'Utopian'—it does not, like Owen, Fourier, Proudhon, aim at translating *à priori* ideas into historical fact. Since human motive has been, and is, predominantly economic,

history is a record of the struggle for the means of life, food, clothes, and shelter: now, in this struggle, there has been a continual rising and falling of classes, but always one class, the possessing, has been pitted against another, the dispossessed; and always the dominant class creates social institutions, the Government, the laws, the method of producing and distributing goods, in its own interest. In the Middle Ages the landlords were the dominating class, in modern society the bourgeois class has ousted the landlords, and in the society of to-morrow the proletariat will have ousted the bourgeoisie. The doctrine, therefore, is fatalistic; the Socialist society to be created by the working class is predicted as confidently as an eclipse of the sun.

We have now to decide what period of economic evolution we live in, what will be the method of the final class struggle, and what will be the character of the society which the working class, a class below which there is none to rise, is to create.

We live in the epoch of capitalist senility, foreseen but not described by Marx, which Lenin has analysed, described, and christened by the name of 'imperialism.' Now, in following his analysis and description, it is convenient first to consider the world economic organisation of bourgeois society and then the bourgeois State, the guardian and guarantor of the economic interests of the owning class.

Since Marx described this country as the 'classical' capitalist country, there has been a second industrial revolution, which has almost eliminated competition from industry and commerce by uniting capital and labour under the directors of gigantic trusts, combines, syndicates, cartels, national and international; thus, control and direction has passed from the possessing class to a handful of that class, and industry itself has become the handmaid of the great banks, of 'finance-capital,' so that the working population of the world is dominated by a few financiers.

Now, the absorption of all initiative by an increasingly small number of men, together with a more profound chasm between the needs of the community and the facts of industrial production and distribution than has ever existed before, has deepened the class conflict, and has given impetus to the war between the working class and the owners of capital.

At the same time, the struggle between the capitalist Powers themselves for markets, for the sources of raw materials, for capital investments in undeveloped territory, manifest in the rise of tariff barriers and the total failure of disarmament since the war, grows more and more bitter, for the world is already partitioned, and each Power has a monopoly of exploitation; this must lead to 'imperialist' wars, successors to the Great War itself.

And the native inhabitants of South America, of Africa, of

[illegible]

Asia are no longer willing to tolerate exploitation by the whites they are rapidly creating their own industries, they have learn Western political and military organisation, they will rebel this must also lead to 'imperialist' wars—successors to the war between the Moroccan Arabs and the French and Spanish between the Syrian Arabs and the French, between the Spanish-Americans of Nicaragua and the United States. Thus, the edifice of world capitalism totters, undermined from within by class conflict, threatened on all sides by the ever-increasing peril of war.

If this is bourgeois economic organisation, what is the bourgeois State, with its Parliament and political democracy?

The State was created, and still exists, for the mental and physical domination of the workers by the propertied class.

The modern State exists for the external and internal defence of the 'life and property,' but, above all, for the defence of the property, of the bourgeois class: its instruments are the armed forces and the machinery of justice, the State schools, the State Church, and a public Press almost exclusively controlled by wealthy politicians and industrialists. External defence means competition against other capital-owning States for markets, for the sources of raw materials, for capital loans, and the peaceful *exploitation of the native inhabitants in undeveloped territories*: internal defence means the administration of the laws of property and the crushing of workers' revolts, riots, or large-scale 'general' strikes in industry.

Political democracy under the reign of economic oligarchs is a fiction.

There are two deductions from this description of society: first, that as capitalism has penetrated into every continent, the social revolution may happen in any country, regardless of its economic development, as it happened in Russia, one of the last European countries to be industrialised; it will not issue, as Marx had predicted, from economic evolution, but from political revolution wherever the tension between classes or races is most acute. Secondly, as the bourgeois State is an instrument of oppression, drastic legislative reform is impossible: the Social Democrats are reactionary. Of course, parliamentary reforms have been, and are still, possible, but such reforms are always bounded by the economic interests of the ruling class, and, in the epoch of capitalist decline, even these charitable trifles are being *denied by reactionary Conservative or Fascist Governments.*

World revolution, then, not legislative reform, is the method of the Communist Party: the Communists will lead the armed revolt of the proletariat, and their first object will be to crush and destroy the bourgeois State.

This will be superseded by the proletarian State and the dictatorship of the Communist Party.

The new State, the proletarian State, has a dual function—first, to expropriate the bourgeois class, and to crush counter-revolution, internal or external, civil war or foreign invasion; then, to reconstruct the economic organisation of society in the interest of the community by absolute control over the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

Finally, when the proletarian rule has been consolidated, and when the temporary oligarchs have correlated universal needs and universal production, the State, in the classical phrase of Engels, 'withers away.'

There remains a classless human society of free and equal individuals in each nation, and of free and equal nations in the race: a world society of workers, in which all things—the family, industry, the nation itself—are measured in terms of the individual, and in which every individual gives according to his natural capacities, and receives according to his natural needs.

This, the Socialist Commonwealth of Humanity, is the ideal of the most intelligent of these young Communists, and what precedes is the means they chose for its achievement. They believe that the end justifies the means.

This article is not critical; but I should like to make a brief reflection on the foregoing. I feel bound to point out four things: that the 'State Socialists' are, in fact, 'capitalists' under a pseudonym, for they accept private property; that the 'Guild Socialists' are narrowly nationalistic, when, for the first time in world history, the human race is unified, unified economically; that the 'Communists' stake everything on a revolution as likely to destroy society as to reform it, and that their thought is based on an intellectually illicit union between class interest and an ethical ideal.

If I have given a true and accurate account of politics in the University of Cambridge, then I have succeeded in my task.

ENNISMORE.

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY

THE stream of astronomical discovery is continued from age to age. Temporary lulls may occur in the rate of its progress, but successive generations of men take up the work and extend and perfect the knowledge gained by their forefathers. The ancient Greeks, with Pythagoras, Hipparchus, and others, gave us the first light into the marvels and mysteries of celestial science. They made known the splendours of that sublime study which could effectually dispel the gloom of ignorance and give mankind an incentive to direct their eyes and thoughts to the orbs of heaven.

The Chaldean shepherds viewed the stars in the early ages of antiquity and named the constellations. The Chinese, Indians, and others also contributed their share as pioneers of this science, and left records which, though incomplete and inexact, have yet been found useful. Not much was accomplished in 'the dark ages,' but this period was followed by a brighter dawn and sufficient light to place astronomy on an elevated basis. Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Newton, La Place, Herschel, and others added new lustre to both the theoretical and observational branches of this grand science. Notwithstanding opposition and the difficulties involved, our knowledge is now marvellous, considering the infinite numbers, distances, and different dimensions and characters of the objects concerned. The sequence of discovery has been fairly good since Tycho Brahe's day.

The discovery of the telescope in 1610, and in the nineteenth century of the spectroscope and of photography as efficient aids to the science, has created means of research of which our forefathers could not have dreamed. We are now acquainted with swarms of objects and enabled to witness numbers of phenomena which are far beyond the reach of the unaided eye. Telescopes have been vastly improved and enlarged of late years, and many astronomers apply themselves to the discussion of the numbers, natures, dimensions, and drift of the stars and nebulæ.

Old ideas have been swept aside, and the stellar universe has been greatly extended in all respects beyond the moderate values formerly accepted. Astronomy has required the aid of great

[...] the services of many splendid instruments which have been perfected by various hands, and it may be said that discoveries have sometimes occurred at periods corresponding with marked advances in instrumental construction. This, however, has not always been the case, for individual instances of genius in observation count for more than powerful apparatus. Thus, when Herschel, the poor musician at Bath, entered the field of practical astronomy and began to search the heavens, he formed order out of chaos, he catalogued objects of various character, and in fact made a systematic survey of the heavens and their visible details.

Since Herschel's day astronomy has risen to great importance, and has vastly increased in the number of its adherents. To whatever branch we may turn, we shall find an enormous accession to our knowledge within the last hundred years. Naturally there is a great addition to the list of small orbs. The number of double stars, variable stars, comets, minor planets, etc , has increased to proportions which render it difficult to catalogue them all, and avoid confusion. In regard to minor planets, it is hardly possible to select suitable names for them, the classical dictionary having been nearly exhausted in applying mythological titles. About 2100 of these minor planets were discovered between 1845 and 1927, and, as many thousands are still evidently awaiting detection, it becomes apparent that it will become increasingly troublesome to identify them from each other and to calculate their individual orbits.

Wolf, of Heidelberg, has discovered about 500 of the host of minor planets already known, and Reimuth, his companion observer at the same place, has detected more than 200. To show the rate at which new minor planets have been recently added to our knowledge, it may be mentioned that within the three years 1925, 1926 and 1927 no less than 293 were sighted.

These small objects revolve in the interval of 342,000,000 miles, separating the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. In this space a large majorplanet might be presumed to revolve if there occurred no break in the almost regular distances at which the chief planets are placed from the sun. But there occurs a great void between Mars and Jupiter, and it was suggested many years ago by Olbiers that a large planet had possibly disintegrated and formed the swarm of tiny or fragmentary planets which exist there now. However, this theory has not been generally accepted, though suggestive facts remain.

Of the minor planets Eros is one of the most important, for it occasionally approaches much nearer to the earth than either Venus or Mars, and thus affords a better means of determining the solar parallax. This was done in 1900, and resulted in

An astonishing discovery made on May [illegible], was that a small star of about the thirteenth magnitude, situated in the southern constellation (Pictoris), had exhibited a great outburst of light amounting to about 60,000 times the lustre it had shown before. The star fluctuated greatly in its light during later months, and in a curiously irregular manner, but it has been carefully watched. Towards the end of March last the news came from South Africa that the star had split into two equal parts separated by one second of arc and looked ill defined or nebulous. The star was certainly single in 1925 when examined with powerful telescopes. The fact of a star's disruption has never been observed before. Has this new star in Pictoris burst as the result of some internal 'stress,' or must we assume that the outburst was occasioned by a collision of a remote star and planet, or that a dense meteoric swarm met the star and that the friction caused the vast accession of heat and light? Further careful watching may contribute evidence to answer the question, and may add to our knowledge of the phenomena of new stars generally. Whatever the developments may be, they will be of intense interest to celestial students.

The singular feature of this object was its slow rise to maximum, which occupied fifteen days. During this increase the spectrum continued the same, but exhibited complicated variation at a later period which corresponded with that commonly shown by Novæ. Hartman considered that the cause of the outburst must have been within the star, and that the disturbance had the character of a radio-atomic change. Assuming the variation to occur at the centre of the star, and then to spread outwards, a sudden expansion of the star would ensue without change of temperature of the surface layers. Hence the brightening would be due to increased surface area alone.

Davidovich, by means of spectroscopic researches, also concluded that the light of the Nova was produced, not by an increase of temperature, but rather by a decrease of density which amounts to an expansion of the Nova towards maxima light. At maximum the radius of the Nova was found to be about ninety times that of the solar radius (= 79,000,000 miles). Lunt says the phenomena of Nova are due to the swelling up and bursting of a star owing to some release of atomic energy and atomic arrangement. W. H. Pickering concludes that Novæ arise from the collision of stars with bodies of planetary size.

Many other conclusions might be quoted, but their value is impaired by their diversity. There is no unanimity of opinion or certainty which can lead us to a definitive pronouncement. Observers have surveyed the star at various times with instruments differing in power. They have possibly not recognised and

interpreted the spectroscopic evidence in the same way, and so the inferences drawn can hardly lie in perfect harmony. At present, the origin of stellar outbursts cannot be absolutely divined from the evidence.

A new star forms the most impressive and striking phenomenon ever visible in the firmament. It may not be a very brilliant object or one of expansive kind like a large comet, an Aurora Borealis, or a meteoric fireball. It appears simply as a strange, twinkling star which has suddenly appeared amongst the sidereal brilliants which have been familiar to mankind during many generations. But the lustre of a new star, if not ostentatious in aspect, is suggestive of great consequences somewhere. It cannot appreciably affect our own world or solar system, as its outburst occurs in a region deeply set in space, but it may teach us to reflect on the possibilities to which our own globe or sun may be liable.

The light of a temporary star is the obvious sign of an immense expansion or conflagration, and perhaps a terrible catastrophe involving a distant orb in remote sidereal regions. That orb may be a sun a hundred times greater than our own solar luminary, and perhaps the mainspring or dominant orb in a system of attendant worlds. But whatever the special nature of the occurrence may be, it speaks in no doubtful manner as to its magnitude and the enormous effects it must exercise in its own particular sphere. Possibly some collision brought about the combustion. Perhaps it represented simply the closing scene of a world which, having served its particular purpose in the great scheme of creation, has been assigned a fiery termination. In the remote fields of space where we see myriads of stars profusely, though irregularly, strewn far along the course of the galaxy, there may exist nebulæ, comets, and meteoric swarms in greater numbers than they are distributed in our own 'island universe.'

In October 1923 Professor Aitken, of the Lick Observatory, found that, with the powers of Clarke's great refracting telescope there, the remarkable variable star known as Mira Ceti, or the 'Wonderful Star,' was double. It had never been observed in a duplicate form before. Herschel, 150 years ago, must have examined this object frequently, and hundreds of astronomers since his day have, in turn, critically surveyed its image with high and low powers and all sorts of instruments, but its aspect has appeared single to them all. Were it a binary star, with a position never sufficiently elongated from its primary to be observable, we could understand its previous invisibility, but it seems very curious that no one has hitherto succeeded in seeing the star as double. Perhaps the companion star has a long period of revolution, and has been for a great number of years

much involved with the main star. Or just possibly the phenomena which has recently affected Nova Pictoris may have been anticipated. Professor Joy had predicted the existence of the companion to Mira Ceti and approximately computed its actual position.

This is not the first time that an astronomer has exhibited remarkable prescience in the sidereal branch of the science. As long ago as 1844 the great mathematician Bessel detected certain irregularities in the proper motions of the brilliant stars Sirius and Procyon. He attributed these to the influences of obscure satellites in disturbing their movements. These interesting deductions attracted Peters, in 1857, to compute an orbit for the supposed satellite of Sirius, and this gave an orbit of fifty years. Similarly, in 1874 Auwers computed an orbit of Procyon's satelite and placed the period at forty years Strangely enough, the satellite of Sirius was discovered telescopically in 1862, and its period found to be fifty years, as Peters had stated, and in 1896 Schaberle found the satellite of Procyon, and its period proved to be forty years! Thus the times yielded by prediction and observation agreed precisely in both cases and furnished other remarkable incidents as to the accuracy of mathematical deduction and the soundness of astronomical theory.

We are here reminded of the discovery of Neptune in September 1846, the position of which in the heavens was fixed by computation alone, for it had never been knowingly glimpsed by mortal eyes. Its place being given amongst the stars, a telescope was directed to the spot, when the planet exhibited its tiny disc in the field of view, and the grandest astronomical achievement of all times had been accomplished. All honour to Leverrier, Adams, and Galle, who shared in this wonderful triumph. Along the almost endless and undeviating line of mathematical analysis astronomy can extend its unerring eye and single out orbs far placed among myriads of others. Then the telescope comes in to penetrate into these remote regions and obtain records of the required objects, so that their aspects and places may be written indelibly in the book of our knowledge for evermore.

For many years endeavours to ascertain the distance of the stars were unsuccessful. Herschel and others attempted it, but failed in obtaining satisfactory results, though he and his contemporaries found evidence that the distances were enormous, and too great to be accurately derived by available means. At length, however, with improved instruments and greater refinements in astronomical work, the problem was again attacked, and in about the years 1835 to 1838 the parallax of Vega, 61 Cygni, and α Centauri, was found and the distances of these stars from the earth individually computed by Struve, Bessel, and

Henderson respectively. But for nearly three-quarters of a century afterwards the actual dimensions of the stars remained unknown. It is true that for some of them theoretical magnitudes had been assigned. No really direct and dependable means however, had been applied to determine the values. Michelson an American astronomer, however, gave his attention to the subject towards the close of the nineteenth century, though before Michelson had attempted to measure the diameter of stars Stephen in 1874 had employed a similar method without successful issues. In 1890 the fo mer wrote a paper pointing out a means of measuring very small star images, but the subject appears to have lapsed for some years, until in 1919 he returned to the question and ultimately overcame the difficulties.

As usual in such cases, the astronomer had to supervise the construction of the necessary appliance, in this case called an interferometer, and his labour was rewarded in 1921 by getting measures of Betelgeuse in Orion and subsequently of Antares Aldebaran, Arcturus and β Pegasi. Betelgeuse proved to be an enormous object about 218,000,000 miles in diameter!

The first Herschel surveyed the sky and reduced our early knowledge of its objects to an orderly arrangement by forming tables of double stars, nebulæ, etc., and giving the position of those encountered in his sweeps of the heavens. Since his day the number of such objects has been increased a hundred fold, and each class has been subdivided. Double stars are arranged according to their distances and those which are known to be binary. Variable stars are classed according to their periods and character of light changes. The nebulæ are arranged into classes including spirals, planetary, annular, etc. The distances, magnitude, and character of many of these objects are approximately determined by means of spectroscopic and other evidence of inductive nature.

The spiral nebulæ are amongst the most interesting and numerous class. The 'green' nebulæ are gaseous, often diffused and irregular in outline. They are chiefly distributed in the region of the Milky Way. The nebulæ with continuous or stellar spectra are called white, in contradistinction to those with bright line spectra, which are green and gaseous. The white nebulæ apparently form a very abundant class, and they are often characterised by a spiral form, and it is singular that these objects are distributed in a range of the firmament extending approximately at right angles to the trend of the galaxy. There are also numbers of globular star clusters, of which fine examples are situated in Hercules, Pegasus, and Aquarius, frequently placed outside the limits of the galaxy, while loose and irregular clusters are within its limits.

The means of ascertaining the distances and dimensions of many of these various classes of objects have been derived by different instruments and in a very ingenious way. Certain apparently slender clues are utilised and results evolved in a manner which exhibits the critical acumen of those engaged in such studies. The spiral nebulæ are immensely distant according to the indications given by independent methods of research, and there is little doubt that the results are reliable in their general issues, though exact deductions are impossible from the nature of the work and the immense distances involved. Jeans has recently shown that the great spiral nebula in Andromeda, known as Messier 31, occupies about 47,000,000 years for light to reach us travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. He also estimates that the mass of this great nebula is equivalent to about 2,500,000,000 of our suns, and thus comparable with the estimated total mass of our galactic system. The spiral nebulæ have lately been termed 'island universes.' They seem to represent individual systems of suns and planets after the manner of our solar system. They exhibit great diversity in dimensions, distance, splendour and in age. These several features are being investigated by every means which offer clues for our enlightenment. The astronomer has no effective sounding apparatus of material kind, no line to angle far into the abyss of space and get accurate measures of distance magnitude or construction, so he has to resort to instruments which his marvellous ingenuity has devised, and which his almost prescient understanding enables him to interpret aright. In recent years many problems concerning the stars have been attacked, and some of them perhaps solved, by the persevering labours of those who have devoted themselves to the study of those grand questions relating to the stellar universe

To say that the deductions already made are expressive of Nature's absolute truths is far from being justified. But the knowledge gained and the theories approved may be regarded as the best obtainable from the evidence utilised, and the most accurate that the highest intellect and soundest judgment can obtain. Those who occupy themselves with these inquiries are not quite in harmony on all points, and are apt to change their views with new data affecting the orbs or features involved, but in the main the agreements are consistent and satisfactory in view of the complications and difficulties encountered.

Astronomical discoveries, and more especially the discoveries and knowledge gained in recent years, almost defy description. In number and variety they are difficult to conceive, and in detail they include facts and features of very astonishing character and extent. Instruments and apparatus have been devised of a delicacy and capacity scarcely to be imagined. Man's vision is

limited, his physical strength small, but his intellectual ingenuity assists him to the attainment of powers vastly exceeding those with which Nature has supplied him. The eye of his understanding carries him far out into regions beyond the little globe he inhabits; he is lured to the study of orbs dissimilar in size, shape, and aspect and enormous in extent. He can not only witness their changes of light, but interpret their meaning, learn their periods, and also something of the probable causes operating to produce them. He can gain some information of their actual dimensions, internal structure, and of the directions in which they are drifting. He can tell the young from the aged stars and gauge their probable temperatures. Though he cannot discern the actual discs of the stars, set as they are too deeply in the abyss of space, he has yet invented means to ascertain their real diameters and to find they are giant suns often incomparably larger than that glorious orb which dominates our solar system.

The penetrating powers of his great telescopes, strengthened with the accumulative eye of photography, and the analysing capacity of the spectroscope enable him to grasp faint objects in remotest distance where sidereal luminants are gathered in immense and curious drifts and strands swarming more abundantly than the sands on terrestrial shores.

W. F. DENNING.

A FEW WORDS ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I

ANNUALLY, at the beginning of May, an artillery of rival criticism sounds from the newspaper Press, and it is let loose invariably against a traditional target, our Royal Academy of Arts. If you remember fifty exhibitions of new work at the Royal Academy, you will agree that they have all been, in the discordant opinions expressed freely by writers for the Press, either variously bad, or jadingly middling, or perhaps a wee bit better than in previous dull shows at Burlington House. It has always been forgotten that the production of masterpieces in any art has never in this world been annual and numerous—like the coming of blackberries in autumn, for instance; and, since in recent and present times ideas and tastes in art have always given rise to changing fashions and sects, it has never been possible to review the year's paintings and sculpture with genial and impartial fairness. Rival sects, indeed, have always regarded themselves as the motive-power of progress; and they have tried, often with much success, to devour one another. They and their 'isms' have come and gone, mere fashions; and, all action and reaction being equal and opposite, we know that the ideas and aims and qualities now approved by the Royal Academy will be contradicted pretty soon by others of a differing variety. If writers on art kept in mind these trite considerations, they would moderate their zeal, seeing clearly that the old custom of regarding the Royal Academy as a target has ever been, and is to-day, both futile and commonplace.

It takes a long time before any organism produced by human effort is old enough to be ripely young. The Royal Academy has been such an organism through 160 years—years of gradual change, of almost continuous evolution; and, like other societies with an organic growth, it has absorbed the artists whom it has elected. Now and then, no doubt, it has failed to absorb a member; then one of several different events has occurred. James Barry was expelled (1799); Burne-Jones resigned (1893); and poor Toms—Peter Toms, a foundation member—passed from discontent into suicide (1776). An Academician now and then,

feeling not at ease in the brotherhood, has been an infrequent exhibitor at the annual exhibition, like one painter now living. But as a rule the members of the Royal Academy have hung together not unlike the berries on a bunch of grapes, all different and yet all of a piece. And the bunch of one period has been larger sometimes, and sometimes smaller, than its predecessor; and to-day, as in the past, some bunches from the Promised Land are expected, and may come soon. But even their arrival would make but little change in the rivalries of criticism, spoken and written. Many a critic in the Press would continue to fire sneers and jeers at the Royal Academy, because censure is much easier to write than impartial fairness, and it is also a thing much easier to boom in the newspapers that circulate stunts and sensational headlines.

Though this habit or custom of abusing the Royal Academy is very commonplace as well as futile, it has to-day, and has had in recent years, some points of novelty. Take the writers with foreign surnames, and equally foreign ideas and convictions, who at the present time write on art for the London Press, and do all in their power to domineer over the minds of the British people. This would be comic if it were not humiliating, and also harmful. Each of these autocrats really seems to say to himself with joy: 'I am a Daniel come to judgment; yes, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee! The poor, slow, and Philistine England! Only æsthetic ideas from abroad, boomed repeatedly, have given her some good painters and sculptors.'

One of these writers with a foreign surname, and equally foreign ideas, beliefs and prejudices, hurries through the Royal Academy in forty minutes and announces with pride this record race in the unfairness of sectarian criticism. He has professed recently his liking for Cubism in all of its phases, though this fashion in the sport of experimentation has had its day in most places. So he rejoices that present-day Italy is Cubist, after 'throwing the muddle-headed romantic tradition into the sea and substituting an art which is clear-cut, arbitrary, quite unsentimental, and fundamentally architectural in kind.' Imagine what this writer with a foreign surname would do if the whole Academy, from its president to its most recent associates, became Cubists in a sort of carnival or masquerade. How many altars would he wish to see set up to the Genius of Progress in the quadrangle before Burlington House?

Another journalist of art in London, whose name and enthusiasm are un-English, tells his readers in an exceedingly popular paper that only the genius of the late Charles Sims rescues the exhibition from dreariness, and that 'never, perhaps, has the admittedly high standard of contemporary British technical

accomplishments been put to more insignificant and trivial use.' This dogmatist wrote in haste and without knowledge of old facts. That sentence of his has been expressed many a thousand times by writers for the Press who have long been in their graves. It belongs to the custom of abusing the Royal Academy. So, then, in order to show the new generation how very habitual such abuse has been, let me give just one quotation from other times and other æsthetic ideas and ideals. I choose the year 1873, when Millais made a great hit by exhibiting a masterpiece of portraiture, *Mrs. Heugh*, a work so fine in its chivalric study of old age that I should like to see it side by side with a masterpiece in this year's Royal Academy, Sir William Orpen's *Dame Madge Kendal*, almost a perfect collaboration of sympathy between himself and his noble sitter. In 1873, and later, a leading art critic in London, the late G. T. Robinson, wrote regularly on the arts for a provincial paper, the *Manchester Courier;* and on May 5, in the first of seven searching articles on the Royal Academy, he regretted that the annual show contained some 1600 works which by courtesy and their local habitation were called works of art :

> A courtesy title, however, is but another form of an *alias*, and in too many cases here the *alias* is decidedly translatable into ' otherwise,' and even the glimpse obtainable on a first glance proves that this exhibition is by no means exceptionally good Not that there are very many decidedly bad pictures, but that a mean level of mediocrity is somewhat rigorously maintained, and but few works rise above this tedious monotony. Of the 1600 exemplars of this year's art here brought together nearly two hundred are products by members of the R A. itself, and the total number of portraits either avowed as such or disguised under fancy titles is about 350 —that is, rather more than one-fifth of the whole collection. Certainly not one-fifth of these portraits can be of any interest to anyone else excepting to the sitter and the artist, and it is a matter of considerable regret to find so much space occupied by these when so many excellent works of far greater general and special interest have been rejected for want of room. So encroaching has portraiture become that one-third of the works contributed by the Academicians themselves belong to this category, and these mostly of individuals whose only merit is that they have money to pay for the gratification of their vanity. All this betokens a low, money-grubbing tendency in art, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that so little of really poetic or imaginative work finds its way on to the walls of the R.A. It would be out of place there, and would shame and be shamed in such gorgeous company as Lords Mayors, and Masters of Foxhounds.

This candour, written and published fifty-five years ago, sets thought astir over the fact that hosts of persons still believe that the Royal Academy is little more than a Society of Portrait Painters, and that only incessant abuse can keep its management from becoming a Rip Van Winkle. This year there are 720 oil paintings, 222 water colours, 181 miniatures, 133 drawings,

engravings and etchings, 128 pieces of sculpture, and 152 designs in the architectural room—a grand total of 1536.' And the portraiture in oils has been counted up by dozens, as follows: Boys and girls, 30 pictures; young men, 11; old and middle-aged men, 67; old and middle-aged women, 28; and young women, 73! Here there is a total of 209. The rest of the oil paintings are landscapes and interiors, architectural interiors, either with or without human life and character. The landscapes, variously conceived and in different styles, are very interesting, but those that most English persons like best are distressing to the autocrats with foreign names and ideas who are most anxious that the Royal Academy should be scornful towards the modesty of Nature, and towards the wonderfully varied charm of British countrysides. They employ with a sneer the word 'topography,' and smile with disdain over aims which they describe as either 'romantic' or 'Kodak-impressionist.' Meantime these nympholepts of novelty-seeking are traditional enough when they write sentences in English, never trying to impose upon our language, its spelling, punctuation, syntax, any of the passing 'isms' that they revere in pictures and in sculpture. Though editors grant them much too free a hand, Cubist grammar, and Vorticist spelling, and Ovalism in paragraphs remain undiscovered.

Surely the useful and necessary thing in a prudent review of the Royal Academy is to be sympathetic, remembering that artists as citizens have to bear many a hindrance that interferes with their work. Thus their professional expenses, as well as their rents, rates, and taxes, have all risen greatly since 1914. If they live to please, they must please to live; and no doubt they are free to choose for their appeal either a tiny sect devoted to a new 'ism' or the widest possible public that the arts attract. No reasonable person should buy what he does not like, and painting and other handicrafts cannot be expected to produce year by year a higher general standard of work than we find, as a rule, in books, plays, newspapers, and the researches of scientific men. Viewed in this prudent and humanly reasonable way, the Royal Academy of this year is a good exhibition, not only with a high and varied level of handicraft, of technical manipulation, but also with scarcely one example of money-grubbing. Indeed, there is much that pays no attention to the fact that the patronage of art in our country comes from private persons—as a rule, mainly from women and men who cannot be connoisseurs because their own studies and occupations need and claim daily most of their time and thought.

And side by side with those matters there is another very important fact to be considered: that far and away too many artists—painters, sculptors, etchers, designers, architects,

musicians—work professionally at the present time. In England and Wales alone, apart from Scotland and Ireland, there are 200 art schools for students, that educate craftsmen of many sorts, particularly painters; and though some headmasters reject about 50 per cent. of the youthful applicants, these schools are mostly well attended. And this excessive cultivation of the handicrafts has been going on for about forty-five years. Is it surprising, then, that the patronage of art cannot support the hosts of aspiring and gifted young people who wish to be professional artists? Note, too, that the Royal Academy has not been responsible for the facts that I have just detailed. So let us pass on now to a few suggestions which might bring the Royal Academy nearer than it is to present-day needs and ways of life. These suggestions will be offered undogmatically, just as matters to be debated.

II

The first is that the size of each picture should be given always in the catalogue. Next, I cannot help believing that Press Day should be done away with, and for several reasons. It turns the writing of art into a trade that is too privileged, making critics much too confident towards the value of their written opinions. It separates them from the people, as well as from the economic struggle that all professional artists have to face. Let the critics enter the Royal Academy as visitors who pay to be admitted; then they will be subject as citizens to the common law of England. If they libel a picture that is offered for sale, or condemn thorough good work because it differs from the newish or new foreign 'ism' which they have adopted, merely to show that they are daringly 'modernist,' not 'stale back numbers,' why should not they be called upon to defend in a court of law what they have done? They would be obliged to do this if they visited a shop and then wrote in a popular paper a harmful attack on the qualities of such commodities as they had seen there. Or if they said in the Press that a manufacturer of steel offered for sale metal inferior to its proclaimed worth, they would soon find themselves legally in a very unpleasant 'bike of bees,' supposing that certain editors were foolish enough to publish their assault on a manufacturer's honour. In the days of the Old Masters, from the earliest times down to the disappearance of taxes on paper and on advertising in newspapers (1853), there was no printed criticism that delivered privileged judgment unashamed on all arts all day long. Remember, too, that the Royal Academy was founded not only to be a protector of 'arts,' but to provide a just and well-managed market for its exhibition: a necessary office which it no longer fulfils adequately, one potent reason being that writers on art very often

disturb and mislead the public by writing with too much freedom as privileged autocrats.

And there are two reasons more why the disappearance of Press Day at the Royal Academy might well be beneficial:

(*a*) That day could be given to another and a much more useful purpose. Why should there not be two days for the private view, one for ceremony and the other for the patronage of artists? A card for each day could be sent to the privileged who are invited guests, so that they may use whichever they prefer. Many an honoured guest has been received by the Royal Academy year after year, yet has never bought a picture, nor a statuette, nor even an etching. A private view for art patrons would act from year to year as a stimulus.

(*b*) 'Stunting' in the affairs of productive handicraft is always more or less harmful, and sometimes it is positively cruel. To take an example at this year's Royal Academy. An exceedingly gifted little girl of fifteen, Miss Joan Manning-Sanders, has a picture on the line, and just because she is only fifteen both photographers and Pressmen have advertised her without pity, forgetting that petting and praise in the Press have always withdrawn children of genius from that quiet and private study which keeps them unself-conscious, aiding the natural development of their inborn gifts Consider the case of Edwin Landseer, who in his thirteenth year began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, and three years later a picture of his was purchased by Sir George Beaumont, a high honour coveted then by all artists. So much praise and pelf was poured upon Landseer throughout his career that he never did justice to his endowments And in recent times there has been no dearth of English children of genius, as the Royal Drawing Society has been able to prove since those days when the wonderful gifts of the late Bryan Hatton astounded G. F. Watts and other artists. Hatton's earliest drawings and water colours—from his tenth to his sixteenth year—had original qualities, while in *The Brothers*, by Miss Manning-Sanders, the general allure is imitative, and somewhat foreign. But the characters suggested in the three brothers, and the way in which they are placed and spaced on the canvas, show true observation as well as sincere feeling. Surely a child of so much promise should not be withdrawn by any 'stunting' from quietness and peace!

Then there are the six pictures in tempera by the late Charles Sims, pictures described as 'allegorical,' or as 'psychic.' How unmercifully they have been boomed by newspapers, both before and after the Royal Academy opened its doors! Even the question as to whether the painter was or was not insane when he achieved them has been discussed in print; and there are gossips

who say to their friends that just such pictures as these by Sims are done in lunatic asylums by the mad who have a gift for drawing and painting. Is 'psychic' art—fifty years ago and less it was called 'symbolism'—really in need of as much booming as a Cup Tie in football? There is very little at all exceptional in these six pictures to any person who has even a nodding acquaintance with symbolism in art, going no farther back than the earlier productions by Toorop and Fernand Khnopff.

One point of interest is the number of borrowed influences which are mingled and combined with and by the genius of Mr. Sims: influences collected from the Buddhist art of India, from William Blake, from El Greco also, and from recent phases of 'modernism,' notably the best examples of original colour in posters designed by Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer. As it takes many tributaries to form a big river, so there are many borrowings in any person of genius who is not misled into the belief that he is by nature superlatively original and complete.

If one may suggest a defect in the production of a very sensitive painter whose life ended tragically, one may venture to hint that the symbolism comes overmuch from planning premeditation, instead of being conceived and achieved, as in the case of the finest art from William Blake, under an instinctive—rather than technical—guidance. But even if this hint be true, I remain deeply moved by the six pictures, particularly No. 671, *My pain beneath your sheltering Hand*, which, as a satisfying scheme of uncommon and symphonic colour, is nobly simple, beautiful, and right. The title chosen for this picture I do not understand, for the visionary figure in the vastness of space, a figure immense and imperfectly seen, is to me rather a symbol of that bewildering uncertainty, that inscrutable destiny, which at all times, when viewed side by side with human aspiration, has been like a terrific criticism on the incessant waywardness and tragic error coming from mankind.

Remember what Mr. Sims beheld and suffered through the final thirteen years of his life, from the massacre of the young and strong in four years of bloodshed to the disappointments and the insomnia which at last overcame his sensitiveness. In one of his six pictures we see a figure crucified that symbolises Eternal Humanity, and pressing towards this figure are the tiny human creatures of a day representing the strife of a single year, or a generation. All this the artist has put within a jagged and variously illumined opening either in space or in time. Such symbolism should be viewed with sympathy, and I regret that the six pictures are not hung together, separated by a space of wall from all the other works in Gallery XI. By placing them

here and there in this room the Hanging Committee has aided that booming which has made the pictures notorious rather than famed. Visitors go searching for Mr. Sims's allegories, giving insufficient attention to other painters.

III

To-day, among a good many artists, we may note a revival of sympathy for an addition of allegory to their designs; but there are few signs of this at the Royal Academy after we pass from Mr. Sims. We may find a semi-symbolism both in Mr. Ernest Procter's *Night and Evening* (which somehow sets me thinking of Botticelli) and in *La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin*, by Mr. Vivian Forbes. Allied with a movement into or towards allegory, or symbolism, are the pictures that call up into pictorial presence a few religious motives, not without imparting to their design and colour some newness, as in *The Head of John the Baptist*, designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, R.A. Mr. Arthur G. Walker, A.R.A., has a small altar-piece, tender in its realism, and unafraid of classic tradition in its design, that represents *The Descent from the Cross*. In a small picture of *Adam and Eve*, which Ingres might well have approved, particularly in linear sentiment, Miss M. M. Howard has been prudent, gracious, unaffected, and promiseful. Her design looks well also in black and white, in a photograph, a test always of an artist's treatment of a conception in which nude figures are necessary. A little more foreground, one inch more of it, would improve the whole picture. Other religious paintings of much interest are *The Finding of Moses*, by Mr. Harry Morley, the *Lauda Sion*, by Mr. Mark Symons.

From these works of imaginative appeal we may pass on to a couple of contrastive facts: one of them is the large number of flower pieces, mostly good, and in a variety of ways; while the other proves, in a series of studies from nude female models, that Mrs. Grundy is out of date, perhaps only interned, and waiting to be recalled by a reaction into Puritanism.

One picture of the nude was sold before the exhibition was a week old. a sympathetic little work, *Sleep—a Study*, somewhat academic, by Mr. W. G. De Glehn, A.R.A. Mr. Charles H. Shannon, R.A., has two characteristic paintings of the female nude. *The Toilet*, a studied harmony of mellow colour, has a design whose patterning looks rather posed; and in *The Capture* he takes his individuality to the seaside and studies two models in the act of swimming in transparent and deep water. But I think that his canvas, measuring only 36 by 38 inches, is too small for the size of the two swimmers; and can we say that those portions of the nude bodies that are seen through the water are

[illegible] tradition; and note also the many [illegible] good qualities in Mr. Harry Morley's picture, *Venus and Adonis*. A surprising contrast separates Mr. Ernest Procter's *Night and Evening*, with its linear repose and rhythm, from the very ambitious nudes that come from Mrs. Laura Knight, A.R.A.: *The Toilet*, an opulent study on a canvas 50 by 40 inches; and *The Daughters of the Sea*, three of them, who pose near some rocks before they try to prove that smooth and robust bodies swim most easily. These realistic pictures are much less assertive when they are seen in photographs. For there are discords in their contrasts of colour, and both paint and style have a swaggering emphasis, such as might come from a Madame Rubens. Criticism has not approved these technical exercises, but even when very difficult adventures in art lead to failure, or semi-failure, they enable the adventurers to learn a great deal.

Other pictures of the nude come from Mr. T. C. Dugdale, Mrs. Annie L. Swynnerton, A R.A., Mr. Louis Ginnett, Mr. G. Spencer Watson, A.R.A., and Mr. H. S. Tuke, R.A , who returns to nude boys bathing. As no practice in art is more testing than life studies of nude figures, viewed under different effects of daylight, it is easy to welcome every one of these paintings. Several veteran landscapists in this year's Royal Academy might renew their youth and lose their recipes of style if they followed the examples set by Mr. Greiffenhagen's *Mermaid*, and Mr. Proctor's *Drowsing Venus*, or by Mrs. Knight's plenitude.

Almost an equal number of men and women artists have been attracted this year by flowers, painted sometimes realistically, and sometimes as decoration About forty artists in all are represented by flower studies, and about nineteen of them are men. These include Mr. H. Macbeth-Raeburn, A.R.A , Mr. Joseph Farquharson, R.A., and Messrs. T C. Gotch, George Thomson, William T. Wood, F. Ernest Jackson, Arthur Bradbury, A. F. W. Hayward, Edward D. Young, A. K. Tebby, Harold A. Simpson, J. E. Foster, Owen Bowen, William Milner, Stuart S. Somerville, G. K. Middlecoat, C. D Ward, Edgar L. Pattison, John Cole, and T. W. Cole. Among the lady florists I note Miss Katharine F. Clausen, Mrs. W. D Gloag, Mrs. Nina Hill (two pictures), Miss Elise Thompson, Miss May Clifford, Miss M. M. Godfrey, Mrs. Katherine E. Sargent, Miss May Wilson, Miss Hilda E. Davies, Miss Ella Griffin, Mrs. Elsie C. Bowyer (two pictures), Miss Marjorie V. Watherston, Miss A. Constance Richardson, Miss Constance Maurice, Miss Emily M. Paterson, Miss Constance Bradshaw, Mrs. Shearer Armstrong, and Miss E. Beatrice Bland, whose good study was sold in the first week.

IV

Country life and sport are pretty frequent this year, thanks mainly to Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., and to some other members or associates of the Royal Academy: Mr. George Henry (whose *Bend of the River* is attractive), Mr. H. H. La Thangue, Mr. W. Russell Flint, and Mr. Algernon Talmage, who has taken hints from Mr. Munnings, like Mr. H. Septimus Power, who exhibits a hunting piece from Australia. The craftsmanship of Mr. Munnings with its airy portraiture in little and its knowledge of horses and hounds, with its swift and assured enterprise and expressiveness, could not well be bettered. He knows and loves the older English masters of sporting pictures, most notably Stubbs and Marshall, and, while employing enough impressionism, he continues to develop a native tradition of art that goes back to the seventeenth-century times of Francis Barlow. I regret that Mr. Lionel Edwards, another painter devoted to sports, has no work at the Royal Academy. Mr. Frederick T. Daws has a large painting of elephants herding near *The Keddah Gate*, not quite what he wished it to be, but powerful and very well worth attempting.

In sculpture, too, this year, animal life has inspired good work, which looks very well in statuettes. The genius of Mr. Herbert Haseltine is very notable in three fine works: in bronze, *Champion Suffolk Punch Stallion, Sudbourne Premier*; and in marble, a Percheron mare and foal and a Percheron stallion, 'Rhum,' a champion. Other statuettes of varying interest come from Mr. C. L. Hartwell, R.A., Miss Sybil Barlow (a promising student of horses), Mr. Frank Lutiger, Mr Harry Dixon, Miss Molly Le Bas, Mr Morris Harding, Mr. S. W. Ward Willis, Mr. W. Reid Dick, A.R A, in a study of greyhounds, and Miss Ethel Ball, whose monkeys embracing are tenderly seen and skilfully modelled.

Animals in landscape pictures are pretty frequent; and there are some good landscapes in all varieties. Some are combined with architecture, as in *The Red Tower*, a well-built painting by Mr. Sydney Lee, A.R.A, whose *Autumn Glory* is another example. There is also, I think, a revival of some interest towards architecture associated with town life, as in Mr. Francis Dodd's *Spring in the Suburbs*, and in two pictures by Mr. Jacques E. Blanche. Then there is Mr. Charles Cundall's *Amusement Park of Blackpool*. Town architecture appears also, beautifully treated, in *The Ash Tree*, by Mr. Harry Bush, a lovely achievement in a low tone, exquisite as airy and subtle draughtsmanship, and all the more English and welcome because it does not strive to be original and wonderful. *The Ash Tree* belongs to our day and to the future. As an English reaction against the imported whims and the

freakish jokes of the latest 'isms' from abroad, it is not less notable than the spacious and memorable *Dorset Landscape*, by Mr. Algernon Newton, a very large picture, finely simplified in design and serenely true and impressive in sober colour. Both of these works, each a masterpiece in its own way, were sold in the first week, an encouraging fact.

Other pure landscapes, characteristic and serious, come from Mrs. Annie L. Swynnerton, A.R.A., Mr. Sydney Lee, A.R.A. (*The Top of the World*), Sir H. Hughes-Stanton, R.A., Mr. Arnesby Brown, R.A., Mr. Terrick Williams, A.R.A., Mr. Oliver Hall, R.A. (as in *The Vale of Festiniog*), Mr. Adrian Stokes, R.A., Sir D. Y. Cameron (whose *Edom O'Gordon* is an epitome of Scotland among sombre purple hills), and Sir George Clausen, R.A. (who has two poetically decorative sun pictures, *November Morning* and *Allotments—Evening*). This year, too, as usual, Mr. S. J. Lamorna Birch, A.R.A., attracts many visitors. He has one of the few snow pictures in the exhibition ; Mr. Stanley Royle has another, like Mr. Walter Laister and Mr. William T. Wood, who has an attractive work, *Winter at Burpham, Sussex*. One painter proves that ' modernist ' ideas of to-day can be used in landscape without pretension : it is Mr. Robert M. Hughes, whose *Carn Boscawen* has style and charm. Other landscapes of note are Mr. James Paterson's *November Evening, Caerlaverock Castle*, Mr. R. Vicat Cole's *Bridge on the Brent*, Mr. Will C. Penn's *Spring*, Mr. Bertram Priestman's *A Lock on the Waveney*, Mr. Alexander Jamieson's *Old Vine Inn*, and Mr. Charles Cundall's *Berkshire Garden*.

As for seafaring and other marine adventure, there is very little of either at all important as original enterprise, apart from Miss Anna Airy's *Heartache Stairs*, and the art of Mr. Terrick Williams.

A good many landscapes—but not Mr. Newton's, happily—are difficult to study because of the glass that covers them, and that reflects far too many things If the use of glass before pictures were forbidden by the Royal Academy, the annual exhibition would benefit greatly. The London air is not so bad for oil paintings that this incessant annoyance of reflected things superimposed on the paintings should be allowed and tolerated. The bigger the glass, the greater is the annoyance caused by it. This applies both to many portraits and also to the architectural interiors, of which there are some very good examples, like Mr. F. W. Elwell's *The Gallery, Thorpe*, and *The Library, Chesterfield House*, by Mr. Richard Jack, R.A. Look at these pictures, and you will find superimposed upon them by the glass ever-changing persons and incidents from the gallery in which they hang at the Royal Academy. Could anything be more absurd ?

Some of the architectural interiors have figures, and some of

these are treated with a precision that recalls the old arts of Holland. Here is another reaction, useful and welcome, against the excesses of gaunt and arid simplification.

V

True genre pictures are but few and far between, unfortunately, but one of the few, almost as wee in size as it is wise in heart, has a dainty and reverent fascination: it is *The Veiled Bambino*, by Miss M. E. Gray, an idyll from the wayfaring of a caravan. You may note in many pictures an art of simplification that is too uniform; and this tendency in to-day's painting is to be found in many portraits. If you look both attentively and impartially you will find that portrait after portrait, in background, flesh, hair, and clothes, is too uniform both in surface texture and in weight of substance. This defect arises pretty often from the rapidity with which a portrait has to be painted, as a sitter cannot afford to give time enough to his—or to her—part of the collaboration. But there is, no doubt, another cause: a desire to get rid of difficulties by omitting too much. To know what to leave in and what to leave out—this has ever been a testing problem in all art, as difficult as it is to say the right 'Yes' or the right 'No' to a political question of grave importance.

There are critics who say that the Royal Academy is interesting this year mainly because of its portraiture. Yet those very portraits which ought to be most important—the Royal portraits, and those of two leading statesmen, the Prime Minister and Mr. D. Lloyd George—are precisely those that are disappointing. Do you find any fine colour or any great technical sentiment in the portrait of H.R.H. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles? And when you remember what the reign of our King and Queen has been in immense national tragedy, and how their fortitude and sympathy have been through all the suffering a beloved example and a comfort to the people, surely you desire to see them painted by a Titian or a Velazquez. Their portraits this year are described by *The Times* in words that look too severe. The King's 'is probably a good likeness in a photographic way,' 'but all the rest is a mere filling of the canvas. There is no body within the clothes, and the Garter cloak is ballooned out helplessly in a vain attempt to get some largeness of line.' The Queen's portrait 'manages to combine a displeasing likeness with insipid prettiness in the treatment of costume and surroundings.' But, after all, shortcomings are as easy to see as the achievement of history in great portraiture is infrequent in the art of all nations. In both portraits the figures are life-size and standing, so that the head in each is high above the line, and thus difficult to be seen at a

sufficient distance when the gallery is thronged. If our King and Queen had been painted seated, the difficulties of great portraiture would have been lessened importantly. With notable tact Sir John Lavery has given a sitting pose to the largest and best of his portraits, *The Cardinal Archbishop of New York*, whose red robes are combined with a sonorous colour scheme that suits very well the most costly frame in the whole exhibition. Other sitting portraits of outstanding merit are Sir William Orpen's *Dame Madge Kendal* and *Bernhard Baron, Esq.* This work in its own way is almost, if not quite, as formidable as a very large standing portrait by Mr. Richard Sickert, A.R.A., *Rear-Admiral Walter Lumsden*, which may be called a great adventure in the art of instantaneous and rugged sketching. But it cannot be seen properly when Gallery X. is at all crowded.

Sir William Orpen is at his best when he follows his liking for dark and rich schemes of colour that live sonorously against dark backgrounds. In two portraits—the *D. Lloyd George, O.M.*, and *Sir George Maxwell, K.B.E.*—he tries light schemes of colour against a light background, and the results are less notable. Indeed, the face of Sir George Maxwell, very well painted technically, is, I think, too much like the colour chosen for the background.

Frequently in the portraiture there is an excess of grey in the handling of flesh, a good many painters forgetting the chemical changes that occur in paint. Those who paint for the future should be somewhat crude in colour to-day Consider, too, the effects of household dust on ageing pictures, and how difficult it is to clean ageing pictures without harming them. Artists who forget these matters may suffer greatly, like many of the Impressionists.

In decorative portraiture there is the original simplification of Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, R.A., whose colour is either a deep baritone or a *basso profundo*. His work should be framed structurally within the panelling of walls. There is humour and wit—qualities uncommon at the Royal Academy—in his portrait of Mr. L. Raven Hill.

Contrasting with this powerful decoration is a harking back in some of the portraits towards that phase of classicism with a smooth surface which the school of Ingres matured. There is a very good example of this in Mr. Meredith Frampton's *Woman Reclining*, and other examples come from Mr. Gerald Kelly and Mr. Alan Beeton.

In rapid portraiture, that aims in a sketchy style to alembicate character, there is able and interesting work both from Mr. R. G. Eves and from Mr. Philip Connard, R.A., as in *Master Jim Brand*. One cannot say that Mr. Eves has under-

stood Sir Frank Benson. Other portraitists to be noted are Mr. Richard Jack, R.A., Mr. Thomas C. Dugdale, Mrs. Laura Knight, A.R.A., Mr. John A. M. Hay, Mr. W. B. McInnes, Mr. Walter W. Russell, R.A., Mr. Francis Dodd, A.R.A., Mr. W. O. Hutchison, Mr. Ralph Peacock, Mr. Arnold Mason, Miss Ethel Walker, Miss Zinkeisen, Miss Norah H. Taylor, Mr. Bertram Priestman, R.A., Mr. George Harcourt, R.A., Mr. James Durden, Mrs. Flora Lion, Mrs. Mia Arnesby Brown, Mr. Howard Somerville, Mr. W. Russell Flint, A.R.A., Mrs. A. McEvoy, Mr. Czedekowski, Mr. Harold Knight, A.R.A., Mr. H. J. Gunn, Mr. Oswald Birley, Mr. Keith Henderson, Mr. Henry Lamb, Mr. A. H. Collings, Mr. W. E. Ranken, Mr. Archibald Barnes, Mr. Harrington Mann, Mr. F. O. Salisbury, Mr. Harold Harvey, Mr. Fiddes Watt, Sir William Llewellyn, R.A., Sir Arthur S Cope, R.A., Mr. W. G. De Glehn, A.R.A., Mr. L. Campbell Taylor, A.R.A., Mr. W. W. Ouless, R.A., and two members more of the Royal Academy—Mr. Glyn Philpot, who is very good this year, and the president, Sir Frank Dicksee, who at the age of seventy-five paints with the sweet and serene faith of his early years.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

JUNE 1, 1879

WHEN the news of the terrible disaster of Isandhlwana reached England in February 1879 the ex-Empress Eugénie and her son the Prince Imperial were living in exile at Chislehurst, in Kent. The Prince was now twenty-three years of age and had been trained as a soldier, having passed through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich as an artillery cadet. The possibility of a Bonapartist restoration depended largely on whether the heir to the imperial throne could stand forth as a tried and proved soldier, and when the trouble in South Africa became imminent the Prince had begged to be allowed to take part in the expedition, but his application was not entertained.

It was characteristic of the Prince that the disaster at Isandhlwana made him redouble his efforts. The Empress endeavoured to dissuade him, but her son bitterly asked her whether she wished him always to be known as 'the little prince' or to die of sheer *ennui* like the Duc de Reichstadt. Again and again he broached the subject, and in his chagrin ceased going out into society A renewed application met with the same fate as the first. Finally, torn between conflicting emotions, the Empress Eugénie went privately to the War Office. There she had an interview with the highest authority, and permission was granted for the Prince to proceed to South Africa on the understanding that he was not to be regarded as an officer of the British Army but solely as a spectator attached to General Headquarters in the field. Embarking at the end of February, early in April the Prince reported himself to Lord Chelmsford at Pietermaritzburg, presenting to him letters from the authorities at home. These private letters stated clearly that the Prince's position was non-official and that the young man was in no way to be regarded as an officer of the British Army. Headquarters now moved up to Utrecht, in the Transvaal, and the name of the Prince was shown in orders and field states without military rank, but as an extra aide-de-camp to the General Officer Commanding. He wore the undress uniform of an officer of the Royal Artillery.

An invasion of Zululand was to be carried out by three columns which were to converge on the royal kraal at Ulundi, in the centre of the country. One of these columns is 'outside the picture' and forms no part of this narrative. Of the remaining pair, one column under Newdigate, coming up from Dundee, was to cross the Blood River at Koppie Allein, where the river runs almost due north and south. This column on crossing the frontier, formed by the Blood River, was to head generally east. Actually in Zululand at the moment, and some eighteen miles north-east of Koppie Allein, was Evelyn Wood's flying column. Its course was to be south-east, so that after a couple of marches it would join hands with the column of Newdigate, with which latter column General Headquarters would proceed. Until the actual 'jumping off' began Utrecht was a central location, and as Wood's column was actually in Zululand the necessary initial reconnaissances would naturally be carried out by it.

The young Prince was 'out for blood' and as an aide-de-camp he was not in his element. He did anything he was asked to do, but no specific task was assigned to him. His brother aides were puzzled as to his status, and later, on oath, Molyneux, the senior of them, testified that the Prince had never been an aide-de-camp. As the young man had come out as a spectator, Lord Chelmsford yielded to his importunities and allowed him to take part in some distinctly hazardous reconnaissances carried out from Wood's column. In these the Prince had displayed a rash bravery which disquieted the responsible leaders. In one of these ventures carried out by Buller's Frontier Light Horse the Zulus gathered and a fight seemed imminent, to the huge joy of the Prince. The Zulus, however, made off when the horsemen advanced, but were followed by the Prince at full gallop and in a state of great excitement. He had to be supported and extricated, which caused inconvenience, and Buller, having reported the young man's recklessness, absolutely declined to be responsible for him again. In order to keep the Prince more on the lead Lord Chelmsford then attached him to the Quartermaster-General's branch—which in those days did 'operations' and 'intelligence' —giving at the same time the most stringent instructions that he was not to be permitted to proceed on any distant reconnaissance without his lordship's express permission, and that when employed on survey work near a camp his party was always to be provided with an escort and to be accompanied by an officer.

On this branch of the staff there were serving with Lord Chelmsford's headquarters seven officers. One of them, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison by name, of the Royal Engineers, who held the position of Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, was definitely told off as bear-leader to the Prince.

Serving under him as assistants were two other officers, one the late Lord Grenfell (then Major Grenfell), of the 60th Rifles; the other Lieutenant J. B. Carey, of the 98th Foot. Carey, as a lieutenant, had a definite military rank. The Prince had no rank at all, and was not even a British officer. There would therefore seem to be no difficulty about seniority. But amongst all the baffling difficulties which the writer has experienced in telling this story none is greater than the fact that in two sources there is a reference to the Prince being an 'honorary' captain. Whether the general laxness which distinguished the staff work of the Zulu War went so far as to countenance such grading or not, there is one thing certain—Carey believed he was inferior in military rank to the Prince Imperial.

The orders issued to Newdigate's column in the Koppie Allein camp on May 31 were that on the morrow, Sunday, June 1, 1879, the infantry and guns should march to a camping ground on Itelezi Hill, some eight miles forward, preceded by the cavalry, who should scout some miles further ahead and then fall back upon the new camp. All this ground, and a tract some ten miles beyond Itelezi, had been reconnoitred two days earlier by a strong party, and Lieutenant Carey had taken part in this operation, making a map for the route from Itelezi Hill to the second camp which it was proposed to occupy in the Ityotyozi valley. On the occasion of this expedition no Zulus had been encountered. Now, early on the morning of June 1 the Prince Imperial begged Colonel Harrison to allow him to do some work beyond the ground which on this day was to be covered by the cavalry Lord Chelmsford's orders on this subject had been very strict: in no circumstances was the Prince to be allowed to venture out 'into the blue' without his express permission. What mad idea beset Colonel Harrison and led him to disregard these instructions will always be a mystery. At any rate, Harrison yielded and assigned to the Prince the task of selecting a camping ground to be occupied at the end of the second day's march—a task which would necessitate the Prince working some eight miles ahead of the nearest reinforcements on Itelezi Hill.

The Prince in any such operation would of course require an escort, and further, according to Lord Chelmsford's orders—which in this respect were followed—must be accompanied by an officer. The latter question was soon solved. Lieutenant Carey was anxious to verify some points in connexion with the map of the route to the Ityotyozi valley on which he was engaged, and volunteered to accompany the Prince Imperial. Harrison accepted the suggestion and remarked, 'I am glad you are a volunteer, for you can now look after the Prince,' and then gave him an order on the cavalry brigade major for six white troopers

and six mounted Basutos as the escort. The former duly paraded from Bettington's Natal Horse, but, owing to some hitch, the Basutos reported themselves at the wrong tent. Followed by the party of white men, the Prince and Carey, accompanied by a friendly Zulu as guide, left Koppie Allein at 9.15 a.m. for Itelezi Hill, word being left that the Basutos were to be sent on rapidly so as to overtake the party.

It has been remarked that Harrison's conduct in disregarding Lord Chelmsford's orders was extraordinary. No less remarkable was his action in assigning the task he did to the Prince Imperial. The selection of a camping ground in an enemy's country, and especially in savage warfare, is one which should be carried out only by a highly trained staff officer. Questions of water supply, defence, command of view, hygiene, and approaches and exits present such problems, and the inevitable compromise between conflicting claims has to be so carefully considered, as to demand considerable skill and experience on the part of the officer entrusted with the task. To say that Lord Chelmsford, with the horror of Isandhlwana burnt into his very soul, would have allowed his main column to march to a camp selected by a young man whose whole military training consisted merely of two years at 'the Shop,' would be simply to say that Lord Chelmsford had gone out of his mind.

As the column was already in motion towards Itelezi Hill the journey of the Prince and his companions over a good open grass country to that point was without incident. Here Harrison and Grenfell, who had gone ahead with the cavalry in connexion with camping arrangements, were met, and as the Basutos had not yet put in an appearance there was nothing to do but to await their arrival After a time the Prince became impatient, and undoubtedly he determined to give his bear-leader, Harrison, the slip so soon as the latter's back was turned. Lord Grenfell in his memoirs distinctly states that the Prince refused to wait for the Basutos. The *Official History* more discreetly states that the Prince, 'having afterwards become separated from Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, moved on with his eight companions to carry out the reconnaissance on which he was engaged.' There seems to be no shadow of doubt that the Prince regarded himself, and was tacitly acknowledged by Carey, as in command of the expedition. Carey indeed stated afterwards that he had been told by Harrison 'not to interfere with the Prince.' On the other hand, there are grounds for believing that the Prince, at the time of departure, assumed that Carey was in command of the *escort*, but, if so, he did not act later in accordance with such an assumption. This duty, it may be said, Carey always strenuously asserted had never been put upon or accepted by him; and he maintained that the

carrying out of his own technical task was incompatible with commanding the escort as well.

It has often been asked why Lieutenant Carey assented to the party moving forward without the six Basutos, who were urgently required in an extended reconnaissance in Zulu territory. The first reason is that word had been left for the Basutos to follow on at a gallop when, and if, they turned up at Itelezi Hill. It may be noted here that the Basutos never joined the party. The second reason is ascertainable from a piece of evidence which was published only three years ago. The *Official History of the Zulu War*, published in 1881, mentions that the Prince started on his fatal mission 'with 8 companions'—*i.e.*, Carey, the escort of six (a sergeant, corporal, and six troopers), and a native guide. Actually there was a ninth—Major Grenfell, Carey's immediate senior on the staff. Finding he would have nothing to do at Itelezi for a couple of hours, Grenfell volunteered to accompany the Prince for a portion of the latter's journey. Carey naturally thought that, where his senior thus obviously assented, it was not for him to demur. Grenfell, however, not seeing the Basutos, 'concluded'—to quote from his memoirs published in 1925—'that they were far ahead covering the party,' as of course they should have been. As the nine moved forward there was thus a double confusion: neither the Prince, nor Carey, nor the escort themselves really knew who was in command; and the senior officer present, Major Grenfell, was completely unconscious that the scouting, as apart from the fighting, portion of the escort was not on the ground at all.

For about seven or eight miles the party rode along a ridge which runs out into the Ityotyozi valley, the Prince and Grenfell together and Carey behind. The ridge was quite open, and, as the Zulus had no horses, even with a small escort the journey was reasonably safe. Before reaching the crest of a hill overlooking the valley Grenfell said good-bye to the Prince and turned back to his duties at Itelezi Hill. His last words, just as he started to return, were, 'Take care of yourself, Prince, and don't get shot.' The Prince replied, pointing to Carey: 'Oh, no! He'll take very good care that nothing happens to me.'

About 12.30 p.m. the party reached the summit of the flat-topped hill, where they dismounted, while the Prince made a rough sketch of the surrounding country. About an hour was passed on the summit. Towards the end of the stay the Prince had given the order to off-saddle, but then altered his mind and ordered girths to be slackened for fifteen minutes, saying at the same time: 'It is hardly worth while to off-saddle for quarter of an hour. We shall go down to the huts by the river, where the men can get wood and water and cook something.' Carey

demurred to this proposal, which, he stated later, was conveyed in a very authoritative manner, and there is certainly no room for doubt that the Prince clearly looked upon the whole reconnaissance as 'my show.' Carey therefore, wrongly as everyone has always thought, and fatally as it turned out, allowed himself to be overruled.

Not a sign of a Zulu had so far been seen, but, as a matter of fact, the little party had been under observation by Zulu scouts. The kraal to which the Prince and his companions were descending was in reality a kind of outpost for Cetewayo's army; and as the two officers and their escort were making their way down the hill the Zulus in the neighbourhood were collecting. The kraal was of the ordinary native type, consisting of a circular stone enclosure about 25 yards in diameter with five huts outside. The whole of the level ground right up to the huts was covered with tall grass and Indian corn except on the far side. There the ground was open for about 200 yards, but at that distance there was a donga or dry watercourse some 6 to 8 feet deep, by which in the rainy season the storm waters found their way into the Ityotyozi.

It was about half-past two when the party descended from the end of the ridge. The kraal was reached about three o'clock. The huts were empty, but a dog was prowling about, and there were on the ground some fresh remains of Zulu food. These circumstances do not seem to have aroused any anxiety, and the Prince gave orders for the escort to off-saddle and to knee-halter the horses for grazing. This was done, and then the Zulu guide went down to the river for some water. A fire was lit. Two of the escort and the native guide brewed some coffee. There is no information available as to what precautions, if any, were taken to guarantee the security of the party; incredible as it may appear, such precautions seem to have been practically *nil*. What amazing inertia, what fatal paralysis of will, lured Carey into a tacit but fatal acquiescence with the carelessness of the arrangements made by the Prince Imperial is a matter difficult to comprehend. Certain it is that no patrolling of the ground about the kraal was carried out. The Prince, so it is said, laid down to rest and, later, he and Carey busied themselves on their maps and sketches.

At 3.35 p.m. Carey suggested to the Prince that the party should saddle up, but the latter declared he would wait ten minutes longer. Almost immediately a circumstance occurred which caused prompt action. The native guide reported that he had seen a Zulu come over the hill. The order was now given to saddle up. Some of the horses had strayed, and it was ten minutes before all of them had been collected and saddled, during

which time the party was, of course, absolutely without protec
tion. Carey mounted independently and remained halted, facin
the long grass, waiting for the others to mount. The men stoo
to their horses, and the Prince gave in succession the routin
commands, 'Prepare to mount' and 'Mount.' On the comman
'Prepare to mount,' each left foot was placed in the near stirrup
all waiting for the Prince's next word of command. As this wa
uttered, and as the party—all except Trooper Rogers, who wa
endeavouring to catch the spare horse—swung themselves int
their saddles, from the long grass burst out a crashing volley, an
with loud yells some thirty or forty Zulus rushed upon the kraal

What followed in the next two or three seconds cannot b definitely told. Terrified by the noise, every horse bolted, and the riders, not yet home in the saddle, had as much as they could do to cling on. Any concerted action was out of the question. Formation, cohesion, discipline and command for the moment went by the board. Trooper Le Tock had dropped his carbine. Pluckily he leaped to the ground and recovered it, and then flung himself across his horse. As the horse bolted after the others, with its rider lying on his stomach across the saddle, Le Tock—a Channel Islander—called out to the Prince, who was still struggling to mount, 'Dépêchez-vous, Votre Altesse, s'il vous plait.' The universally accepted story concerning the fate of the Prince Imperial, and the verdict accepted, though not without some reserve, in the *Official History*, is that the Prince failed to mount, that he then endeavoured to vault into the saddle, and that, a strap on the holsters giving way, the horse escaped, and the Prince was left within the kraal with no other resource left him but flight on foot. The writer does not accept this version in its entirety, but to avoid interruption in the narrative will reserve his reasons for dissent until later in the story. All that it is necessary to state here is that there seem strong grounds for belief that for an appreciable distance, even 60 or 70 yards, the Prince was in some way or other horse-borne, all the while engaged in a desperate attempt to struggle home into the saddle, just as was the case with Le Tock.

The flight led to the donga, that is, away from the direction to Itelezi Hill. Trooper Rogers, engaged in rounding up the spare horse on foot, had never mounted and was despatched at once, firing with his carbine the only shot fired by the escort in the whole of the affair. The native guide was never seen again. It is certain that in the 200 yards *sauve qui peut* Carey never once turned his head. The last sight he ever had of the Prince alive was when the order to mount was given. Then came the volley, and, passing round different sides of a hut, Carey was unsighted so far as the Prince was concerned. Some of the escort,

better horsemen, more curious, or with more soldierly instinct, than Carey, looked behind them for a moment in their wild gallop. Carey himself, who knew the country, shouted to the troopers to bear to the left, apparently with the idea of finding an easier crossing of the donga away from the river and a better rallying ground on the far side. The Zulus, or some of them, were still firing, and Trooper Abel threw up his arms and fell from his horse. Following close behind was Corporal Grubb and behind him again Trooper Le Tock, who overtook the corporal calling out 'Stick firm to your horse, boy, and put in the spurs. The Prince is down.' Glancing round, Grubb saw the Prince 'hanging on to something, but below his horse, the stirrup leather or the wallet, and the horse seemed to trample on him.' Sergeant Willis saw two riders—not Rogers or the native guide—fall from their horses, and these could only be, as we know now, the Prince Imperial and Trooper Abel. Corporal Grubb tried to steady his horse and unsling his carbine to have a shot at the Zulus, who were rushing after the horsemen, but at that moment his horse leaped into the donga, his carbine fell to the ground, and the corporal had all he could do to keep in the saddle.

About half a minute had elapsed since the surprise. The survivors crossed the donga in two places, Lieutenant Carey, Troopers Le Tock and Cochrane on the left, Sergeant Willis and Corporal Grubb lower down. Further still to the right galloped a riderless grey horse—that of the Prince Imperial. The flight was not checked, and the last seen of the Prince alive was apparently witnessed by Grubb, who, looking back from the far side of the donga, saw the Prince running towards it on foot, closely followed by some six to a dozen Zulus. This seems to have satisfied the corporal that the fate of the Prince Imperial was sealed. The exact sequence of events immediately following is not clear. It is certain that Grubb caught the Prince's horse and mounted it himself, apparently letting his own go loose. He and Willis then shouted and signalled to the other three survivors, now to their left front. These checked their pace until they were rejoined by the other pair. It is certain—Corporal Grubb admitted the fact on oath—that until some minutes afterwards Grubb said not a word to Carey about having seen the Prince alive and on foot running towards the donga. All that Carey knew at the moment, when the escort was for the first time in some sense rallied, was that the Prince had been seen to fall from his horse. Knowing that the Prince was a brilliant rider, and having no reason to suspect that he had failed to mount, Carey immediately concluded that the Prince had been struck by a bullet, unhorsed, and either killed outright or immediately despatched by his pursuers. The weak point in the argument was that his reasoning was not based

for first-hand evidence. Until he had passed the donga his fir and only concern seems to have been chiefly for himself.

Granted, however, that Carey had been guilty of almo criminal weakness in allowing the Prince to lead the party such an obviously 'unhealthy' spot as the kraal, granted, to that his conduct in the *sauve qui peut*, even if unavoidable, ha certainly not been heroic, it must, in common fairness to the ma be admitted that he was now in a most difficult position. H retreat was cut off; the line of flight so far was leading awa towards the heart of Zululand; to escape would require a lon detour to the left, over the Tombokala River, and a hard ric along the further side, until the scouts of Wood's column, whic Carey knew was this day moving down in a south-easterly dire tion, should be met. Looking back, Carey saw that some Zulu had already passed the donga; and on his left other Zulus wei observed moving about in some fields of high mealies. To mak definitely certain of the Prince's fate it was absolutely necessar that Carey should return to the donga, and the inevitable collisio with the Zulus could be dealt with, theoretically, in either of tw ways—by shock action, mounted; or by fire action, on foo The former course may be dismissed at once for the simple reaso that the troopers of Bettington's Horse were not armed wit swords. As for fire action, on foot, the five horses would requir two men as horse-holders—one of them absolutely unarmed, fo Grubb had lost his carbine—leaving to Carey, with sword an revolver, and his two troopers with carbines, the task of fightin their way to the donga. Whether this was a possible solutio or not must always remain a matter of opinion. But it must no be overlooked, although, as a matter of fact, the point is almos invariably forgotten, that even if Carey and his party had beei able to reach the donga and actually see the Prince's corpse the responsibility of Carey would by no means have ended there He owed to Troopers Rogers and Abel, and indeed to the native guide, the same duty, no more and no less, that he owed to the Prince Imperial. If he fought his way back to the donga he must also fight his way back to the kraal. Whether this was possible whether even, considering all the circumstances of the case, such attempt was advisable, must again be a matter of opinion.

There is, however, no need to attempt a solution. Rightly or wrongly Carey conceived that his duty lay in rescuing the living who were still with him instead of putting the seal of absolute certainty on the death of those who were missing. He set his party at a rapid pace, bearing always to the left, over the Tombokala River, and after a ride of some four miles saw in the distance the head of Wood's flying column.

There now followed an incident which in Army circles during

the last forty-nine years has always been considered to have told heavily against Carey. The story is that Evelyn Wood and Buller, riding in front of the column, saw an officer galloping furiously towards them. There is no doubt whatever that the meeting between Wood and Buller on one side, and Carey on the other, actually took place; but what follows must be accepted with some reserve. Buller is reported to have said to Wood: 'Why, the man rides as if the Kaffirs were after him.' The officer was waving to them as if signalling to them to go back. Wood and Buller, however, rode forward and found that the officer was Carey. 'Whatever is the matter with you?' asked Buller. 'The Prince, the Prince Imperial, is killed,' gasped out Carey. 'Where is the body?' In reply Carey pointed to a hill some three miles off, and Wood and Buller, following his direction, made out a party of some twenty Zulus leading three horses. Then Buller is alleged to have asked: 'Where are your men, sir? How many did you lose?' To which Carey is supposed to have answered: 'They are behind me. I don't know.' The story then goes that Buller declared: 'You deserve to be shot, and I hope will be. I could shoot you myself.'

This dramatic little episode deserves careful investigation. In the first place, although the incident as above appears in Colonel Melville's *Life of Sir Redvers Buller*, it is not based on any *ipse dixit* of Buller himself. It is in the form of a communication from Sir George Pomeroy Colley. Now not only was Colley not present on the occasion, but on this June 1, 1879, he was not even in South Africa at all. Further, in his *From Midshipman to Field Marshal*, although Sir Evelyn Wood naturally has something to say of the death of the Prince Imperial as an event of the Zulu War, he does not mention this incident of meeting Carey. Sir Evelyn Wood was a discursive, indeed even a garrulous, narrator, and his silence certainly seems to indicate that he did not wish to lend the authority of his name to a current legend. It will be noted that in the above account Carey's alleged initial statement was confined to reporting the death of the Prince. The story, however, soon grew in wealth of detail, and Archibald Forbes includes a further expression: 'Fly! Fly! The Zulus are after me.' Such an expression, had it been made on such an occasion—but just imagine any British officer, even if in a state of alarm, using such a stagey word as 'Fly!'—would certainly have lent support to the charge against Carey of misbehaviour in the field. It is merely necessary here to say that the prosecution did not call either Wood or Buller in the trial which ensued.

About half-past seven Carey got back to Itelezi and staggered into the headquarters mess. Grenfell was alone in the tent. 'Why, Carey,' he called out, 'you're very late for dinner. We

thought you had been shot.' Greatly agitated, the other replied: 'I am all right, but the Prince is killed.' Carey was immediately taken to Lord Chelmsford. The latter was absolutely stunned by the terrible news. On the very first day of the campaign which was to wipe out the stain of Isandhlwana the young Prince entrusted to his charge had met his death. Late at night Grenfell, going to the general's tent on military duty, found Lord Chelmsford with his head upon the table in a state of absolute misery and despair.

Next day the Prince's body was found. There is a tragic irony in the fact that whereas the Prince, alive, was allowed to go forth escorted by a mere handful of irregulars, the searchers for his corpse were accompanied by a huge escort, including a regiment of regular cavalry. The body lay on its back in the donga, stripped naked except for one sock. Round the Prince's neck still remained a fine gold chain from which were suspended a medallion and a locket of his mother. Eighteen assegai wounds, all in front, were on his body, and death had resulted from a wound through the right eyeball. There was no bullet wound. The Prince had fallen face to his foes, after emptying his revolver, and those who killed him testified after the war that he had died 'fighting like a lion.' The body was carried on an improvised bier formed of a blanket and lances to an ambulance, which conveyed it to Itelezi. After such preservative measures as were possible in the circumstances, the body was then sent under escort to Natal, was embarked with all possible honour, and reached its resting-place in the mortuary chapel at Chislehurst on July 12, 1879.

The exact spot where the Prince's body was found was, as measured from a map of 24 inches to the mile, over 250 yards from the kraal. The surgeon who examined the body stated positively that it had not been dragged after death: where the Prince was found, there he had fallen. Now at the time of his death the Prince was wearing long boots and spurs, a sword in slings and—almost certainly—a sabretache. In whatever manner he parted company with his horse, the incident must have spelt some delay. At the moment of the attack the Zulus were almost on the kraal, and had got a flying start. If the Prince had been compelled to run on foot from the kraal itself, is it likely that in the kit he was wearing he could have kept ahead of active and fleet-footed savages, as the Zulus were, for more than 250 yards? Further, it must be remembered that when the Prince turned gallantly at bay he must have been at least 10 yards ahead of his pursuers, otherwise his wounds would not have been in front. Taking these points into consideration, the author feels that there are strong grounds for the theory that for some appreciable

distance—60 or 70 yards, or even more—the Prince was definitely horse-borne, along with others, in the rush from the kraal.

A court of inquiry having been held, Lieutenant Carey was suspended from duty on June 11 and brought to trial the following day before a general court-martial assembled at the camp at Upoko River. He was charged with misbehaviour before the enemy and pleaded Not Guilty. After a sitting of two days the court was closed to consider its finding, and, as it was reopened to take formal evidence as to the prisoner's service, this was the usual tacit acknowledgment that a verdict of guilty had been returned. The proceedings were transmitted to England for the necessary confirmation by higher authority, and Captain Carey,[1] still in arrest, was at the same time sent home, there to learn his fate.

It seems that the original sentence was to the effect that Lieutenant Carey was condemned to suffer death by being shot. It is certain that five days after the funeral of her son the Empress Eugénie, with a nobleness of soul that should never be forgotten, went personally to Queen Victoria to plead for Carey. 'N'est-ce pas, on ne fera rien contre ce pauvre homme ? O non, je vous prie. Il peut avoir une mère.' The Queen, greatly moved, replied that the matter was not entirely in her hands, but made an earnest promise to the bereaved Empress to see what could be done. The task was rendered easier by the fact that the court-martial had appended a strong recommendation to mercy primarily on the grounds of the smallness of the escort and the fact that it was insufficiently armed ; and that Lieutenant Carey had other duties to perform besides commanding the escort, and that he had long and honourable service. These recommendations were supported by a memorandum from Lord Chelmsford with a request that they might be favourably considered. He added that he considered that Lieutenant Carey was not deficient in personal bravery, but might have lost his head in the crisis by which he was confronted.

On August 27 at Portsmouth Captain Carey was sent for by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the G O.C. Southern District, to hear the finding and sentence. These, as read out to the prisoner, were : 'Guilty. To be cashiered.' The ceremony was, however, a mere formality, for on the same day came the anti-climax. The proceedings of a general court-martial are subjected to a final revision by the Judge Advocate-General. Her Majesty was advised that the charge was not sustained by the evidence. The

[1] Lieutenant Carey was promoted to Captain on June 6—*i.e.*, five days after the death of the Prince Imperial. In 1879 telegraphic communication did not exist between England and South Africa, and the news of the Prince's death did not reach England until about June 19. The information was sent to Madeira by steamer and was cabled from that island.

proceedings were quashed, and Her Majesty directed that the prisoner be released from all the consequences of his trial.

The Duke of Cambridge caused his considered views on the whole incident to be conveyed in a Horse Guards letter to the G.O.C. in South Africa. The letter entirely exonerated Lord Chelmsford. It blamed Colonel Harrison for disobeying the orders of the former, for the looseness of his instructions to Lieutenant Carey, and for the failure to impress upon the Prince the necessity of deferring to Carey's suggestions. The letter admitted that Carey was under the conception that the Prince was his senior in rank, but stated that no foundation existed for such error. As regards the fatal episode itself, the 'Old Duke,' to whom the honour of the Army was ever sacred, wrote in moving words :

> At the moment of attack defence was impossible, and retreat imperative. What might have been done, and what ought to have been done when the moment of surprise had passed, can only be judged by an eye-witness ; but his Royal Highness will say, and he feels that he speaks with the voice of the Army, that it will ever remain to him a source of regret that, whether or not an attempt at rescue was possible, the survivors of the fatal expedition withdrew from the scene of disaster without the full assurance that all efforts on their part were not abandoned until the fate of their comrades had been sealed.

Officially Captain Carey had been relieved of all consequences of his trial. But the stigma of a conviction for misbehaviour in the field is not one to be lifted by a formal phrase. He rejoined the 98th in Karachi, a broken man. No one, of course, ever referred to the Zulu campaign in his presence ; he never alluded to the subject himself. Although he had received numerous letters of congratulation from home and abroad on his release, he was a man who disliked publicity and he knew well that his career was broken for ever. He was not, however, called upon to carry his cross for long, for within a year or two he fell ill of fever and died.

Thus closed the career of Jahleel Brenton Carey—Jahleel from the third son of Zebulon, that tribe of whom, in the rapture of triumph, sang Deborah, ' They were a people that jeoparded their lives unto death in the high places of the field.' No such pæan sounded over the grave of this luckless staff officer. His lot was the lot, not of Zebulon, but of Sisera. The stars in their courses fought against him.

F. E. WHITTON.

THE SEA-FENCIBLES

In May 1803, when hostilities were resumed between England and France, it was not yet fully apparent on either side of the Channel that the transport of an army across it in innumerable small craft was a project foredoomed to failure. In July, and again in November, the First Consul had made visits of inspection to Boulogne, where the flotilla lay, and his army was concentrated along the coast-line from Brest to the Texel awaiting an opportunity to embark in it.

Among the numerous corps of volunteers which the menace of invasion had brought into being in England was the coastwise organisation known as the Sea-Fencibles. It was not an excessively warlike body, as what we shall have to say of it will show; but as it was under the Admiralty, and had much to do with small craft, it may be regarded as in some sort an answer, if a rather feeble one, to Napoleon's proposed boating expedition. Originally constituted by an Order in Council dated 14 May, 1798,[1] it was revived in 1803 after the short-lived peace concluded in the previous year For the purposes of this force the maritime counties of the British Isles had been divided into districts, each under the command of a post-captain R.N.; and of course those facing the Continent, from the Wash round to the Isle of Wight, were the most important as being specially exposed to the contemplated attack. The Sea-Fencibles were principally fishermen, pilots, bargees, and other people who had to do with the water —even the fishermen's small boys were admitted because they had been brought up amongst boats; but there was a sprinkling of landsmen as well, not seldom including the local publican. They were mustered for exercise and inspection usually on Sundays, so as not to interfere with their ordinary avocations, and were then instructed in the use of the pike and, where it was possible, in gunnery. For each drill every man received the sum of one shilling; their attendance nevertheless was not always very good, and it may be thought that the writer of a letter, explaining this slackness in a certain district, only makes matters

[1] This Order in Council is printed in *Parliamentary Papers*, xxxix., p. 337 (1857–8), at which time there was apparently some idea of re-establishing the corps.

worse when he says 'the bad weather is supposed to have prevented many from making their appearance.' It is to be remembered, however, that they were volunteers; and, moreover, this sensitiveness to the weather may be attributed as much to the constitution of the force as to the softness of individual members. For no one was to be enrolled in the Sea-Fencibles who was not an inhabitant of his district—no one who was not bound thereto by the ties of family. By the very regulations, therefore, there were reasons why its members would often prefer Sundays at home to exercising with the pike upon the beach. On the other hand, those who had a keener sense of public duty obtained unlooked-for compensations: it is recorded that on one occasion a sham fight with this weapon resulted in wigs upon the sands, and even in wounds, slight but honourable, not to mention the hilarious applause of the spectators.[3]

The chief advantage, however, of belonging to the Sea-Fencibles at this time was the protection enrolment therein afforded against impressment for service in the Navy. Along with the rule just mentioned that members of the corps were to be settled inhabitants of their several districts was another, rather unfortunately worded, from the point of view of the naval authorities. 'No sea-faring man,' it ran, 'will be exempted from the impress unless enrolled to serve in the Sea-Fencibles.' The unintended implication was obvious, and before the end of 1803 there were many complaints that seafaring men belonging to coasters had joined these pleasant volunteers, calling themselves inhabitants of the districts on the ground that when their ships were in port they lived ashore with their parents or friends. A combing-out process became necessary, and Rear-Admiral Arthur Phillip was sent on a tour of investigation. In the early days of 1804 we find him making returns from various districts 'of persons enrolled as Sea-Fencibles who are proper objects for the impress'; 'of persons enrolled but not within the description of those intended to be exempted from the press,' and so on. Finally, in the autumn of the same year came instructions from headquarters that only married men with a prescribed number of children were to be enrolled or, if already enrolled, retained. This restriction of membership to those who had given a definite number of hostages to fortune is probably unique in the annals of military forces.

The matter had not, however, been so defined in the autumn of 1803: the idea that the Sea-Fencibles afforded a sanctuary to anyone who wished to avoid the attentions of the press-gang was still widely current. Hence, at the very time when reports were being made to the Admiralty of persons who, to avoid

[3] *The Times*, September 20, 1803.

impressment, had adroitly got themselves enrolled as Sea-Fencibles, we find a naval officer trying to frighten all and sundry into joining that body by the unjustifiable impressment of a person who had remained outside against his wishes. This gentleman's endeavour thus to encourage the others resulted in an action for damages for false imprisonment, and at this time of day the proceedings brought against him are not without touches of comedy. To narrate the facts in a country Assize case may seem to be to chronicle small beer; but it is possible to regard this forgotten bit of local litigation as symptomatic of the stress caused by bigger events; and, moreover, there was at first a disposition on the part of the Admiralty to come to the officer's assistance. Perhaps Thierry's remark, that 'Les détails sont l'âme de l'histoire,' savours too much of epigram; but, whether it be wholly true or not, a small-sized canvas seems the historian's best medium for presenting them.

Just at this time Napoleon's flotilla was undoubtedly causing much disquietude in the county of Essex. The files of *The Times* for October tell us that orders had been issued by the War Office for the several corps of Essex volunteer cavalry to concentrate at Chelmsford and Colchester upon the first signal of the enemy's approach. The Loyal Colchester Volunteers were warned to hold themselves in instant readiness, and just outside the town a beacon made of faggots and tar barrels had been erected ready to be set on fire to give the warning The local atmosphere may therefore be supposed to have been a little tense when Captain Charles Wollaston, R N., who had lately been appointed to command the Sea-Fencibles between the Blackwater and the Stour, addressed a meeting convened on October 6 at the White Horse Inn, in Mersea Island, with the object of recruiting the detachment of the corps at that place. The captain's main theme was the advantageous exemption from the press that a member of the Sea-Fencibles enjoyed—a topic needing some delicacy of treatment, for public feeling in Essex against the practice of impressment had culminated as recently as the previous July in one of the most serious press-gang battles on record. Upwards of 500 persons, armed not only with pitchforks and other bucolic weapons, but with 'sabres,' fell upon an impressment party of thirty officers and men as they were returning to their ship at Barking *after* having lost by rescue all the men they had that day laid hands on, and seriously wounded the lieutenant in command.[3] One cannot doubt that this affair was present to

[3] *London Gazette*, July 5–9, 1803, p. 812. It so happened that the ring-leaders were tried and convicted of riot at the Chelmsford Assizes in March 1804, on the next day after the hearing of *Sopwith* v. *Wollaston*. That Mr. Justice Heath's sentences of imprisonment were not over-severe may not be wholly unconnected with this coincidence.

[illegible]
the minds of the villagers assembled at the White Horse at Mersea; and when the naval stranger addressing them went on to hint what would probably happen to his hearers if they remained outside the ranks of the sheltered warriors under his command, some of them may have thought that they, too, could take care of themselves. But in addition to pursuing this line of peaceful persuasion the captain had armed himself with a list of names of Mersea islanders who had not as yet joined the Sea-Fencibles; and these, passing from the general to the particular, he proceeded to call over. Amongst them was that of an elderly man named Arthur Sopwith, a shipwright and boat-builder at Mersea, who was present; and though the club-room of the White Horse was no quarter-deck, he came forward promptly when Wollaston called his name. The list of proprietors of small eighteenth-century shipbuilding yards in Essex which may be found in the *Victoria History* of that county includes this Mr. Sopwith—a fact that shows he was an old-established tradesman there. Inaccurate people may sometimes have described him ambiguously as a ship's carpenter; and it is probable that Captain Wollaston, though he should have known better, jumped to the conclusion that he was, or had been, a seafaring man. Sopwith told the captain that he was a man of business at Mersea, and, though well enough disposed towards his King and country, he must attend to his work. His apprentice might join up if he wished: for himself, let the press-gang do their worst. He would chance it.

Now, though Mr Sopwith was forty-five years old, it is by no means certain that if before attaining eminence as a local shipwright he had been a cabin boy he would not have been taking a risk in coming to this decision, for what constituted a 'seaman' was for the purposes of the press given a very wide interpretation. But he had never been to sea in his life. Perhaps the zeal of Captain Wollaston was offended by a display *coram populo* of indifference to his eloquence; probably as a recruiting officer 'business as usual' would get upon his nerves. It is at any rate quite clear from what followed that, actually or mentally, he ticked a certain name upon his list for future reference.

Since the end of September there had been lying at moorings off the west end of Mersea Island His Majesty's gun-brig *Aimwell*, commanded by Lieutenant A. J. Pettet. Her business in the Blackwater River was to act as a 'press-tender,' or receiving-ship for impressed seamen, and doubtless her commander held a warrant authorising him to act as an impressment officer. On October 23, a little more than a fortnight after the meeting at the White Horse, Pettet received a letter from Wollaston. 'There are several persons,' wrote the captain, 'who have not enrolled themselves in the Fencibles, and I think they might be

impressed, as it would have the good effect of making others enroll the faster. Among the rest is A. Sopwith.'

The zeal of Lieutenant Pettet for His Majesty's service was not less than that of Captain Wollaston. The latter had at this time no command at sea, and was only Pettet's superior officer in the sense that he had attained a higher rank in the Navy. With the gun-brig Wollaston had nothing whatever to do. Yet Pettet chose to regard his letter, not as an expression of opinion, but as an order. The log of the *Aimwell* shows with what admirable smartness he executed it. Under date Monday, October 24, the day after the receipt of the captain's missive, occurs the laconic entry 'Impressed a Carpenter.'

Pettet was, nevertheless, clearly a little uneasy. Sopwith must have told him that he had never been to sea, and doubtless also that he was a busy tradesman employing three hands (besides the apprentice) in his yard, where at the moment three ships of sorts were under repair. The lieutenant communicated again with the captain, whose headquarters were at Colchester, and received another letter telling him to stick to his man unless the Admiralty ordered his discharge. He also had a conversation with Wollaston, when for some mysterious reason Pettet spoke of Sopwith as 'the carpenter' without mentioning his name, and the captain affected to have forgotten it. So the now anonymous 'carpenter' remained in captivity in the *Aimwell*. The detention of an elderly man was no doubt comparatively easy, though at various dates between October and January no fewer than ten men escaped from the ship, usually using, under cover of night, her own cutter conveniently riding astern.

The whole village of Mersea was evidently roused in Sopwith's behalf: the petition for his release which he addressed to the Admiralty early in November was attested by the vicar, the two churchwardens, and eleven overseers of the poor. The petitioner tells the Lords Commissioners that he is a master shipwright; that on October 24 he had been impressed into His Majesty's service and carried on board the *Aimwell*, where he is now detained 'to the great injury of himself and his employers' He refers to the sorry plight of his three journeymen and his apprentice, 'who having no master to superintend them are nearly without employment,' and to the three vessels 'which cannot be completed but must remain in their present state to the very great injury of the owners.' As for himself, he 'must be inevitably ruined if he is detained but a short time longer.'[4] The worthy man makes no mention of Wollaston—an omission perhaps thought politic, though he must have learnt from Pettet who was the instigator of his misfortune.

[4] The original petition is at P R.O. Ad. 1, No. 2697.

That this document, albeit vouched for by so many respectable names, did not receive very prompt attention in Whitehall at such a critical time is not surprising. Although his petition was posted on November 8, Sopwith was still detained in the *Aimwell* when December came; and then somebody employed an attorney to go to the Court of King's Bench for a *habeas corpus*. It was not until December 6 that the Secretary of the Admiralty had time to write to Lieutenant Pettet and ask for a statement of the facts. Pettet, replying at leisure on the 11th, was beautifully irrelevant; he requested Sir Evan Nepean to inform the Board that the said Arthur Sopwith behaved improperly to Captain Wollaston when that officer was mustering the Sea-Fencibles at West Mersea; and, moreover (one is hardly surprised at this further delinquency), he had 'forced' his apprentice, who had enrolled himself, as his master said he might, now to withdraw from them. 'I impressed him,' continues Pettet, with consistent simplicity, 'at Captain Wollaston's request: he says he has never been to sea.'[5]

Sir Evan thought Lieutenant Pettet's conduct 'entirely unjustifiable,' if he knew the man was not a seaman, and directions were given for his immediate discharge. Meanwhile Sopwith's attorney had successfully operated the second string of the *habeas corpus*.[6] At the subsequent trial of *Sopwith* v. *Wollaston* he gave evidence that it cost exactly 17*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* to procure the plaintiff's release by means of it. As Sopwith was set free on the 12th, the day when the Secretary of the Admiralty was scribbling the above strictures on the back of Pettet's letter, it would appear that the law's delay was in this case slightly less than that of Whitehall.

Sopwith had now been prevented from carrying on his business for seven weeks, and he lost no time in commencing an action for damages for false imprisonment. Captain Wollaston was evidently surprised at being served with the writ, and he applied for leave to come up to town to see about it: that, however, became unnecessary, since the matter was placed by the Admiralty in the hands of their solicitor, who entered an appearance for him and laid the facts of the case before their counsel in the Temple. There were many precedents for the Board's assistance in cases where impressment officers had failed to keep on the windy side of the law[7]; but Captain Wollaston was not an impressment officer, and the opinion of Mr. Jervis, the Admiralty counsel, when obtained, was not encouraging to those conducting the defence. 'It does not appear to me,' he said, 'that there are any grounds for justifying the act which is the ground of this

[5] This letter is at P.R.O. Ad. 1, No. 3067.
[6] Admiralty solicitor to Wollaston, February 28, 1804 (P.R.O. Ad. 1, No. 2697).
[7] *E.g.*, P.R.O. Ad. 3, No. 78, *passim*.

suit'; but there was just a chance, if Pettet was kept out of the witness-box, that Sopwith might not be able to prove that he was impressed by the orders of the defendant.[8] This was rather a forlorn hope, and Mr. Sopwith's attorney took very good care that the ingenuous lieutenant should be in attendance when the trial came on at the Chelmsford Assizes early in the following spring. These were the days when the parties to a suit were not themselves competent witnesses because of their interest in the result. Sopwith's brother proved that he had never been to sea: two neighbours called Overall—the suspiciously nautical sound of whose name seems to have escaped Captain Wollaston—gave evidence of what had happened at the White Horse. Then came Lieutenant Pettet, still declaring that he conceived himself bound to obey any orders that Wollaston might give him 'for the good of the Service.' 'Would you,' asked one of the jury, 'have impressed the plaintiff if you had not received the captain's letter?' 'No,' was of course the answer, and it was in vain that Serjeant Shepherd argued at great length that the letter was a mere suggestion on the captain's part, to be acted upon, or turned down, at Pettet's pleasure. Mr. Justice Heath said he had no doubt that the defendant was 'the efficient cause' of the plaintiff's treatment—a conclusion difficult to avoid, seeing that Pettet consistently represented himself as merely an unreflecting link in the naval machine; and, after the judge had expressed wondering disapproval of the captain's methods of recruiting for the Sea-Fencibles, a verdict was given for the plaintiff for 100 guineas damages.[9]

There was still another surprise in store for Captain Wollaston. When application was made to him (with a hint by Sopwith's lawyer of a writ of execution to follow) for the amount awarded, plus nearly another 100*l.* for costs, it appeared that the unfortunate officer had been all along under the impression that the Admiralty would pay the piper. This little mistake had been induced, as is clear from his letters, because the official legal advisers of the Admiralty had been employed in preparing his defence, but he would hardly have been so easily deluded had he not, like Lieutenant Pettet, regarded himself as part of a machine. He pleads that he thought 'the Admiralty would stand to all damages.' It may be that the chief interest of our story is psychological rather than historical: the conjunction of two minds of such engaging

[8] A copy of Mr. Jervis's opinion and advice as to the pleadings is at P.R.O. Ad. 1, No. 2697.

[9] A report in MS. of the hearing at the Assizes, made for the information of the Admiralty, is at P.R.O. Ad. 1, No. 3690. There is also an account of this trial (shorter but with some additional detail) in Medland and Weobley's *Collection of Trials* (London, 1803), vol. ii., p. 341.

naïveté as those of the naval officers who figure in it must sure be unusual.

Soon after the Assize case Wollaston was removed to Wal whence he petitioned at least two successive Boards of Admiral to reimburse him. We fear that such enthusiasm as the Se Fencibles of Mersea Island may ever have had was not increas during the short time that he had charge of them. Their pa sheet for that disturbed December shows that out of a tot strength of sixty-four only sixteen put in all the five musters the month, and more than a third of the whole detachment ha never earned a single one of their shillings. But it was the san story everywhere. The Sea-Fencibles were always afraid of losir their ordinary work: they were shy of manning the floatir batteries for fear of being kept afloat. The Boulogne flotil never appeared; and, admitting that they might have risen t the occasion if it had, it is not easy to say what military good the could have been.

After Trafalgar any such purely defensive force as the Se Fencibles was obviously unnecessary But months before th victory Admiral Lord Keith, the Commander-in-Chief in th North Sea, who was much concerned with the coastal defence had written of them: 'There is a set of men in the country wh seem to be protected from rendering any service to the nation i consequence of their being neither subject to the Militia ballc nor to the Impress, but who enroll themselves as Sea-Fencibles a a mere matter of convenience, and receive pay, but decline an kind of service that would interfere with their ordinary avoca tions.'[10] *Eadem sunt omnia semper.*

WILLIAM SENIOR.

[10] Keith to Rear-Admiral Berkeley, January 7, 1805 (P.R.O. Ad. 1, No. 581

FORGOTTEN FABRICS

Of that redoubtable mistress of Knole, the Lady Anne Clifford, Donne (himself, one would imagine, no mean conversationalist) reports that 'She was able to discourse upon all things, from predestination to Slea silk.' Information in plenty is available on the more exalted topic of her conversation, but knowledge of the household fabrics and textile furnishings of bygone days is much more difficult to discover; little can be gathered from books, and hardly a shred of actual materials of the ordinary and every-day kind remains to enable us to identify mediæval, or even Tudor, fabrics for dress and household use, familiar enough by name. Many of the modern weaves are called by names originally applied to very different materials, while the 'frizados,' 'stammells,' 'bustyans,' 'tuff taffetas,' 'mockadoes' and 'perpetuanas,' that arouse interest by the quaintness of their appearance in print, need explanation to enable us to visualise their aspect. 'Slea silk' itself (a term as common in Jacobean times as our own 'twist') was the name given to the unthrown silk used for embroidery, now called 'filoselle'—the verb 'to sleave' meaning to unravel, or divide into filaments.

While there are plenty of extant examples of oak furniture, armour, pewter, brass and silver household goods of very remote periods, the hangings and dresses of the same time are of the greatest rarity—a few fragments of costly tapestry, ecclesiastical vestments, such as the 'Syon cope,' or a gem of heraldic needle-work like the 'Calthorpe' purse—but of the materials used in everybody's daily life never a trace. This scarcity may be accounted for, not only by the inevitable process which makes the common objects of one age the least likely of all to survive to another, but because, for the first 500 years of English history at least, such articles consisted almost entirely of wool—the most perishable of textiles. An item from an inventory of the household effects of Katharine of Aragon, taken after the divorce, points to the principal reason of this scarcity. Among the queen's possessions is mentioned the following: 'A counterpoynte of scarlatte, and in length IIII yardes—sore perisshid with mowthis.'[1]

[1] *Dictionary of English Furniture* (Macquoid).

Mexican and Peruvian cotton materials, whose ages are variously computed at 1000 to 2000 years, and linen from Egypt woven in the times of the earliest Pharaohs, are by no means rare, but a tattered piece of tapestry, a few examples of early Church embroidery and fragments of mediæval 'steyned cloth,' are all that are left of the furnishings of the comparatively recent European past from Charlemagne to Charles V.

The woollen industry from the twelfth to the nineteenth century was (as Camden has it), like English cloth, 'one of the pillars of the State.' A petition laid before Parliament calls it 'our earliest, most extensive and valuable manufacture.' It is even possible that the English woollen fabrics were being exported to the Continent as early as the eighth century, for our earliest commercial treaty, the famous letter of Charles the Great to Offa, King of Mercia (796), contains this passage: 'Our subjects make a request concerning the size of the cloaks; that you will have them made of the same pattern as used to come to us in old times.'[2]

Moreover, the raw material of the industry was British, as Dryden points out:

> Though Jason's Fleece was fam'd of old
> The British wool is growing gold;
> No mines can more of wealth supply
> It keeps the peasant from the cold,
> And takes for Kings the Tyrian dye.[3]

Wool, the making of cloth, and the importation of foreign yarns and materials were the subject of innumerable enactments. Native wool was universally reputed the best in Europe and 'worthy of great estimation for the exceeding fineness of the fleece, God be thanked therefor, which passeth all other in Europe at this day,' says Lambard, an Elizabethan antiquary; 'and for the abundant store of flocks so increasing everywhere that the whole realm might rightly be called Sheppy.' So that until the importation of cotton from the East the staple yarn had no serious rival. 'Nothing can answer all the ends of dress,' says Defoe, 'but good English broad cloth, fine camblets, druggets, serges, and such like.'[4] The riots made by the irate weavers who tore the Indian painted calicoes from the backs of the fashionable folk when those whom they nicknamed 'Calico Madams' ventured to wear them in the street, and the fines for disregarding the law which obliged rich and poor alike to be buried in wool—'There is an Act of Parliament which ordains that the Dead shall be buried in a woollen stuff which is a kind of thin Bays, which they call Flannel. The intention of this Act is for the Encouragement of the Woollen

[2] *History of the English Woollen Industry* (Lipson).
[3] *King Arthur* (Dryden).
[4] *Tour through Great Britain* (Defoe).

Manufacture'[5]—show how hard the wool industry fought its losing battle during the eighteenth century.

At the time of the compilation of Domesday Book half the wealth of England consisted in wool; and by the end of the thirteenth century East Anglia, Yorkshire, and the West of England were thriving centres of the wool trade. A section of Magna Charta gives regulations for the widths of cloths it was lawful to sell. 'Two ells within the lists' was laid down for broadcloths, as distinguished from 'streits,' and that 'the middle of the width shall be in no way inferior to the edges.' Wool with flax, and hemp for the poorest, was the only available textile, and the fortunes of the cloth manufacture were closely interwoven with those of agriculture. As Fuller says, 'This Country is charactred like the good wife described by Bathsheba. She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaffe!. . .[6] 'It will not be amiss to pray that the Plough may go along and the Wheel around, so that (being fed by the one and clothed by the other) there may be, by God's blessing, no danger of starving in our nation.' The silk imported up till the seventeenth century was purely a luxury trade, even after James I's efforts to establish the culture of the silkworm in England by distributing, 'through the Lords Leaftenant of the several shires of England,' directions and seed for the planting of 10,000 mulberry trees for their sustenance, some of which in Finsbury Square, Clerkenwell and Hoxton, in near neighbourhood to the Spitalfields weavers, still survive and flourish. The entire nation, as producers and consumers, pinned their hopes on wool.

Centuries divide the early use of silk from that of cotton; in a world where the cotton trade is so important a branch of British industry we are apt to forget how recent is its immense growth Flax and wool for centuries had no rival but silk; this silk, which made its long journey westwards from China, was of the utmost rarity in our remote island in Norman days Travelling from Sicily through Italy and France, it was imported into Spain by the Moors, and the mediæval silk material called 'sarsnet' is supposed to have derived its name from the word 'Saracen.'[7] The brilliant sheen and magnificent colour of the Persian silk and sendal were more vividly painted by the terms 'scarlet' and 'azure'—also taken from the Arabic—which still stir the blood, than the homelier red and blue applied to native woad and madder-dyed cloths. The first silks woven in Europe were made in Sicily, and bore Byzantine designs; some of these brought back by the Crusaders were among the first seen in England, though a

[5] *Travels in England,* 1720 (Missen)

[6] Proverbs, xxxi. 19.

[7] *Silk Industry of the United Kingdom* (Sir F. Warner).

Norman bishop, in the eleventh century, had imported four pieces of silk into France to make copes for his clergy. Even in the thirteenth century the English nuns, famous all over Europe for their embroidery, were obliged to unravel, for their needles, the silk taken from small pieces of woven stuff, silk thread being unknown in the West, and its origin a carefully guarded secret. For centuries English cloth was the chief material for English wear; it made the gentleman's coat, his lady's gown, his child's shirt, and his servant's smock. Owing to a decline in the cloth trade, Edward II. ordered that only home-grown wool and cloth of English manufacture should be bought, except by 'the king, the queen, earls, barons, knights, and ladies, and their children born in wedlock, archbishops, bishops and other persons and people of Holy Church, and secular who can spend forty pounds sterling of their rents.' [8]

The various weaves and weights of cloth often took their names from their places of origin Worsted, in Norfolk, gave its name to the hard-wearing cloths supposed to have been first introduced by Flemish weavers, who as early as the reign of William the Conqueror were working in St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich, still a busy centre of weaving, though not of wool. Lincoln, Wolsey, and Guildford woollens were famous The material called 'chalons,' from Chalons-sur-Marne, when it was first manufactured was made in large quantities and exported to the Continent under the name of Chalons-of-Guildford; but this trade declined, and was eventually lost owing to the dishonesty of the mediæval workmen, who gave short measure, stretched the cloth more than it would bear, and practised every nefarious device forbidden by law. We are told, for example, that dyers, weavers, and fullers 'will not work on the cloths of others except for an excessive wage, and what is worse, the dyers often change the wool, and the weavers the yarn, and the fullers the whole cloth.' [9] The excessive stretching of the cloth on tenter frames to make it appear wider grew to such a pitch that it was complained that 'if a gentleman make a livery for his man, in the first shower of rain it may fit his page.' [10] An Act of Parliament in the reign of Henry VIII. lays down, for the prevention of fraudulent spinning, that 'the weaver shall weve, worke, and put into the webe . . . as moch and all the same yerne as the clothier shall deliver, and restore the surplus without any more oyle, brene, moisture, dust, sand, and any other thing' [11] Regrettable as it may seem to those who love to conjure up a twelfth century which never existed save

[8] Lipson.
[9] *Mediæval English Industries* (Saltzman).
[10] *The Springs of Lavenham* (B. McClenaghan).
[11] 3 Hen. VIII., c. 6.

in the minds of twentieth century people, adulteration and all the tricks of the trade were practised in the making of cloth as well as the marketing of food-stuffs. 'Victuals that are sold,' said St. Thomas Aquinas, 'are often not pure, and therefore have not the same value as home-grown produce,'[12] a remark having a familiar ring to-day. The search for new shades and weaves was then as insistent, though constantly suppressed and reproved, instigating the command of the Great Council of 1250 to those who desired Flanders cloth: 'Not to seek out over-precious garments.' The fine cloth of Worcester was forbidden to Benedictines; Norwich made 'monk's cloth' and 'canon cloth,' which presumably was the prescribed wear for the religious orders. In the reign of Henry VIII. we find the following complaint:

> I knowe when a servynge manne was content to goo in a Kendal cote in sommer and a frysecote in winter, and with playne white hose made mete for his bodye. . . Now he will looke to have at leaste for Somere a cote of finest clothe that may be gotten for money and his hoseen of the finest kerseye, and that of some strange dye as Flanders dye or French puke, that a prynce or a great lorde canne were no better if he wear cloth.[13]

The dying of broadcloth was restricted to colours strictly fast. Three shades of blue called blues, azures, and plunkets, obtained from woad, scarlet from alkermes (an insect resembling cochineal), reds and russets from madder, could be produced in reliable dyes by the early craftsmen, but logwood, because it was not understood sufficiently to make a fast dye, was forbidden, and it was ordered, in a statute passed in 1533, that no cloths should be dyed in 'browne, blewes, pewkes, tawnyes or vyolettes' unless they were perfectly 'boyled, greyned or madered upon the woad.'[14]

The various processes of cloth-making are thus described by Langland in *Piers Plowman*:

> Cloth that cometh from weaving is not comely to wear
> Till it be fulled under foot in the fulling stocks,
> Washen well with water, and with teasels scratched.
> Touked and teynted, and under tailors' hands.[15]

Woven tapestries, the most magnificent part of the furnishings of the great hall of castle or manor-house, were beyond the art of native craftsmen to weave. Brussels, Arras, and Tournai (under its old Flemish name of Dornick) were the great producers of these tapestries, which had their cheaper imitations in the form of 'steyned cloths' or painted canvas; for those who could not afford the tapestry, hangings which were carried from place to place

[12] *De Reg. Princ.*, 2, iv.
[13] Lipson.
[14] *Medieval English Industries* (Salzman).
[15] Quoted by Lipson.

and hung by the 'upholders,' whose office in this respect has now descended to the paper 'hanger,' when the cheaper material was substituted for stuffs. Figured materials were also used for bed draperies and coverlets; John Pirrie, of Hampton, in 1630 bequeathed to his sister Alice 'a green darnix coverlet and a fether bed.'[16] Chamblet, a mixed silk and hair fabric used for bed-hangings, was a source of much of the wealth of Coventry. Mohair and moreen, mentioned by Purchas among 'the new devised names of stuffs,' were also employed for this purpose. The hanging and furnishing of the bed was elaborate and curious. This important piece of furniture often stood in the 'great chamber,' the sitting-room of the family, after the master and mistress, with their principal guests, began to withdraw from the promiscuous company in the great hall, an innovation not entirely pleasing to their household. Piers Plowman complains of this new custom:

> Wretched is the hall where Lord and Lady will not sit.
> Now have the rich a rule to eat by themselves,
> In a private chamber with a chimney,
> Because of the poor in the hall.[17]

Early wills, household inventories and official correspondence give descriptions of mediæval and Renaissance beds, with 'tester and celour,' feather beds, pillows, upper and under quilts, and several sets of curtains. It is not Shakespeare only who leaves secondary as well as principal beds in bequest: 'Item. I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture'[18] Edward the Black Prince bequeathed 'to Sir Robert of Walsingham our confessor a large bed of red camora, with our arms embroidered at each corner, also embroidered with the arms of Hereford,' as well as to 'Mons. Alayne Cheyne our bed of blue camora powdered with eagles.'[19] The Durham inventory mentions 'covering quilts of white fustian, and a crimson silk upper quilt,' prompting the question exactly what was meant in the Middle Ages by the word 'fustian,' which now designates the corduroy of the navvy and the gamekeeper's velveteens. The term is of disputed origin, adapted either from the Spanish '*fuste*' (substance) or some say from Fustat, a suburb of Cairo, where it was supposed to have been made. A thick twilled cotton cloth is indicated, as well as a wool fustian, the latter probably introduced by the Flemish weavers under Edward III. It was this which

[16] *Hampton Court Wills* (ed. by H. T. McEleney).
[17] Langland.
[18] Macquoid.
[19] *Curiosities of Will-making.*

most probably fashioned the attire of the Knight on his Canterbury Pilgrimage, of whom Chaucer tells us:

> Of fustian he wore a gipon,
> All besmoterd with his habergeon.

Cotton fustians, for which Spain was famous, were used for quilts and pillow cases. In the *Book of Nurture* the chamberlain, after his master has gone to church, is ordered 'to return to his master's room to see that the fustian and the shetes be clene.'[20] Two hundred years later strong efforts to exclude foreign fustians were made. When a man was hanged at Dublin 'the hangman rode to the Execution in a suit of flowered Fustian, presented to him by the Master Weavers, in contempt for foreign manufactures.'[21] Leland speaks of 'pillowes of fustian stuyfed with downe, every each with bere (or pillow case) of Reynes.' The linen made at Rennes—to-day setting up a factory for the manufacture of artificial silk—had a great reputation in England and on the Continent. The inventories of the household possessions of Henry VIII. enjoined its exclusive use for all the beds of the royal household. Linen as well as a plethora of bed furnishings were bequeathed with the bedstead by 'Jone Lady Bergavenny' in 1437. She gave 'Six matresses, six pillows, cushions, sheets, blankets, and velvet hangings.'

Bed linen appears as frequently in bequests as bed furnishings and pillows. Sarah Morgan, of Glamorgan, desires her executors to give 'all the bed linen and table linen to my daughter Kate Williams,' and adds, evidently having private doubts about the matter, 'they are not worth sending to London—so old, and very bad'; while explicit directions are found in the will of Robert Hamond to his son, who was to be his full executor, 'so that he give unto my wife Anne one fether bed, one bolester, and the pilloes she carried to London, and on other paire of shetes and a paer of blankets and one coverlid . . also I give to my Surgeon John Larder my Bible, my warming panne . . . my bedsted with all that thereto belonges: that is four fether beds, one bolester, one pillowe, a paer of blanketts, a paer of shetes and a coverlid, with all as I lie in it.'[22]

The exquisite stitchery of the quilts and coverlets recently exhibited in London, together with historic furniture and hangings from great houses like Knole and Hardwick, date, for the most part, from Elizabethan days downwards; but the Hardwick inventory of 1601 has items of earlier date, among th m 'a quilt of changeable taffetie sarcnet,' and one of newly imported

[20] *Circa* 1440.
[21] Macquoid.
[22] *Hampton Court Wills* (ed. by H T. McEleney).

material from the East 'of yellow india stuffe, embroidered with birdes and beastes and white silk fringe and tassells,' to say nothing of 'a tester for a field bed of crimson taffetie sarcnet, with a red silk frenge and foure curtins of crimson taffety sarcnet to yt.' We read that Robert, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, had a bed at Kenilworth with 'ceelor, tester and a single vallance of crymson satten paned' (the same brilliant-surfaced silk known under the same name to-day); but buckram, which for us is a stiff canvas, referred, in earlier times, to a fine, thin cloth, used for garments, church vestments and domestic furniture. The church at Ingatestone, it is recorded, was furnished with 'two old window curtaines . . . lined with blew buckram,'[23] and Falstaff's 'eleven men in buckram' wore silk, in contrast with the 'three misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green,'[24] the livery of Robin Hood and his archers. Beds of damask and bawdkyn were more magnificent still; the former, named from Damascus, is familiar enough, but not the latter—a rich embroidered silk taking its name from Baldacco, the Italian form of Bagdad.

To deal with the draping and furnishing of these materials the 'Upholsters Guild' had come into existence in the fifteenth century, concerned also with the proper preparation of the stuffing of mattresses and pillows and all bedding offered for sale, ensuring that the wool and hair were sanitary, 'not like those matresses made of neat's hair, deers' hair or goats' hair, which are wrought in grease and, if foul give out a savour so abominable and contagious that many are destroyed thereby'[25]

In times of mourning the state bed-chamber and the bed were alike draped in black by the 'upholder,' and it was possibly owing to this custom that the apparently incongruous trades of undertaker and draper became united When Sir Ralph Verney died in 1696, his son John orders that: 'The Hall shall be hung with black Baize, the entry from the Hall door to the Spicery door, likewise the Brick parlour top to bottom, a dozen chairs and the great tables to be covered with black Baize.'[26] This baize, originally finer and lighter than our own, was introduced by French and Flemish weavers in the sixteenth century; Camden speaks of 'those light stuffes which they call bayes and sayes.' Its name was derived from its red or 'bai' colour. According to the popular rhyme:

> Hops, Reformation, Bays, and Beer
> Came into England all in a year.[27]

[23] Macquoid.
[24] *Henry IV.*, Part I. iv.
[25] Macquoid.
[26] Macquoid.
[27] Lipson.

These cloths in red, green, or blue were used for draperies and curtains by the lesser gentry, though, under Puritan influence, the brightness of their colour was replaced by more sober tones. Beds with 'hangings of liver-coloured serge, with curtains of sad-coloured baize,' reflected the Cromwellian taste in furnishings, as well as the sobriety of colour affected by those of the new religion in their garments. Stammel, a very popular cloth under the Tudors, was almost invariably dyed a light red, so that the shade itself was called by the name of the material; it was much used by the lower classes unable to afford the gentleman's cloak of crimson broadcloth.

> Red Hood, the first that doth appear
> In stamel—Scarlet is too dear,[28]

says Ben Jonson The spinners in Jack Winchcomb's cloth factory at Newbury, on the occasion of the visit of Henry VIII. and his queen, were thus attired:

> In a chamber close beside
> Two hundred maidens did abide.
> In petticoats of stammell red
> And milk-white kerchiefs on their head,
> Their smocke sleeves, like to winter snow
> That on the western mountaines flow,
> And each a sleeve with silken band
> Was neatly tied at the hand.[29]

In the eighteenth century the bed hangings were of moreen, mohair, and caffoy—a fabric with a straight pile; but how great was the trade in baize both Defoe's and Celia Fiennes' descriptions of the market at Colchester, the centre of its manufacture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, bear witness. The former, at the outset of his *Tour in Circuits through England*, remarks of Colchester:

> The Town may be said chiefly to subsist by the Trade of making Bays, which is known over most of the tradings Parts of Europe by the name of Colchester Bays, tho' indeed all the Towns round carry on the same trade, namely Kelveden, Whittam, Coggshall, Braintree, Bocking, etc., and the whole County, large as it is, may be said to be employ'd and in part maintain'd by the spinning of wool for the Bay Trade of Colchester and its adjacent Towns.[30]

In her entertaining description of journeys through England in a side saddle Celia Fiennes tells how on her visit to the same town the principal streets were provided with stalls

[28] *Underwoods*
[29] *The Pleasant Historie of John Winchcomb* (T. Deloney).
[30] *Tour through Great Britain* (Defoe).

to lay their Bayes when exposed to Saile. Great quantities are made here and sent in Bailes to London that is 44 miles distant. Ye whole towne is Employed in spinning, washing and dressing their Bayes in wch they seem very industrious. There I saw ye Card they use to Comb and Dress the Bayes, wch they call ye testles wch are a Kind of Rush Toppes.[21]

On another journey in the reign of William and Mary this enterprising lady was equally interested in the manufacture and sale of serges. She found at Exeter a

vast trade is Carreyed on (as at Norwitch is for copes, Callamanco and Damaske, so this for serge). There is an incredible quantety of them made and sold in the town. . . . The large Market house set on stone pillars wch runs a great length on wch they Lay their Packes of serges. Just by it is another walke with pillars, which is for the yarn, the whole towne and Country is Employed for at least 20 miles round in spinning, weaving, dressing, fulling, and Drying the serges It turns the most money in a weeke of anything in England. One week with another there *is 10,000 pound paid in ready money. Sometymes 150,000 pound.* The weavers bring in their serges and must have their money, which they Employ in providing them yarne to goe to work againe . . . There is a prodigious quantity of their serges they never bring into the market, but are in hired rooms, which are noted for, it would be impossible to have it altogether. The Carreyers I met going with it as thick, all Entering into town with their Loaded horses, they bring them all just from the Loome, and so they are put to the Fulling-mills, but first they will cleane and scour their roomes with them, which, by the way, give no pleasing perfume to the roome, the oyle and grease, I should think, would rather foule the room than Cleanse it, because of the oyles, but I perceive it is otherwise Esteemed by them, which will send their acquaintances that are tuckers the day the serges come in, for a roll to clean the house—I was an eye witness of that.

The manufacture of baize in the eastern counties was due to the migration of Flemish weavers from the persecution of Philip II. and his viceroy the Duke of Alva Norwich, which had been the second city in the kingdom, had greatly declined under the Tudors, so that in 1545 grass was growing in the market-place. The authorities obtained a licence to allow thirty master weavers from the Low Countries to settle in the city and introduce the manufacture of the 'new draperies,' including what they called 'bays, arras, says, tapestry, mockadoes, stament, carsays and other outlandish commodities.'[22] How well their liberality of mind was rewarded is seen by a document drawn up in 1575, which enumerates the services rendered by the Flemish weavers to the town of Norwich :

[21] *Tour in England* (Celia Fiennes).

[22] 'Bays, originally a cloth of fine light texture—arras, rich tapestry fabric; a cloth of fine texture resembling serge; mockado, cloth; stament, a worsted carsays: obsolete form of kersey, a coarse cloth' (Lipson).

They brought a great commodity hither, namely the making of bays, mockadoes, etc.—whereby they not only set on work their own people, but do also set on work our own people within the city, as also a great number of people near twenty miles about the city. By their means the city is well inhabited, and decayed houses re-edified and repaired that were in ruin. They live holy of themselves, without charge, and do beg of no man, and do sustain all their own poor people.

Among the houses visited by Celia Fiennes, 'all well and genteelly furnished with damasks and chambletts and wrought beds, fashionably made up,' she gives minute account of the fabrics at Burleigh Hall, only finding great fault with the immodesty of the pictures, especially in 'My Lordes appartment, all without garments, or very little, that was the only fault.'

The bed chamber furnished very Rich, the Tapistry was all blew Silke and a Rich Gold thread, so that the Gold appeared for ye light part of all ye worke. There was a blew velvet bed with Gold ffringe, all very Richly Embroidered, all the inside was ovals on the head piece and tesyter, where the figures are so finely wrought in Satten stitch, it Looks like painting. There is also in my Lady's appartment Severall Roomes very Richly Furnished with Silver and Gold in Most, there was at Least two velvet beds, two plaine and two figured, crimson and green, several colours together in one; Severall Damaske beds and some tissue beds all finely Embrydered . . A green velvet Bed and the hangings all of Embrydery of her Mother's work, very ffine and the Silke looks very ffresh and the ffigures very natural

The house was entirely panelled in the new fashion, the rooms, 'all very large and Lofty that are all painted to the top.' As the panelled walls replaced tapestry hangings the floors, hitherto bare or strewn with rushes, began to be carpeted; in fashion the late Jacobean interior was becoming increasingly like our own, for, though carpets occur in many descriptions and inventories of the household goods of earlier periods, the old term 'fote cloth' more accurately expressed what in modern days are called 'carpets.' 'Fote cloths' were reserved for the use of eminent persons; the 'carpets' of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were table cloths, or intended to lay upon window seats. In the inventory of Sutton Place in 1541 as many as twenty-five carpets are included for use 'for wyndoes in sundrie chambers,' and a 'grate carpet to lay under the kynges fete.'[33] A 'carpet' was a covering, spread, as *Chambers's Encyclopædia* defines it, 'on a table, a trunk or estrade'—estrade meaning a raised daïs or platform. The sense of '*sur le tapis*' being not 'on the floor,' but 'on the table.' Pictures of the Flemish school show the principal use to which the rugs and carpets imported from the East were put in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; where conferences of bishops

[33] Macquoid.

and other ecclesiastics round a long table covered with a Persian rug are frequently portrayed. The famous picture by Holbein known as the *Ambassadors* gives another example of this kind of table cover. A knight of the carpet was so called because he was dubbed, not on the field of battle, but on the cloth or carpet spread on the daïs or before the throne of his sovereign or lord. Skelton referred to another use in the lines

> When that the tapettis and carpetts were laid,
> Wheron the ladys' softly might rest.

Other countries were far before our own in the comfortable covering even of a portion of the floor, and presumably the more refined habits necessitated by it. Mathew Paris recounts that on her arrival at Westminster Eleanor of Castile found the floors of her apartment covered with 'tapets of Spayne, lain down for pomp and pryde,' which were sneered at by the rough English, unused to such refinements How far behind the rest of Europe the furnishings of the English great houses were may be seen from a letter of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, about 1508, explaining his difficulties, when ordered to entertain the Cardinal de Châtillon at Sheen, to the Lords of the Privy Council. The Queen's officers came to make arrangements :

> Where they required plate of me I told them as troth is I had no plate at all. Such glasse vessell as I had I offred them, which they thought too base ; for naperie I cold not satisfie their turne, for they desired damaske worke for a long table, and I had no other but plaine linnen for a square table. . . . One onlie tester and bedstead not occupied I had, and this I delivered for the Cardinal himself, and when we cold not by any menes in so shorte a time procure another bedstead for the Bishup I assighned them the bedstead on which my wiefe's waiting wemen did lie, and laid them on the ground. Mine own ewer and basen I lent the Cardinall and wanted meself. . . When we saw the naperie and shetes cold no where be had, I sent word thereof to the officers at the Courte, by which menes we received from my Lord of Leceter 2 pair of fine Shetes for the Cardinall and, from my Lord Chamberlen, one pair for the Bishup.[14]

'Compare,' says Sir Walter Raleigh, 'Hoby's experience eighteen years earlier in Italy, entertained at Salerno by the Marquis of Capistreano. "Whithorn and I," he says "were led into a chamber hanged with clothe of gold and vellvett, wherin were two beddes, thon of silver worke and the other of vellvett, with pillowes, bolster and sheets curiouslie wrowght with needle worke."'

England was long content with wool or worsted hangings, such as those mentioned in the household accounts of Edward II., containing the item, 'To a mercer of London for a green hanging of wool, woven with figures of Kings and Earls upon it, for the

[14] *Some Authors* (Walter Raleigh).

King's service in his hall on solemn feasts in London.' The ravages of time, hard usage, and ever-gnawing moth have left but few relics of the gaily decorated fabrics of our ancestors, though a few fine old tapestries are among the most precious relics of the days when wool and linen held the position now occupied by cotton and silk or the painted cloths which imitated them, having representations of Biblical or mythological subjects. Persons unable to afford tapestry or other costly hangings contented themselves with the 'stayned cloths' which were their cheaper substitutes. In the will of Katherine, Lady Hastings, in 1503, is the bequest of 'an old hanging of counterfeit arres of Knollys, which now hangeth in the hall, and all such hangyings of old Bawdekyn, or linen painted as now hang in the chappel.'[35] Falstaff speaks of his troops as being as 'ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth' Such hangings, as well as linen embroidered with needlework, were the textile adornments of the walls. Poems also used to be painted on these stained cloths. In a manuscript at Trinity College, Cambridge, there is a poem headed 'The devise of a peynted or disteyned clothe for ane halle, a parlour, or a chambere devysed by John Lydegate at the request of a worthy citizen of London'[36]

Intercourse with Spain made popular the wall hangings of Spanish leather on which Purchas comments, together with 'the new devised names of stuffs'; we hear of 'the hangings in ye lodgin chamber of calf's skin silver'd and wrought into a large flower in blew worsted.'[37] From Spain also was imported the hair of the Angora goat, used in the manufacture of mohair; these goats had been introduced into Spain by the Moors After the English wool, Spanish enjoyed the highest reputation; while Spanish leather and carpets originally brought from the East became increasingly common during the years between the beginning of Henry VIII.'s reign and the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Not only did Englishmen travel, but many foreigners journeyed to England comparing manners and customs. One writer says:

> The women there [in England] are charming, and by nature so mighty pretty, as I have scarcely ever beheld . . .; but they are something awkward in their style of dress; for they dress in splendid stuffs, and many a one wears three cloth gowns or petticoats one over the other.[38]

The different centres for the manufacture of these materials are thus set out by Fuller:

[35] Macquoid.
[36] *Springs of Lavenham* (B McClenaghan).
[37] Macquoid.
[38] *England as seen by a Foreigner* (Rye).

EAST.	Norfolk, Norwich fustians;
	Suffolk, Sudbury baize;
	Essex, Colchester bays and serges;
	Kent, Kentish broadcloths.
WEST.	Devonshire, kersies;
	Gloucestershire, cloth;
	Worcestershire, cloth;
	Wales, friezes.
NORTH.	Westmoreland, Kendal cloth;
	Lancashire, Manchester cotton;
	Yorkshire, Halifax cloths.
SOUTH.	Somersetshire, Taunton serges;
	Hampshire, cloth;
	Berkshire, cloth;
	Sussex, cloth.

And to the list must be added the names of the 'new draperies':

Arras, bewpers, boulters, boratoes, buffins, bustyans, bombayces, callimancoes, carrells, chamblettes, cruell, dornicks, duraunces, damask, frisadoes, fringe fustyans, flannells, grosgraines, garterings, girdlings, mockadoes, minikins, mountaines, makerells, oliottes, pomettes, plumettes, perpetuanas, perpicuaneas, rashes, rugges, russells, sattins, serges, say-ettes, sayes, stammels, stamines, scallops, tamines, tobines, valures, velvets.[39]

When Nonesuch Palace was made over to Queen Elizabeth, and many of its furnishings removed to Lumley Castle, the inventories made in 1619 show the astonishing difference which had come about in personal magnificence during the century. Fifty-seven sets of wall hangings, over a hundred Turkey carpets of silk, and other Turkey carpets, long carpets of green cloth, 'long Turkey carpets of crowles of divers sorts, a hundred and nine quissions of clothe of gold, velvet and silk, and sixty-nine counterpaynes and coverlettes,'[40] are only a few items among many, including pictures, plate, silver and gilt furniture of the utmost splendour in hitherto unexampled profusion.

The 'new draperies,' stigmatised as 'slight and vain commodities' by the old weavers, were taking the place of the old, as the methods of production on a large scale were gradually supplanting the guild system of the past. Instead of the master craftsman, with his two or three apprentices, obliged at the end of their apprenticeship to make and show their 'masterpiece' before admittance to the guild could be obtained, the 'great clothiers,' employing scores of hands, like Jack of Newbury, the hero of Deloney's Elizabethan novel *The Famous Historie of John Winchcomb*, organised the increased trade, which was at its zenith

[39] Lipson.
[40] *Lumley Inventory* (published by Walpole Society).

in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. Deloney describes the King's entertainment at Newbury with Queen Katharine. Here they

were brought to a great hall where four long tables stood under covers: and the King and Queen came unto a faire and large parlour hung about with goodly tapestries, where was a table prepared for his highness and the Queen's grace; all the floor where the King sat was covered with broad clothes instead of green rushes; these were the choise pieces of the finest wool of an azure colour, valued at a hundred pounds a cloth and afterwards given to his Majesty.[41]

The King and Queen were shown the entire process of cloth-making. We may quote Deloney's rhymed description of the famous establishment of the 'great clothier':

Within a room being large and long
There stood two hundred looms full strong,
Two hundred men, the truth is so,
Wrought on these loomes, all in a row
By every one a prettie boy
Sate making quills with mickle joy,
And in another place hard by
A hundred women busily
Were carding wool with joyful cheere
And singing sat, with voices cleare.

But we may take leave to doubt the accuracy of the numbers of looms, though the carders, as well as the spinners, whose costumes have been already described, might easily have been as numerous as the chronicler reports:

These prettie maids did never lin,
But in that place all day did spin;
And spinning so, with voices meet,
Like nightingales they sang full sweet.
Then to another loome came they
Where children were in poor array
And every one sat picking wool
The finest from the coarse to cull
The number was seven score and ten,
The children of poor silly men
Another their labour to requite
Had every one a penny at night,
Beside their meat and drink all day
Which was to them a wondrous stay.

A dyehouse likewise had he then,
Where he kept full fortie men,
And likewise in his fulling mill,
Full twenty persons kept he still.

[41] *The Pleasant Historie of John Winchcomb* (T. Deloney).

Each week ten good fat oxen he
Spent in his house for certaintie,
Besides good butter, cheese, and fish,
And many another wholesome dish.[42]

The speciality of Jack Winchcomb was kerseys, 'which would make great heaps of money at Antwerp,' and with this description Deloney concludes :

This was a gallant clothier sure
Whose fame for ever shall endure.

The commercial classes, especially the clothiers, were greatly troubled by Henry's desire for divorce. 'The English merchants liked the matter nothing at all, that there should be anie warres betwixt the Emperor and the King of England.'[43] A breach with the Emperor, the master of their great market in Flanders, gravely affected their trade.

> The war with the Emperor [says Hall] was displeasant both to merchants and clothiers, for the merchants durst not adventure into Spain since April last past, and now was come the XI day of March wherefore all brode cloths, kersies and cotton laye on their hands. . . . When the clothiers lacked sale they put from them their spinners, carders, tuckers and such other that live by cloth working, which caused the people greatly to murmur.

In *King Henry VIII*. Shakespeare introduces as an incident the effect of the endeavour of Cardinal Wolsey to raise war taxes from the clothiers :

Upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.[44]

The former glories of the great clothiers greatly declined, though the Dolmans, John Winchcomb's great rivals at Newbury, retired from business with unimpaired fortune and built the fine brick mansion a little out of the town known to-day as Shaw House. Whereat there was much murmuring among their old workpeople, who complained in doggerel rhyme :

Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners !
Thomas Dolman has built a new house, and sent away all his spinners.[45]

[42] *The Pleasant Historie of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newberie* (by Thomas Deloney).
[43] Hollinshed, 1507.
[44] *Henry VIII.*, I., 2.
[45] *Victoria County History : Berkshire.*

Increasing comfort and luxury in every walk of life favoured the setting up of new manufactures under the Stuarts, and tapestry weaving, silk weaving, the printing of linen and cotton, carpet making and other hitherto unknown activities furnished the eighteenth century with a choice of fabrics not greatly differing from those in use to-day.

M. M. Barron.

MEMORIES OF 1914—1918

IV. A City of the Dead

The English language is reputed to present special difficulty to students on account of the variety of meanings which a single word may carry, and the constant changes which are always taking place. Terms of endearment become in the course of a few years terms of abuse, and earnest foreigners have been known to cause grave offence by the use of expressions which have the high authority of Shakespeare but have since fallen into desuetude. The process of change in the meaning of words was subject to considerable acceleration during the war. The week spent in the trenches of La Boisselle, which I have selected for description in some detail as being typical of trench warfare anywhere, may seem in retrospect to have been both noisy and precarious. For the purpose of official records, and in the common parlance of the trenches, it enjoyed the description of 'quiet.' The succeeding week spent in the town of Albert represented a period of 'rest.'

The precise significance of this word was borne in on my mind within a short space of time. After a week in the snow-bound trenches of La Boisselle, in the course of which I had had a few hours only of fitful sleep, I had fallen blissfully asleep in my billet in Albert. The hour of the night was late owing to the conditions under which the relief of the front line trenches had been carried out. Shortly after dawn I became aware of a familiar figure bending over my bed, and when I had been sufficiently awakened I received orders to return at once to the La Boisselle mines on a carrying fatigue. In all the monotony of trench warfare there was no greater tedium than that of the carrying parties which were needed for the supply of material to the front line trenches, and no greater patience and tact than that of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, on whose behalf the carrying parties for the most part worked. The infantry soldier regarded himself as a fighting man and could not be persuaded to take kindly to the *rôle* of pack animal. Soldiers who could be relied on to remain cheerful in the most exposed trenches in the front line became unwilling and resentful on

fatigue. The daily lot of an officer in a field company of the Royal Engineers was to meet a body of over-tired infantry, nominally enjoying a period of rest, but in fact more busily employed than in the line, led by an embittered subaltern. In public the infantry reviled the sappers day and night; in private they extended an admiration, no greater than was due, to a body of men who never enjoyed a period of even nominal 'rest' out of the line, who endured many of the dangers and discomforts of the infantryman's life, yet were denied the occasional moment of exultation which was his compensation and reward.

The broad *route nationale* leading from Albert to La Boisselle had appeared in the small hours of the morning the friendliest of roads as I emerged on to it from the knee-deep mud of the communication trenches; as I returned at the head of my weary company I felt that I had never seen a road which I so much disliked, and my feelings, which were clearly shared by my men, were not rendered more amicable by the sight of a number of deep shell holes of unmistakably recent origin. The sapper officer to whom I reported had no doubt learned, as part of his duties, the way to humour tired infantry, and we were at once on excellent terms This state of affairs was due in part to the regard in which the mining company employed in the La Boisselle mines was held. The one occupation which the infantry admitted to be more hazardous and less enviable than their own was that of the men whose daily lot was to descend the mine shafts in and around the cemetery of La Boisselle. I descended a shaft on one occasion, and although assured by the officer on duty that there was no safer place on the Western Front, I ascended again with remarkable speed, preferring the hazards of an open-air life in the mine-craters to the narrow galleries, driven above and below the German galleries, where men lay always listening to the tap of enemy picks and waiting for the silence which was ever the prelude to the blowing of mine or counter-mine The men of my regiment, being drawn from an agricultural community, had a particular dislike for mining fatigues The miners themselves, for the most part following their traditional occupation, never appeared happy until they reached the mines. Work during the war was not always well distributed. While watching my Dorsets passing in and out of mines, which had for them all the terrors of unfamiliarity, I recollected that some weeks before I had been in command of a company of Durham miners employed for a long period in cutting brushwood, an occupation which made them laugh so heartily and so long that it was carried on with little success.

The day of rest drew on, and I found myself again at the crucifix on the eastern edge of Albert with visions of resuming my

interrupted sleep. The vision faded as my company commander was observed to be coming up the road, and I learned that he had been charged by the brigade commander with the duty of plotting on the map the contour line of visibility from the village of La Boisselle. This occupation presented features of interest to anyone enjoying minor hazards. The routine was simple. We moved forward until we could see the German front line, and in such an interval as the German snipers thought fit to afford took two bearings, one on the tower of Albert Church and one on the spire of Martinsart. A rapid retreat was followed by a brief appearance at another point, until the contour line had been completed.

Life in the town of Albert presented certain amenities not commonly enjoyed by combatant troops. In days of peace it had been a small manufacturing town, destitute of any feature of historic interest, but clearly substantial and prosperous. Deserted now by its inhabitants, but still having many houses but little damaged by shell fire, it afforded billets with real beds, carpets, and armchairs in lieu of the lath and plaster barns, sodden camps or rat-ridden dug-outs which were usually allotted to infantry when they were withdrawn from the trench lines for a period in brigade or divisional reserve. The officers' mess for battalion headquarters and the two companies in Albert was in the White Chateau. I still retain in my mind recollections of this chateau as a place of singular comfort and admirable design, but I suspect that the surroundings from which I had come, and to which I was so soon to return, conferred on it by force of contrast a beauty which it never had. Perhaps also the White Chateau is invested in my memory with something of the splendour of those who came there for a few brief hours and passed on to the Somme battlefield, to La Boisselle and Fricourt, and as the summer wore on to Pozières and Contalmaison, and up that long road whose every yard is marked by our dead from the white chalk of the great crater of La Boisselle to the grim slopes of the Butte de Warlencourt. The White Chateau is gone; not a trace remains. It would not have been fitting that it should stand, in mockery of those who were its lords, though for a brief hour only, and now are dust. Did it stand, the laughter of men on whom the presence of death had no power to cast a shadow could not but linger, echoing in its walls, and the sound of that laughter would break the hearts of men who heard it once but will never hear it again.

The White Chateau was solidly built, and at this early period of the war not seriously damaged. Its fate was inevitable if heavy fighting commenced, as the trench lines were not far distant. The German gunners rightly surmised that its apparent comfort would inevitably lead to its use as a headquarters, and

adopted the practice of sending over a few shells at those hours when it might be expected that a meal was in progress. The approach to the chateau from my billet at the dinner-hour always presented an interesting mathematical problem, in which the distance between two bits of cover and the interval between two rounds of battery fire formed respectively the known and the speculative elements. The first 100 yards presented occasional shelter where the walls of the houses had not been entirely obliterated; the last 150 yards were devoid of cover. The sudden whoop and roar of battery fire on this open stretch of road made my progress from time to time unusually rapid.

The chateau attracted the heavier guns. One night as we sat at dinner there was a deafening crash, and the mess became silent for a moment. A major, who was in command at this time, asserted amid general incredulity that one of our own guns was firing. Another, and louder, crash failed to convince him. A captain on the brigade staff had opened a book on the distance of the nearest shell hole, and was offering, as I thought, unnecessarily short odds on the lowest distances. Another crash and the entry of a large piece of shell by the front door convinced the major at last, and the mess servants were sent down into a cellar. The mess sat on, waiting for further instructions. There was, in fact, little point in moving, as the shells were so heavy that no cover available was likely to be of use.

It was an odd experience. The heaviest shelling in the trench lines was familiar to everyone; but it was strange to be sitting at ease round a table lit by candles, in a comfortable room hung with tapestry, and to expect momentarily the whole to disappear, as suddenly as Cinderella's palace on the stroke of midnight. I saw no outward concern on anyone's face, and for my own part, though a little uncomfortable, I felt singularly detached. I realised that the apprehension of danger is to a great degree dependent on physical conditions. In the darkness and solitude of the trenches, and after many days of continual noise and sleeplessness, the constant mastery of fear is difficult to maintain; in a lighted room, in the company of friends, it is easy. Still the odds against a direct hit being scored were very short, and for a moment there was an uncomfortable silence. This was broken appropriately by the padre, who, in a manner devoid of all concern, commenced a story which, to my regret, I feel unable to place on record.

The chateau was in fact hit, and the room shook. But no one was damaged, and shortly afterwards a merry party was engaged in measuring the distance of an enormous shell hole for the purpose of adjudicating the bets, at the same time calling on their heads the wrath of some neighbouring field-gunners, who

asserted that their battery position was being revealed to the Germans by the swinging of my lantern.

Day and night we were shelled. The square by the church was the most dangerous place, and here we lost some good men. Our transport was so repeatedly shelled, and had so many casualties, that it had to move back to Millencourt. Security, however, was not always conferred by moving out of the town, as we discovered in the course of a football match in a neighbouring field. The game was terminated, without definite result, owing to a battery opening fire with shrapnel. This disregard of the decencies on the part of the German Army was the subject of much unfavourable comment. On another occasion our brigade headquarters was hit and the signalling officer killed. My billet was not seriously damaged during my few days there, but on one occasion the noise and clatter of falling masonry was so loud that I supposed that the top storey had gone. In fact, it was the house opposite. A man's breeches rose high in the air, and descended into the road, shortly followed by the man himself. He had just taken them off when the shell removed them. The humour of the situation entirely escaped him, and he expressed himself with some freedom, oblivious of the good fortune which had provided that his breeches, and not himself, had been blown through the roof. The night was more disturbed than the day, and often I used to stand in my bedroom window, which looked out on the church, watching the great shells bursting in the square and illuminating in a fitful and unreal light the ruins of this desolate and twilight city.

Indeed, Albert at night after the rising of the moon assumed something almost of beauty, and in thought I can still wander through its ghostly streets. I see the Millencourt-Albert road stretching before me grey amid the darkness of the surrounding countryside, until the line of tall trees marking the *route nationale* looms before me at the western entrance to the town. The road descends under a railway bridge. Below lies Albert in the valley of the Ancre. The church rises shattered but magnificent against the background of moonlit sky. The tower is riven by shell fire. From its summit the image of the Virgin and Child has been torn from its pedestal, but has not yet fallen; the outstretched arms of the Virgin seem to offer the Child to the broken and suffering town beneath. The houses are rent by a thousand scars; yet as the moon sheds its radiance on them it confers something of calm and healing. The town is asleep, as many other cities, but this is a city of the dead.

There is a roar, as of an approaching train coming nearer and nearer. But no train has crossed this bridge for many a day. A moment later a sheet of lurid flame leaps from the church square,

and the thunder of the explosion echoes endlessly through the deserted streets. The bridge shakes, and some loose mortar falls.

I pass down a long street; in every ruined house my footfall echoes. Often the cellar and a heap of brick and plaster are all that remains. The moon reveals many strange sights, here the billiard-table piled with rubbish of some estaminet, here an unfinished meal, here a mattress blown through a shattered window. The many human touches to be seen all around increase the sense of desolation. For here is the reverse side of war, the evidences of the sudden flight of a defenceless people into homeless night. The ruined church, battered indeed by innumerable shells, still conveys the impression of majesty, of the victory of eternal faith. But there is no glory in these poor ruined homes. They speak only of the suffering of the inarticulate multitude, of the cruelty of war.

At the corner of the street leading to the church lie the remains of a cycle factory. The roof has disappeared long ago, and a great mass of twisted girders and fallen masonry is piled in inextricable confusion below. Through the gaping holes in the walls the moon reveals thousands of rusted iron frames and gears. A wild cat strangely human in this scene of desolation is outlined on a jagged wall Near at hand is the railway station. Rank grass grows everywhere, through a hundred crevices on the lifeless platforms and luxuriantly amid the rusted lines Here, too, where once crowds jostled in changing scenes of animated life, reigns universal death

I turn towards the church and come to the square. Every house has been utterly destroyed. The very ruins have been swept away. The moon plays strange tricks of fancy through the great rents in the walls of the church, illuminating here a fragment of stained glass, here a broken mosaic, here a Madonna, here the figure of a saint. A soldier stands on guard under the tower, accentuating the desolation of the scene I cross the square to speak to him, and stand for a moment under the great gilt figure of the Madonna Clouds pace across the sky over the summit, and by a strange illusion the tower appears to be moving and the Madonna to be descending ever lower There is a whine rising into a scream, and four shells strike the tortured building. There is a clatter of falling masonry, and a cloud of dust rises from the ruins Then all is quiet again and the church stands symbolic in ineffable majesty, eternal and serene.

I turn towards the ghostly whiteness of the chateau and then over a bridge on to the Bapaume road A challenge rings out and echoes through the shattered houses Pack-mules loaded with rations and the creaking wagons of a long ammunition column pass by in never-ending procession The houses become

fewer, and at last the great trees of a wayside calvary mark the limit of the town. From a battery position on the slopes leading down to the Ancre the boom of a heavy gun sounds, and a shell passes screeching overhead. A sudden light leaps from a village far in the German lines. Men and horses pass ceaselessly over a rise in front, silhouetted momentarily against the sky. From horizon to horizon innumerable flares rise from the sleepless lines amid the interminable rattle of musketry and the vicious bark of light guns. Behind me lies a city of ghosts and shadows fast bound in the sleep of death.

Our few days of 'rest,' while in brigade reserve in Albert, came to an end, and I found myself late at night progressing slowly down the long communication trench known as St. Andrew's Avenue towards the cemetery of La Boisselle. The moon had risen and illuminated the sides of the trench, and the faces of men of the outgoing regiment, haggard and worn, as they passed down. The usual blocks occurred from time to time, accompanied sometimes by recriminations and sometimes by the form of boisterous and good-humoured sarcasm which was the *argot* of the trenches. On reaching the battalion headquarters dug-outs I found that the direct route, by Dunfermline Avenue, was impassable owing to the heavy shelling and was ordered to make a detour. This formed a pleasant augury for the succeeding week, which did not enjoy the description of 'quiet' even in the trench diary Indeed, the events of the week, as detailed quite truly by the German Daily Wireless, brought the village of La Boisselle, afterwards to become so well known, before the world for the first occasion in its history A hazardous enterprise was carried out in the vicinity of the village by my regiment with a distinguished valour which led to special mention in Sir Douglas Haig's despatches, but unhappily met with no success. This enterprise was one of the earliest raids, but the technique of the raid had not at that time been developed, and the form which it assumed, and the forces employed, gave it a greater resemblance to a night attack on a small scale It is perhaps worthy of description, as the raid, in a rather different form, became a common feature of trench warfare, particularly when the identification of the German regiments in the line was a matter of moment before a battle.

The days preceding the raid were distinguished by shell fire of an intensity which in itself might almost have expunged the word 'quiet' from the diary. Coming in one afternoon after taking the morning tour of duty in the mine craters, I found the headquarters dug-out isolated by a rifle-grenade and oil-can barrage. The trench was blown in all round and almost impassable. An old private in the Manchesters, who had come up

on fatigue, lay horribly dead across the entrance. An officer passing by was blown down the dug-out steps Our telegraph wires were broken, and the men who attempted to mend them were brought in badly wounded and bathed in blood. At last a breathless orderly came safely through His arrival was a tribute to his resolution, but a greater tribute to his good fortune As I took his message, I thought that it must be of vital importance. It proved to be, in fact, a futile routine message about the proportion of blankets per man in the present state of the weather A second message was more apposite and the occasion of some mirth. It detailed the times at which burials would take place in the various cemeteries in the neighbourhood.

There was a certain grim humour also in the arrival of the post from England. My orderly brought a letter to me late at night in an exposed corner of the front line It proved to be a quaintly spelt missive from a very young cousin, full of gossip of home, concluding with the words 'we often talk and think about you and wonder where you are' The question received an immediate answer, as it coincided with the 'nightly strafe,' and the lurid light from countless explosions along the trench lines made clear the ruins of the village and cemetery of La Boisselle.

We had, however, one quiet night in the sector to the north, fronting Ovillers. These trenches were little shelled, and the contrast with the mine craters was such that I felt a certain exultation I even found an element of romance in the rat-tat of the machine-guns in the stillness of the night, the whoop of bullets passing far overhead, the sigh of the great shells and the glare in the sky as they exploded in Albert city, the sudden burst of fire from the light guns and the vivid flashes on the Aveluy road which spoke of transport caught in the open, the rising and waning of the moon, the glorious panoply of stars overhead, the gradual coming of dawn over the waste fields Another night was quiet, perhaps because everyone on both sides was occupied in coping with a snowstorm. Winter in the trenches in bad weather caused many casualties from frost-bite, and a night of intense cold, when the infantry on both sides were standing in freezing water and mud up to the knees, appreciably diminished the gun and rifle fire. This night was so bad that it induced almost a sense of camaraderie with those who, though our enemies, were equally the sport of the weather. Passing down a waterlogged and freezing trench I overheard a Dorset soldier arrive at a great truth. He observed to his neighbour, with all the force of sudden revelation, that 'Them 'uns opposite thought that they was fighting for a cause.' It needed just such another night to teach a man, who was every inch a king, so much wisdom:

> Oh, I have ta'en
> Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just.

It was a pity that *King Lear* was not more widely read in the chancelleries and parliaments of Europe in the days preceding the war.

The night of the raid came towards the end of our tour of trenches, after several days and nights of considerable strain. I found myself in command of A Company, as my company commander had been sent by the colonel for a month's rest at the Fourth Army School, after a year's continuous trench warfare from the Menin road to the Frise marshes. Throughout the afternoon experienced soldiers (among whom I was not numbered) could tell that news of our impending attack had reached the German Intelligence, as we were subjected to a harassing fire, and registration by new guns on our support and communication trenches took place. I was in a state of inexperienced optimism, and firmly believed that the Germans were wasting ammunition which they would need during the night. I expected that the mine, whose explosion was to be the signal for our attack, would blow the village of La Boisselle high into the air, and that the survivors, if there were any, would soon be prisoners in our hands. As the hour of attack approached I became less sanguine. The night was still in a degree which no night had been before. The broken posts and wire which marked the boundaries of 'No Man's Land' and the white chalk of the mine craters were agleam in the moonlight, and it was so clear that I could discern the ruins and broken tree stumps of the village. Yet no shot was fired while a hundred men crawled through our wire into shell holes in front. Behind them the trenches were lined with men, for the 'stand-to-arms' had been passed down The deathly silence did not augur well, and as the colonel passed down the line I noticed grave anxiety on his face Then at last the silence was broken by a machine-gun firing from the dim ruins of Ovillers and sweeping our parapets from end to end. Then again there was silence. Two minutes to go. One minute. A thought flickered for a moment in my mind that many now very much alive would within a brief minute be dead. The thought passed. Half a minute. Time. The mine exploded. It seemed to me a very small mine. The earth throbbed. Then again, but for one moment only, there was an unearthly stillness. This was succeeded by a weird sound like rustling leaves for a fraction of a second; then with the noise of a hurricane the shells passed, and the whole outline of the German positions was seared with the appalling lightning and thunder of

our artillery. There were a thousand flashes, and a lurid light spread over the battlefield, the light seen only in that most dreadful spectacle, a night bombardment. The thunder of the guns was such that speech was impossible. But there was no time to observe the scene, as in an inferno of flashes and explosions the German counter-barrage broke on our lines

The intensity of the counter-barrage showed beyond a doubt that the German batteries had been standing to their guns and that every detail of our attack was known. The craters and trenches of La Boisselle were evacuated and full of wire in which those of our men who got through the entanglements were at once caught and impaled. Of Germans there were none to be seen, until their bombers closed in from each side. From end to end of 'No Man's Land' a hell of machine-gun fire was raging; the trenches were quite untenable

The signal to retire was given But our wounded were everywhere, andtime and again the survivors went out to bring them in. It seemed incredible that anything could live in that barrage of gun and rifle fire, with the German bombers in full counter-attack, yet our men would not be denied. Two men refused to leave friends who were dying; by some miracle they survived and brought back a wounded man A young subaltern stayed behind to help a wounded man out of the German trench and in the act was killed on the wire

Gradually the fire slackened, and only the rat-tat of the machine-guns and the whine of innumerable bullets disturbed the stillness of the night I could hear the German transport far behind their lines I was very tired. For five nights in six I had had no rest. At last the 'stand-down' came. Yet there were still two hours to day

Dawn came at last The ruins of the village and the surrounding trench lines became distinct, and it was day. On the German wire there were dark specks, among them the dead subaltern and my faithful orderly. Behind me lay a city of the dead, beside me the ravished graves of the dead, before me men, my friends, who yesterday had been so full of life and now lay silent and unheeding in death. Anger and bitterness was in my heart against those who had wrought this destruction, an anger which could find no expression in words. Nor have I occasion now to seek words, for I found them afterwards in *The Trojan Women*, and nothing more true has been written about war:

How are ye blind,
Ye treaders down of cities; ye that cast
Temples to desolation, and lay waste
Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie
The ancient dead, yourselves so soon to die

C. O. G. DOUIE

CORRESPONDENCE

'THE SOVIET AND DISARMAMENT AT GENEVA'

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—I have read with interest General Stone's article on 'The Soviet and Disarmament at Geneva' in the May issue of your Review. I do not believe that there is any foundation for his surprising statement that the League of Nations Union is 'preparing for the final *débâcle* by inoculating the youth of the country with the toxins of pacifism, conscientious objection, and internationalism' It is an adequate answer to General Stone to say that the teaching of the aims and work of the League of Nations in the schools has never been carried out in this country except with the approval of the Board of Education, the local education authorities, and generally by the teachers themselves The teachers of Britain would whole-heartedly reject General Stone's allegation that the schools are being used for propaganda purposes The existence of the League of Nations, and the fact that the British Empire is a member of it, surely makes it necessary for teachers to see that their pupils know about the Covenant of the League of Nations and what it stands for. Such teaching is not pacifism, it is history, and incidentally the Covenant of the League of Nations does not rule out the use of force entirely. It even provides for collective action by the League against possible aggressors

General Stone makes a familiar insinuation against the Union when referring to the great religious demonstration at the Albert Hall on February 27. He leads your readers to suppose that the Union advocates disarmament for Great Britain as an example to the rest of the world, independent of any general scheme of reduction and limitation of armaments. Such is emphatically not the case The Union takes seriously the promise made on our behalf in Part I. of the Treaty of Versailles, and Article 8 of the Covenant, namely, that we will co-operate in a general scheme to reduce the armaments of all nations by international agreement to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the fulfilment of international obligations To give effect to this promise the Union has consistently supported proposals for the progressive and general reduction and limitation of armaments The whole purpose of the remarkable demonstration at the Albert Hall was to show that our effort in this direction was not only sustained by Christian principles, but inspired by them, a fact which, I believe, cannot be denied.

Yours, etc.,

S. R. DRURY-LOWE,
Vice-Admiral (retired).

THE

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AND AFTER

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